



BEYOND THE BORDERLINE

A mom and son find love like no other

*There's a place where I've been told
Every street is paved with gold
And it's just across the borderline
And when it's time to take your turn
Here's one lesson you must learn,
You could lose more than you'll ever hope
to find....
But hope remains when pride is gone
And it keeps you moving on
Calling you across the borderline*

CPBaudelaire

Book One

Prologue

I don't have much time left. Having already outlasted their prognostications, my doctors aren't sure if I'll be around for weeks or hours. I'm hoping for the latter - the pain is pretty bad now. I burn. Everything burns. Every fiber, every sinew is a white-hot wire, glowing bright as a magnesium flare, all consuming and insatiable.

It's funny how pain purifies, clarifies and distills. When I'm not grinding my teeth in agony, I think about everything that has come before. Some might say that what I feel now is a just reward for the life I've lived, but I have no guilt. None whatsoever. I know with certainty that I have no regrets, just as I know my pain is a doorway. I know that soon, I'll step beyond that threshold and find escape.

As I have endured these past weeks, most of my waking hours have been spent reflecting on the arc of my life and the extraordinary woman who defined most of it. When our children grew up, they came to know the bare bones of things, but we never really discussed details. Before I'm claimed, I want to tell our story as best I can.

Right now, the *Roxanol* is my friend, keeping the beast at bay long enough to collect my thoughts, but I find that the lassitude that comes with the relief makes it hard to concentrate. Things seem to oscillate between the warm fuzziness of cotton wool and the knife-point awareness of the slightest sensation that comes with exquisite distress. I have difficulty sometimes finding the thread of my narrative, and memories sometimes become encumbered with newly recalled details that somehow seem more significant now than they ever were before. One of my daughters is at my bedside, guiding and prompting me as I attempt to recall everything. Of our four children, she is closest to me and knows perhaps the most. Hopefully her focus will allow a coherent story to emerge.

My name is Rick and this is the story of my mother and myself, a tale of a life and love that almost didn't happen.

I was born about 6 months after my mom's 17th birthday, in an all too common circumstance; a trusting young girl abandoned after deceitful representations of affection and the usual unfulfilled, sweet promises of an older, manipulative guy. I never knew my father, which was no loss. After my mom became pregnant, he disappeared into the merchant marine. We never heard from him again.

I was most fortunate growing up - I had a very good childhood, in large measure due to my maternal grandparents. Unusual for their generation, they never judged their daughter for her mistake, only insisting that she carry her pregnancy to term, then to decide if I would be given up for adoption. Perhaps it was the fact that Mom was a late, unplanned child, born when my grandparents were entering their mid-forties, which allowed them to view the situation she found herself in with some equanimity and understanding. In any event, I was blessed to be a welcome and well-loved, if unexpected addition to the family *Lindermann*.

While I was growing up, Mom always said that keeping me was the single best decision she ever made. She had drifted through her middle teenage years, a smart, pretty girl who was never much interested in anything beyond gossiping with her girlfriends, shyly interested in various boys and going to parties. She had done well in school, but it did not hold her interest, with all of the other pleasant distractions that were accessible to a well-liked, attractive and popular young lady.

In becoming a mother though, she found herself. My entry into her life lit the proverbial fire under her feet, and with the support of Nana and Gramps, she finished high school with an academic flourish, home schooling for her senior year. At this time, Gramps received a big job promotion, which required him to move from our central Ohio home to the metro New York area. Mom elected to come along. With Nana doing most of the day care, Mom enrolled in a community college for a year and excelled academically - She always said that love for a child was probably the strongest motivator a woman could have. Mom channeled her

protective maternal instincts into scholastic accomplishments and was rewarded when she was able to transfer the following year into a nearby, very prestigious 4 year college.

One of my earliest childhood memories was Mom's graduation. I still recall the infinite, brilliant blue skies and enveloping warmth of that early June day, as I was perched on Gramps' shoulders, watching mom walk across the podium for her degree. I also clearly remember the storm which subsequently followed at home, when Mom announced that she was done with school and getting a job. Nana was beside herself with confusion and frustration. How could Mom throw away her life after having done so well getting herself back on track? Graduate school beckoned, or possibly Law, or Medicine!

"Ricky needs me now, more than ever," she had replied firmly, "and the two of you have sacrificed enough over the past 5 years for me. It's time that I do what I should for my son."

The arguments went on for days, but in the end, a compromise was reached. Through his connections, Gramps would secure mom a part time job at his company and Mom would go to law school at night. We would continue to live with Gramps and Nana.

This defined our lives together until I was 10 years old. Up at 6 am for school, a kiss and hug from Mom and then again at 3:30, when she would be waiting for me. Three precious hours together, doing homework and all the other things we needed to accomplish. Then it was dinner for the four of us, usually prepared by Nana and Mom. She would then head out the door for evening classes. I never forgot the sharp regret I would feel when she would give me my hug and kisses, before admonishing me not to be a pain to Gramps and Nana and to be in bed "on time and under budget." She would then be up late into every night for her own studies, so we could have the weekends free. During that time, I doubt that she got more than 5 hours of sleep a night.

Those weekends were sacred time. Mom and I would go on picnics, visit the zoo, check out the dinosaur fossils at the Museum of Natural History, or sometimes just stay home and watch old movies. Occasionally, Gramps and Nana would join us for an outing, but mostly it was just Mom and I. I think it was during this period that Mom became my best buddy. We could talk about anything and she would answer any question I had honestly and openly, even the embarrassing ones about how I came to be and why I didn't have a regular daddy. As time went by, Mom made sure to push me (sometimes very much against my wishes) into the wider world.

"You're always going to be my boy, hotshot, but I'm not going to let you be a Momma's boy," she would say, usually ruffling my hair as she spoke. She saw to it that I had my share of good buddies, sleepovers and tree house time, even though it often cut into the limited hours she could spend with me.

Probably with me in mind, Mom still lived with Gramps and Nana, even as I progressed through middle school and high school, so I never lacked for guidance and role models. Gramps got me going in Pop Warner football when I was 8, and I continued that through middle school. Mom rarely missed a game, even though my playing time was limited - I struggled in the lower weight limit divisions, as I was slow to grow compared with some of my friends.

Puberty caught me soon enough, and with that everything changed, beginning the journey that brings us to this narrative. I turned into what Nana would affectionately call "The Composter." My appetite was insatiable and I think I was personally responsible for a 50% increase in the household food budget. In the space of about three years, I went from a 90 pound, hairless chicken to about 5 foot 10 inches and 150 pounds of wiry, lanky teenager. I continued to grow another 2 inches and filled out some more, reaching my full growth around the time I graduated from high school, at 6 foot even and around 170 pounds.

I imagine now is as good a time as any to describe myself.

I mostly owe my Mom for my facial features. I have high cheekbones, a broad forehead and hair that is long and straight. I generally keep it in a short ponytail. I've worn it this way since I was fifteen, Mom laughingly calling it my "surfer samurai" look. The color is somewhere in between my Mom's strawberry blonde and a brunette color, darker when it's wet. My eyes are green. I'd have to say I'm proud of my physique. I've always liked a good, sweat-busting workout, as well as swimming and running, which I have continued all through high school and college. No one is ever going to confuse me with a body builder, but I have just a hint of a six-pack and take pride in maintaining it.

I guess there also needs to be the obligatory description of the equipment. Well, let's just say I'm favored with something that's a little bit better than average, around 7 1/2 or 8 inches long and around four or five inches of girth. The supporting cast is proportionate. I've had more than one girl say I'm fairly easy on the eyes, but I tend not to pay a lot of attention to that. When all is said and done, I'm a rather shy, serious and somewhat introspective person. I really take after my mom that way.

Ah yes, my mother - Jennifer Marie. I suppose most of you have been putting up with our family biography to get to this point. If you are expecting moist tales of nymphomaniac, six-foot Amazonian goddesses with double D everything, you may as well pack it in now and move on to one of those one-page stroke fairy tales, because that's just not how it is.

To me, my mom is beautiful. Period. How and why should be apparent as you read this account of our lives. Her face is striking, with high, sculpted, almost Asiatic cheekbones, an aquiline, slightly prominent nose and piercing blue eyes. She wears her straight, strawberry blonde hair in a layered, elegant shoulder length cut with long bangs. Somehow, she makes it look both sophisticated and cute at the same time. Her lips are fairly full, with a strong chin beneath them. Her jaw line is just somewhat square, but delicate enough to offset the angularity of that part of her face. If you can believe it, she would tell you her best feature is her teeth, which are large and even, but not prominent, straight and very white. She doesn't smile a lot, but when she does flash her pearly whites, it lights up the room.

I've been known to do and say some pretty goofy stuff just to hear her wonderful laugh and see that gorgeous smile.

I'm constantly surprised by the depth and breadth of her interests. She loves cinema, particularly film noir, French New Wave and classic Hollywood. Her taste in music is amazingly eclectic. There has always been something playing in the house for as long as I can remember. Most of the time, I hear her listening to Bach, The Beatles, Coltrane and Miles, but I've also seen her boogie in the kitchen to AC/DC and Led Zeppelin, as well as singing along to old Patsy Cline songs. If she put her mind to it, I bet she could do a pretty fair karaoke version of "I Fall to Pieces."

One of the most endearing things about her is her secret guilty pleasure - The Three Stooges. She'd be terribly embarrassed to admit it, but I can always crack her up with my imitation of Curly. I consistently get a smile from her when she asks me to do a chore and I reply "*Soitenly!*"

Another favorite was when she would help me with concepts I didn't understand in my homework. I'd just say, "I'm trying to think, but nothin' happens."

I can still remember the first time I tried that one out on her. We were doing some algebra problems and she was drinking a mug of decaf as we sat at the kitchen table. She was so pissed when the coffee came out her nose and got all over my homework, but we couldn't stop laughing for about ten minutes after that. We'd quiet down for a few seconds, but then look at each other and break out into gales of laughter all over again. Gramps and Nana were convinced we had completely lost our marbles. I had to copy my entire assignment over again, but it was so worth it.

As an objective frame of reference, think a little of Marg Helgenberger, but a bit plainer, rounder and less angular, with an extra 10 or 15 pounds. That extra weight is pretty well distributed, in my very subjective opinion. It is not too concentrated in one particular area, but certainly enhancing some features, like her breasts and hips, which are noticeably fuller and rounder than our Helgenberger archetype.

Understand, Mom is and always was beautiful in my eyes. She's not a runway model, some airbrushed and Photoshopped stereotype. She's a real lady, with a real world figure. Her hips are full, lush and smooth. Her belly has that wonderfully sensuous, slight swelling of a mature woman. All of the lines, curves, swellings and creases fit together with what I consider to be perfect harmony.

I absolutely adore those perfect, soft, womanly curves. She's my Venus de Milo.

I lusted after Mom before I loved her. I suppose that's not so unusual for a thirteen year old who was just beginning to make wood, but I think it was different for me in one big respect.

The first time I ever had an orgasm, it was because of Mom.

It happened one October afternoon, just before a football game. We were running late because Gramps and Nana were unavailable to drive me at the last minute. Mom had just gotten back from work and wanted to change out of her city clothes before we left. She was tired and moving a bit slowly. I was impatient to get going -- it was to be my very first time as a starter.

After pacing downstairs for several eternal minutes (teenagers are well known to inhabit an alternate dimension where different rules on the passage of time apply), I called out crankily, "C'mon, Mom, we're gonna be late!"

Her voice floated down to me, patient as always, "Just a couple minutes, sweetie - - I'm almost ready."

I don't know what possessed me at that moment, but Mom's answer wasn't satisfactory. I clomped up the stairs and barged into her bedroom.

What I saw...well, it was an eyeful and then some. I can still picture her clearly in every detail. It's a memory I have carefully cultivated and nurtured for all my

years, maintaining those few moments in reverent detail. It's the beginning of everything for me.

Eyes flashing, Mom held her arms tight against herself, covering up in a scramble.

"Jesus H. Christ, Ricky!" she shouted in anger. "Don't you ever knock? How dare you barge into my room like this!"

"Uh, uhmmm, yeah, uhm, sor..sorry, uhm, Mom," I mumbled inanely.

"Standing here staring at me is NOT going to speed this process up, young man," she said acidly. "Now, git!"

I skedaddled in infamy, still blushing and flushing as I made a beeline for the bathroom.

Minutes later, I was jerked back to reality by the slap of Mom's palm on the door.

"I'm ready now, Mr. Impatient," she snapped. "You better get out here pronto, or I'm not going to take you. Let's get this show on the road!"

Quickly stuffing myself back under cover, I washed my hands and stepped out into the hallway. Mom was right by the door, arms crossed over her chest, tapping her foot, still clearly pissed about my indiscretion.

"Let's go," she said curtly.

Our ride to the practice field was made in tense silence. I knew I was in trouble and Mom was letting me stew in my juices for a while before she lowered the boom.

When we arrived at the parking lot, she put her arm across my chest, checking me before I could escape the car. Reaching out to me with her other hand, she cupped my chin and forcibly turned my head to face her.

She spoke quietly, but firmly, in measured tones, her calm demeanor actually emphasizing her displeasure.

"*Ricky*, are you a little boy or a young man?"

"I'm not a little boy," I replied somewhat sullenly.

"No you're not. Young men don't behave like little kids, now do they?"

"No, Mom."

"As a young man, you have certain responsibilities. The most important of these is to always treat your Mom with courtesy and respect. That is, of course, assuming you want me to treat you like the young man you are becoming. Do you want me to respect you, to treat you fairly?"

"Yes, Mom," I sighed, rolling my eyes.

"Well then," she continued, pointedly ignoring my attitude, "That includes always knocking before you come into my room from now on. You will respect my privacy," she declared, steel in her voice. "If it happens again, you'll be grounded for a month and no allowance, no Nintendo and no movies. Are we clear?"

Suitably chastised, I nodded my acquiescence.

"I'm sorry I was rude Mom. I won't do it again."

"Apology accepted," she acknowledged, her demeanor returning to normal.

"Mom, you're not going to leave, are you?" I asked anxiously.

Smile returning, she squeezed my hand reassuringly. "I wouldn't miss my son's first start for anything. I was planning to follow Mom and Dad here anyway, until our plans changed."

"Hop on out and get ready. I'll find a parking space and see you shortly."

Later, I saw Mom in the stands, hooting and hollering along with all the other parents. When the second half began, I saw that Gramps and Nana had made it as well. It felt really good to have my whole family rooting for me.

It would have been amazing if I had played a great game, but I didn't. I did do the next best thing, though -- I didn't screw up. That was enough for me. When it was all over, I got a slap on the back from Gramps and big hugs from Mom and Nana. We went out for pizza after that, completing what turned out to be one of the most important days of my life.

I never got another chance to see Mom undressed or in her underwear again after that day. I suspect that she had at least some inkling of how my seeing her had affected me and was very careful not to give me the opportunity for another eyeful.

It didn't really matter though -- the damage had been done and I was changed for good.

At that point, I was totally focused on trying to get another glimpse of Mom. Any opportunity was to be seized upon, but Mom was very careful since that first wonderful incident. Failing to get any more chances, my emphasis gradually shifted. Of course, if you can't see Mom in the flesh, the next best thing is those wonderful garments that cover her special parts.

I remember the first time I snuck into her room and rummaged in her underwear drawer. Even though she was long gone for a day's work in the City, I was so nervous, I shook like a baby's rattle. Running my trembling hands over the lacy cups of one of her brassieres, I became hard as a brick. Rubbing my fingertips over the shiny smoothness of one of her nylon granny panties, I almost came without touching myself.

When I pulled my shorts down and got my cock out, the moment I slid my glans across the gusset of her briefs, I shot a huge load all over my hands and the panties. I almost passed out from the pleasure and the excitement of doing something so forbidden, so nasty. When I finally came down from orbit, though, I knew I was in trouble. My cum was everywhere, coating my hands, splooged in her panties and dripping on the carpet by her dresser.

I was immediately assailed by terrible guilt. Not only was I a pervert, who whacked off into his own mother's underwear, I had made a huge, disgusting mess in her bedroom. I was doomed and damned all at one instant. Damned for my sinful behavior and horrible thoughts and doomed because I knew in my heart that I would never be able to stop doing it again and again and again.

Frantically, I rushed to obliterate all traces of my transgression. I cleaned myself up and dashed to the laundry room, rinsing Mom's undies in the sink and then throwing them in the bottom of the hamper, out of sight and mind. I flew back upstairs with a sponge and some dish soap and feverishly scrubbed my jizz out of the carpet. I dashed back downstairs to put the cleaning stuff away and then sprinted back to Mom's bathroom, grabbing her hair dryer, which I then used to dry the damp spots on the carpet where I had cleaned my sticky spend out of the shag.

Trembling with anxiety, I bolted to my room, locking the door behind me before I flung myself on the bed. Then I waited, overwhelmed with guilt. I waited for Mom to come home and discover my horrible actions, throwing me out of the house. I waited for Gramps to come home and beat me within an inch of my life. I waited for God to smite me with a thunderbolt, punishing me for my sin.

After about ten or fifteen minutes of waiting for the sky to fall, I realized nothing was going to happen. After thirty minutes, recalling the silky feel of her panties on my dick, I got hard again. Five minutes later, I was back in the laundry room, fishing the still-damp panties from the hamper and retreating to my room for another round of jacking off.

Thus began my relationship with my mother's underwear. Within two weeks, I knew every article by heart; what size (34C bust, size 7 panties), what location in the drawer and the usual order of use. I never escaped the feelings of guilt and shame when I spunked her panties, but I simply couldn't help myself.

At first, after I saw Mom that day, I couldn't get the visions of her breasts and panty-clad ass out of my head. I was constantly sneaking glances at her, hoping for a flash of thigh or a brief peek of her brassiere through the gaps between buttons in her blouses, or, holy of holies, getting a look up her skirt to see her panties. The more I looked, though, the more I noticed everything about her appearance -- how she combed her hair, put on lipstick or, rarely, eye shadow, what her sense of style was for her work clothes, what kind of pantyhose she used and also her perfume.

I guess at that point, I was beginning to appreciate her as a whole woman for the first time and I surely loved what I saw. It's a given that a guy that age spends a majority of the day with thoughts of jutting asses and jiggling breasts running through his head, but I imagined all that and saw so much more in my mother.

Her arms were shapely, with only the slightest hint of softness that comes with her age. Her legs are...well, to me they're magnificent. Perfectly proportioned for her height, with exquisitely turned calves, they are almost an anachronism, a modern day reincarnation of the great pins of the 50's movie stars. A comparison to Cyd Charisse would be close to the mark in my mind, but I confess a complete lack of impartiality.

As long as I am admitting to bias, let me describe the miracle of skin and muscle that is her ass. It is, in a word, womanly. Not a bubble butt, not adolescent, nor compact. It is beautifully proportioned to the rest of her anatomy, but is...lusciously full, mobile, superbly pear-shaped, flawlessly smooth and topped by a sensational, very sensuous, flared waistline. Whether encased in denim shorts, tight Capri pants or even plain slacks, it is an absolute vision of promise and an invitation to totally forbidden thoughts.

Just to be clear, I would not walk on hot coals to place my hands upon it. For that privilege, I would wade through waist deep lava while gargling sulfuric acid and razor blades. For a chance to caress it, kiss it and otherwise worship it, I would sell my soul, in an instant.

Yeah, I like my Mom's derriere just a little.

I think these features are attractive enough when seen as mere components, but it's how they all work together that makes her beautiful to me. Perhaps because I am used to looking at her every chance I get, I pay more attention, but I think her face is marvelously expressive. Her deep blue eyes can positively dance with mischief, humor and laughter. When she is truly angry with me, a grey coldness creeps in and they dissect my guilty thoughts and actions like scalpels. Fortunately, I have not been on the receiving end of that particular gaze very often. I can recognize at least 8 or 10 different smiles, ranging from "come get your chicken soup" to "come hither right now." That latter smile is why I'm telling this story, of course.

Mom is an extremely observant and perceptive person. She's also very cautious and detail-oriented, as well as being a bit of a control freak, but she has to be in her job. She's the youngest and first female partner at March, Briggs and Dufrense, a moderate sized law firm in the City. She got there by being smarter, nice-tougher and generally harder working than most of the other associates. Once she was hired on, it only took her 4 years to make partner. She specializes in corporate and international law, which is well suited to her careful, meticulous nature. She's a member of the Bar in New York, New Jersey and unusually, a couple Canadian

provinces as well. In addition to loving her, having a crush on her, lusting after her greatly and generally adoring her, I admire her tremendously.

As you can probably tell, I have been hopelessly attached to this woman since forever. Of course, the lens of puberty completely changes the focus and perception of a growing boy, and I was no exception. What was once "When I grow up, I'm going to marry you, Mommy!" at 6 years old becomes furtive trips to the laundry hamper for used panties at 13. Is there anything that can compare to the slight residual warmth, intoxicating scent or taste of the gusset in a freshly discarded pair of panties? Not to a young, hyper stimulated teenager, I would guess.

It was at middle school time when I really began to notice Mom as a woman. My voice was deepening, my bones were aching from my growth spurt and there was hair growing in unexpected places. Equipment that was once single purpose developed very interesting and downright startling new capabilities.

Mom almost certainly knew what was happening before I did, and of course she had taught me all the basics at a much younger age, to satisfy my insatiable curiosity. Nana, Gramps and Mom were all kindly tolerant of my withdrawn surliness and generally antisocial interactions as testosterone overran my synapses, but they kept me on track. Gramps was great at getting me settled into my new role as a real guy and second man of the house. Some of that instruction was real old school stuff, very much nose-to-nose and occasionally resulted in prolonged discomfort when sitting, but we got through it okay and I was the better for it.

Academically, I was a good student in school. I had to really bust my ass to excel in math and science, but with much pain and sweat, still managed to do well in these areas. As you might imagine, when it came to grades, Mom took no prisoners. Somehow, though, she always found the right combination of motivations to carry me through any difficulties. She never used her own considerable accomplishments as a yardstick against my own efforts, I think because she knew I would do that myself. There was an unspoken assumption that, of course, I would give a maximum effort in any subject I studied. She had

high expectations, but also seemed to have a sixth sense for what represented my best efforts, and never criticized me when she knew I had done my best on something and had come up a little short. I loved her very much for that.

Towards the end of middle school, Mom was gearing up in her push to becoming a partner at her law firm and I was spending more and more time on homework. Our chances to spend time together seemed to be dwindling to nothing. I think both of us sensed this subconsciously, but for me it showed in a general increased crankiness and more arguments with Mom. After a particularly irrational outburst, which centered around difficulties with my math homework, Mom sat me down and slowly, painfully extracted the truth from me.

"All right, Ricky. What is your major maladjustment here? You can't tell me that all of this venom you've been spewing lately is just from problems with quadratic equations. You've been exceptionally rude and ungrateful lately and I want to know why. Are you having problems with someone at school? Is it something to do with girls?"

"Mooommm!"

Girls and sex were a very sensitive topic. I was thinking about them constantly. If I went more than fifteen or twenty minutes without fantasizing about fucking some female, it was a rare event. At the time, I was nursing simultaneous crushes on two different girls in my algebra class and secretly lusting after my French teacher, Mrs. DuPre and the lady next door, Myra Gordon. A few months before, I had discovered the delicious secrets of Mom's used panties as well, which was a source of tremendous excitement as well as secret self-loathing. I felt like such a perv whenever I spunked in them, thinking of her, but I absolutely couldn't help myself.

"I thought so. I had a feeling that the testosterone level has been rising around here lately," she chuckled. "You can't fool your old Mom when it comes to this stuff - you're a glass of water to me," she said, with a kind, all-knowing smile.

"God Mom, you're embarrassing the crap out of me!"

Placing her hand on mine, she gave me a squeeze and said softly, "Ricky, the very last thing I want to do is to make you uncomfortable or embarrassed, but I have noticed some changes lately. You know I won't judge you on this. I just want to know that you're okay. Okay?"

"Okay, Mom," I sighed. "It's really hard to talk about though, I have so many confusing feelings about it all."

"Why don't you start by telling me who it is you think is pretty?"

"Well, in my math class, there's Sally McPhee and Grace Kim. They're really cute and nice," I said in a rush. "I've talked to them a little bit, a couple of times, and I've seen Grace smile at me once."

"I don't know Sally, but I met Grace and her mom and dad at the last parent-teacher day. If her mother is any indication, Grace is going to grow into a gorgeous young woman. She also struck me as a very kind, genuine person. You've got very good taste, hotshot!" she concluded.

That made me feel real good to hear Mom say that, and I felt a little better opening up to her. "Uhhh, there's a bit more though, and it's this stuff that has me more confused," I confessed uncomfortably.

Mom looked at me a bit speculatively and pursed her lips in thought, finger rubbing absently under her lower lip.

"Well," she drawled, "Unless I miss my guess, I'm thinking that you are having more -shall we say- explicit thoughts about someone, and this is what's troubling you."

I stared at Mom aghast. She seemed to be looking through a window into my most private feelings. It felt as though she was reading my mind and knew everything about my secrets. It was at once alarming and strangely, a little bit exhilarating.

"I've seen you staring at Myra Gordon's bottom, you know."

Myra was our next-door neighbor. "Jesus, Mooommm!" I felt like crawling into a hole and pulling it closed behind me.

"What about that is not perfectly normal?" she inquired, in a puzzled tone. "Surely your friends talk about who's hot and who's not, right? It's also entirely okay to be attracted to older women too, you know. I've overheard you talking with Jack Hamilton about Mrs. DuPre's 'enormous rack.' I also heard you threaten to punch him out when he said I was hot. (That was so sweet of you, by the way.) Your stick-in-the-mud old mom knows exactly what a 'MILF' is," she concluded, an amused twinkle in her eyes.

If I could have blushed any harder at that point, I would have burst into flames. "Mom, you're killing me! I'm soooo embarrassed!"

"You're an absolutely normal young man," she stated emphatically. "How on earth could I be upset that you feel this way about girls and women? I just hope that when you have more serious questions about girls and relationships that you'll continue to talk with me. There's no topic that is off limits there - if you'll be honest with me, I promise to never, ever judge you and I'll give you the best practical advice I can, if you want it."

"Thanks, Mom. It's just really hard to talk to someone about this stuff, but I'll try to be honest."

Mom took my hands in hers and looked at me seriously.

"Are we still best friends?"

Swallowing with difficulty, I simply nodded.

"Then you know that you can absolutely trust me, right?"

Smiling and touching my cheek, she continued, "I know sometimes that a guy needs to talk with another guy about some of this sex related stuff, but I also know that Gramps is not exactly the easiest person in the world to approach when it comes to this kind of thing."

Mom was right on the mark about Gramps. In many ways, he fulfilled a lot of the needs that a growing boy has for a father figure, but when it came to women and sex, I guess his worldview was colored by the experience of Mom's teenage pregnancy.

"The only thing I'm going to hold you to is being honest," she said kindly. "I know how hard it can be talking with your old Mom about this kind of thing, but please don't keep any secrets from me - there is nothing, I repeat, nothing that you could say which would upset me in any way. Even if you told me you liked boys more than girls," she concluded.

"Ewwwww, that is soooo gross, Mom!"

"I happen to know that's not true, anyway," she said in a matter of fact tone. "But I do believe that there's still someone you're attracted to that you haven't told me about, right?"

My secret shame burned within me like a small welder's arc and my tongue felt like it was hewn from granite. I wanted so much to say what was really on my mind, but I was terribly afraid of what would happen. Head bowed, swallowing with great difficulty, I tried to speak but somehow, a twenty-pound rock had materialized in my throat, choking off the forbidden words written in my heart.

Reaching across the table, Mom put her hand under my chin, forcing me to look up. I couldn't meet her eyes. Speaking quietly, encouragingly, she tried to coax my acknowledgement.

"It's okay, sweetheart. I promise I won't be mad, whatever you say, whoever it might be. I promise."

Try as I might, I was mute with fear. Finally meeting her gaze, lower lip trembling, I gave up, shamefully shaking my head.

Taking my hands in hers, Mom put me out of my misery, softly saying the words I couldn't bear to speak.

"It's me, isn't it, Ricky?" she asked gently.

Tears welled up in my eyes and I was choked with emotion. "God Mom, I'm soooo sorry, but I can't help it! You make me feel so good when I think about you, you're so beautiful and sexy, but I know it's wrong, so wrong! I feel excited and awful at the same time - I'm a horrible pervert! How can you even look at me?"

There it was, out in the open. I loved my mom, as a son, but wanted her so much as a woman.

Mom smiled kindly and enveloped me in a big hug, kissing the top of my head. "You poor sweet boy. That secret must be tearing you up inside. It's okay honey. Truly. It's okay," she soothed. "What you're feeling is normal - N-O-R-M-A-L," she spelled out.

"I've known for some time now how you felt, but you need to know it's perfectly okay for a fella your age to have those feelings. It's really one of the biggest, best compliments a growing young man can pay to his mom. I'm not mad at all. Actually, I'm VERY flattered that I can get a hunky, young guy all riled up at my

age -- but more importantly, I still love my son this minute as much as I did before he told me, okay?"

"Okay," I agreed with tremendous relief. "But Mom, you don't look old at all. All of my friends say you're a real babe," I added somewhat boldly.

She laughed and ruffled my hair. "I'm going to have to watch myself around you, handsome. You're already turning into quite the smooth talker," she said warmly and strangely, with a little bit of pride.

Somewhat more seriously, she added, "Ricky, you just joined a club with about a billion other members. I wouldn't worry about your feelings towards me for another second. You're going to find out soon enough that this is just a phase you're going to go through. It's an almost universal phenomenon in young guys. You'll work through it just fine and be okay when you come out on the other side of this - you'll probably even laugh about it then, and I'll laugh with you," she said wistfully.

"My boy is turning into a young man," she sighed, giving me another big hug.

Feeling greatly relieved, I got around to the other thing that was bothering me.

"Mom, I think we've lost some of the time we used to be able to spend together. It seems that all we can do occasionally is to watch a movie, but then we're both so busy with other stuff, I don't know what to do. I guess I just miss being with you, you know, hanging out. I'd really like to spend more time with you."

"Well, you've said a real mouthful there, bucko. I'm feeling a little bit the same way, but you know things can and have to change over time, especially as you grow up some more. You've got your own life to live and build and part of that is being more your own person, spending more time doing things you must do and want to do for yourself. I'm not going to spend extra time with you at the expense of your regular friends, athletics or your schoolwork."

She looked past me, eyes focused on some thought she was developing. "Tell you what, sport. We don't have enough hours in the day for all the things we want to do, so we'll have to make lemonade out of our lemons. Let's go to the kitchen. Momma's gonna teach you how to help with the cooking. That way we get a little more time together but we don't have to take time away from the other things we need to accomplish."

"Mom! I'm a GUY! Guys don't do that kind of stuff!"

"Indeed!" she snorted in amusement. "You know Bobby-Joe Boudreaux?"

"Duh, of course, Mom. He's the Cajun bar-b-que king on the Restaurant Channel."

"I'll have you know that he's one our firm's clients. He owns 5 restaurants, employs at least 200 people and is pulling down over a million a year, AFTER taxes. A casino in Las Vegas is after him to open a named restaurant in a deal that on its own is going to be worth at least 4 times that much all by itself."

She then dug the knife in a little further. " I also happen to know that he owns a Jag XK and a Lamborghini Gallardo, along with a condo overlooking Central Park." She then whispered conspiratorially, "I'm pretty sure he has at least 3 or 4 girlfriends in his current collection and I've heard that one of them models for Victoria's Secret!"

"No way, Mom! He's not even that good-looking!"

""Way', young man. Very 'way.'"

"Damn."

"Watch your mouth, Ricky! I thought that might get your attention. Now, I'm not saying this is what I think you should do with your life, but I do know you're

smart, hardworking and creative," she smiled. "You've already made me very proud, you know." She gave me a big hug and kissed my forehead. "I suppose what I'm getting at here is that my client wakes up every morning looking forward to his day. When you get older, you'll understand how important that is."

"I'll bet he likes waking up every day, especially with Miss V.S. to look at in the morning."

"Hush, you naughty boy! You know very well that's not what I'm talking about! The point here is that if you're really good at something and have a passion for it, the material rewards will follow that too. Most importantly, you're very likely going to be happy in your life."

"Okay, Mom, I think I understand. Let's get to work. What are we cooking tonight?"

"That's my boy. We're going to have a good time, I just know it. You'll thank me for this later, I'm sure."

"How so, mom?"

"Well, as young man who is now beginning to notice the charms of the opposite sex, I'll let you in on a secret. Women are absolute suckers for men who can cook, myself included."

With that, we added a new ritual to our daily schedule. I didn't know it at the time, but this one change in our routine would have a profound effect on both of us.

While in the beginning I mostly went along with Mom to humor her and to just be with her, I gradually began to enjoy the actual process, becoming an able, efficient assistant. Our time in the kitchen became that respite from the rest of the world, like the days when Mom and I used to take a weekend day together to go to museums or the zoo when I was little. It became the highlight of my day. Being around Mom was somehow a bit more comfortable, although I still had my fantasies about her, but they seemed to be intermixed with the other erotic interests I had. She sort of became an occasional fixture in my "stable" of imaginary bed partners. It seemed as though what Mom and I talked about was coming true, and I was able to reestablish a more platonic, but still loving connection with her.

As our culinary collaboration progressed, I began to take on more responsibilities besides clean up and fetching. I became very adept at *mis en place*, to the point that Mom and I could fly through even rather complicated recipes in short order. Gradually, she entrusted more and more prep to me. Ironically, it was this increased trust in my capabilities that led to a fundamental change in how I thought about my Mom.

I can still remember the details with great clarity. We had been collaborating on our kitchen partnership for some time. We were working through one of Nana's heirloom recipes for Bolognese sauce. The air of the kitchen was redolent with the aroma simmering tomato sauce, fresh basil and oregano and sautéed ground beef and pancetta. Mom was dressed in an old white men's oxford shirt, tails tied off above her midriff, over a plain white bra and some fetchingly snug blue jeans. Her feet were bare. There was classical music playing in the background, one of Bach's solo violin partitas, a favorite of Mom's. In spite of our bustle in the kitchen, things felt very peaceful and relaxed. We chatted amiably about our day's events, joking and teasing as we worked.

It was the onions that did me in. I had been learning how to handle knives properly, with limited success, and Mom was ribbing me good-naturedly about it.

"I swear, Ricky, I don't know what to do about you! You seem determined to convert Herr Henckel's finest creations into axes or machetes. You are NOT hacking your way through the jungle or splitting firewood here, you are cooking! You take four times as long as I do for the same thing, and half of that ends up scattered on the table and floor."

"Sorry Mom, it's difficult to get the coordination down. I'm afraid I'll add fingertips to the carrots if I go as fast as you."

"Nonsense! Let me show you. We'll do this onion. With that, she came around behind me, her front to my back, reaching her hands around to cover mine as I held the knife. "First, know that the curve of the blade is there for a reason. It's your friend. You don't pick up the knife for each chop, you rock along the curve of the blade, maintaining tip contact with the cutting board, like this. You keep the blade in one place, you feed the food under it. Yes, that's it. Curl your fingertips to protect them as you push."

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, I was acutely aware of her contact with me. I felt the heat of her hands on mine, her warm breath on my right ear as she spoke and the soft contact of her breasts against my back, the pressure of her pelvis against my buttocks. I could smell her shampoo and the faint, clean scent of plain soap and sandalwood from her favorite perfume.

I whispered a prayer of thanks for the apron I was wearing, because I was suddenly sporting the hardest, most rampant erection of my young life. Her embrace of instruction had unintentionally, but lightly thrust me against the edge of the counter, multiplying my difficulties ten-fold. My member was positively throbbing. At the same time, I was afraid, very afraid. What if Mom noticed my hard on? As turned on as I was, I couldn't bear the thought of what she would think if she discovered my excitement. Things sure didn't feel like a "phase" I was

going through. As much as I was aroused, I felt equally ashamed, guilty that I was still having such perverted thoughts about my own mother.

"Let's do one more together, I think you're starting to get the hang of it."

"Uhh, Mom, can we take a short break? I need to hit the head."

"Sure sweetie - don't be too long, we need to get this simmering pretty soon if we're going to stay on schedule."

Carefully turning to conceal my raging boner, I eased out of the kitchen to the adjacent half bathroom, locking the door behind me. Dropping my pants as soon as the door was secured, I crab walked to the sink and drew out my cock. There was no conscious decision on my part, but it seemed that suddenly, completely and inexplicably, Mom was the central and only point in my erotic universe. There was no rhyme or reason to it, it just was. With memory of her touch and smell still strong within me I began to stroke. I lasted maybe ten or fifteen seconds, spurting six or seven huge ropes of my seed into the sink.

"Ooohhhh, Mommmmmmmmm," I groaned.

My spending was so intense I fell to my knees, visions of her bare midriff, the glow of her skin and the smell of her perfume forever imprinted in my memory. It was the most intense orgasm I had ever experienced to that point in my life. What I was totally unprepared for though, was how I felt after I came.

Up until that moment, I suppose I was really no different from any other teenage boy. Jerking off was like scratching an itch that needed relief, something you simply had to do to maintain your sanity. In the past, when I envisioned Mom in my fantasies, there was always a vague to sharp feeling of guilt associated with my thoughts. But this time was very, very different.

It seemed as though I had crossed some sort of event horizon of love and lust and was now being sucked inexorably into a black hole of incredibly intense emotions, which I was powerless to stop. It was exciting and amazingly erotic. It was tender, warm and comforting. It was also absolutely terrifying. Terrifying that I should feel this way about the one person in the whole world I was supposed to love wholly, unconditionally and above all, chastely.

As I braced myself against the vanity with shaking arms and legs, head hung down, breathing like a steam engine, I struggled mightily to make sense of what had just happened. This wasn't a "Gee, Mom, you've got really nice tits and a great ass, let's fuck" five-fingered fantasy. This wasn't a testosterone-driven libidinous itch. This wasn't a little boy crush like I had experienced over some of my classmates or teachers in middle school.

This was suddenly realizing that the most wonderful, beautiful, desirable creature God had ever put on the earth was living under the same roof as me. The answer was inescapable. I was truly, undeniably and hopelessly in love with my own mom! Sweet Jesus, how could this be? How could things have changed like this, in a matter of a few moments? And yet, for all of the guilt and shame that seemed to come along with those emotions, there was an inescapable feeling of rightness about it all. It was simply meant to be.

Mom was tapping on the door. "You okay in there, Ricky?"

"Uhhh, yeah Mom, be out in a second. I just dropped the hand soap container."

"If you made a mess, clean it up please."

"No problem Mom, nothing to clean up." I washed my hands quickly, checking the sink for any telltales, rinsing it thoroughly, then rejoining Mom in the kitchen.

"Ready for another go? There's still celery to chop."

"Okay Mom, let's try that again."

Once again she stepped behind me, repeating her earlier instructions as we worked through the celery. I didn't think at all about the chopping, which was why I probably did such a good job. I concentrated on every second of her innocent contact with me, totally focused on those sensations, her smell and her voice. Damn! I was hard again and it had been only a few minutes since I came! I was rising on a swell of euphoria that had as much to do with how I was feeling in my heart as the sensations my Mom's words, smell and touch were imparting to me.

"That was well done, Ricky. You're coming along so nicely now, I can hardly believe it. Pretty soon you're going to know as much as I do." Mom gave me a big kiss on my cheek, catching the corner of my mouth by mistake. I hugged her strongly to my chest, inhaling the lovely scent of her as I squeezed, reveling in the aroma of soap and sandalwood and the soft press of her breasts against my chest. "Thanks, Mom. You know, I love you."

"Ooof! Don't squeeze your old mom to death! I love you too, son." She held me out to arm's length, looking at me directly. I had recently grown taller than her, so she had to look up slightly to see my face. She smiled gently and then released me, her eyes glistening for a moment, a small shadow of a troubled look briefly appearing on her face.

"What's wrong Mom?"

"Oh, nothing important Ricky. Moms just get a bit sentimental sometimes. You're growing up so fast I can hardly believe it. You're already turning into such a handsome young man. I'm sure you're going to leave a trail of broken hearts in your path before very long," she sighed, a little misty-eyed.

"Maybe, Mom, maybe - but I'm only concerned about yours. You're starting to act like I'm running away to join the circus or something. I've still got a long way to go before I graduate, you know."

"I know, hotshot, but like I said, mothers are pretty emotional creatures sometimes." She sighed and smiled with some effort. "Let's finish up here. It's time to start boiling the water for the pasta."

With that, we returned to the mundane tasks at hand, but I was forever changed. A large part of me knew how sick, how wrong, how evil these new thoughts were, but there was another small, persistent voice I could hear whispering in the deepest recesses of my mind, calling out like a perverse siren, luring me towards the deadly rocks of lust and desire.

Outwardly, I was composed and cheerful, but that was all a glad façade. My head and loins were locked in mortal conflict as I struggled within. I would rather be pulled limb from limb than hurt my beloved mother, but oh, how I wanted her. How I wanted her, not just her body, but her heart as well. I wanted her to desire me as I yearned for her, showing her my love in all ways a man can do for his woman.

As I silently struggled to master this conflict, a very troubling notion intruded on my thoughts.

"You can't hide this from her," I realized in desperation. "She'll figure things out very quickly, with very little to go on. Then what will you do?"

I thrust these musings to the back of my mind, concentrating on the tasks at hand. Our repartee and partnership continued until dinner, but my thoughts and emotions were in absolute chaos.

Over the succeeding weeks, I was able to keep things pretty well contained, but I absolutely lived for the slightest touch from her. Anything - a peck on the cheek, kind, affectionate words, a casual touch to the arm but most especially the hugs.

I was still wrestling with incredible guilt on another front, though. Mom now consumed all of my solitary fantasies, excluding all others. I sought out pictures of women with similar features and appearance through the length and breadth of Internet porndom. Any woman whose appearance met my standards eventually found her way onto my hard drive. When I discovered the wealth of amateur incest videos on the web, it became much, much worse, the unsteady camera work, disjointed web cams and grainy, low light atmospherics lending a twisted sort of reality and solidity to my fevered imaginings. Every boy was me, every woman my gorgeous, sexy mother.

I became totally paranoid about discovery. I downloaded everything through an anonymous FTP client, religiously purging my browsing history constantly. I went so far as to regularly reformat my hard drive to insure removal of all traces of my obsession. I transferred all of my downloads to a high capacity thumb drive and secreted it into a crack in the floorboards in the back of my closet. I could not chance even the slightest possibility of discovery. I was now past feeling bad about what my desires and fantasies were, but I was dreadfully afraid of how much Mom would be hurt by my secret, were she to discover it. It was this fear of hurting my true love that allowed me to develop some degree of control. It was often impossibly difficult, but I managed to ward off the temptation to escalate my obsession into more overt acts like peeping in her bathroom or going into her room at night. Often those urges were nearly overwhelming.

As I continued to lead my daily and secret lives, the year turned over and my skills in the kitchen continued to grow. I was now the line chef as often as I was the preparer, becoming adept at all manners of braising, searing, poaching and roasting. I also got a summer job working in the kitchen of Agostino's, a well-regarded local restaurant. I mostly did menial work but was gradually learning the ropes of station cooking and food preparation.

Mom was impressed with my development, now often asking my advice on preparation or new recipes. Looking back, I can say that my enthusiasm grew from two sources. I really did love the process and creative aspects of cooking, but I think subconsciously, I was also ardently courting my mother through my efforts, seeking her approval, her respect and most of all, her pleasure at eating my

creations. I never forgot her earliest words on the subject. "Women are absolute suckers for men who can cook, myself included."

Under these circumstances, I contemplated the arrival of Mom's birthday. I think in her own mind, Mom had reached the "whose counting" stage, but if anything, she was looking better and better to me with each passing year. I knew I wanted to do something extra special for her, and I wanted to do it in the kitchen (I really wanted to do much more than cook in the kitchen with her, but I was still managing to keep up some semblance of a barrier between my waking and nocturnal lives.) I approached Nana with my idea.

"Nan - can you help me out? I want to do something special for Mom's birthday, but I don't have enough money. I'm about forty bucks short of what I need," I explained, outlining my plan. As I laid out the details, Nana broke out into a huge grin.

"Ricky! What a wonderful and thoughtful idea. Jen will be absolutely thrilled. You can count on me. We'll make sure to have your mom out of the house for the day for your preparations. Don't you worry about your budget - I've got your back on this one. I do have one suggestion, though," she paused. I listened attentively. Nana was the best chef of all of us and I knew that Mom's own considerable abilities were due in large measure to her mother's tutelage.

"I have two words for you, young chef: 'St. Emilion.' Yes," she mused, "Preferably a '95 or '98, since this is a special occasion."

I was still very early in my knowledge of cooking and knew even less about wines. "Isn't that pretty expensive, Nan?"

"Yes indeed, but with your permission, I'd like to make it our contribution to the celebration. Besides," she teased, "If you slip up on the dinner, we'll have a great bottle of wine to fall back on for distraction!"

"Nana!" I protested. "No way I'm going to mess this up."

She laughed and pinched my cheek as only a grandmother can do. "I know, grandson mine. I can tell you have been getting ready for this for some time. A noble effort in the kitchen deserves a noble wine to accompany it."

With that, Nana and I set our plans into motion.

That year, Mom's birthday fell on a Saturday, which worked well for our conspiracy. Nana and Gramps got Mom out the door before noon, leaving me to my devices. My planning and preparations went off without a hitch, leaving me a bit of extra time to prepare our setting for the repast. I had Nana's permission to use her best Wedgewood china and the family silverware. I lit the dining room with candles and went back to my room to print out the menu for the evening.

When Gramps and Nana returned with Mom, I was waiting at the front door.

I took Mom's arm in mine and guided her to the dining room. "If Madame will step this way, her table is ready." Her favorite CD was already playing, Glenn Gould's peerless rendition of Bach's Goldberg Variations.

"Ricky, what's all this? What are you doing?"

I escorted her to her chair and presented her with the menu.

"Happy birthday, Mom."

Mom scanned the menu, her hand jumping to her mouth, covering it in her surprise.

"Ricky! This is wonderful, so thoughtful, so special! How did you manage this?"

"Well Mom, I had some planning help from Gramps and Nana, but the cooking is all mine," I said with pride. "I wanted to show you how much I love and appreciate you."

"My god, I'm so impressed! Look at this - it must have taken hours! She showed her copy of the menu to Nana and Gramps. "Soup, salad, lamb, risotto, there's even an amuse-bouche!" she gushed.

"I had some help in intelligence gathering," I said, nodding to Gramps.

Mom's eyes narrowed when she saw the Bordeaux named. "Ricky, where did you get the money for this? That wine, it's nearly \$300 a bottle!"

"Easy there, Jen" Gramps interjected. "That's our contribution to the celebration. This is an occasion, after all."

"It most certainly is. That being the case, I want to thank all of you - it's simply wonderful. I can't wait to start!"

The wine flowed and the courses came out smoothly. I was actually able to sit at table a little bit and savor their enjoyment of the meal. It was one of my proudest and most cherished memories.

When the table had been cleared and everyone's chairs pushed back, Gramps cleared his throat and spoke. I stood at Mom's side. Her hand found mine.

"Rick, I've been following what you've been doing in the kitchen with your mother for some time now. At first I wasn't sure whether I approved or not. I didn't want your mom turning my only grandson into some kind of wimpy nancy-boy. I have to say I'm very impressed. I've paid a lot of money in the City for meals which weren't half as good - this was a real mature, fully realized effort and I'm very proud of you, especially since you did it for your mother. You have a true talent."

Nana absolutely beamed and nodded. Mom was squeezing my hand hard enough to cut off the circulation. I was grinning fit to bust. "Thanks Gramps, you have no idea how much that means to me, coming from you."

Gramps rose from the table. "You keep up the good work, Rick. I have a feeling you'll do us all proud some day."

Nana joined Gramps, walking out to the family room. Mom followed me to the kitchen as I cleared the table. Once in the kitchen, Mom threw herself into my arms, hugging me fiercely, kissing my cheeks and forehead before laying her head on my chest. "Ricky, that was so wonderful, so sweet and so unexpected," I almost don't know what to say. You're the most wonderful son any mother could possibly have. It was all so well done, so much care and work obviously went into everything, right down to the music...I love you so much sweetheart!" She was tearful with emotion now.

"Please don't cry Mom."

"Don't be silly. Women are allowed to get a little weepy when they are very, very happy, like I am now."

I was acutely aware of Mom's body against mine. We were in contact from thigh to shoulder, her breasts pressed against my sternum, her head on my shoulder. I felt sure that she could probably feel my heart, which was pounding at a mile a minute. Her familiar smell of soap and sandalwood wafted to my nose, intoxicating me more than any wine possibly could.

"It's the least I could do Mom, you're everything to me."

Mom hugged me tighter still and I began to feel the stirrings of a major woody in my pants. I desperately wanted the hug to continue, but I also was frantic that Mom would feel my burgeoning erection. I felt absolutely certain that my arousal

was obvious to Mom, but she gave no clue, continuing the hug. Finally, I simply had to break our embrace.

"Well, I better finish the cleanup. Happy birthday again, Mom."

"Thank you so much Ricky. I'll cherish this memory as long as I live," she said with a tender smile, eyes bright with emotion.

Par for my course, I finished the evening in a state of elation and conflicted lust. Just before she retired, Mom sought me out as I was leaving the bathroom, having just finished brushing my teeth. She hugged me again, looking into my eyes.

"Thanks again Ricky. You're so special to me."

"You're more than welcome, Mom. I'm so glad I made you happy."

Then I did something so bold, so impulsive, so incredibly stupid, that I couldn't believe myself later.

I kissed Mom lightly on her lips and then fled to my room, leaving her standing in the hallway with a stunned look on her face.

Once in my room, I flung myself onto the bed, banging my head repeatedly on the headboard in frustration. How could I be such an absolute idiot? What the HELL was I thinking? I began to fear for my sanity and self-control. The meticulous mental partition I created between my private fantasies and the real waking world I shared with my mother was in danger of collapsing completely. How could I let Mom discover that my feelings for her were NOT a passing phase? I fell in love with her more each day and my desires to be with her, to be her lover, were turning into an uncontrollable force, I feared. If she learned the true depth and intensity of my feelings, her revulsion and disgust would know no bounds. It was absolutely unbearable.

Not surprisingly, after a while there came a quiet knock at my door.

"Can I come in, Ricky?" she asked softly.

I groaned inwardly. "Yeah Mom, door's unlocked," I said resignedly.

She sat on the edge of the bed and took my hand, kissing the back before clasping it in both of hers.

"We need to get a few things out in the open, son."

I nodded mutely, afraid to speak.

Mom began to speak, kindly but firmly. "Kissing your Mom on the lips like you just did is not appropriate, sweetheart. You do not want to go down this road with me. You're a hormonally impaired young man who has a glaringly obvious crush on his own mother. I will not allow you to become infatuated with me. I will not allow any intemperate displays of your feelings in this regard."

"Believe it or not, I can appreciate how you might be feeling right now, but you have to get a grip on yourself and learn how to control your impulsive behavior. I'll forgive that kiss as a one-time, birthday indiscretion, but there better not be any more of those shenanigans. You will absolutely not cross that line again. There will be absolutely nothing more between us, except a normal mother-son relationship. Are we crystal clear on this?"

I nodded again, tears filling my eyes. "I'm soooo sorry Mom. I didn't want to upset you or hurt you, no way, not ever. But...but...I can't seem to help how I feel about you. I can't get you out of my head!"

"Every girl I see in the hallway at school, every pretty woman I pass on the street, I always end up comparing them to you," I said miserably.

As I spoke, Mom's eyes bored into me, her expression stony, her jaw set and lips thinned with suppressed anger. As I watched her struggle to contain her emotions, I braced myself for an explosion.

Finally, patience and motherly concern seemed to win out and her demeanor softened for a moment. "I know this is probably very hard for you to cope with, but things are going back to normal as of right this minute. If you think you need professional help, we'll get it for you," she said squeezing my hand sympathetically.

Sighing, Mom got up from my bed. She seemed somehow shrunken, shoulders slumped and a bit listless. "I always felt that we had a wonderful, close and loving relationship. If you place any value at all on that, on the real love I have for you, you'll get your act together right now. I can't tell you how sorry I am that things came to this pass."

I tossed and turned interminably as I struggled to fall asleep. Far off mutterings of thunder and dim strobes of distant lightning from an advancing summer storm added to my disquiet. In my dreams, I replayed my brief kiss with Mom over and over. The variations were endless. Sometimes she returned the kiss with great passion, other times, she slapped me and beat me or dragged me by my ear to Gramps. Other times, she didn't respond at all, simply looking at me with accusatory eyes as she faded from my vision, tears running down her cheeks.

In my febrile dream, I was suddenly aware of the sound of my bedroom door opening. The hallway light was on. It illuminated Mom from behind briefly before she slipped quickly into my room, very quietly closing the door behind her. The light was nearly nonexistent, but the illumination of my fever dream revealed a diaphanous light blue peignoir, which did little or nothing to conceal her figure. She was clearly, gloriously naked beneath it. In the dim, silver-gray light coming from my window, I could just make out the movement of her breasts beneath the material of the nightgown and the hint of hair between her thighs. Her nipples

appeared hard, thrusting pebble-like against the bodice of her gown. She was breathing rapidly and deeply, her breasts rising and falling hypnotically beneath the encasing, near-transparent fabric.

Feigning sleep, I struggled to maintain slow, steady breathing as I lay on my back beneath my covers. There was a brief creak and a slight shifting as Mom sat on the bed next to me. Opening my eyes to tiny slits, I could see her looking at me, her expression a curious blend of anxiety and resoluteness. Closing my eyes fully again, I was startled when I felt her hand on my thigh. It took all of my concentration not to respond as she gently stroked. Sighing, she slowly pulled the covers off my lower torso and legs, exposing me to the cool night air. As she ran her hands over my naked legs, she murmured to herself.

"So handsome...so smooth...lovely."

Gradually, her hands moved towards my groin, fingertips teasing the sensitive skin of my upper, inner thighs, right next to my scrotum. Then it happened. Her hand gently cupped my sac, her middle finger drawing a delicate line from my perineum back to my balls. I was now fully erect, my cock moving lightly against my abdomen in concert with my racing pulse. As Mom continued to cup my balls with one hand, she gently began to stroke my shaft with the other.

"Mmmmm, so pretty...so hard," she whispered to herself.

Suddenly, there was a warm, enveloping wetness over the head of my cock. I started and cried out, my eyes opening fully, all pretense of sleep lost.

"Oh, Mom. So good!"

"Do you like Mommy sucking your wonderful cock, Ricky?"

"Yessssssss."

"Lie back. I'm going to make you cum and eat all your delicious spunk."

"Mommm, unngghhhhh, I thought, unngghhhhh, you said we couldn't...."

"I love you, Ricky. I...we...need this," she moaned between licks of my shaft. Bending to her task with a will, she took my head back in her mouth and began jacking my shaft firmly and quickly. Overtaken by the intensity of her actions, I began to lose control.

"Ohhhh god, Mom. I'm gonna... I'm gonna...I'm cumming! I'm cuuuuummmmmminnnng Mom!"

As I began to shoot, I heard a creak outside my door. Suddenly, it crashed open, with great force and speed, completely overwhelming the doorstop on the baseboard, its spring shattering into pieces as the doorknob buried itself in the adjacent drywall in a puff of white dust. Mom jerked away from me as I came, my cum splattering her cheeks and forehead as she turned.

"What the fuck is going on here!" Gramps roared. "What are you two doing?" Striding into the room like an avenging deity, he jerked Mom by the arm, slinging her across the room, where she fetched up against the wall in a sobbing heap. I felt myself seized by my shoulders, propelled forcefully out of bed as Gramps shoved me with all his might. "You little SHIT!" Shove. "You perverted bastard!" Shove. "You sick little son of a bitch!" SHOVE.

A sound of breaking glass, sharp pain and wetness as I hurtled out the window into the pouring rain and flashing lightning of the storm outside. Falling, falling, my mother's plaintive cry fading into the distance as I fell and fell. "Riiiiicckkkkkkeeeeeeeeeee," she wailed. The ground rushed up to meet me and...

...I awoke with a moan, bolt upright, drenched in sweat, crotch soaked with my dream spend, my sheets damp with perspiration, blinking blearily in the golden

morning light streaming through my window. Drawing a shuddering breath, I collapsed back onto my bed, shivering with the intensity of my nightmare.

When I dragged myself downstairs later, Mom was already up and about, sipping her coffee. Her hair was still damp from the shower and she was wearing an old, threadbare green housecoat over her man pajamas. Her eyes were puffy and bloodshot, with dark circles readily evident. Truth be told, I don't think she looked much better than I did.

As I slid into my chair in the breakfast nook, she stared at me, her eyebrow raised in an unspoken question.

We just looked at each other for almost a full minute, neither of us speaking. I was tongue-tied and my difficulty talking only got worse as I saw her eyebrows start to narrow with impatience while she waited for me to respond. I felt that I was completely adrift, rudderless and lost. My brain knew what I needed to say, but all I could seem to think about was how pretty she looked, standing there in her simple cloth bathrobe.

Finally, shame won out and I cast my eyes downward, staring at the placemat on the table in front of me.

"Yeah mom," I sighed. "I thought about things most of the night. I think I've already done some pretty bad damage to us, but I don't want to lose what we still have. I'll get my sh...er, stuff together from now on. I'm sorry."

"Thank you, Ricky. You're a good person- never forget that. You're also still my boy and I love you," she said, her voice hushed, choked with emotion.

She then lowered her voice and spoke seriously and slowly. "Just remember this, son: I know you better than you know yourself. Getting things back on an even keel is NOT going to be easy for you. I can sense the depth of your feelings for me,

both good and bad. You're facing a big challenge here and it's not going to be as simple as saying your sorry and agreeing to 'work on things'."

Her voice broke briefly. "It's going to hurt you a lot, Ricky, getting through this. I'm not sure if I can be there for you in the right way, the way you need, to get back on track." She was openly crying now, her despair obvious.

I was on my feet in an instant, rushing to hold her. At first, she resisted my embrace, then gave way, head turned to my chest, wetting my tee shirt with her tears. I stroked her hair and kissed the top of her head. I was starting to choke up myself. "I'm sorry Mom, I'm so sorry. I'll get myself straightened out on this, I promise. I'll do it for you, I'll do it for us. I don't EVER want to do anything to hurt you."

She briefly returned my hug and broke our embrace. She put her hands on my forearms, looking into my eyes with great intensity, "Now you see why I can't allow this...this...thing...between you and me to go one inch further. Look at what it's doing to us, even after that one little kiss! You have no idea how much it all frightens me. I feel like we're on the edge of a precipice."

As she spoke, Mom grabbed my shoulders forcefully, her eyes boring into mine, testing, measuring and probing. I felt naked before her gaze.

After an interminable pause, she spoke, her voice choked with anxiety and sadness.

"When I look over that edge, Ricky, I see ruin. I see ruin and sadness. I can't bear that thought."

"I won't let it happen, Mom. I refuse. I'll be strong for us," I said with a resoluteness I did not truly feel.

"I hope you can, Ricky. It's going to hurt you and it's going to make you grow up faster than I want. I'll try to be strong for you too."

I'm not quite sure how we managed to get through the next few weeks, but we survived. We gradually settled back into our routine, even beginning to enjoy our time together in the kitchen again. I got into sort of a weird headspace while all this was going on, with some unexpected benefits. I can see in hindsight that I was, without knowing it, redirecting my attachment to Mom into other outlets. Subconsciously or not, I think that saved my sanity. My grades were always good, but I developed an ability to concentrate that was gratifying and surprising. Suddenly the A's were coming without too much pain and I rocketed up in the class standings, much to the approval of Gramps, Nana and most importantly, Mom.

I'm certain that Mom felt that our little talk had helped to get me to redirect my thoughts, but as time passed and I had time to reflect on what she had said to me that morning after The Kiss, I know I came to a conclusion which would have appalled her. What stuck with me was what was NOT said, as much as what she did say to me. She never flat out told me that she just loved me as her son, in that way only. The other question I asked myself in the dark hours of the night was why did Mom describe what happened as a thing between us? And why was she afraid? What was there to be afraid of when she knew I still loved her as a son, and always would? Unless, unless she felt some of the same things I did? Unless...she was somehow afraid of her own feelings? Of course, I could have been reading way too much into everything, as much as I was in love and lust with Mom, thinking with the Little Head Override was likely. For better or worse though, I began to believe that Mom simply couldn't (and probably never would) act on what I thought were her own feelings towards me.

My 16th birthday came and went, and I got my driver's license. Against Gramp's objections, Mom made sure I had use of the family car whenever possible. In private, she made the reasons and the terms of her support clear.

"Here's the deal hotshot. You need to get out and socialize. You need to see how many wonderful girls there are out there. I can't and won't be the only star in your romantic universe. You've been as good as your word so far, for which you have my admiration and respect, but I think this is a very important step for you to be taking now."

"I understand, Mom, but you can't expect me to acquire a girlfriend with a snap of my fingers."

She looked me up and down with a frankly measuring eye, reaching to squeeze my biceps appreciatively. "I think you'd be surprised, Ricky. You're a pretty handsome guy. Your running, swimming and weight room time are paying noticeable dividends and you have a certain charm about you that young ladies will have a hard time resisting."

"Mom!"

"But me no buts," she said, brooking no disagreement. "My professional, womanly appraisal is that you are definitely hunky." She smiled, squeezed my arm and ruffled my hair for the first time in ages. "Just remember, be your usual confident and assured self. The girls will be clawing and scratching to get at you, believe me." She paused for a moment, looking at me more seriously. "I know you're still carrying a bit of a torch for me, Ricky, but you've been good as gold lately, and I appreciate your maturity and restraint. You've done a tremendous amount of growing up in the past few months."

"Dr. Mom's prescription right now is to find a nice girl your own age. Do some necking and exploring together. Discovering intimacy with someone your own age is a sweet reward of being young. You shouldn't miss that."

"Wow, Mom. I hardly know what to say. I feel a bit sandbagged. Are you saying I should just hook up with one of my classmates, simply for fun?"

"Just get out there and see what happens, Ricky. You're a very nice young man. I'm also sure you're a gentleman and you wouldn't deliberately hurt any girl you were, uhm, with. I just want you to have a normal life, seeing and doing all the things young folks your age do," she said. I thought I could almost detect a note of pleading in her voice.

"Okay, Mom, I'll do my best, but I don't think it's going to be as easy as you say to meet girls." Inside, I was almost a little angry with her. How could I possibly make a serious effort to go out on dates with girls when I was in love with a woman?

"Remember, 'Fortune favors the brave,' Ricky."

"As my general, my mother commands," I replied, sketching off a casual salute.

I did my best to follow Mom's advice, but it wasn't easy. Having fallen hard for a real lady, I was not especially well equipped to deal with the adolescent game playing which seemed to be the stock-in-trade of most girls my age. I guess unlike most teenaged guys, what I wanted was something more honest and straightforward. Mom was right about girls being interested in me, though. That was a nice ego-boost, but because I was so particular and not into game playing, I quickly got a reputation as being a bit stuck-up and aloof. Well, I could live with that. Eventually, I did find someone who I got along with in Grace Kim.

As Mom had once predicted, she was growing to become a beautiful young lady. Tall, brainy, athletic and lithe, with long, amazingly glossy black hair all the way down to a major league great ass, she also had a reputation of being very choosy, a real Asian ice princess. It was with some trepidation I approached her about a date one day after homeroom.

"Hey, Grace, uhmmm, I was wondering if you were doing anything Friday. Do you think you'd like to see a movie with me?"

"I guess it would depend, Rick. I'm sort of allergic to explosions and bathroom humor."

"Well, to be honest, I've been wanting to check out a double feature over at the college. It's 'Pan's Labyrinth' and Jean Cocteau's 'Beauty and the Beast.' When I thought about who I know who might appreciate the movies, you're the first person who came to mind."

"I'd need to think about it."

"That's cool. Why don't you check out the movies on the web and let me know tomorrow? If it's not your cup of tea, no big deal."

"Okay, talk to you then Rick."

Grace caught up with me the next morning between third and fourth period, stopping me by my locker.

"Hey, Rick."

"Hey, Grace. What's up?"

She looked at me very directly, watching my face intently as she spoke. "You know Rick, when you asked me out yesterday, my first thought was to just say no. A lot of the girls I know say you're arrogant and full of yourself, but I'm not so sure. The movies sound really interesting. They're not your ordinary date stuff and I'm kind of flattered you thought of me to go see them with you." She smiled suddenly, her face lighting up. "I don't think you're stuck up, you're just different, and I kind of like that. It's a date," she concluded.

"Great. Pick you up at 6:30?"

"I'll be ready."

When I got home, I told Mom I wanted to borrow the car Friday for my date. I'm quite sure she was actually more excited than I was, and maybe also a bit relieved. That apparent relief actually hurt a little, but for the first time, I began to understand a little what pressure she might be experiencing from my not so secret yearnings. It was a sad feeling.

Her face broke out in a large smile as I told her my plans, her eyes sparkling. "That's wonderful, Ricky! Who are you going out with? What are you going to do? Details, son, I want details," she exclaimed, her voice quickening with excitement.

"Relax, Mom. It's just a first date, no big deal. I'm taking Grace Kim over to the college to see 'Pan's Labyrinth' and 'La Belle et la Bête,' okay?"

"Well, that's a pretty unusual but pretty original first date. You certainly seem to do things your own way, and you definitely aim high in your choice of women, hotshot."

"I always do, Mom," I said quietly. Realizing that comment might lead to a conversation neither of us wanted to have, I quickly changed the subject.

"Grace seems very nice, Mom. I think she's just about the smartest and prettiest girl at school. I like her because she doesn't play stupid games and doesn't bullshit."

"Watch your language, Ricky. Don't forget that a little 'game playing' is part of the landscape when you date. You need to get used to that."

"We've been over this before, Mom," I said with some heat. "I don't feel like wasting my time with girls who have agendas and aren't really interested in me beyond my looks or for status. Besides, why do you think I feel this way? One of the reasons I love you and Nana so much is because you both talk straight and are

always honest." I was very careful to include Nana in my remarks to draw attention away from my real reasons.

Mom seemed to buy into my diversion, sighing and raising her hand in surrender. "Just be realistic, okay sweetie?" She seemed to pause, considering her words carefully. "You're a horse of a different color, you know. Most boys really lag girls in emotional maturity at your age. You seem to be ahead of the curve. I don't know if it's good or bad, but I think it's because of other...things, things between us, from before. I worry about that still, you know."

I put on my best charming salesman smile and squeezed her hand. "Don't worry about me, Mom. I'm fine and we're fine. You know I'd cut off my arm before I'd do anything to hurt or upset you."

"Thank you, Ricky," she said softly.

"And I can still talk to you, ask you if I have any questions about, you know, stuff?"

Her face lit up and she smiled. "Of course, Ricky. I'll always be here for you - anything you want to talk about, any time."

"Cool. Thanks, Mom."

Somewhat to my surprise, Grace and I really clicked during the first date. She was clearly enthralled by the movies, not ever really having been exposed to classic cinema before. I was a bit surprised and rather gratified when her hand sought and found mine during the monster scene in Pan's Labyrinth. That creature with eyes in the palms of his hands still creeps me out to this day.

We had a lively discussion about the movies over pizza and soda afterwards and I think she was impressed with my interest and passion for film history. We walked back to Mom's car holding hands and I actually got a rather nice, if chaste, goodnight kiss when I dropped her off at her home.

On the way back to our house, my male ego was preening a bit, seeming to say, "Yeah, dude, you got what it takes, you can do this!"

But as I basked in a bit of self-congratulation, images I had of Grace and me in my head, kissing, doing other things, faded to be replaced my true north star. Even after a very nice date with the prettiest girl in my school, Mom remained foremost in my thoughts.

Even so, after just a few weeks of dating, we became quite close, immediately feeling very comfortable with each other. I think Grace liked my laid-back, no pressure approach to our relationship and I appreciated her straightforward, occasionally blunt honesty. I don't think I was ever in love, but I did have great affection for her and truly valued her friendship. She was also a fantastic kisser. We became an item, to the surprise of many of our mutual friends and continued to see each other through the end of high school.

The early summer following my junior year in high school marked a tremendous change in my life and Mom's. I was within weeks of my eighteenth birthday. We had been still living with Gramps and Nana, I think by their mutual agreement, so I could have something that resembled the typical nuclear family around me. But that June, Gramps had started making serious noises about retirement. He and Nana were looking forward to getting out and doing some traveling, living their own lives again, I'm sure. About that time, Mom got her first partner's bonus, which helped make her decision. She announced her intentions following a Sunday dinner, surprising the heck out of everyone, myself included.

"Mom, Dad, I've signed a contract to purchase a home over on Middlebury Drive," she informed us firmly. "It's time for us to get out of your way and live our own lives."

In the past, on several occasions Mom and Gramps had "discussions" about moving out, which usually ended when he would say something like "What about Ricky? I don't want to see either of you go anywhere right now. I never thought that I would want to be a parent again, but having you two around has been a blessing, and I feel Rick is as much a son to me as he is to you, Jenny. If you want to pay rent, I suppose I could live with that, but why make a big change? This will also allow you to save and invest more of your income for a couple of years." It was a very sensible, persuasive argument, which had prevailed in the past whenever the subject came up.

I think Gramps sensed that this time the situation was different. Mom was well established in her career, had saved a very respectable nest egg and I was graduating in a year. The usual arguments from him were not forthcoming.

I believe that Mom was primed for another "discussion" and was surprised when Gramps simply congratulated her.

Of course, I was over the moon. Our own place! Just my beautiful mother and me! My mind whirled with forbidden scenarios and lecherous possibilities. I was raring to go. "Mom, when can we go see it? I can hardly wait!"

"Closing will be in two weeks and the house is vacant, so we'll move then."

"But when can we see it? I don't know if I can wait two weeks!"

"I suppose a look won't hurt. I'll see if the realtor will let us do a walk through tomorrow after work."

"Mom, that would be so cool. Thanks!"

You would have thought I was 5 years old on Christmas Eve, I was so excited. I was on pins and needles until the next afternoon.

When we got to the house, I found that Mom had been holding out on me. The home itself was nothing out of the ordinary, a well-maintained colonial, painted simply in white, with dark navy shutters. It was a modest three bedrooms, with a nice front yard, shaded by 2 large, old maple trees and fronted with a well-tended lawn. But the backyard, that was the kicker. We had a pool! I was floored. It was big enough for decent lap swimming and a high privacy fence enclosed the entire yard, with additional screening provided by an even higher hedge, which encompassed the whole perimeter.

"Mom, that's totally awesome! I can't believe you did this for us!" I gathered her up in a big hug and spun her around.

"Ooof! Easy there, hotshot!" Her eyes sparkled as I let her down. "Before you go off the deep end, so to speak, just remember that YOU are going to be the pool boy around here. That is going to be your responsibility, ok?"

"I'm all over it, Mom. This is just off the charts!"

"If you drool over this much more, you'll get dehydrated. Let's go inside."

As we explored, I could see that Mom had put a lot of thought into her choice. The basement was built out into a very nice family room. The third bedroom was going to ideal for a home office for her after hours practice work. The master suite and my room were right across the hall from each other (Down, boy! Bad horndog!) When we reached the kitchen, I could see Mom's master plan at work again. It was actually significantly nicer than the rest of the house and had obviously been recently remodeled. Mom watched me out of the corner of her eye as I took visual inventory.

"I like it almost as much as the pool, Mom. We'll have a lot of fun with this."

"It turns out that the previous owners were pretty serious foodies," Mom said. "I was fairly sure that you wouldn't have any objections to a professionally equipped kitchen," she added with a twinkle in her eye and a knowing smile.

I turned to Mom and hugged her again (any excuse!) "I love you, Mom. I can tell you were thinking about me a lot when you made this choice. I really don't know what to say. I'm blown away."

She squeezed me back and then disengaged herself firmly. "You already said everything you needed with those first four words, Ricky. I think we'll be pretty happy here."

In less than three weeks, we were moved. Our first night together in the house was two days after my eighteenth birthday, which we had celebrated in style, going into the city with Grace for a small film festival at NYU and eating Peking Duck at my favorite Chinese restaurant off Mott Street. I had the pleasure of helping Mom spend some of her bonus check on furnishings, having taken on the terribly onerous responsibilities of putting an entertainment center together. We had a seriously good time hitting all of the various and sundry cooking stores, equipping our new kitchen exactly as we wanted. Through the process, I was continually struck by how closely our likes and dislikes meshed. It was actually really neat and unsettling at the same time. Once again, I found it becoming very difficult to maintain an outwardly filial attitude towards Mom, as in my secret heart I was struggling with the feeling that we were becoming more and more of a couple.

My secret emotions and desires aside, we really did have a very happy start in the new house. Unfortunately, it only lasted a few weeks.

We had just finished dinner and were sitting in the breakfast nook sipping a little coffee together. Mom was a little antsy, having been waiting to hear from Gramps and Nana, who were in transit to a week at Saranac Lake for a well-deserved vacation. Gramps had already put in his papers and was using up his accumulated PTO. Nana had already begun gathering a voluminous quantity of cruise brochures.

When the doorbell rang, Mom said, "I'll get it. Why don't you clear the table?"

I couldn't hear much of the low conversation in the entryway because I had the water running in the sink as I was loading the dishwasher. It was then I heard Mom shriek.

"Oh my God! No! No! Noooo!"

I dashed around the corner, sliding into the front hallway. It was then I saw the state trooper in the doorway, and I knew.

I ran towards Mom as she began to sway, reaching her just in time to lower her to the floor as she sobbed in grief.

"I'm very sorry for you loss."

"What happened, officer?" I croaked.

"There was a multiple vehicle accident on the Taconic Parkway -- your grandparents were killed. It involved a tanker truck. There was a fire. We would have gotten in touch with you sooner, but there were...difficulties, in uh, identifying the victims. I'm truly sorry, son. Is there anything else I can do for you?" he asked, unable to meet our eyes.

"I...I...don't think so, officer. Uh, uh, actually I...don't really know," I admitted.

"Your mom looks to be in a bad way, son. Just stay with her for now. When you've got her settled, make sure you get a hold of her employer - she'll need time off. If you know who her folks' attorney was, you'll need to talk to him or her as well, to find out about a will, if there is any. Mostly, you should be with her - she'll need you."

"Thanks. I'll do that."

"You folks take care. Here's my card. If your mother wants to talk to me later, or if her parent's attorney needs any details, please call me. I mean that. I'm truly sorry. I really hate this part of my job, you know," he confessed, voice tight.

Mom struggled to her feet and I took her elbow to assist her up. Rallying herself momentarily, she took the card from my hand, glancing at it briefly. "Thank you, officer...Bennett. You've been kind and as tactful as the situation allowed you to be. We have things we need to do now, if you'll excuse us."

Trooper Bennett nodded and went out the door, closing it very softly behind him as he departed. I turned to Mom, putting my arm around her shoulders.

"Let's go sit down for a minute, Mom." I led her into the living room, where we sat on the sofa. She held herself upright and immobile, looking out the window into the front yard with a thousand yard stare. Tears welled silently from her eyes and cascaded down her cheeks and onto her arms as she hugged herself and rocked back and forth. I simply held her, not trusting myself to speak.

My own emotions were in chaos. For all practical purposes, Nana and Gramps had been my parents just as much as Mom. For them to be suddenly just...gone...was beyond any comprehension I could muster. It felt absolutely unreal, like it was happening to another person. I seemed to be totally outside myself, numb to the events. I wondered if there was something wrong or missing within me. The shock

was so enormous I simply couldn't react to the news. As I directed my thoughts outward again, looking at Mom, there was nothing I could think of to say, so I just hugged her, pulling her head onto my chest.

We sat together like that for quite a while, probably an hour or two. Subjective time seemed to condense as the shadows lengthened and dusk swallowed the outside world. It was now full dark. Mom was spent, head resting in my lap, one arm curled around my waist while she dozed. I had one arm around her upper waist while I stroked her hair with my free hand. A slight evening breeze stirred the living room drapes in desultory fashion, bringing with it the occasional whoosh of a passing car and the steady background of chirping crickets, the sheer normalcy of the summer night compounding our personal tragedy.

Gradually, Mom stirred and came to herself. "I need to get ready for bed," she said in a monotone. Without another word, she stood and walked slowly upstairs. I went to her office and rummaged through her purse until I found her Blackberry. Paging through the directory, I found a number for her practice. I called and left a message on voice mail, explaining we had a family emergency and that Mom would not be in the following day.

Going to my room, I could see Mom's door was already closed. I knocked gently. "Are you okay, Mom?"

"I'm fine, Ricky, go to bed, get some sleep."

"Let me know if you need anything, Mom. I mean it, anything, okay?"

"I just need to rest right now," she said, her voice flat and emotionless.

I went to my room and proceeded to toss and turn for hours. Finally sleep took me, my dreams worse than my waking thoughts. Some undetermined time later, I was startled awake in deep darkness. The alarm at my bedside read 3:25. Mom

was sitting on the edge of my bed, eyes red, and her face haggard. Holding my hand. She whispered, "I'm sorry Ricky, I can't seem to get to sleep."

"That's okay, Mom." I covered myself with the blanket and sheets, sliding to the edge of my bed, against the wall, patting the mattress next to me. "Snuggle up here, if you like."

"Thanks," she said, with a ghost of a smile. She lay down on top of the covers, spooning up against me. I put my arms around her, drawing her close, rotating my hips slightly to conceal my totally inappropriate hard on.

I held her tightly with one arm and gently stroked her shoulders with my free hand. I whispered in her ear, "It's all right Mom, you can sleep now. I love you."

Within minutes, she had relaxed, her breathing slow and regular, but I couldn't fall asleep to save my life. I tasted black, bitter irony, knowing I would have signed a contract in blood only a day ago to get my beautiful mother in my bed like this, but now having to put all of my lustful-loving thoughts into the deep freeze.

Thank God she was wearing man pajamas. Anything more feminine and I would have been in deep, deep trouble. Sighing, I scrunched down under the covers, trying to keep my straining cock away from her buttocks.

Eventually, I fell asleep, only to be jolted awake by the ringing of our phone. I struggled awake, the room a blur as I tried to blink away the residue of dried tears in my eyes.

My alarm said it was 8:00. Mom was still out like a light, but had somehow turned around during her sleep so she was facing me, one arm around my torso, her face close to my chest. I could feel the moist warmth of her breath across my pecs as she exhaled every breath. I was suddenly aware of how huge my morning wood was, only inches from the front of her thighs.

The phone continued to ring. Grumbling under my breath, I quickly and gingerly worked my way from under the covers. As I straddled Mom's form on all fours, struggling to get to the edge of the bed without waking her, my cock popped out of my pajama bottoms in all its early morning glory. Mom's breathing changed and she seemed to stir. Cursing silently, I essentially rolled the rest of the way off the bed, hitting the floor with a soft thump as I stuffed Mr. Johnson back where he belonged. I then rushed quickly to the kitchen to get the phone.

The call was from Mr. Briggs, one of the senior partners at Mom's firm.

"Hi. This is Art Briggs. Is this Rick I'm speaking to?"

"Yessir."

"We got your message from last night," he said in a concerned voice. "Is Jennifer all right?"

"She's sleeping right now. She had a rough night."

"If I may, could you tell me what's happened?"

Having to actually say it out loud proved to be nearly impossible. My voice broke and I could not hide my anguish. "My grandparents were killed in an accident yesterday..." I couldn't continue.

"Dear God. This is terrible, terrible news. I'm so sorry, Rick. I know from things your mother has said that you were all quite close." Clearly struggling to marshal his thoughts, he asked, "Please let me know what we can do to help."

"I'm not really sure, Mr. Briggs. I guess we need to make funeral arrangements and stuff like that, but I need to talk with Mom before anything else. Can I have her call you back when she wakes up?"

"Please do. Anything we can do, anything at all, she just has to ask. Have her call my private line when she gets up, I'll be waiting."

"Thanks."

"Take care, son. We're all thinking about you. Don't forget, anything you need, any questions, that goes for the both of you. If you need someone to talk to, I'm available any time. Let me give you my private number."

I took down the information and left the notepad on the kitchen table. I was suddenly feeling terribly drained. Pausing first in the bathroom, I made my way back to bed.

Mom was still asleep, her back now turned to my former position in the bed. I carefully eased over the top of her, back to my original location, scrunched up against the wall. I knew I couldn't trust myself to lie on top of the bed next to her, so I carefully shimmied back under the sheets. As I settled back in, Mom suddenly rolled over, facing me, her eyes still closed. Mumbling in her sleep, she again burrowed her head against my chest and flung her arm over me. Sighing, I did my best to ignore the newly resurgent hardness in my PJs. Once again I could feel her warm breath flowing over me, her arm curled tightly around my torso.

The conflicting emotions I was experiencing threatened to drive me mad. I reveled in our closeness, feeling an incredible tenderness as Mom held on to me, but at the same time I was absolutely throbbing with desire, consumed by waves of guilt that I could not control myself for even one minute, especially now, when Mom needed me the most. How could I possibly be excited at this minute, with Nana and Gramps gone? "Jesus H. Christ, Rick!" I thought to myself. "Get a fucking grip! Your Mom needs you to be there for her and all you can do is get a boner!" I felt like an absolute shit.

Somehow, I fell asleep again, awakening later with a jolt from troubled dreams, as I felt Mom touching my face.

"I'm sorry, Ricky. You were moaning in your sleep. Are you okay?"

Struggling to wakefulness, I croaked, "Yeah, Mom, I'm fine. Just a bad dream. What about you?"

Mom gave me a ghost of a smile. "Thanks for sharing your bunk with me, sweetheart. I don't think I'd have gotten a wink without you."

"Anything you need, just tell me. I'm here for you, Mom."

She sighed and a tear trickled out of the corner of each eye. "You're my anchor, Ricky. You're such a good son."

I gave her a hug and kissed her forehead. "We're going to be okay. Just tell me what I can do."

"Please hold me for just a couple more minutes, sweetie."

That first day was pure hell. We spent half our time on our phones, which were constantly ringing. Between dealing with the Ulster County coroner's office, the funeral home and concerned friends and neighbors, we were totally exhausted by midafternoon. Then we had to pull ourselves together to go to our church to arrange the memorial service and to stop by the funeral home and wade through the painful details of the cemetery plot, headstones, caskets and flower arrangements. We agonized over the necessity of closed coffins and the knowledge of how Gramps and Nana died, and in the end decided that cremation would be best, all ironies aside. Mercifully, we were able to conclude the arrangements in a couple of hours.

By the time we returned home, it was near six o'clock. We were running on sour, empty stomachs and jittery with excess caffeine and fatigue. I made us some scrambled eggs and toast and we sat in the family room, eating mechanically, paying no attention to the insipid sounds of the TV, each lost in our own thoughts. Between my fatigue and the demands of the day, I felt as though I was wrapped in the emotional equivalent of cotton wool, everything around me seeming fuzzy and dampened. After a while, Mom snuggled under my arm and we just sat, neither of us saying much as we decompressed from the day's stresses. I enjoyed our contact, all the while praying that Mom wouldn't notice the ever-present, throbbing barometer of my love and lust, my nervous eyes constantly darting to her face to check for any recognition of my arousal.

As I sweated bullets, worrying about Mom noticing my rock hard cock, I lost all track of time. Unaccountably, our phones had finally fallen silent. Some time later, Mom sighed, got up and stretched. "I'm going to take a bath and get changed. I'm exhausted."

I nodded and forced myself to stand.

"I'll do the same."

I sat numbly on my bed, waiting for Mom to finish drawing her tub. Once I heard the water stop, I made my way to the shower and cleaned quickly, retiring again to my room. Later, I heard Mom go back downstairs and turn the TV back on.

Although I was terribly tired, between the sadness and residual coffee buzz, I was in no condition to sleep. I must have sat for a long time, unaware of time, because when I zoned back into reality, it was dark outside. I could still hear the TV downstairs. I quietly made my way down the stairs to the family room.

Mom was sitting stiffly on the sofa, staring vacantly at the TV, her cheeks wet. Looking at her, I could feel my own tears beginning again as well. At that point all I wanted to do was to hold her and comfort her, making the last 24 horrible hours disappear in my embrace.

I went to her side and took her hands, drawing her to her feet. I led her, unresisting, into my room and tucked her under the covers, scooting myself back into the corner of the bed and wall, on top of the sheets. I put an arm around her upper chest and stroked her hair.

"It's all right Mom, I'm here. Just relax and close your eyes. Let it go. Let it go."

Gradually, Mom stopped crying and after about fifteen minutes, she fell asleep. I lay next to her for a long time, once again cursing the fate that had finally brought my mother into my bed in this way. After an interminable wait, sleep finally claimed me. My recollections are of a jagged mosaic of erotic images and guilt. At one point, I dreamt that Mom was jacking me off in my bed, both of us naked. Gramps and Nana were watching from the doorway, shaking their heads with disapproval before they faded from view. At that point, I woke up.

To my shock, Mom had thrown off the covers and was spooned directly up against me. I was sporting a painfully hard erection, which was nestled directly in the cleft of her jutting buttocks. Almost as bad, my arm had somehow gotten trapped underneath her, my fingers unconsciously molding to the gentle curve of her abdomen. I could sense the warm smoothness of her skin underneath the fabric of

her nightgown and the slight, sensuous movement that occurred with each breath she took.

I was jammed up directly against the wall next to my bed with nowhere to go. I knew if I moved, I'd probably wake Mom up and there would be no hiding my aroused condition. As delicious as the sensation of my cock against her silky ass was, I was terrified of the thought of Mom waking up at that moment. I was mortally certain she would kick me to the curb if she woke up with my boner poking her butt.

Mom stirred slightly in her sleep, nestling closer to me. The soft press of her ass against me was unbearable. I was tremendously excited, penis pulsating mightily. Mom snuggled in even closer, sighing contentedly, almost seeming to deliberately grind against me.

Then it happened. With almost no warning, I went over the edge. Gritting my teeth with a low grunt, I spurted in my pajama bottoms, immediately soaking myself as I throbbed and shuddered against Mom's wonderful, smooth ass. Dear God, what was I going to do? There was no way I could hide my cum-soaked groin from Mom if she woke up. I had to get up right this minute.

With a groan, I heaved myself out from behind her, simultaneously twisting and rolling over her hip to land on the floor with a loud thump. Unaccountably, as I maneuvered myself over her, I thought I saw the faintest of smiles on her face. She then appeared to awake with a start as I hit the floor next to the bed.

"Whaaa? Unh, Ricky, wasshappening?" Mom blearily inquired as I jostled her. She sounded sleepy, but strangely, her eyes were bright.

"Sorry, Mom. Gotta pee real bad," I mumbled, bolting for the door, keeping my back to her.

"Please do, Ricky. I don't want to wash any bedding today," she teased, a wan half-smile on her face.

"Thanks a lot, Mom," I groused.

After I shut myself in the bathroom, the extent of my release became apparent. The entire front of my pajama trousers was completely soaked and tacky with my semen, my groin and thighs sticky-slick with what seemed like a quart of my spending. I was confused by the way in which Mom seemed to wake up and the disconnect between how she sounded and her expression, but I was simply too sleepy to process the apparent contradictions any further.

I quickly set about cleaning myself off with a wet washcloth; shuddering at the touch of the cold, rough fabric on my cock and balls as I scrubbed off my juices. I rinsed the p.j. bottoms in the sink to obliterate the evidence of my cum. Rooting around in the hamper, I couldn't find any old shorts or underwear to put on. "Damn, they must still be in the laundry room," I thought to myself. I couldn't very well put my now-soaking pajamas back on. I had to get to the laundry room without Mom seeing me through the open doorway of my bedroom.

Carefully poking my head into the hallway, the coast appeared clear. Butt naked, I quietly padded to my doorway and peered around the doorjamb. Mom was facing the opening, but appeared to be asleep. I quickly darted across the intervening space and made my way downstairs. I found a suitable pair of shorts and a tee shirt in the dryer and then made my way back upstairs.

When I arrived back in my room, Mom was sitting up in the bed, pushing her tousled hair off her forehead. Looking at me, she truly smiled for the first time in two days.

"Did you sleep well, sweetie?"

"Uhhh, yeah Mom, not too bad," I mumbled.

"Thanks again for last night, Ricky. It seems I can't sleep unless you hold me these days. I feel safe and protected when I'm with you. It's about the only thing that feels good right now."

"It's the least I can do, Mom. I'll do whatever it takes to help us get through this."

"I love you, Ricky."

"Love you too, Mom."

"Now, if you're through prancing around the house in your all together, I'd appreciate a cup of coffee."

I blushed incandescently. Tongue-tied, I nodded once and went to the kitchen. God, I was so embarrassed, totally busted by Mom. I could only wonder if she had actually been awake when I came against her ass. Well, looking on the bright side, at least I didn't have a hard on when she saw me in the hallway.

A short while later, I returned to my room with mugs for the both of us. Mom was still sitting on the edge of the bed, lost in thought.

"Here's your coffee, Mom."

"Ahh, thank you, Ricky. Now, what's with this running down the hallway naked?"

"God, sorry about that Mom. I just wanted to put on some old shorts and a shirt, but there wasn't anything in the hamper. If there had been a way to close my door before I went by, I would have done it. I couldn't very well walk back into my bedroom naked, you know. "

"I should hope not. As much as I might like waking up to a handsome, nude young man, that wouldn't be appropriate."

"Mom!" Secretly, I was relieved but puzzled that she didn't ask about my pajama bottoms. Suddenly, I was confused and very, very anxious. Did she know she made me come in my pants? How could she not notice that I should have been wearing them down to the basement to get my clean clothes? How could she just ignore all the evidence?

"Sorry, kiddo. I'm just teasing you a little. God knows I need something to cheer me up these days." She smiled reassuringly.

"If seeing me naked is what cheers you up, then I'd say we have a problem, Mom."

"I suppose I deserved that for jerking your chain, Ricky."

"On the other hand, if that's what it takes to make you happy..." I said, standing next to her, pretending to pull my shorts down.

"Ricky! Don't you dare!" she exclaimed in shocked tones.

"Just kidding, Mom. You know I'd never..."

She let out a gusty sigh. "I know, Ricky. It's just that things are just so out of kilter, so strange; I probably shouldn't have said anything in the first place. I'm sorry."

"It's cool, Mom. Things aren't very normal right now and we're both under a lot of stress. Anyway, I guess we should get going now," I added, deliberately changing the subject. "Are you hungry at all, Mom? Can I fix you something?"

"Don't go to the trouble, sweetie. Just bring me a yogurt, that'll be fine."

"Soitenly!"

Mom smiled wanly and stood up, giving me a long hug and kissing my forehead. "You're a good man, Curly."

Not trusting myself, I hugged her back briefly and then left quickly for the kitchen, yodeling as I left. "Woop woop woop woop!"

Being a little goofy that morning definitely helped us get through the day. As for the rest of the week, the less said the better. The funeral and memorial service were about as painful an experience as you can imagine. The only solace there was the turnout. I counted over ninety people at the service. I don't think Mom let go of my hand for the entire day.

I was still in shock, unable to come to grips with the fact that Nana and Gramps were just...gone. When you're a self-absorbed, Mother-besotted teenager as I was, you tend to take a lot for granted. I never really, truly appreciated how much of my basically normal, pleasantly routine existence was the product of our extended family life together. Now, in the past few days, it all became excruciatingly clear how important my family was to me. I don't think that I had ever truly acknowledged to either Gramps or Nana how much they meant to me, and now those things that had been left unsaid between us burned at my conscience like dull, hot iron.

The night after the funeral and service, there wasn't even any discussion between us. At bedtime, Mom simply came to my room and we took our usual positions in the bed. This continued for another week. After sleep would come, I would awaken each morning to find Mom close to me, sometimes spooned against me, others with her head against my chest and on one excruciating dawn, her arm around my torso and leg thrown over my thigh, groin close to mine. On this occasion, I came as close as I ever had to yielding to my long-suppressed desires.

As she lay almost on top of me, I could feel the heat of her thigh against mine and the faint stirring of warm, moist air as she exhaled against my chest. As her chest

expanded and contracted with each breath, the swell of her bosom would push against me. It seemed as though her nipples were stiffening as they brushed up against my bare pecs through the soft flannel of her pajamas and I thought I could feel them, pebble-like, as her breasts rose and fell against me.

I was so turned on by her closeness that the front of my pajama bottoms was already damp with precum, the tip of my cock practically drooling. As though viewing a surreal movie from outside myself, I saw my trembling hand tracing lightly along the smooth curve of her thigh, slipping up to the point of her hip and then sliding back to lightly, carefully cup one of her cheeks. My heart thudded and shuddered as though trying to escape from my chest like a trapped beast and my pulse roared in my ears. As I lightly squeezed her supple tautness, my other hand drifted towards my groin.

An entirely involuntary, hoarse whisper escaped my lips.

"Oh Mom," I groaned. "So beautiful..." I sighed painfully, my voice a faint, despairing whisper.

Just as I seemed powerless to stop my first tentative caress, my other hand declared independence from my fevered brain and found its way to my cock. Five alarms worth of bells were going off in my conscience, but I had already slipped beyond the confines of self-control, the dreaded, secretly longed-for point of no return looming right in front of me.

Just as I began stroking myself, Mom stirred lightly, her lips turning up into a slight smile. The spell broken, I quickly and guiltily jerked my hand away from her ass as she stretched, pulled her thigh away from me and slowly opened her eyes.

"Good morning, sweetie. You're already awake. Did you get enough sleep?" she asked dreamily. She was smiling gently, her face smooth for the first time in days, now only slightly careworn. I wanted so much to brush the hair off her forehead and kiss her

"I'm good, Mom."

"Are you sure? I've been imposing on you for quite a while now."

"You know there's no chance you could ever really 'impose' on me, Mom."

She ruffled my hair, this time more slowly and gently than usual, almost a caress. Then she bussed my cheek, catching the corner of my mouth. I'm sure that kiss wasn't intended to land where it did, but for all of its innocence, she may as well have hit me over the head with a fencepost. I held my composure with only the greatest of difficulty.

"Thanks for everything Ricky. I can't tell you how much help you've been this past week. I wouldn't have made it without you, sweetheart," she said warmly.

"I'll always be here for you, Mom. All we have now is each other."

As Mom hugged me tightly, I shuddered inwardly. How could she not sense the state of my cock? I was rampantly erect and the front of my pajamas were damp. There was no possible way Mom could fail to perceive my condition. And yet, she gave no indication as she hugged me, no sign that she was aware of my arousal.

I squeezed her back and extricated myself from her embrace. "Sorry Mom, gotta hit the head."

When I returned, Mom was already back in her bedroom. I heard the shower start up. I threw myself back on my bed with a sigh. As I rolled face down into the covers, I could still smell her in the pillow and feel the residual warmth of her body in the sheets and mattress. Breathing in deeply, I rolled on to my back again, reaching into my pants with a groan. Grabbing a bottle of lotion at my bedside, I stroked myself furiously, my head turned into the pillow we shared, inhaling her scent as I sought relief.

After I cleaned myself up, I laid back, staring blankly at the ceiling. As much as I loved waking up with Mom each morning, I knew it wasn't going to continue indefinitely. More to the point, after today's little excitement, I was afraid that I'd do something stupid and irreversible if Mom slept in my bunk one more time. I was perilously close to the edge this morning and I wasn't sure if I'd be able to control myself again. With a mixture of relief and aching regret, I decided that I'd have to speak with Mom about it that evening.

I got dressed and headed downstairs and made us some breakfast. Mom came down a few minutes later, dressed for work.

"Mom, I thought you had the rest of the week off?"

"I need to keep myself occupied, Ricky. I can't just sit around right now. You've been a perfect son to me these past few days, but I can't lean on you indefinitely. My work is piling up and you're going back to school in just a couple days. We need to get back into some kind of routine now."

Mom took a couple of bites of the toast I made and drained her coffee in three long gulps. She gave me a long, fierce hug and kissed me on both cheeks.

"I'm going to be okay, Ricky, mostly because of you. You've turned into a fine young man and I'm very proud of you, you know."

"Thanks, Mom."

"I'll see you at supper time, hotshot." She took my hand gave it a strong squeeze. "I'm going to be okay, Ricky. I mean it. Things are going to be fine. I'm going to be sad for a while, but I know my wonderful son is there for me when I need him."

With that, she hugged me once more and then, to my surprise, gave me a quick peck on the lips just before sweeping out the door.

I stood there getting linoleum burns on my chin for a couple of seconds before I got my brain back in gear. I dashed towards the garage but something made me stop in the darkened doorway. I could see Mom inside her car, leaning forward. Both hands gripped the steering wheel and her forehead rested against its top. She stayed in that position for a couple of moments and then slowly raised her head, tilting the rearview mirror to look at herself. She appeared to stare at her reflection, unblinking for about ten or fifteen seconds and then shook her head with a small smile and then turning, backed out of the garage. I didn't see her again until after six.

That evening, things were determinedly back to normal. Mom ate dinner quickly and retired to her office to work on her backlog. I watched TV until bedtime. Mom came out of her office, gave me a perfunctory peck on my cheek and a quick hug and then bade me goodnight. She strode purposefully into her own room, closed the door quietly and that was that.

Well, one "pressing" problem was now solved. I no longer had to worry about resisting the temptation to molest my mother every morning. I was now left with the mystery of Mom's kiss and her behavior in the car before she left for work. I couldn't begin to fathom what had happened, especially with Mom so decisively returning things to routine when she got home, but I still had the strange feeling that the universe had slipped just a little bit sideways into territory that I didn't fully understand. I had a very clear sense that my relationship with Mom had subtly changed, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

Going back to school was incredibly difficult. We barely had time to arrange the funeral and I then was back in classes with Gramps and Nana not in the ground for even a week. Sorting out my own feelings and being there for Mom seemed to take all the energy I had. I kept my grades up reasonably well, but mentally and emotionally, I felt like I was wading through hip deep mud. Not only was I trying to cope with the loss of my other parents, I still felt very guilty about my reactions to the time when Mom was sharing my bed.

It wasn't until after New Year's that I felt as though we were finally returning to some semblance of normal. I won't go into what the holidays were like, except to say that Mom and I leaned on each other, a lot. Fortunately, when one of us was in a funk, the other was usually able to be there.

I was right in my going-back-to-school ruminations about Mom, and me though. We were always close, sharing just about everything with one another, being very open, but now I felt as though there was almost a deference in some of her interactions with me. There was little if any of the old, traditional parent child nagging about doing chores, homework or cleaning "that pigsty you call a bedroom."

We talked about paying bills, priorities for repairing stuff around the house, coordinating household errands and shopping, things of that nature. It was kind of weird, but felt really good on another level. Mom was making me feel much more adult and treating very much as the man of the house. I think she was letting me know that she considered me to be really growing up and I relished those feelings. I wanted her to feel proud of me, proud of how I was taking care of her. As with any change though, there were unintended consequences which Mom seemed completely unaware of.

Nana and Gramps' passing couldn't help but make us closer and more dependent on one another, but being treated in grown up fashion by Mom heightened my sense of us being a couple to an almost painful degree. I never let on how much my change in status affected me, how much it intensified my feelings for Mom. I

tried to submerge those emotions as much as possible, concentrating on schoolwork, my part time job at Agostino's and going out with Grace.

My sublimation must have been effective, because my grades stayed high. Shortly after the holidays, I started getting acceptances from various colleges. Those, which were more than a couple hours away, I rejected out of hand, having no intention of being any significant distance from Mom. We had one of our very rare arguments during this period when I wanted to turn down an offer to attend Georgetown

The day the letter arrived was a Friday, which meant I went straight from school to Uncle Louie's, setting up and cleaning the dining room, checking to make sure the cooking stations were properly set up and then helping with mis en place.

When I dragged my butt home that evening, Mom was waiting in the kitchen, sitting in the nook. The minute I came through the door, I could sense her excitement. She sprang up from her chair, brandishing a thick, official looking envelope as she rushed to hug me.

"It's wonderful news, Ricky! Just wonderful! You've been accepted to Georgetown! I'm so proud of you honey, just so proud!" she exclaimed, beginning to get a bit weepy.

I felt like I had been punched in the stomach, but did my best to conceal my dismay. Georgetown was, along with William and Mary and Northwestern, one of the places that was farthest away from Mom. I had only applied to them to humor her. In my heart, I had no intention of ever being that far away.

I already had acceptances in hand from Montclair State and Rutgers, but in Mom's mind, those were, at best, second tier choices, only to be tolerated if something better failed to materialize. I considered Princeton to be an absolute pipe dream, as did Mom, so we didn't even bother with that. I did roll the dice though, with both Columbia and NYU. At that point, I had heard nothing from either place. I

was out of the time window for immediate rejection, but as yet I had no idea where I stood with those schools. The wait was killing me.

"Uhm, that's great Mom," I said with minimal enthusiasm.

"Ricky!" she scolded furiously. 'What the hell is the matter with you? An acceptance from a top school with a merit scholarship, no less, and all you can do is shrug your shoulders? Jesus, anybody else would be doing cartwheels right now! What's going on here?' she asked, eyebrows narrowing in suspicion.

"Sorry Mom, I just guess I'm a little tired," I lied, giving her a weak, half smile.

"That's complete and utter bullshit, Ricky," she scolded, startling me with her profanity. Mom hardly ever swore under any circumstances and even less so at me.

"Out with it, boy. What's on your mind? I know it's not because you're tired, so 'fess up," she pressed. "You owe me an explanation for that reaction, buster."

I think I must have been too tired, because I spat out my answer without any thought, not taking any care to say things carefully.

"It's too darn far, Mom! I don't want to be so far from home! I just don't!" I snapped angrily.

Mom sat back heavily in her chair, brow furrowed, looking me up and down with a measuring stare.

Heaving a sigh, she looked down at the tabletop, clearly struggling to find words.

Finally, she exhaled heavily and looked up, disillusionment clearly written on her face.

"I'm very disappointed, Ricky. I know how close we are, how that's affecting your decisions and believe me, it touches me that you still feel that way, especially at your age. I treasure that more than you'll ever know."

"But," she said firmly, lowering the boom, "But you've GOT to go to the best school you can. Just look at me, Ricky. I got off to a horrible start, but everything that I have now, all the things that are precious in my life; they come from the education I received. The professional accomplishments, my income and independence and most importantly, the good home I've been able to provide for my lovely son, they all come from the choices I made, to better myself, to do the best I could, from taking advantage of all my opportunities."

"If you miss this chance, if you do one bit less than the best you can, it will break my heart," she said heavily. "I'll still love you. I always will, but if you deliberately settle for less than you deserve, then you'll lose my respect. Do you really want that to happen, Ricky? Do you?"

Wow, talk about using the nuclear option. Mom surely wasn't playing fair. She knew that the one thing in the world that I valued the most was her good opinion of me. I knew then that as much as I loved and wanted her, if she was going to be disappointed with my choice, losing faith in me, then there was not the slightest chance that we could ever be together. I felt trapped, completely hemmed in by fate.

Taking the letter from her, I quickly scanned the terms, taking a little heart. Squeezing her hand, I smiled and surrendered.

"I promise I'll go to the best school I can, Mom," I reassured her.

Then I threw the dice, hoping for the best.

"Mom, what if I get into NYU or Columbia? What do you think of those schools?"

"Ricky, if that happened, I'd jump all over it," she said without hesitation.

"In a New York minute?" I joked.

Mom threw back her head and laughed delightedly, then pushed her chair back and got up, coming over to sit in my lap, kissing my forehead, arms around my neck. God, what that did to me. I wanted to bottle that moment, preserve it forever.

Trying to distract myself, I said, "Tell you what, Mom. This letter says I have two weeks to accept the offer. Can we wait that long, see if anything else happens?"

"That's fair. But we're agreed, right, Ricky? The best possible school?"

"It's a deal, Mom. I promise."

Snuggling further into my lap, Mom laid her head on my shoulder, squeezing me tight.

"You're my wonderful, smart son. I love you, Ricky."

"Love you too, Mom. Can I get up now? I need a shower."

"What's the matter, son, too much mommy mush?" she teased.

My need to get up had nothing to do with too much mush, quite the opposite. In about another five seconds, Mom was going to find her son's cock poking her bottom, which would definitely end the evening on an awkward note.

Dissembling as I stood, I did my best parody of an embarrassed country boy, scuffing my shoes on the floor.

"Aw, gee, shucks, Ma, y'all are makin' lil' ole me blush."

"Go get cleaned up, stinker," she said warmly, swatting my butt to move me along.

I went to bed that evening satisfied that I had dodged a big bullet, but I still had no idea if either of my first choices would come through.

The very next day, I hit rock bottom. I got one of those thin little envelopes from NYU. Hands shaking as I opened it, I knew that my options were dwindling. It wasn't an outright rejection. I was wait listed, but knowing what I did, remembering my promise to Mom, it was as good as done.

For the next week, I was on pins and needles, hoping against hope that I wouldn't have to go to DC. With each passing day, I became more and more depressed. My schoolwork suffered and I even snapped at Mom. The Friday following the Georgetown letter came and still nothing. I went to work at Louie's and stumbled through the evening like a robot.

When I got home though, Mom was waiting again in the kitchen, looking very serious. My heart did little flip-flops in my chest and I felt like throwing up when I saw her expression. She left me hanging for about five seconds and then drew out a large manila envelope she was hiding on her lap, a huge grin splitting her face.

"Congratulations, Ricky," she said softly, handing it over to me.

"That was just plain mean, Mom," I groused. "I just about had a heart attack."

I pretended to be a bit angry with her little deception, but inside I was performing the biggest fist pump since Tiger won his first Master's. Life was starting to look good again.

Thank god for Columbia. It was just about the only place that Mom thought was better than my other, more distant acceptances. It still wasn't as close as I wanted, but I could sense that Mom wasn't going to budge on this one, and besides, I had made a promise. She made herself very clear just before I signed my acceptance offer.

"Ricky, I'm only going to say this once, so listen carefully. I love you dearly and would do anything for you, but you're not going to compromise on your education. As long as I'm in control of the trust Mom and Dad set up, you will be going to the best school you can get into. And you will work hard. You will bust your ass to do well. This is the only time I'm going to say 'my way or no way.' Are we clear on this?"

I brought myself to an exaggerated attitude of military attention and slapped off a sardonic caricature of a Sandhurst style salute.

"Yes ma'am, absolutely ma'am."

Mom's eyebrows narrowed and she scowled, hands on her hips.

"Don't get cute with me, Richard Alan Lindermann!" She snapped.

Oh God. The dreaded full name address. Every young man knows that when those words cross a mother's lips, that the fecal material is about to hit the spinning ventilation device. I responded quickly to defuse the situation, stepping in closely. Taking her hands in mine, I kissed her cheek softly.

"I understand, Mom. I'm not going to give you a hard time. Actually, I'm very happy that I'll be so close to home. I'm still going to need to see my favorite girl regularly, otherwise I'd be lost."

Her features softened and her eyes moistened. She sniffed once and gave me a crooked half smile.

"Favorite girl, eh? There you go again, trying to charm my...uh, socks off."

"Always, Mom, always."

Abruptly, she drew me in and embraced me fiercely. The hug went on for more than a minute, her head buried on my shoulder, hands tracing my back and shoulders. Within a very short span of time, my usual problem began to declare itself and I made to disengage, but Mom wouldn't let go. It got to the point where I gave up.

There was no way she could be unaware of my hard dick, but I mentally shrugged my shoulders and thought, "So be it," deciding that for once, I wasn't going to try and conceal how I felt. Instead, I concentrated on the moment, gently stroking her hair, neck and shoulders.

"I'll always be here for you Mom."

Finally drawing away, Mom held me at arms length, a tear running down her cheek. "I'm still going to miss you when you're living in the dorm," she sniffed.

"Now hold on just a second, Mom! Who said anything about living on campus?" I asked with alarm.

"Ricky! Of course you're going to live at school!" she exclaimed in shock. "It's an essential part of your college experience and I won't let you short yourself on this!"

I swallowed hard and thought feverishly, trying to stave off what I considered disaster.

"But Mom, it's not that simple. I've got to take the long view here."

"What do you mean, Ricky?"

"Uh, well...it's this way," I temporized, thinking frantically. "Even with subsidized housing, room and board is pretty expensive. I know there's a decent amount of money in the trust, but I still need to conserve, especially if I go on to law school or grad school." I heaved a huge mental sigh of relief, knowing that I had improvised successfully, finding the one possible chink in Mom's armor.

"Well, put that way, I can see your point. I guess I'll need to think about it some more."

"The train ride's not bad at all, Mom. I can use the time to study and I'd be coming home on weekends anyway. Besides, I've really got a good gig going with Agostino's right now too. There's no way that any work-study job would pay as well."

"No," I continued with more confidence, trying to sound mature and reflective, "I should be around to make sure that things stay fixed and make certain everything gets done right. You've got a lot of money tied up in the house and we should make sure that it holds its value. As the man of the house it's the least I can do. It just wouldn't feel right leaving you here by yourself."

Mom was looking at me shrewdly, with a skeptically raised eyebrow, clearly dissecting my extemporaneous bullshitting.

"Using a pretty big shovel, aren't you son?" she asked sardonically.

"I have no idea what you mean, Mom."

"Phffft! You don't fool me for one minute, young man. Even so, you do make a few good points for once. Okay. You can commute." She kissed me lightly and briefly on the lips and walked to her office, shaking her head, talking to herself.

"Man of the house, indeed!" she snorted.

"There is another reason I want to stay close, Mom," I teased to her retreating back.

"And what would that be?" she tossed back over her shoulder.

"I'd be very, very jealous if you got yourself a new pool guy."

"Would you, now?" she said in a coy, teasing voice.

High school graduation was bittersweet. Of course, Mom was there when I got my diploma, but the usual celebrations and festivities that typically accompany the event just hammered home Nana and Gramps' absence to us. I really wanted nothing to do with the whole thing, but did agree to go out party hopping with Grace, my girlfriend. We lasted a couple of stops, but Gracie could tell my heart wasn't in it. "What's wrong Rick? You seem so down. What's on your mind?"

I sighed. "I'm really sorry Grace. I've just been thinking about my grandparents, how much I wanted them to be able to see this. I'm missing them a lot right now."

She nodded her understanding and touched my cheek. "Thinking about your Mom too?" She knew how close we were, or so she thought.

"Yeah. She's been pretty down for the past week or so, thinking about me starting college in the fall, being alone. I worry about her."

"I have an idea, Rick. Let's pick up a couple of DVDs and a pizza. We'll go back to your place and all watch the movies and pig out."

"Are you sure Gracie? I don't mind if you want to stay out and party tonight, I really don't. I'll even come back to pick you up and take you home, if you want."

"Rick, you are so dense sometimes, I want to smack you. This is my idea. I wouldn't suggest it if I didn't want to do it. Now, are you in or not?"

I had to smile. "Grace, you are a gem and a true friend. I'm in."

"Great. We'll pick out the movies while we're waiting for the pizza to be ready. You've been after me forever to see that French guy's films - what was his name - Clouseau?"

"Clouzot, Henri-Georges Clouzot," I corrected. I was a big new wave and film noir fan and his movies were among my favorites, courtesy of Mom's tastes and influence. I had been telling her for several months about *Les Diaboliques* and *The Wages of Fear*. We were able to score both movies and brought home a nice New York style sausage and mushroom from Salerno's. We surprised Mom in the kitchen when we arrived, interrupting her own dinner preparations.

"Ricky! What on earth are you doing home? You two are supposed to be celebrating!"

"Mom, I just couldn't get into it this evening, I was -"

Grace cut in. "I didn't really feel like staying out and partying either, Mrs. Lindermann. Rick has been after me forever to check out a couple movies, so I thought this would be more fun."

"You two are very sweet to be thinking about me, but I really must insist - "

"Mom," I interjected. "We have a pie from Salerno's and two movies in hand."

Sensing defeat, Mom acquiesced gracefully. "So, what are we watching?"

Silently, I handed the DVDs to her. Her face lit up when she saw the titles and I knew I had her hooked.

"Ahhh, wonderful choices, Ricky," she sighed. "Yves Montand's first leading role in one and a young, gorgeous Simone Signoret in the other. Thanks so much, both of you."

We settled into the den and devoured the pizza. Mom even let us have a glass of Bardolino each, with an "our secret" admonishment. I sat in the center of the sofa with my arms around Grace and Mom. I felt just a little guilty using Grace's presence to justify touching the both of them, but only a little.

As my first year in college unfolded, it became clear to me that while I was going to finish and get my degree, I was most interested in actually working as a chef. I had parlayed one my summer positions in a local restaurant into some contacts in the city and decided that I was going to try to take courses at Le Cordon Bleu and the *Istituto Culinario Italiano*. I had eventually been awarded a merit scholarship that covered nearly all of my college tuition and with Gramp's and Nana's legacy, I could afford the tuition at the cooking schools as well, especially if I continued to live at home with Mom. I ended up creating an individual major in culinary history with a minor in business administration, which pleased Mom a lot. I felt that I would be in good shape for a career as an executive chef once I graduated.

While I progressed through my sophomore year, things began coming together for me. I was able to incorporate my training at *Istituto Culinario Italiano* and Cordon Bleu into my class and course schedule, even getting regular college credit for the work, on the condition of writing and doing research on what I was learning. It was pretty clear from the start that my time spent in the kitchen with Mom and my part time jobs at local restaurants were a huge asset. I was able to fully immerse myself in my instruction and seemed to pick up every detail without too much effort. Working under the most demanding and critical chefs I had ever seen elevated my skills to levels I could not have dreamed of just a year or two previously. My academic progress was also very good. Like the old saw goes, if you're doing what you really love, it's not a job.

By the halfway point of my senior year, I had standing offers to work as a line chef from several well-known restaurants in the City and a couple potentially very lucrative local possibilities as well. It was a heady experience, reveling in the absolute confidence that I had the right stuff to compete and succeed at the highest level of my chosen profession.

Through all this, I continued to live at home; my thoughts always still with Mom, but stuck adoring her from a filial distance. After Gramps and Nana's passing, we became even closer than before, but I could sense Mom's emotional fragility. I absolutely burned to hold her in my arms, to tell her the deepest, forbidden longings from my secret heart, but I somehow knew that she would not be able to cope with such an outpouring.

You would think that coping with this seemingly endless frustration would have put me in a professional as well as personal funk, but surprisingly, that wasn't the case. My work in the kitchen was as good as, if not better than ever, because I was subconsciously pouring my bottled up passion into my work. I was taking bold risks and seemed to be in the midst of a burst of creativity that I had not experienced before. It was in this period that I came up with many of the ideas that helped launch my career a few years later.

On the romantic front, I suffered in silence, finding some shallow solace in the arms of a number of girls and one of my professors at the U, but I could not bring myself to fully consummate those relationships. It was totally irrational, madly unrealistic and definitely obsessive, but I still wanted Mom. If I couldn't have her, then I didn't want another girl or woman that way. Short of that, I knew that I needed some release besides Rosie Palmer, but that was as far as I wanted to take things. I developed considerable affection for several of my stand-in partners, but I knew they would never have my heart. As callous as it sounds, on one level, these other girls and ladies were almost practice for me.

As my graduation approached, I became enveloped in a sense of great lethargy and more than a little depression. My working life awaited me. I knew that I would probably have to move to the City, and although it was not far from Mom, I dreaded the upcoming change. I felt that once I moved out, there was no absolutely no chance that I would ever be with Mom as I dreamed for so many years. In my darkest moments, lying awake in my bed, I told myself that even now, in the last days of my time with my mother, there was no chance for us. Objectively, I had to admit that Mom had always seemed appropriate and in control when we were together, but I could not shake the deep-seated intuition that she shared at least some of my feelings. I could not purge myself of this belief, even though I had to admit that it was most likely the by-product of my long-standing, unrequited love, rather than a realistic analysis of Mom's behavior. Still, it seemed to me that she was also more down than she should have been, considering that I was still going to be less than an hour's train ride from her when I started working.

My graduation came and went, and I begged off on accepting any job offers, saying I wanted a bit of time off. The ambitious nature of my individual major had necessitated spending a substantial portion of each preceding summer taking extra courses, and what little time was left I utilized working in various kitchens in the City, building my skills and more importantly, my contacts. I knew the job opportunities were still there for me, so I felt no rush. I still hoped against all odds that Mom and I would come together before the summer was over, but I had steeled myself for disappointment.

It was then a great surprise to me to see a real glimmer of hope after my graduation dinner celebration with Mom. We had gone to one of our favorite trattorias in Tribeca and had a wonderful meal. I was known there through a number of mutual friends shared with the sous chef, so we had the special treat of a completely off-menu tasting meal, consisting of 8 courses of small dishes from the chef's native Umbria, along with a flight of 5 or 6 different wines. Mom was outwardly upbeat, telling me how proud she was of my accomplishments and how much Nana and Gramps would have loved to see how I turned out. When the meal was over, Mom offered to help me paint the town red, but I declined, definitely in a bittersweet mood.

"Honestly, Mom, I don't feel like partying. If you want to know, I'd be perfectly happy to go home and watch a movie with you."

"The City is at your feet tonight, and all you can think of to do is go home with your old Mom and watch TV?"

"I get more pleasure out of munching popcorn with my special lady than any 10 clubs, Mom. And for the 5000th time, you are NOT old."

"Awww, you're still my sweet guy after all these years. You know just what to say to your mother. It's a date."

We made our way home, making unusually good cab and train connections, arriving back at the family manse in less than 45 minutes. It was a quintessentially

beautiful mid-May evening, the evening air just short of shirtsleeve temperature. The sky was crystalline and a waning gibbous moon hung in the sky over our roof. As we strolled up the walkway to let ourselves in, we could smell a hint of lilac in the air from our neighbor's yard and hear the sporadic chirps of crickets. Mom sighed and linked her arm in mine, leaning her head against my shoulder. "It's been a wonderful evening, Ricky. I'm so happy for you and so proud of you I could burst. You have grown into such a fine young man."

"Thanks, Mom. It's all your doing. I owe everything to you. You're my touchstone and inspiration."

"You're also a smooth talking little devil when you want to be," she giggled.

"I'm serious, Mom. You have no idea how much you mean to me. I'm very lucky to be your son."

"Thank you, sweetie. I could say the same."

After we got inside, I changed quickly into my at home uniform of gym shorts and a t-shirt, then headed into the kitchen to fire up the microwave. As the popcorn cooked, I scanned the channels, looking for something suitable. Recalled to the kitchen by the ding of the microwave, I returned with the hot popcorn. Mom was now seated on the sofa, wearing a pair of pastel green man pajamas, legs curled under her as she scanned the TV menu.

"There's a great double feature on the Movie Classics Channel, Mom. How does 'Double Indemnity' followed by 'Some Like it Hot' sound?"

Mom laughed and patted the sofa next to her. "Perfect! Come sit with your Momma and we'll do justice to that popcorn."

I settled in next to her as we watched Barbara Stanwyck's interpretation of evil personified and the ensnarement of the hapless Fred MacMurray in her

treacherous designs. Gripped in the storyline, we were on the edge of our seats for the entire movie.

"Some Like It Hot" was a perfect counterpoint to the first feature and although we could practically recite the lines to each other from memory, it suited us down to the ground. About the time Tony Curtis invites Marilyn onto "his" yacht, Mom snuggled up next to me, putting my arm over her shoulder. She reached across her chest to put her hand over mine, pressing it into place on her arm, giving it a squeeze. She sighed contentedly, laying her head on my chest.

I was elated, but confused. Of course, I was also hard. Carbide steel hard. One thing that had not changed throughout the years since Gramps and Nan's passing was what any touch from her did to me.

I couldn't remember the last time Mom was so physically affectionate with me, even in such a harmless way. Since high school, I had grown so used to keeping everything bottled up, minimizing our physical contact to the most innocent essentials, that I was unprepared for the closeness Mom was displaying that evening. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out what had changed, but I was perfectly happy to roll with it. By the time the movie was over, Mom's other hand was casually resting on my thigh, much to my utter delight and increasing bewilderment.

As the credits rolled, Mom disengaged herself from me and rose, stretching like a big she-cat. As she raised her arms above her head, the pajama tops rode up briefly, exposing her navel and midriff for a moment. I was utterly captivated and powerfully aroused in seconds. It put me very much in the mind of that time in our kitchen when I was 15, when I first realized I had fallen in love with her.

"I'm for bed, kiddo. I've got to be in the office tomorrow at 9:30 for a deposition." Reaching out to me, she grabbed my wrists, pulling me up insistently. "C'mon, on your feet lazybones, it's late and we both need our sleep." As confused as I was by the unfolding events of the evening, I was even less prepared for what happened next.

Placing her hands on my shoulders, she leaned towards me and briefly but firmly kissed me on the lips. "I had a wonderful evening, Ricky. Thank you so much for everything." She turned from me and headed upstairs towards her room.

If I was confused before, now I was dumbfounded. I must have been standing there looking like a gaffed catfish, because Mom looked over her shoulder and laughed. "Hit the sack buster, I've got a big honey-do list for you tomorrow."

In a complete and utter daze, I completed my evening ablutions and stumbled into bed. Sleep was long in coming as I turned over the night's events in my head. I had no idea what was happening between us, but I did know one thing for certain - something had changed. Beyond that, I simply couldn't process what had occurred. As unexpected and delightfully as things had turned out, I was very nervous.

Against all precautions of self-control and discipline, the near-dead embers of my hopes and fantasies had briefly flared to life tonight and I knew I couldn't survive another disappointment. My rational self knew I should slam the door on those feelings immediately, to save myself any further pain, but I simply couldn't do that. I was like a gambling addict, telling myself again and again that the next hand I was dealt was going to be the big winner, even when all of my experience pointed in the opposite direction.

My dreams that night were fragmented, disorganized and filled with a strange combination of gloomy foreboding and exhilarating foreshadowing. One vignette remains clearly etched in my memory to this day, though.

Mom and I were having a picnic on a rocky beach. The sun shone brightly in a sky rapidly clearing of clouds and coastal fog, but the air was crisp and cool with a stiff onshore breeze that tugged at our clothing as we shared ham sandwiches and cold beer, sitting on a partially buried, bleached tree trunk. The turbulent gusts blew Mom's hair back from her forehead and her cheeks were rosy with a slight windburn. She laughed, her hand in mine as we watched four children playing at

the waterline, three girls and one boy. They roughoused at the edge of the breaking waves, trying to push each other into the water, their gleeful cries blending with the pounding rhythm of the surf and the screeching of gulls overhead, hovering in the strong wind. Somehow, I knew without any doubt or question that the children were ours.

I roused with a start. Sunlight was streaming into my room, illuminating suspended motes of dust, which moved lazily in the air currents from my open window. As I awoke more fully, the last fragment of my dream did not fade, but rather came to full, lucid recollection. In all the long nights of my short life, I had never experienced a dream like this one. The details were so clear, so immediate and so powerful that they had the force of actual memory.

I'd never been a big believer in predestination or fate. While I am a romantic by inclination, I always thought that we make our own lives, putting in long hours, making sacrifices and taking chances to shape our future. I know that everything that I'd accomplished and what Mom had achieved had its roots firmly in the soil of hard work and seized opportunities. And yet...as I lay beneath my sheets, I had the overwhelming sense that I had somehow glimpsed a small fragment of my true future.

Donning my typical shorts and t-shirt, I padded downstairs. As usual, Mom had beaten me to the kitchen and already had a pot of coffee ready. Leaning slightly against the kitchen countertop, she was eating some yogurt, a partially devoured piece of toast on a plate next to her.

She was dressed to the nines this morning, wearing a form-fitting, calf length, black pencil skirt, slit to the lower thigh, with sheer, shiny black hose underneath. Her blouse was jade green silk. It was slightly V-cut in front, revealing a hint of décolletage. I had the subliminal impression of a sheer, pushup bra underneath. An elegant black blazer to match her skirt was draped over a chair in the breakfast nook. Once again, I was pierced to the heart, adoring my beautiful mom.

"Wow, you look fabulous, Mom! I thought you had a deposition today?"

"Precisely. I never waste any of the resources I have at my disposal. I always play to win, bucko," she said crisply.

"Well, if I may be so bold, you've got quite the arsenal there, counselor. Let me guess - your adversary today is probably a younger man, maybe a junior associate or something like that. You're planning to distract him before you cut him to ribbons."

Mom came to my side and kissed my cheek. "You're incorrigible, sweet talking your Mom like that," she said with a wink, tossing her hair ostentatiously.

Changing gears, she then said, "If you have time, I made a list of a few things that need doing before the weekend, can you handle that?"

"Yes'm. At yoah disposal, Mizz Mom."

"Thanks sweetie. If you can take me to the station, you can use the car, 'kay?"

"Sweet. Ready to go when you are, my lady."

As I drove Mom to the station, we chatted amiably about the upcoming weekend and her plans to dazzle her inexperienced adversary at the deposition. When we pulled up to the drop-off lane, Mom gave my arm a squeeze and kissed me lightly on my lips - again! As I sat there behind the wheel, a big goofy grin on my face, I slowly licked my lips, detecting the very slightest taste of her. Lost in the moment, I was roughly returned to reality by horns honking behind me. As the drivers behind me blared their displeasure at my inattention, Mom turned to look over her shoulder at me just before she passed through the turnstiles. I thought I detected a small, enigmatic smile before she was lost to my view in the crush of the morning commute.

I drove home slowly and automatically, barely aware of traffic and stoplights. I didn't fully regain my foothold in this world until I was in our driveway. I sat in the car for some time, blissfully recalling those two kisses. What I felt was the slightest ray of hope yesterday evening had bloomed into a dazzling beacon this morning. I could think of no explanation for the amazing turn of events in the last 12 hours, except that Mom must have some feelings for me as well!

I was so giddy with excitement and elation that I could hardly think straight, but I knew I had to figure out what I was going to do. I had no idea where things were going, but one thing I was sure of was that Mom could not be pushed or manipulated in any way. There was no question that she was too strong willed and too perceptive to be maneuvered by anything I did. She knew me far too well to be taken in by any devious strategy I might employ to bring us together.

I was going to have to wait, however long it took, for her to come to me. I felt as though I would go mad with the anticipation, but I also knew I had waited eight endless years to get to this point. For the first time in my life, it felt as though Mom and I could really be together. Even so, my newly resurrected optimism was tempered by the fact that I knew Mom would want to be in complete control of anything that might come to pass for the two of us.

What was needed right now was distraction. Sitting in the kitchen, I looked at Mom's to-do list. Clean the pool; check the chemistry and change filters. Mow the lawn and weed the mulch beds. Fix the lock on the back door, which was sticking. Pick up dry cleaning and go to the supermarket. Trim the hedges. I buckled down and got to my business. I busted my ass all day and just had time to grab a shower before heading over to the station to pick up Mom.

When Mom settled in next to me in the car, I tested the waters a little bit by pulling her close to me for a hug. She quickly set the tone, pointedly only offering her cheek for a kiss and then sat back. Okay, fine, just as I thought. Mom is definitely going to be the one leading this dance. Time to be patient.

"So, how was the deposition?"

Mom laughed ruefully. "Best laid plans and all that. I may as well have worn a potato sack. The boy-lawyer was there with one of the senior partners of his firm. The partner took one look at me and sent junior out for coffee and I had to go toe to toe with the old guy. It was brutal, but we came through pretty well. Everything else today was pretty routine."

Changing the subject, I inquired, "What would you like to do for dinner?"

"Just feed me and I'll be happy, sweetie. I'm going to have a glass of wine and a nice soak in the tub before dinner, though. Okay?"

"Sure, Mom. I figured to make a Caesar and grill a little salmon, keep it real simple."

"That would be perfect, Ricky. Want to watch another movie tonight?"

"Absolutely. Do you have anything in mind?"

"Terms of Endearment is showing on HBO, is that okay?"

I sighed inwardly. Another chick flick, but what the heck, I didn't really care, as long as I was with Mom. "Fine by me - it's a date."

Mom had her soak and we ate dinner. On top of the long day's work, I probably shouldn't have yielded to temptation and had the extra glass of Chardonnay with the meal, because I nodded off about 10 minutes into the movie.

When I faded back in, my head was in Mom's lap. She was looking at me with a wistful smile, running her fingers through my hair. "My little boy is all grown now - a typical man. Show him a romantic film and he's out like a light in 10 seconds flat."

"Sorry, Mom. I was more tired than I thought. I probably shouldn't have had that second glass of wine."

"It's okay, sweetie. You just relax, let your Mom reminisce a little while."

Mom ran her fingers lightly over my face, brushing them over my forehead, down the bridge of my nose and along my cheeks. "When you were little, I used to do this to help you sleep when you were sick," she whispered, smiling warmly.

"Mmmm...feels nice, Mom."

She continued for some minutes, one hand cradled behind my neck as she traced my features. It was absolute bliss and I surrendered myself totally to the moment, memorizing every sensation. I had never felt so relaxed, so loved. I drifted off again, only to wake with a start as the credits of the movie were rolling. Mom was also dozing, her head slightly lolling to the side, the back of my neck still resting on her forearm. Her other hand was relaxed palm down on my chest, directly over my heart. I was completely quiet for several minutes, savoring the perfection of the moment. As I lay in her lap, I began to feel a familiar stirring in the south forty. Not wanting Mom to be aware, I shifted slightly, but she awoke with a start.

"Goodness, I really dozed off too, didn't I?" she exclaimed.

I took her hand from my chest and kissed it. It was done chastely, with affection, but I noticed Mom drew her breath in a bit as my lips lingered just the slightest amount. "It was really nice just to sit with you tonight, Mom. It was special, like old times."

We roused ourselves from the sofa and made our way upstairs. Mom went into her bedroom and closed the door behind her, no kiss for me this evening. Heaving a sigh, I went to my bathroom to take a shower and get ready for bed. When I came out, drying my hair with a towel, I was enveloped in silence. I could hear every small noise of the house, from the dripping of a faucet in the kitchen to the ticking

of our grandfather clock in the foyer. There was a feeling of strange tension, of hushed expectation in the air. I had a weird premonition that something, I knew not what, but something was going to happen.

As I passed through the tight, constrained silence of the hallway, going by Mom's door, I heard the faint creak of her bed frame and a soft sigh. Hardly daring to breath, I paused. The silence around me was oppressive, alive and pregnant with possibility and anticipation.

Then I heard it again, another soft, drawn out exhalation of erotic delight.

Although I had relieved myself in the shower, hearing Mom, imagining what was happening on the other side of the threshold had me sporting a railroad spike in seconds. Shifting my weight with the greatest of care, I brought my ear close to the door. I could hear a very faint squeaking of her mattress and an occasional quiet moan.

I was so aroused, I was practically catatonic, my hand irresistibly drawn to my now-rampant penis. As I listened to Mom pleasure herself, I stroked myself furiously. I was nowhere near close to my own release, having just brought myself off in the shower. It was then I heard her voice, just above a whisper. "Oh God. Oh my God! Oh God! Ohhhh, Ricky, baby, Mommy's commiinnnnngggg!"

Those whispered, barely audible words were a blinding, searing bolt direct to the pleasure center of my brain, cutting completely across the chaos of my thoughts and emotions, striking home with the accuracy of a sniper's bullet. I came on the spot, ejaculating so powerfully that my seed must have flown 3 feet across the carpet. My leg buckled and I almost fell to my knees. When I returned to my senses, the danger of my position hit me and I scrambled to silently towel up my mess and get back to my room undetected. Lying in bed, I was actually trembling with the intensity of the memory. I couldn't get Mom's voice out of my head and it took every ounce of my self-control to keep from going straight to her room. To this day, I can still hear her calling out softly at the peak of her pleasure.

Things continued for about another month in this fashion, the occasional kiss and listening at Mom's door when I could get away with it. Don't get me wrong; even though things seemed to be moving a glacial pace, but compared to just a few short months ago, the difference in my life was night and day. It's amazing what even the smallest shred of hope can do for your outlook.

"What do you say, Mom? How about we go out tomorrow and see the celebration at Riverside Park? I'm thinking I'll pack a picnic and we'll have a late supper and listen to the bands before the fireworks."

"So, is this supposed to be a date, then?"

"Nah, not a date - just a basic 4th of July celebration with my lovely mother. What could be more traditional, more American than that?"

"I'll have to check with my social secretary to see if I can clear a spot for you, but I'll tentatively say yes - but only because you're family." She spoke with mock gravity, but with a twinkle in her eyes.

"I'm very relieved that I'm still in your good graces," I shot back with theatric sarcasm.

"Being a smart-aleck will not advance your cause, young man. I bet I could still paddle you for your insolence."

"I will submit myself to your discipline if you promise to wear five inch heels and fishnets when you spank me," I teased.

Mom's eyes widened briefly in surprise at my reply, but it was simply such an outrageous, over-the-top response that in the end, she couldn't take it seriously.

She threw back her head and laughed, "You wish, brat!"

The Fourth dawned heavily in muggy fashion, the sunrise cloaked by an army of rapidly forming thunderheads. The sky glowered with the promise of a drenching downpour. As I sat up in bed, already slightly sweaty, I could see towering, gray-black nimbus clouds moving in rapidly from the east, foreshadowing the thunderstorms we could expect during the day. I hoped that the passing front would make the evening more pleasant.

Slipping on shorts and a tank top, I went downstairs. Mom was still in bed, her door closed. I put a pot of coffee on and then heard Mom's shower start up. I cut up some fresh fruit while I was waiting for her to come down and made some toast. She came down to the kitchen wearing one of my very favorite outfits, denim shorts and a men's white oxford shirt, tied off above her midriff.

"Morning, Mom. Ready for some breakfast?"

"Oh, thanks so much, sweetie, you didn't need to do that." I set a bowl of fruit and some of the toast in front of her, along with a mug of coffee. "Mmmmm, fresh peaches, I love it."

"First local fruit of the season, Mom. I picked them up at the farmer's market yesterday. They looked too good to pass up, especially knowing how much you like them."

"You spoil me rotten, Ricky." She became melancholy for a moment. "It's going to be very lonely around here when you start working in September."

"We'll talk about that later, Mom. Today is today and I'm planning to enjoy it. I think we'll have a good time this evening."

At that moment, Mom cringed, as we were startled by a brilliant, searing flash of lightning and an instantaneous thunderclap. It was so loud, the dishes and glasses rattled in their cabinets. Then the rain began, a steady hiss as the large, fat drops

began to spatter on our roof and the street, gradually building into a gentle roar of white noise. In a matter of moments, the far side of the street was obscured behind a gray veil as the heavens poured wet rage on us.

"Wow, that was a real close one, Mom."

"I hope that's not an omen for tonight, Ricky."

"Not a chance, Mom. I checked the forecast earlier. This will pass through and we'll have a beautiful evening for the fireworks."

Mom looked out the window and grimaced. "Damn, I was hoping it would hold off at least a little while. I've got to go out."

"Need any help?"

"No thanks, I'm planning to do some clothes shopping."

"Okeydokey. I'll get to work on our picnic."

"Don't make a big production out of it, Ricky. I'm easy to please."

"And I always like pleasing you. It'll be nice and simple, Mom -- I promise I won't go overboard. Drive carefully and take an umbrella, okay?"

Mom nodded and gave me a light peck on the lips. I gave her a big, goofy grin and a bigger hug. She grinned back, ruffled my hair and headed to the garage.

I got a lot of mileage out of that brief kiss. A mooncalf smile remained plastered on my face for much of the rainy, noisy morning as I put our meal together. About three hours later, Mom returned, just as I was putting the food in the fridge. She

was soaked to the skin, laughing as she wrung out her hair in the semi-dark garage doorway.

I tossed her a kitchen towel for her hair. "Ummm, Mom, was there some part of 'take an umbrella' that you didn't understand?"

"Don't start in on me, young man. I did take one. I just left it behind by mistake when I got to the mall. As I was walking back out to the car, I got drenched."

I sighed theatrically. "You can lead a horse to water..."

"Enough! Any more comments and I'll string you up by your thumbs, young man!"

"Will you be wearing those spiked heels and fishnets when you do it?"

Laughing again, Mom threw the towel back at me without warning and caught me across the face. As she stepped out of the shadows of the hallway, I noticed for the first time that her shirt was soaked. Actually, what I really noticed was that she was (holy shit!) not wearing a bra! The damp, slightly transparent material of the shirt molded her curves perfectly and her nipples partially showed through the wet material, poking out stiffly like delectable, small strawberries. I could also see the faint shadows of her unencumbered breasts swaying freely under the material of her shirt as she strode past me. In all our years together, I had never seen her without one. How could I not have noticed that this morning? Searching my memory, I could only conclude that she had taken it off while shopping. And if she took it off shopping, what had she bought that would require her to be braless? My imagination whirled with possibilities and speculations.

I must have been totally absorbed in my lustful thoughts, because as she passed, Mom poked me in the ribs, bringing me back to the present. "I'm going to take another shower and put on some dry clothes."

Before she could get away, I grabbed her by her arm and pulled her towards me. Her eyes widened slightly in surprise at my boldness, but I defused things a little by kissing her cheek, saying, "Mom, without a doubt, you are the most gorgeous drowned rat I've ever laid eyes on."

My eyes were wholly focused on her beautiful breasts as I spoke. Suddenly remembering I was staring, I glanced back to her face, realizing at once she knew where I was looking. There was a small, half smile on her lips. I blushed so hard I thought I would start smoking.

"God, Mom, I'm sor..."

She smiled warmly and stilled me by placing her finger on my lips. "Don't apologize, Ricky. Thank you for the compliment," she murmured, her gaze drifting down from my face to her chest and back again. A touch to my cheek and another quick kiss on my lips and she whisked out of the room, grabbing her shopping bags as she headed upstairs, hips swaying. I watched her depart; rooted to the spot, my cock so hard I thought it would split my shorts. I'm not sure, but I might have drooled on the kitchen linoleum.

Once I heard Mom in the shower, I raced up to my bathroom for some sorely needed relief. Replaying Mom's return in my head, I lasted about 30 seconds, spraying a huge load all over the sink and vanity. Groaning, I dropped to my hands and knees, "OOhhhhh my godddddd, Mooom!" I took me several minutes to regain my breath and composure to the point where I could clean up my mess. I decided to stay in my room, futzing around with my computer the rest of the afternoon. I frankly did not trust myself to be around her before we left for our picnic. At that moment, I was actually afraid of the love and lust in my heart. I felt like I was holding onto my self-control by my fingernails.

After a geologic epoch or two, it was finally time to head out to the park. I went downstairs, noticing that Mom's bedroom door was closed. I could hear her changing, humming to herself as she completed her preparations. I went into the kitchen and gathered our food into the hamper, then settling myself into the

breakfast nook to wait. When she came down the stairs, I jumped to my feet in surprise, slack-jawed with amazement.

She was wearing a new sundress, made of some gauzy white material overlaid with a tropical floral print pattern, a riot of brilliant greens, yellows, orange and magenta. A single broad band of the same material looped up from the front of her bodice, around the back of her neck and down the other side to reunite again with the front of the dress. The bodice itself was low cut and square, showing an enticing, but not excessive amount of cleavage. The dress ended just an inch or so above her knees, showing her marvelous legs to great advantage.

Without a doubt, it was the most alluring, most risqué thing I had ever seen Mom wear. In actuality, the dress didn't reveal that much, but what it suggested and hinted at beneath the fabric was what made it so damn sexy. It suited her down to the ground and left me stunned. It was a minor miracle I didn't outright drool when I saw her in it. Mom was a BABE!

Laughing delightedly, she pirouetted, the hem of the dress swirling provocatively up to mid thigh as she turned. As she came back to rest in front of me, her breasts wobbled slightly beneath the bodice, obviously braless.

"I take it I have my son's approval for my choice of wardrobe?"

"Wow," I croaked, finally finding my voice.

"That's it, just one word?"

Regaining a little of my composure, I advanced to her and took both her hands in mine, kissing her cheek. "Mom, I can't remember ever seeing you so beautiful. You look absolutely spectacular," I said quietly, eyes wide with amazement at her transformation.

"I'm very glad you like it, Ricky. I knew the minute I saw it that it was perfect for our little picnic." Linking her left arm in mine and placing her right hand on my biceps, she pulled me towards the garage. "Let's go, sweetheart. I've been looking forward to this all day."

We made our way to the park with the windows down, the air having cooled considerably since the front roared through. The overarching thunderheads on the back edge of the passing weather were catching the low afternoon rays of the setting sun, taking on a gilt orange glow against the deep blue of the summer sky. It reminded me of the aureate ambience of an old Maxfield Parrish painting.

As we drove down the recently rain-slicked streets, tires occasionally splashing in puddles, both of us silent, Mom had her hand on the back of my neck, idly toying with the hair at its nape, twirling it in her fingers. I sat quietly, savoring her contact with me, afraid to speak and break the mood. Still not speaking, Mom's touching of my neck slowly transformed into more of an overt caress, sending a shiver down my spine. A distinct element of tension crept into the air as we finally pulled into the parking lot adjacent to the park, the loud crunching of gravel under the tires suddenly jerking us back out of the moment.

"Well, here we are," I announced lamely.

We made our way across a wide, verdant expanse of grass and up a small rise, to a slightly secluded knoll overlooking the river, nestled among several venerable oaks. It was perfectly cool in the shade of the trees. Unfolding one of our old blankets, I handed the picnic basket to Mom and gestured to our spot. "Madame's table is ready."

"Goody, let's see what my talented chef-son has prepared for us, " Mom said eagerly, as she gracefully knelt down next to me, inspecting the contents of the hamper. "Ahhh, cold roast chicken rubbed with herbs, yummy. And...green salad with a nice vinaigrette, some bruschetta with pesto and...mmmmm, a nice cold Fume Blanc. Thanks so much sweetheart - it's wonderful," she declared, kissing my cheek.

We sat, semi-reclining in the shade, our elbows just touching as we ate in silence and sipped our wine, watching joggers and cyclists on the path below us and scullers and casual boaters traversing the river, just visible in the shadows and fading light. We talked of inconsequential matters, recounting the mundane details of our recent activities and immediate plans for the coming days, interspersed with comments on the scene and people below us, simply enjoying our shared time together.

The gloaming slowly swallowed up the details of the landscape around us, Mom shivering slightly in the cooling air. I got out another blanket and pulled it around us, Mom snuggling up against me as I put an arm around her shoulders. Our conversation dwindled to a warm, comfortable silence and we sat for some time, enjoying the sounds of the evening as darkness enveloped the park.

As the first frogs and fireflies of the evening made themselves known, Mom looked around us carefully and then turned from under my arm and sat up straight so she was facing me. Reaching behind my head with her hand, she again caressed the nape of my neck. Drawing her face close to mine, she looked steadily into my eyes, took a very deep, almost shuddering breath and without a word, planted a firm, lingering kiss on my lips, watching me intently the whole time.

To say I was surprised would be an understatement of some magnitude. Poleaxed comes a little closer to what I felt at that instant. Eyes wide with shock, I croaked, "Mom...?"

Placing her index finger on my lips, she silenced me.

"Shhhh, darling son. No words, just kiss me," she gently demanded, her expression a curious, compelling mix of passion, maternal warmth and vulnerable anxiety.

Hardly daring to breath, I leaned forward, carefully brushing my lips against hers, watching her face. She smiled gently and returned the pressure, our mouths now

lightly joined, the touch exquisite. Our eyes closed at the same time and we continued for a subjective decade, both of us totally lost in the tender intensity of the moment. I placed a hand on her cheek, slowly, gently tracing her jaw line with my thumb. At that point, we both ran out of oxygen, breaking the kiss. My fingers and toes were tingling. Chests heaving, we locked eyes, sighing and smiling at the same moment. Brushing her bangs from her forehead, I bent to Mom again slowly brushing my lips against hers, gradually increasing the intensity of the kiss.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she murmured, leaning into me. I felt her lips parting ever so slightly. I did the same, heart in my throat, as I waited for her response. It seemed as though my entire chest would burst from the tension.

Then it happened. Her tongue slipped out, barely brushing my lips. Opening wider, my heart hammering, I ventured forth slowly, nervously, seeking her out. My emotions were in absolute chaos. One moment, I was mentally doing handsprings, thinking to myself, "Yes! It's really happening! Yes! YES! YES!!!" In the next instant, I was beside myself with anxiety, worrying "Oh God, please, Oh God, don't let it stop, don't let me screw this up, please ohgodohpleaseohgod."

Then the tips of our tongues touched and my world changed forever.

We continued, very delicately and lightly exploring, tongues barely gliding over each other in a warm, liquid waltz, a dance as old as time itself, but as new and novel to me as anything I had ever experienced. Slowly, our lips slid over each other, gradually gaining intensity and urgency. I wanted the moment to extend to the end of the universe, but I eventually had to come up for air. Breaking our union, I took in a gulping breath, grimacing nervously as I tried to take everything in. Mom was regarding me quietly, her hands finding mine, smiling gently, her eyes sparkling. Her obvious composure and serenity calmed me and I gradually relaxed, savoring how right it all felt.

Reaching out, I pulled her back to me and kissed her again. Our mouths glided over each other, pressing, tongues touching, releasing, and pressing together again. With a small moan, Mom pressed against me, her arms going around my

shoulders, her tongue now insistently seeking mine. Groaning in return, I pulled her tighter against me, our mouths pressed tightly together, tongues lashing each other frantically. I reclined onto our blanket, pulling her down with me. We lay on our sides, facing each other as we broke our kiss. Mom reached out to touch my cheek.

At that moment, I was torn in two, standing on a great divide. Against all odds, I had finally arrived at the gateway of all my fantasies, but my conscience was putting up a last, desperate stand, seeming to ask me, "Think, Ricky, for God's sake, think. Is this what you really want? You can't go back from here if you don't stop, too much will change, forever."

I sucked in a shuddering breath and took her hand in mine. "Mom.... I...I've waited... so long..." my voice catching, then trailing off to a plaintive whisper.

"Shhh, sweetheart. I know," she said tenderly. "I've wanted to do this for a long time too."

"You wanted to..." I began incredulously.

"Hush, sweet boy," she whispered, gently placing her index finger on my lips to quiet me.

She silenced me further by pulling me close and latching on to my lips again. I thought our previous kiss was exciting, but I had no idea. Mom's lips pressed against mine with urgency, her mouth opening wide as her tongue sought mine. As I responded, she sucked my tongue into her mouth, holding my head in both of her hands, practically devouring me.

Before that moment, if I ever had any perception of my mother as some idealized porcelain figure, to be cherished and treated delicately, I was quickly set straight about those notions. I was in the arms of a fiery, passionate creature, who was most definitely warm flesh and hot blood. It was absolutely breathtaking, and it only got better.

Mom slipped her arms around my shoulders, rolling over on top of me, our tongues dancing, probing, advancing and retreating in a moist arabesque. I could feel the incredible, soft pressure of her unencumbered breasts against my chest and the weight of her hips against my straining cock. Her pelvis was close against me with the slightest amount of pressure and motion, stimulating me unbearably. I was utterly spellbound, the intensity of the instant almost forcing me into an out of body experience.

We separated, breath ragged and chests heaving, eyes locked on each other. Placing my hand around her neck, I pulled her towards me. Mom seemed to not want me to speak, so I tried to let my actions do the talking. I kissed her forehead, cheeks and the bridge of her nose lightly before returning to her full, moist lips. Leaning into her slightly, not demanding, I refrained from using my tongue, simply pressing tenderly, withdrawing and pressing lightly again, acquainting myself with the details of her mouth, committing all the wonderful details to memory, watching her intently all the while. When I stopped, she sighed happily and laid her head on my chest. I simply held her, stroking her hair, soaking up our closeness. We continued our embrace for some time, not speaking.

Lost in our private world, we were startled as the first fireworks of the evening thundered into the sky across the river. I rolled onto my side and drew Mom up underneath my arm so we could watch the show, placing my other hand on hers, intertwining our fingers.

After a while, Mom turned to face me. "Well, Ricky, was this what you expected?"

"Mom...I have dreamed of this at least ten thousand times since I was 15," I croaked hoarsely, a hitch in my voice. "I imagined it so often, I thought I knew what it would be like, but I didn't have a freakin' clue. I have never, ever been kissed like that before."

I shuddered, gulping in a great lung full of air.

"I hope you know what you've done to me. I'm a goner now - officially ruined for all other women."

"Mmmm, you say the sweetest things to your Mom." Brushing my hair off my forehead, she smiled again. "You're not so bad yourself, sport. You make my toes tingle."

Glancing at my lap, Mom shook her head, reaching for a napkin. At first I thought she was looking at the railroad spike I was sporting in my pants, but she surprised me.

Tsking under her breath, she flicked her napkin on my thighs, chiding me, saying, "Jesus, Ricky, you're covered in crumbs. Men are such messy eaters," she scolded, pretending to be exasperated. "Don't you dare let that crud get on my nice new dress, you big slob."

Smiling apologetically, I drew her back to me and kissed her again. This time, I sought her in a more insistent way, searching for her tongue immediately, drawing her into my mouth, savoring her taste as we explored each other's mouths. As our kiss deepened in its intensity and passion, I began stroking her back and sides. She moaned into my mouth. "Ohhhh, Ricky, baby...." Emboldened, I reached up to gently cup her breast, delicately tracing my fingertips on her heavy softness.

Sighing with pleasure, she gently disengaged my hand, and kissed it, holding it between us. "There's no rush, darling. Could we please take things slow and easy?"

I struggled mightily to keep the disappointment out of my voice. "Okay, Mom."

Kissing my cheeks, Mom looked at me intently. "We took a huge step tonight, Ricky. I just need to work through this a bit at a time. Things are more complicated for me than they might seem. I hope you'll give me a little room, a little time..."

I brought her close again and hugged her, burying my face in her shoulder. "It's okay, Mom. I love you and wouldn't do a thing to hurt you, ever. I won't do anything you don't want."

"You're my sweet young man, and I love you too. I'm so glad to be here with you now, like this."

I rolled onto my back, bringing her on top of me, giggling. Giving her a big, smacking burlesque of a kiss, I savored our contact. I knew Mom could probably feel my erection, which was pulsing unmercifully in my shorts, but I didn't care. I needed her to know how I felt now, to know how much she excited me, to know that it was waiting there, for her to have when and however she wanted it.

Laughing, she reached down to my sides and tickled me until I was squirming underneath her and then rolled off so she was on her side again, facing me. I sat up and reached out to her. "Come sit with me, Mom," I entreated, drawing her on to my lap. She settled in with her arms around my neck while I wrapped mine around her waist.

We sat that way for the rest of the fireworks, kissing from time to time, randomly alternating between sweet, affectionate pecks and wide-mouthed, tongue lashing, madly passionate clinches, as the mood took us. The fact that she was sitting on my rock hard cock didn't seem to faze her at all.

All too soon, the show was over. Still perched in my lap, Mom held my face in her hands, her eyes warmly searching mine, seemingly for any doubt or regret. Apparently satisfied, she rummaged in her purse for a Kleenex. She moistened the small paper square with the condensation on the wine bottle and gently scrubbed my face with it, saying, "I made a bit of a mess with you, Ricky. My lipstick's everywhere. Let me clean my boy up."

My face once again suitable for public viewing, we got up, dusted ourselves off and repacked the hamper. I folded the blankets over one arm and we walked back to the car, hand in hand.

As we pulled out of the parking lot, I put Mom under my arm, draping it over her shoulder. She settled against me with a contented sigh. We didn't speak on the way home, each of us lost in our own thoughts. Once in the kitchen, we cleaned up the picnic leavings together, still not speaking, but it was a strangely comforting, relaxed silence. There wasn't any need to talk, because we knew where we stood with each other now. A little later, we walked upstairs together, arms around each other's waists. I stopped Mom before she went into her room, hands sliding down to her hips, holding her gently.

Giving her a light but lingering kiss, I hugged her and spoke. "Thanks for a beautiful evening, Mom. It was the best. The best ever."

"It was very special, Ricky. Sleep well, son."

"Sweet dreams, Mom."

That night, even with the help of Rosie Palmer (more than once), it had taken a long time to nod off. I simply could not stop reliving the evening's events.

I know at some point I must have been asleep, because I found myself in a surreal dreamscape, walking on a darkened, windswept plain, head down, struggling into a ferocious wind. Heavy, roiling rain clouds scudded rapidly from horizon to horizon, internally illuminated with blinding flashes of sheet lightning. Horizontal rain, grit and sand were being blown into my face, abrading the skin of my cheeks and stinging my eyes.

The dream gale continued to increase in intensity until it stopped my forward progress entirely. I looked around myself in great confusion, knowing I was lost, but at the same time understanding that I urgently had to be someplace, but where I could not remember. As the tempest around me increased to a screaming crescendo, objects began to fly by; cars, rocks, animals, people, houses, boats,

buildings, entire cities. As I felt myself beginning to lose my footing, I heard Mom's voice. "Rickeeee! Rickeee! Time to come in! Time to stop playing!"

The surreal tempest still surged around me, but somehow, I was now standing in Gramps and Nana's old Ohio backyard, next to my worn swing set, a small island of calm in the maelstrom.

"Coming, Mommy! I'm coming in now!"

As I spoke, the wind took me in its grip, swirling me up into the air. I lost all orientation as I was roughly twisted and tumbled, pushed in all directions by the impacts of the smaller debris, caroming off the larger objects in my path as I was pulled into the sky.

"Rickeee! Time to come in! Time to come in now!" Mom's voice took on an insistent note.

"I'm trying, Mom! I'm trying!"

Spinning and tumbling through the air, I suddenly became oriented, finding the direction of her calls. Without effort or volition, I seemed to hurtle towards the source of her voice, bursting through the swirling cyclone of flying boulders, fragmented skyscrapers, great ships and shattered mountains to a quiet place of warm light and undisturbed clouds. Mom was there, dressed in a pale yellow, fifties-style house dress, a mixing bowl in the crook of her arm, stirring a batch of cookie dough. "Ahhh, there you are, my son! What took you so long?"

Setting the bowl aside, she held her arms out to me, clothes dissolving, blown away in a cloud of tiny, scintillating fragments by a warm breeze. Naked, I could see every detail of her body. Stiffened, erect and proud, her nipples were like beacons. Her abdomen, unblemished and smooth with only the slightest hint of maternal, soft fullness around the hips and belly, the magnificent thatch of reddish blonde hair between her legs and her inner thighs, glistening with evidence of her

arousal, they all beckoned to me. As I reached towards her, she ran her tongue over her lips, mouth parting in preparation for me.

"You're all grown up now, Ricky. I'm so proud of you -- now come give me my kiss."

As I reached out to take her in my arms, I awoke.

Shuddering slightly, I threw off the dream with effort, trying to smooth my ruffled mental feathers. Glancing at my alarm clock, I could see it was an uncharacteristically early hour, even though I had not fallen asleep for quite awhile after our return home. Images of the evening in the park still swirled in my head and the first thought when I opened my eyes was that I'd had the best dream ever about me and Mom, but when I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth, I saw the faintest smudge of lipstick at the angle of my jaw. Then I knew. My God, it had really, truly happened. Suddenly, I was amazingly awake. The sight of that faint streak of red on my cheek woke me up more than any triple shot of espresso could ever hope to do.

Quickly throwing on a clean polo shirt and some shorts, I padded downstairs past Mom's still-closed door. I paused there briefly, but could hear nothing.

I put on a pot of coffee and went to the porch to get the morning paper. Easing back into the breakfast nook, I took in the headlines of the day, waiting for the pot to finish brewing. When the coffee was finally ready, I drank it black, trying to use the bitter taste to propel myself fully into the morning. Oddly, in spite of my disturbing and arousing dream, I felt as calm and content as I could ever remember. As I recalled the amazing events of our July 4th evening, I heard Mom stirring upstairs. A short while later her shower started up. When I heard her finish, I got up and poured her a cup of coffee and got a yogurt out of the fridge, slicing some of yesterday's peaches over it. I sat back and waited, very apprehensive about what to expect.

A few minutes later, Mom arrived downstairs. She was dressed in her usual uniform, a smartly tailored navy business suit and a white silk blouse, the hemline of the skirt ending slightly below her knees. The jacket was stylishly cut with a broad expanse of open space between the deeply cut "V" of the front, subtly emphasizing her cleavage. As usual, she looked great to me.

I took in every detail, noticing she seemed a little fatigued and bleary-eyed. I gestured her to sit opposite me and handed her the mug of coffee, surreptitiously surveying her for any signs of regret, or (I fervently wished) acknowledgment. Try as I might, though, I could see nothing but her normal, day-to-day demeanor.

Taking a sip, she favored me with a dazzling smile. "Ahhh, thanks sweetie. I really need a jolt this morning."

I sensed that Mom was not in any mood to talk about last night, so I kept my peace. "Would you like a ride to the station?" I asked.

Placing her hand on my arm and giving me a squeeze, she smiled warmly.

"I'll take a lift from my handsome chauffeur any time. You needed the car for something today?"

"Yeah. Uncle Louie's been after me to work a couple evenings a week while I make up my mind about my job. I thought I'd go talk to him about it. I think it'll be good to stay a little busy while I sort things out."

"Uncle Louie" was Louis Agostino, who owned the best restaurant in town. I'd begun working odd jobs and washing dishes for him when I was 16, gradually working my way up to part time line chef by the time I finished high school. Louie sort of took me under his wing after Gramp's and Nana's passing, showing me the ropes of running a kitchen and keeping me busy. He took an interest early on in my career and had been a wellspring of good advice and great contacts in the City as I developed my skills. I knew he would love to bring me on as Sous Chef in his

place, but we both knew that wasn't going to happen. All modesty and bad puns aside, I had bigger fish to fry. Still, I owed Louie a lot and was happy to help out when I had the time. Having a bit of spending money in my pocket for the summer would be nice too.

"That's generous of you, Ricky. Louis has been very good to you."

"That he has."

As we drove to the station, Mom held my hand. When we arrived, she gave me a wonderful, light but deliciously prolonged kiss before hopping out of the car, gentle, moist and just a hint of tongue.

"Don't worry about last night, darling. Nothing's changed since we went to sleep," she assured me with a smile.

How well she knew me! It was all I needed to hear to make it a great day and I loved her all the more for taking time to think about how I was feeling about us.

While I watched her make her way to the platform, it suddenly struck me how alive Mom looked, how confident and relaxed her demeanor was. As she strode away, her hips swayed and her gait was long and sensuous. She seemed to catch the eye of nearly every man she passed by. A few even stopped in their tracks, turning to watch her as she moved away from them. Every nuance of her body language shouted, "I'm a beautiful, desirable woman; look at me, watch me walk and see. I'm loved and in love."

I worked out an arrangement with Uncle Louie later that morning. I'd work as the co-lead chef on the line on Friday nights and would spend Tuesday and Thursday afternoons working with the crew, teaching them the finer aspects of classic preparation and cooking techniques, acting as a quasi-Chef de Cuisine on those

days. We worked out the details over a couple of hours and agreed that I would start next week.

When I picked up Mom at the end of the day, she was in an ebullient mood. She settled in next to me in the front seat and immediately parked herself under my arm, hand casually resting on my neck again, caressing me as we drove home.

"You seem particularly happy tonight, Mom. Good day at work?"

"Yes indeed. I'm especially happy today for three reasons."

"I'm assuming you will enumerate and enlighten me as we go here."

"I shall. Number one, I made the top ten in billable hours again this quarter, which makes three in a row, which means I get an extra week of vacation some time in the next three months. Number two, Doug March (son of the founding member of the practice and current senior partner) asked me to be lead counsel in the Vancouver Mining/Seattle-Pacific Precious Metals merger deal. I'll be flying to Vancouver in a couple weeks to meet with my Canadian counterparts and to prepare for the negotiations."

"Wow, that's great news! Congratulations, Mom."

I then described my summer arrangement with Uncle Louie, which further delighted her.

"You said there were three things, Mom."

"I most certainly did. I had lunch today with Selena Mendoza to consult with her about the Vancouver Mining deal. She's the M&A specialist who made partner last month. We've become pretty good friends over the past year and I mentored her when she first joined the practice."

"Anyway, we're sitting down to order and the first thing she asks me is 'All right, who is he?' Of course, I say that I have no idea what she's talking about, and she then says 'Come off it, Jenny. When the most serious, totally professional and completely business-like partner in the whole practice comes in to work with a big smile on her face, practically floating on air, something's up. Everyone from the mail room boy to old man March himself was speculating like mad all morning.' I thought about it for a minute and I asked her if she could keep a secret and she agreed."

"I told her I was seeing a younger man."

I almost drove off the road.

"Jesus!" I spluttered. "Damn...Why'd you say...I mean, it's great, but...Mom?"

She laughed merrily and kissed my cheek, still running her hand up and down my neck, toying with my hair. "Aren't you glad that our life is now, uhm, something more than it used to be?"

"More than you'll ever know, Mom," I sighed, wistful and hopeful at the same time.

Her expression became very serious. "You're beginning a romantic relationship with your own mother, Ricky, and all that that implies," she said somberly, her expression anxious.

"Everything is going to be different for us from now on. Whatever happens going forward, there's no way to set the clock back to before July 4th now," she said, searching my eyes.

I held her gaze, matching her serious expression with my own. Recognizing that we were touching on the very foundation of our budding relationship, I quickly pulled the car into a tree-lined side street and parked, shutting off the engine.

"Mom, not a minute goes by where I don't think about what happened last night," I said, turning to her, my voice just above a whisper.

"I know what I want," I said, hesitantly, heart beating faster. I was about to say it out loud for the first time, not only to myself, but also to Mom. I was terrified and I think it showed.

Mom saw my trepidation, but misinterpreted it, her eyes starting to brim with tears.

"Ricky," she pleaded, taking my hand. "Ricky, this is terribly important. You have to tell me right this minute if...if you're having...guilt...or doubts," she said, voice breaking.

Mom's misreading of my hesitation was such a surprise, I laughed, finally breaking the anxiety that had made it so difficult to speak.

I reached over to gently rub the tear off her cheek. Sighing with relief, I smiled tenderly and said calmly,

"I have no doubts, Mom, none at all. It's just, it's just that I've never said it out loud before, even to myself, so it's a little scary."

Drawing in a deep breath, I took both her hands back again.

"I know what I want, what I need, Mom. I want a life, a life with you," I said, my own eyes glistening.

Mom began crying again, this time smiling at the same time. She paused for a moment, wiping her tears, sniffing, "God, what a rollercoaster this all is! Look at me, I'm a complete emotional wreck and I'm making a horrible mess of my makeup. What you must think of me!"

I started to reply in protest, but Mom held up her hand, cutting me off.

Her warm smile continuing, she leaned over and kissed me, mouth trailing slowly from my lips to my cheek. "Ricky, my beautiful boy, my lovely son, that 's the most wonderful, sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me," she sighed into my ear. "Once, when you were six, you said you wanted to marry me when you grew up. You touched my heart then and now, against all odds, you've touched me again. I don't know what to say."

"Say yes, Mom, say you'll be with me," I pleaded, watching her intently.

Sighing sadly, Mom looked away, staring out the window and my heart went into free fall. Still not facing me, she spoke again, slowly and haltingly, struggling to express herself.

"Ricky...Ricky...This is so difficult for me, you have no idea...part of me wants to throw myself into your arms right this minute, to be everything you want me to be for you. But...but another part of me, the part that's an older, experienced woman, and also your Mom, she knows that things are never that simple," she exhaled sadly.

"When you're young, you think that being in love, loving somebody, is the answer to all problems, that sharing that emotion holds the key to a hundred years of bliss."

Voice hoarse with emotion, she continued, "But it's not really true. People make mistakes; people change and grow apart, sometimes quickly, sometimes after many years together. Sometimes they,,,they betray each other or even grow to hate one another."

Her voice barely audible, Mom wrung her hands in her lap. "The love a mother has for her child, it's the strongest love there is, Ricky, usually even stronger than what she feels for her mate. It's the most precious thing in her life. To ask her to jeopardize that, to deliberately place it in harm's way, it's asking a lot," she said seriously.

Crying again, she turned back to face me, putting her hands on my shoulders, looking deep into my eyes. "It really scares me to risk that, Ricky, even though the thought of us together as...as...lovers, makes my heart soar sometimes."

"I'm afraid if things don't go well for us, it could be pretty horrible. I think I could survive us breaking up as a couple, but if it caused me to lose my son, I couldn't bear that. It would be the end of my world," she quavered.

"That's how much I love you, my son," she sobbed, voice breaking.

As high as I was flying when I picked Mom up, I was now lower than dust in the road. It seemed as though Mom was talking herself out of what I was sure was meant to be, that her fears and innately cautious nature would forever be in the way of our coming together. After what we shared the night before, it was inconceivable, impossible that we would not be with each other.

I was silent for some minutes while I digested her statement. Clearing my throat hesitantly, I reached out to squeeze her hand reassuringly, replying softly, "I've never been very good at concealing my thoughts from you, Mom. I think...I....ah, shit!" I cried in frustration. "I can't say this just looking at you, Mom."

I frantically unbuckled her seat belt and pulled her urgently, almost roughly into my lap, wrapping my arms around her, squeezing her tightly as I buried my face in her hair. Her arms simultaneously came around my shoulders, returning my hug with equal intensity.

"You've known for a long time how I feel about you, about us, Mom," I murmured into her shoulder.

"I...I understand what you're saying, about us being, uhm, lovers. I really do," I said, voice tight. "And I may be young, and I may be inexperienced and idealistic, but I do know this one thing, Mom. I know if you don't play, you can't win."

Inhaling her scent deeply, I felt some measure of calm return and I stroked her hair gently, tracing my fingers along her hairline and over the crest of her ear, trailing down to the side of her neck. Mom seemed to settle against me a little as my hand came to rest on the top of her shoulder and she sighed. I let my hands trace around her upper arms and back, lightly, soothing, simple and affectionate.

Whispering in her ear, I spoke as calmly and reassuringly as I could.

"Mom, right now, I think the most important thing you need to know is that no matter what, this son loves his mother. If we can be together as more than that, I'll be the happiest guy on earth. If it doesn't work out, it's not going to change the fact that you're always going to be my mom, and that all we have in this world is each other. I'll always be there for you - that's my solemn promise right now, here at this minute and from now on, regardless."

Mom seemed to heave a sigh of relief. "Thanks, Ricky. I promise you'll always be my son too, no matter what."

Pulling back slightly from her, I brushed her hair back over her ear and kissed her lightly on her lips.

"Can you promise me one more thing, Mom?"

"Will you try? Will you really try to give us a chance? Because, it would be wonderful. It would be the best, Mom. We would be good together, pretty lady, really good," I entreated her. "You'd be my queen."

Plunging on, I said, "I'll make you another promise myself, Mom. I promise that I'll do my best not to push you or make you uncomfortable. We'll go as fast or as slow as you want, as we figure out where we're going with this. That's my promise."

We drove the rest of the way home in silence, Mom holding my free hand. I was going over everything she had said in my mind, trying to get a handle on where we were headed. There was a metric ton of stuff left unsaid between us. The ambiguity of being an "almost" couple was maddening to me. All of my long-suppressed desires cried out to seize the opportunity and push things to an ultimate conclusion, but I knew in my heart that there would be no rushing Mom. She was showing her cautious nature and definitely needed to feel in control of what was happening between us. I knew for certain, just as I promised her, that there was no chance I was going to hurt her in any way, but there sure was a good possibility that I might go insane with frustration.

Mom still seemed a bit pensive as we pulled into the garage. After the door closed behind us, I turned to Mom and gave her a gentle, prolonged kiss. "I meant what I said last night, and just now, Mom. I won't do anything you don't want. But," I grinned wickedly, "I will do everything you ask, so be warned."

"Thank you, sweetheart," she whispered.

Drawing in a large breath, she looked deeply in my eyes.

"Okay, Ricky," she said, barely audible. "I'll try."

For dinner, we reheated some leftover pasta and had some steamed veggies. We talked at some length about the upcoming trip to Vancouver, Mom describing her role in the whole process. It was all quite foreign to me, but fascinating nevertheless. When we were finished and had cleaned up our dishes, to my disappointment, Mom excused herself and went to her office to work on the

merger project for several hours. I occupied myself with a few chores that needed doing and was watching some brainless reality show when Mom came out of her office.

"Pffft, that's enough for one day, I think," she said heavily, stretching her arms above her head and arching her neck back. She walked over to the sofa and stood at my side. "What on earth are you watching, Ricky? That stuff will rot your brain. Unless...have you developed an attraction for self-promoting publicity whores with big fake boobs and no discernible talents?"

"Actually, I already have a girl. Nobody can hold a candle to her."

Nodding towards the television, I added, "She makes that Kim person look like Ron Perlman."

"Do tell. What's she like?"

"Well, she's about five foot nine, with deep blue eyes and beautiful strawberry blonde hair. She's smart, sexy and about the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life. I love her to death and need her more than my next heartbeat," I replied, taking her hand and pulling her into my lap.

Settling herself into a comfortable position, she put her arms around my neck and snuggled up close.

"Sit with me for a while, Mom. We can watch whatever you like. I've just been killing time, waiting for you to finish your work."

"So, you were hoping to spend the rest of the evening making out with your Mom?"

"I was hoping to steal a kiss or two," I admitted. "But if you're tired, I can take a rain check, pretty lady."

"You're very sweet and considerate, Ricky. I can always spare a few minutes for my handsome son."

Our first kiss on the sofa was just as sweet as the one in the park the preceding day, but different. After our wrenching conversation on the way home, I was still feeling upset and uncertain. My anxiety must have shown, because Mom picked up on it immediately.

Cupping my cheek maternally, Mom forced me to look at her. "Ricky, what's wrong? Talk to me, honey. Tell me what's worrying you."

"Mom...Mom, are we okay?" I blurted.

She gave me a reassuring smile, and ruffled my hair like always. Then, quickly, she bent to my lips and gave me a burning, toe-curling kiss, her tongue devouring me. I moaned back into her mouth and pulled her to me tightly as her arms curled around my shoulders.

Breaking the kiss, Mom regarded me closely, eyes dancing.

"Does that answer your question, my son?"

Sighing in relief, I smiled, saying, "Yeah, Mom. Thanks. Thanks for everything."

"You're welcome, Ricky," she whispered. "You're always welcome. Now, about that last kiss -- Momma thinks you can do better, much better than that. Let's try again."

I was happy for the extra homework.

We necked lightly for another five or ten minutes, things slowly heating up. The tongue action started to get pretty hot and heavy, both of us sighing and panting as our excitement grew. Mom broke our embrace, placing her hand on my chest, head down, breathing in short gasps.

"Whew! You go to my head, young man. You are far too good a kisser for my own good - I was really starting to get carried away there."

"I think that's enough for tonight," she said, a note of regret in her voice.

Carefully placing her hand on my upper thigh, she gave me a slight squeeze. "Besides, I think there's something you need to take care of right about now."

"Mom!"

"Don't be embarrassed, Ricky. You have no idea how nice it is to know I excite you. You make me feel like a teenager all over again - it's really quite sweet and a huge compliment."

Getting off my lap, she stood up and drew me to my feet. Bringing her arms underneath mine and onto my back, she kissed me soundly again, and then broke our embrace, bringing a hand to my cheek. "You're a natural gentleman, Ricky. Thank you for being so patient with me - I know it's harder, difficult for you right now."

I smiled and laughed. "It's both, Mom."

We walked upstairs, holding hands, pausing for one more long kiss outside Mom's bedroom door. She then pushed me away, slowly, as though struggling. Squaring her shoulders with effort, she took my arm and pointed me down the hall, giving my butt a light swat to get me moving.

"Time to go 'handle' you problem, son," she whispered in my ear, lips trailing across my cheek.

As I reached the door to my bathroom, I turned around briefly. Mom was still in the hallway, looking at me with a gentle smile on her face.

"Have fun stirring the honey pot, Mom," I teased, stepping quickly into the doorway.

"Ricky - you brat!" she shrieked. I got the door closed just in time, one of Mom's slippers smacking against it. Thank God I could find a way to see some humor in our situation. It was either that or have a psychotic break - so I laughed.

I hopped in the shower and got everything nice and clean, really clean. I was still semi-hard when I got out, wrapping a towel around my waist and quietly stepping into the hallway. Moving carefully to Mom's closed door, I canted my head to listen. Shifting my weight to bring my ear closer to the door, a floorboard creaked slightly beneath me. Shit! I heard Mom's voice immediately.

"Ricky! Get your horny butt into bed! There's no muffin buffin' going on here tonight, so skedaddle now!"

I couldn't help myself. Muffin buffin' indeed - I cracked up. "Sorry, Mom! Good night!"

"Good night, you bad boy. Just so you know - I'm putting saltpeter in your scrambled eggs tomorrow!" Mom was laughing as well.

Jesus, what a pair we made. I think we were both going crazy, dancing around the elephant in our room, but if we went insane, it would be in good humor, I supposed. It's amazing what you can endure when you really love someone.

Things continued in a similar vein between us for another week or two, the undercurrents become stronger with each make-out session. It seemed as though we were swimming on the edge of a vortex, which could suck us into lustful oblivion at any time. I was in a haze of constant arousal whenever I was near Mom and I don't think she was faring much better.

I never knew what to expect when I took her into my arms, though. There were times when the slightest brush across her breast or brief caress of a thigh would provoke a gentle rebuke and others when she would let me touch her through her blouse for minutes at a time. It seemed that sometimes Mom was holding back by main force of will and wasn't able to bring herself to the next level of intimacy with me. Other times, I was left with the feeling that I was mere minutes away from getting naked with her.

Then there were the looks she gave me, whenever she stopped our make-out sessions. The lust was there, to be sure, with obviously flushed cheeks and chest and moist lips, but it was her eyes and her hands that always gave me pause. When she would put her palm on my thumping chest, so slowly and gently pushing me away, or burying her head in my shoulder, almost in embarrassment, when she started to get carried away, she would then look up at me, her gaze a strange combination of apology, regret and desire. Then she would get up, her hands very slowly trailing off my back or shoulders, obviously loathe to relinquish her contact with me.

My heart would go out to her at those times, quickly banking the fires of my own desire. After those moments, I would always try to give her a simple warm hug and a peck on the cheek, like old times, letting her know that I was, first and foremost, still her son. She seemed to appreciate those unspoken assurances and her spirits would visibly lift when she left my side, usually to retire for the evening.

I may have been half mad with lust during that time, but I wasn't completely brain dead. This was my Mom, who I loved with all my heart, and she was having trouble figuring out what to do. I did my best to be patient. I hoped every day that

she would find her way to me, praying every night that she wouldn't lose her nerve and pull away completely.

The Friday before Mom was to leave for Vancouver, I sat in the kitchen at breakfast time, staring into a bitter cup of black coffee, trying without much success to sort out my feelings.

Our new romance was more than I could possibly have hoped just a few short months ago, but I positively ached for more. It was painfully clear that wherever things were going, they were going to happen at the pace Mom decided on.

I worried daily about my ability to live off of crumbs from the incestuous banquet table that was laid out just beyond my reach. As my ultimate dream appeared to inch closer, it seemed as though there was more to lose by trying to push things along. Mom was placing a lot of confidence in my ability to wait for her, but I felt in my gut that if I tried to escalate our nascent affair on my own, I'd be breaking her trust in a way that would not be reparable. It was absolutely maddening.

Even more frustrating was her imminent departure. As perpetually horny as our situation had made me, the mere thought of being separated from Mom at this point was even more painful. I closed my eyes and heaved a long sigh.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" Mom had come down for breakfast, unnoticed during my short excursion into self-pity.

"Mom, I was thinking, I'm not going to see you for maybe a week or more when you leave Sunday. I'm going to miss you a lot."

"Me too, sweetie, but that's the way it is. You going to have to hang in there, big guy," she consoled, giving me a hug. "I'm going to miss your touch and kisses just as much, darling," she whispered in my ear.

"How about I send you off in style, sweet lady? Can I take you out for dinner and dancing tomorrow evening? We'll go to Sorvino's Supper Club. Please say yes," I entreated.

"That would be wonderful, Ricky. Yes, I will go out with you."

"Great! I'll make the reservations today."

"One thing, Ricky."

"Yes, Mom?"

"This girl doesn't put out on the first date," she grinned.

I knew she was just teasing me, but it stung anyway. I think it must have shown a little in my expression, because Mom was immediately contrite.

"Oh, I'm sorry darling! I was just teasing, you know," she said, genuine concern in her eyes. She showered my face with little smooches of apology. "I'm really sorry, sweetheart."

"It's okay Mom, no big deal. I just want a nice memory to hold me until you get back."

"You're my incurable romantic, you sweet young man. I really do love you, you know."

I put my arms around her waist and kissed her soundly. "Love you too, Mom," I murmured.

Reluctantly, she disengaged from my embrace, hands trailing down my arms, lightly caressing and then regretfully releasing as she squeezed my fingers. "I've got to get to work," she sighed, backing away unwillingly.

As she turned to leave, I pinched her bottom. "Ciao, bella!"

Squealing in mock indignation, she slapped at my hand, eyes sparkling. "I'll see you after you get back from Louie's tonight, you naughty young man."

"Bye, pretty lady."

Friday evenings at Uncle Louie's place were always a madhouse, but that particular evening was brutal. We were shorthanded a Commis, so we fell behind on mis en place early on in the shift. Because we were rushing to get caught up, our Saucier got careless and ended up burning her arm badly, effectively putting her out of commission for the evening. I ended up trying to do two jobs, working the line and filling in at her station. Somehow, I pulled things off, as we had no complaints from the dining room or the wait staff. As we were closing down, Louie came back to personally thank us all for our efforts. "See you all at the Bald Moose Grill after we close," he announced. "Drinks are on me. Are you coming Rick?"

"Take a rain check, if I may? There's a lady waiting for me this evening."

"There's only one thing that should stand between a chef and free after hours libations," Louie intoned seriously. "And you've named it. See ya Tuesday."

When I got home, I found Mom asleep on the sofa. The living room was dark, illuminated only by the flickering television screen. A half empty bottle of wine was next to her on the coffee table. She lay completely relaxed, sprawled out with one leg and arm dangling off the edge of the couch, bathrobe parted around her legs, exposing her up to the tops of her thighs. I could make out the very bottom

of the front of her silky white panties, a small delta of brightness nestled at the junction of the flawless alabaster softness of her upper thighs.

I stood still for several minutes, drinking in the sight, a captivating combination of sweet vulnerability and sexy display. I was bending down to kiss her when I noticed her smell. Musky and unmistakable, I immediately recognized the scent of aroused woman. It was then I could see a slight sheen on the inside of her thighs and the clearly damp condition of the front of her panties. Her right hand laid limply on her lower abdomen, palm up, fingers slightly curled. Her fingers were lightly glistening, even in the low flickering light of the television.

As I took in the visual telltales and odor of Mom's evening of self-pleasure, my cock went from merely erect to high carbon steel hardness. I think I must have moaned in my throat, because Mom stirred slightly, eyelids fluttering. Stepping catlike, smoothly and silently to her side, I quickly bent over her, slipping one arm beneath her knees and the other around her lower back. Operating on pure limbic overdrive, I scooped her up, startling her into wakefulness.

"Whaaa....mnnpphhh...hunh?..... Ricky?" She mumbled, arms reflexively reaching around my neck to stabilize herself. She slowly woke up as I carried her across the living room.

"Ricky, what're you doing?"

I didn't respond; instead I buried my face in the crook of her neck, kissing her at the juncture of her soft throat and shoulder, just above the collarbone. I sucked her flesh into my mouth hungrily, Mom throwing her head back and moaning slightly. "Oooohhhh, baby..."

By now, I was at the top of the stairs, arms aching. My strength gave out and I set her on her feet next to the bedroom door. Pulling her close to me, I sought her lips, crushing them under my own with a growl. She melted against me, her tongue seeking out mine with equal passion, body pressed fully against me. I instinctively sought her breast with my right hand, my left arm still wrapped around her waist, holding her close. As I felt her nipple hardening beneath my palm, my other hand

slipped to cup her ass cheek, pulling her pelvis tightly and insistently against my hardness. Mom then seemed to come to her senses, breaking her kiss with me. With an obvious shudder, she pushed me back slightly, slowly, very reluctantly removing my hand from her breast. "Oh my, baby..." she sighed, lips trembling, breath coming in tortured gasps. "We've got... to be... careful, sweetheart...She took in a gulping breath, looking at me with concern. "I can't...let...things...get out of...control...not yet, not ready yet," she whispered, breathing still labored.

I was in such a state of arousal that it sounded to me as though Mom was talking to me through a long cardboard tube, words faint and indistinct as my own pulse thundered in my ears. Reluctantly, I came partially back to the real world, trembling slightly, but still breathing through flared nostrils like an enraged bull. I was not able to formulate a coherent thought, completely unable to speak.

Mom had her arms on my shoulders and was looking at me intently, the hooded look of excitement in her eyes gradually being replaced by worry. "Ricky, relax. Get a hold of yourself. Settle down," she entreated me.

Slowly reclaiming a few shreds of self-control, I took a shuddering deep breath. She looked so desirable, so damn sexy that I felt myself beginning to slip again. With a moan, I took her right hand and brought it to my mouth, licking her taste off her fingers. "Oh my god." she exclaimed as her eyes widened in shock.

I bolted to the bathroom without looking back, slamming the door behind me as I shoved my pants and boxers to my ankles in one savage movement. Grasping and roughly stroking myself, I came almost immediately. "Ohhhgoddldooove yoooumom!" I cried, agony fusing with ecstasy.

Spent, I collapsed onto the toilet seat, panting like I had run up a dozen flights of stairs. I sank into a kind of stupor for ten or fifteen minutes, at one point hearing Mom outside the bathroom door. She seemed to stand there for several minutes without knocking, but then left. Shortly after that, I heard her bedroom door close softly, followed by the sounds of her shower starting up. I was in no state to go to sleep, so I cleaned up quickly and changed into shorts and a tee shirt. I then went

back to the family room and turned on the TV, paying only marginal attention to the screen as I tried to regain my composure.

Probably 5 or 10 minute later, Mom came downstairs, dressed in some man pajamas and a bathrobe. She had a wholesome, freshly scrubbed look, but seemed very apprehensive as she came to stand by the sofa. "Ricky," she began hesitantly, "Are you okay?"

I smiled weakly. "I'm fine now Mom. Coming back and seeing you like that, well, it was a little too stimulating, I guess."

"You scared me, you were so intense."

I immediately felt terrible. "Oh, Mom, I'm so sorry. I don't know what got into me. It's just that sometimes, you just turn me on so much..."

I held my hands out to her. "Please sit with me for a few minutes, okay?"

Mom bit her lip, not meeting my eyes at first. After a long moment, she ran her hand through her hair absently and looked up to me, sighing apologetically.

"I'm sorry too, sweetheart. I didn't want to shut you down so hard, but I felt like things were starting to get out of control... It was too intense, too quick for me, baby," she exhaled gustily, "I was afraid things were happening too fast," she said, voice trailing away.

Reaching out to her, I finally captured her fingers in my hands, gently pulling her down next to me and I put my arms around her. "I love you Mom. I won't forget my promise. I'm sorry I frightened you." I buried my face in her hair, taking a deep breath of her clean scent, once again inhaling soap and sandalwood. I held her this way for some time and she gradually relaxed, putting her hands over my arms as I lightly rocked her. Hesitantly, I asked her, "Are you still going out with me tomorrow night?"

She squeezed my forearms and tilted her head back to kiss my cheek. "Of course, Ricky."

I heaved a large sigh of relief and then stirred slightly, in preparation of getting up, but Mom pushed back against me, holding my forearms tighter. "Going somewhere, buster?"

She scooted back towards me, her hips forcing my knees apart until her buttocks were pushed up against my perpetually aching crotch, back resting on my chest. Turning her head back to me, she said, "Let's try that again, darling. I do trust you, you know."

She found my lips for a reassuring kiss. As our lips joined a second time, her tongue immediately sought mine. She tasted of toothpaste, clean and cool. Flicking and lashing together, she sucked me into her mouth and broke our kiss with a small sigh, a silvery string of saliva stretching between our lips. Resuming the kiss with a sigh, she pressed her lips even harder against mine. Never breaking our contact, Mom moved my hands from her waist and undid the sash of her robe. Thrusting her tongue urgently into my mouth, she sought out my hands and squeezed them and then brought them up and placed them on her breasts. "Mmmmm, Ricky, please touch me," she whispered.

"Mom... are you sure?"

"It's okay, baby, it's okay," she whispered reassuringly.

I felt like I had been bodily transported to paradise. I gently cupped each soft, supple heaviness through the material of her pajama tops, slowly running my fingers all over and around those sublime orbs, lightly probing and sliding, committing every millimeter of her wonderful contours to memory. When I delicately ran my fingertips over her hardening nipples the first time, she gasped into my mouth and moaned.

"Ooohh, baby, that feels so nice."

As I gently palmed her breasts through the light flannel of the pajama top, now lightly squeezing her nipples between my fingertips, Mom began to push herself back against my straining groin. The pressure was unbearable and I began to involuntarily thrust forward to meet her, feeling the smooth contour of her lower back through the layers of fabric. As I continued to knead her breasts, paying more vigorous attention to her nipples, she began moaning almost continuously into my mouth as our kiss continued, still tasting each other's tongues. I could feel the pressure beginning to build in my groin as I dry-humped Mom's back. Her hands had been resting on top of mine, gently holding them in place on her breasts as I caressed her, but now, I saw her drop her right hand to her abdomen, fingers disappearing beneath the waistband of her pajama bottoms. She stiffened slightly, moaning into my mouth, her own hand moving beneath the front of her pajama pants.

I was incredibly excited by the sight, my fingers lightly pinching her nipples through the flannel of her PJs as she began to stroke herself. Unable to contain myself, I quickly unbuttoned her top, my hands rapidly finding their way back to her heaving chest.

Holding my mother's bare breasts in my hands for the first time, I marveled at their silky heft, the warm smoothness of her skin. Tracing my fingers around the slight bumpiness at the perimeter of her areolae, I sought the small erect monuments of her nipples with my fingertips, lightly pinching and kneading them. Exhaling her breath in a sibilant hiss, Mom arched her back to push herself more fully into my clasping hands.

"Oh, baby, that's so good. Yessssss, just like that. Touch your Mommy."

She must have been at least as turned on as I was, because after only a few seconds of my stimulation and her stroking her own slit, she cried out and arched her back

even more, exhaling sharply into a long, drawn out sigh. "Ahhhhh, god! Riickeeee..."

As she raised her hips in climax, I suddenly found mine sliding underneath her bottom. She immediately responded by grinding down into my crotch. My cock now nestled into the crack of her ass, I continued my humping movements. It was immediately too much for me. I stiffened myself, feeling a great tightness beginning in my groin and spreading outwards. I pushed upwards against her back crevice, raising her wonderful firm cheeks further off the sofa, crashing into my own orgasm. "Ahhhhhmygodmygod Moooooooooooooom!" I must have ejaculated at least a half dozen huge ropes of cum, completely saturating my shorts and immediately soaking through to dampen the seat of Mom's pajamas.

With a shudder, I collapsed completely back onto the couch, twitching with the nearly unbearable pleasure of my climax. Mom was also totally spent, her chest heaving and flushed from her arousal, a light sheen of perspiration on her face and upper chest, as she settled back against me. I let my hands slide down off her breasts with a sigh, resting them on warm softness of her belly, hugging her close. Her arms closed over mine and she sighed contentedly. We lay quietly like this for some minutes, not speaking, just breathing and holding, until Mom spoke.

"My bottom is all wet, you naughty boy," she whispered. "I need to get cleaned up, and so do you."

We struggled to our feet, knees wobbly, slowly making our way upstairs. I cleaned myself off quickly in the bathroom, wincing with the contact of the cold, wet washcloth on my cock and balls. Putting on a fresh pair of shorts, I went to Mom's room. As I walked through the doorway, Mom was just shrugging a nightgown over her shoulders, her back to me. For a brief moment, I could see the flawless skin of her back, the elegant, elongated and serrated curve of her spine, her perfect buttocks encased in a pair of plain, white, cotton bikini panties. As the gown settled around her calves, Mom turned and started, seeing me in the doorway. "Were you peeking, mister?"

"Maybe just a little, Mom. You are so beautiful."

"Well, beautiful or not, I'm tired. It's bed time."

I walked over to the bedside and turned down the covers. "I'll tuck you in." I got her settled and pulled the covers up under her chin. I sat on the edge of the bed, and kissed her lightly on her lips, touching her cheek lightly. "G'night, my gorgeous mother, sleep well."

"Good night, son. Off with you now, get some rest." She closed her eyes, a half smile on her lips. Her eyelids fluttered then she was elsewhere.

But I didn't leave. Captivated, I stayed sitting on the edge of the bed, watching her sleep for almost half an hour, taking in every detail of her face. The worry lines on her forehead slowly smoothed away and her breathing became soft and regular. I could see the slight flare of her delicate nostrils every time she exhaled. Gradually, I could detect the movement of her eyes beneath their lids as she began to dream. A small smile appeared on her lips and did not fade. When I went to bed, I also slept with a smile, heavily and dreamlessly.

When I swam my way back to consciousness the next morning, it was already well past 10 am. It was a typical August morning, sky a bluish gray haze of suspended dust and suffocating humidity, the beginnings of cumulus clouds evident, likely foretelling afternoon thundershowers. After I deflated my morning wood, I went downstairs to the kitchen. A pot of hot coffee was already on, a note beside it. It read, "Ricky - I'm out doing some shopping for tonight. See you later this afternoon. Love and Kisses, Mom. P.S. Keep your hands out of your pants today. XO m."

As I stood in the middle of the kitchen, reading and rereading the note, I was torn between exasperation and breathless anticipation. Was she just teasing me? That thought was torture on one hand, but strangely reassuring and satisfying on the other. It felt like an affectionate, intimate jest between lovers.

The other possibility was, of course, a direct request. "Don't be whacking off, big guy. I've got plans for this evening," I imagined her voice in my head, throaty and sultry.

It didn't bear any further thought, I concluded. Spending any more time trying to read between the lines would only drive me crazy. I carefully folded the paper and put it in my shirt pocket, patting it once for good luck, a small smile on my face. I mentally squared my shoulders and set about getting something to eat.

As I sat in the breakfast nook, sipping a mug of coffee and absently chewing on some toast, I reviewed my mental checklist for the evening's activities. I had one or two details to double check, but most everything was in order. I reread Mom's note, a stupid-silly smile on my face. I finished my coffee and headed out the door.

Necessary stops this morning included the florist and dry cleaners. I took my time, knowing if I sat around at home, I'd be a candidate for a rubber room before the day was out. When I got back, Mom was still out. I surfed the web, made a few desultory attempts at using my old PlayStation, paced around the house, tried reading a book, paced around the house, tried taking a nap, paced around the house and then to break up the monotony, I paced around the house.

Mom finally arrived home just before 4, breezing through the kitchen with several shopping bags. She gave me a glancing kiss and swept upstairs. "Gotta start getting ready for my hot date, kiddo," she called over her shoulder. "I'll be ready by 6. See ya." With that she was gone. Shortly after, I heard her drawing a bath.

Of course I was ready long before Mom came down. I had dressed in a dark, raw silk blazer, which Mom had bought for me for job interviews, some charcoal slacks and a white shirt and tie. I sat in the family room, idly surfing the channels while I waited for Mom to make her appearance. Finally, about 5 minutes before we needed to leave, I heard her bedroom door open. I quietly pulled out my cellphone and speed-dialed. I said, "We're ready," and hung up quickly. Then she came down the stairs.

Sweet Jesus.

As anxious as I felt before, as taxing as the wait was, I would have gladly endured a month of pacing and hand wringing to see what was now in front of me.

She was clad in a brilliant deep crimson, sequined evening dress. It was designed in sheath fashion, flowing diagonally off her right shoulder, the left exposed. The smooth fabric draped across her chest in the same line, leaving the upper portion of her left chest and the top third of her left breast bare. It flowed over the slight, sexy, womanly bulge of her belly and then her hips, ending in an asymmetric, slanting hemline which nearly reached to her left knee, but left a long, delectable expanse of her smooth right thigh exposed. A pair of glossy, sheer hose and matching red pumps completed the effect. It was elegant. It was sophisticated. It was alluring. It was my wettest dream, encased in sparkles, sequins and ruby silk. When she reached the last step, she paused briefly, hand on bannister, one gorgeous leg extended above the last step, ankle slightly cocked.

"Fuck me running," I muttered under my breath.

Mom turned around slowly once when she got to the bottom of the stairs, looking at me expectantly. I gulped and cleared my throat.

"Ehhmmmm. Mom. Unbelievable!" I croaked.

"You like it?"

There was only one response. I closed the distance between us and kissed her hard. Her eyes widened in surprise and then her arms came around my neck as she returned the favor, tongue lightly dancing on my lips. She broke the kiss and took a deep breath, palm on my chest.

"Whew! I guess I had my question answered, big boy."

"There's only one thing needed to complete your outfit, pretty lady." I quickly stepped into the dining room and brought out the fruits of my visit to the florist, hiding them behind my back. I came back into the foyer and presented a large bouquet of mixed red, orange and deep pink roses to Mom.

She took in a quick breath of surprise and teared up. "Oh Ricky, sweetheart! You didn't need to do this. They're perfect, so beautiful! Thank you so much, darling!" That earned me another heartfelt, passionate kiss.

I picked one newly opening red rose from the bouquet and handed it to Mom. "We'll take this with us."

I took her hand and led her towards the front door. "The car, Ricky?" she questioned.

"I made other arrangements," I replied. The timing was perfect. As we stepped out onto the porch, the limo pulled up to the curb.

I have to be honest and say that I've never been a big fan of the various kinds of stretch vehicles that seem to be so popular these days for proms and other special events. I find them to be vulgar and ostentatious. This car, on the other hand, was perfect for the occasion. It was a gleaming, midnight black, 6 door Mercedes Grand 600, about 1970 vintage. It was the perfect combination of luxury and understated, sophisticated elegance.

Mom gripped my arm in surprise. "Ricky! How did you manage..."

"I have my ways, Mom. I know lots of people in the City and through Uncle Louie too."

She pulled me close and leaned her head on my shoulder as we strolled to the sidewalk. "I love you, son," she whispered.

"I told you I wanted us to have a memorable evening, Mom." I put my arm around her shoulder and hugged her close. "I love you too, you know."

The driver stood ready at the door, holding it open for us. "Good evening, Mr. Lindermann, ma'am. My name is Lydia. It will be my pleasure to be your driver this evening. Please make yourself comfortable and we'll get under way shortly."

I handed Mom into the back and joined her. After closing our door, Lydia slid behind the steering wheel and turned to look at us, eyes taking Mom in with appreciation. "Sorvino's as planned, sir?"

"Yes, please," I replied.

"Very good, sir." Lydia paused for a moment and quietly cleared her throat. "I hope I'm not being too forward, but may I say that I seldom have the opportunity to chauffeur such an attractive couple? Madame is particularly beautiful this evening."

"Thank you Lydia, and no, you're not out of line. I couldn't agree more," I replied, squeezing Mom's hand.

Our driver turned her attention to the dashboard and pushed a button. A thick, smoked glass partition rose with a whisper in front of us and then we were enveloped in luxurious silence as the Benz pulled smoothly away from the curb.

Mom snuggled under my arm and put her hand on my knee. "Sorvino's eh? I can't remember the last time I went out for dinner and dancing."

"You deserve it, Mom. Can I interest you in some champagne?"

"Mmmmm. Yes, please. Not five minutes out of the house and you're already spoiling me rotten."

I gave her a slow, thorough kiss, lips closed, just tender and affectionate, Mom sighing happily when I broke it.

"That's the general idea." I opened the wet bar in front of us and extracted a split of Veuve Cliquot and two chilled glasses. Pouring into the flutes, I raised mine in toast. "To my beautiful mother, who I love very much."

"To my handsome, talented son, who I love just as much," she replied, clinking our glasses together.

We settled in close to each other, thigh to thigh, each sipping our drinks, my arm around her shoulders, her free hand resting casually on my leg, stroking lightly. We spoke little during the ride, savoring our champagne and sharing an occasional kiss as we wound our way through the countryside to the supper club. I savored every mile of our journey, memorizing every detail as we made our way into the countryside.

Our arrival at the club and Mom's exit from the limousine created quite a stir. All eyes were on her as we entered the club and I gave my name to the maître d'. I was very conscious of and highly gratified by all of the attention Mom garnered as we were escorted to our table. Turning to whisper in her ear, I told her how proud I was to have the most beautiful woman in the building at my side. She gave me a radiant smile and squeezed my arm, kissing my cheek.

As we settled in our booth adjacent to the dance floor, I beckoned to the hostess. Handing her Mom's rose, I asked, "Could you bring this back in a small vase, please?"

"Certainly sir. The band will begin playing in about 10 minutes. Are you planning on dancing? If so, we can hold your orders until you finish."

"That would be perfect, thank you."

We decided on a Carpaccio of tenderloin with rosemary olive oil, to be followed by a Caesar salad and a traditional ossobuco in bianco with risotto alla Milanese, washed down with a bottle of Tignanello. As we finished placing our order, the band and singer took the stage. Nodding towards the floor, I took Mom's hand. "May I have this dance, mother?"

"It would be my pleasure, young sir."

Taking her hand in mine, I led Mom to the center of the dance floor, taking her into my arms as the band began its first song.

The opening number was perfect, so much so that it could hardly have been better scripted. As the strains of T-Bone Walker's old classic "Glamour Girl" wove around us, I drew Mom in close to me and kissed her cheek.

"There's no one here that can hold a candle to you, Mom. You're absolutely gorgeous and I'm feeling very fortunate."

As she moved in closer, the front of Mom's thighs brushed against mine. My response was as rapid and involuntary as usual. As she felt me hardening against her, a small smile formed and she drew me in closer. "You're a good dancer, Ricky. I feel so nice and tingly when you hold me."

Delicately manipulating our trajectory to the far corner of the dance floor, Mom tilted her head to me and we shared, a soft, slow kiss. At the same time, she reached behind her back and guided my right hand to her ass.

Startled, but immensely gratified, my hand flowed over her supple, rounded contour, Mom lightly grinding against me, intensifying our kiss, her tongue seeking me out.

"Mmmmm, baby. You sure know how to show your Mom a good time."

We continued our circuit of the floor, my hand never left Mom's luscious behind. I continued to caress her curves, occasionally cupping and squeezing, to small, soft murmurs of approval into my ear. One of her hands would occasionally drop down from my shoulders, sliding slowly to my waist, drawing our pelvises together for a slight, subtle grind. She seemed to know exactly when to do this, intensifying the sensuality of our dance together.

By comparison, I began to feel a bit like a bull in the proverbial china shop, with my not so subtle groping of her ass, so I slowly changed my own explorations to more closely mimic hers, taking more time to concentrate on every aspect of our contact.

I savored the glide of my hand across the soft skin of her back between her spine and shoulder blade, the subtle tilt and bump of the crest of her pelvis as I rested my hand on her hip while we moved together. I would run my fingers down the serrated prominence of her spine, only occasionally and unpredictably letting her know I had not forgotten about her marvelous bottom.

Much to my surprise, I found that while I very much enjoyed my initial, very direct explorations of her sweet cheeks, when I changed to the more nuanced reconnaissance of her luscious figure, it actually intensified my arousal tremendously. It was an epiphany, realizing that I was in the middle of the restaurant, having socially acceptable foreplay with my oh-so-desirable mother.

Mom definitely noticed and appreciated the change in my attentions, hugging me closer, again whispering in my ear.

"You're a fast learner and a very good dancer, son. You know exactly how to treat a lady and make her feel special," she breathed, her own hand running lightly over my ass.

"But it has to be the right lady, Mom," I grinned back.

"I'm going to have to watch myself around you, young man. You are a dangerously charming fellow."

With some surprise, we noticed that we were alone on the dance floor. The band had finished its first set and we hadn't even noticed -- an hour had gone by like the snapping of fingers.

Offering Mom my arm, I led her back to our table. "Step this way, gorgeous. We have a dinner waiting for us."

Our meal was excellent and the service unobtrusive, which I greatly appreciated. We concentrated on enjoying each other's company and I found myself really feeling as though I were on a date with a beautiful woman. Mom was absolutely captivating, putting me completely under her spell (as if I wasn't already totally besotted with her.) Our conversation was scintillating, engaging, humorous and adult. More than once, I found myself thinking "How can a woman this beautiful, this intelligent and this alluring not have men crawling out of the woodwork to be with her?" I mentally shrugged my shoulders and rejoiced at the male race's collective loss and my gain, at the same time noting that the band had returned to the dais.

We broke from our entrees for a second round of dancing, which was even more amazing than the first, if that was possible. As I took Mom in my arms, she immediately steered us to the far corner of the dance floor. Pressing herself close to me, she caressed my back and shoulders as we moved together, her touch more insistent, lingering and overtly sensual than before. She murmured appreciation as I discretely cupped her ass cheek with one hand, lightly grinding her pelvis against me. Then, unbelievably, her hand found its way to the tented front of my trousers, lightly running her palm over my hardness.

I was so startled I almost stumbled. I certainly had fantasized about Mom touching my cock, but I never expected the first time to be in public! It was bold, stimulating

and very unexpected. I was awestruck as I considered the implications. Mom's actions were like the briefest glimpse through a keyhole into a room crammed with sexual possibilities, hinting that the woman I held in my arms was far more sensuous, possibly far more uninhibited than I had ever imagined.

Mom was looking at me as she surreptitiously caressed my cock through my slacks, a mischievous smile lighting up her face as she took in my eyes widening in shock, as well as my gasp of pleasure. Slipping her other hand behind my neck, she gently drew me down to whisper in my ear.

"I'm having a wonderful evening, darling. Thank you so much for everything. I wish we could be like this all night."

Cupping her chin in my hand, I looked into her blue pools and murmured "It's entirely my pleasure, Mom. I'm so happy to be here with you -- it's another one of my dreams, finally coming true."

Slipping her arms up my back and around my shoulders, she tilted her head to mine and kissed me thoroughly, tongue lightly dancing with mine as she lightly pressed herself against my throbbing groin. As our kiss intensified, her thrusting became more overt and my excitement became almost unbearable.

Breaking our kiss with great reluctance, I pulled back slightly. "If we keep this up, I'm going to have a messy problem, Mom."

Eyes sparkling with amusement, she ran a finger over my bulging front one last time and then took my hand, leading us back to our table.

"We certainly can't allow that, handsome. Let's have some dessert and cool things down for a while. You're severely tempting me tonight, you hunk," she breathed. I jumped a little as she patted my ass.

"The feeling's mutual, Mom," I replied softly. "Never in my life have I seen you looking so beautiful."

Our desserts arrived, but neither of us were really interested, just picking at them while we spent most of the time gazing at each other, sharing an occasional kiss. Nearly simultaneously, we pushed our plates away and looked at each other. Mom smiled and reached out, placing her hand over mine.

"Thanks again, Ricky. It's been a fantastic evening. Can we go home now?"

"As my lady wishes." Mom snuggled in close to me while I settled our tab and then we got up, linking arms and strolling to the front entrance. Lydia was waiting at the limo, door open and engine idling.

"Good evening. Did you have a good time?"

Mom beamed and squeezed my arm tightly. "It was wonderful, thanks."

After we settled into the back, Lydia turned to face us. "Where can I take you? Any clubbing planned?"

Mom was seated as close to me as possible, her hand idly tracing over the top of my upper thigh. I replied, "No thank you, Lydia. I think we'll be heading home now."

Mom gave my thigh a caressing squeeze of approval, seeming to promise that our evening was not yet over. Lydia nodded once and smiled, again raising the partition as we pulled away from Sorvino's.

All the way home, we cuddled and necked, our kisses becoming more and more passionate as we wound our way back to the house. Mom's hands were all over me, caressing my back, my shoulders and chest. In turn, I ran my hands over her

flanks and spine, bringing them around and forward to lightly brush her breasts. Mom leaned into me harder, her hand unbuttoning my shirt to reach my skin. Her touch was warm, gentle and incredibly exciting. I tentatively raised my hand to cup one of her breasts, rubbing her nipple lightly with my thumb.

Moaning slightly into our kiss, her hand clenched my thigh as she thrust her tongue urgently into my mouth, lashing at my own. As I increased the pressure on her breast, her hand cupped my crotch, lightly squeezing and stroking, gently exploring the length and circumference of my hardness.

Nearly out of my mind with excitement, I placed my hand on the upper edge of her gown, looking at her with an unspoken question in my eyes. Mom bit her lower lip and tensed for a moment, and then relaxed, smiling warmly. Somehow, at that point, I knew Mom had made some kind of internal decision. Things were changing again.

"Yes, darling, please," she whispered, stroking my cheek.

Still, I paused, having been down this road before. It had been the night of my dreams so far and I still was having difficulty knowing what Mom felt comfortable with at any given time. I was burning for her, but I didn't want to ruin our perfect evening.

Running her hands through my hair, Mom pulled me back up to her face, looking into my eyes with tenderness, lust and a touch of knowing compassion as well.

"It's okay, my love. It's what I want, sweetheart. Don't be afraid."

I groaned and sucked in a huge lung full of air, pulling down sharply on the band of fabric flowing over her left breast, allowing it to pop into view. I was close to blacking out, not realizing I had been literally holding my breath.

Mom gasped sharply as I quickly bent to take her nipple into my mouth, sucking gently and rolling my tongue over its rubbery hardness. Her hands found the back of my neck and head, holding me in place, stroking my hair, as I tasted her for the first time.

There are no words for what that felt like, the combination of flavor, the smell of her perfume, the elastic stiffness of her nipple between my lips.

"Ohhh, honey, that's sooo nice," she sighed, drawing my head to her more closely. "You make Mommy feel so good, baby."

Encouraged by her response, I took her breast more firmly in hand, pulling as much of her flesh into my mouth as possible. I couldn't believe how much I wanted to suckle her. It was an outrageously erotic combination of desire, tenderness and comfort, a completely forbidden collision of lust and a return to deeply ingrained childhood memories. It was the most exciting sexual experience of my life to that point, and Mom appeared to be as excited as I was.

As I continued my oral assault on her breast, Mom's hand again trailed its way to my crotch, feverishly kneading my erection. I was right on the edge, excited beyond belief, when I felt her fingers scrabbling for my fly. Groaning around her saliva-slicked breast flesh, I arched my back, thrusting my pelvis up to her questing fingers. If it was possible, Mom began kissing me even harder, biting my lower lip, sucking my tongue into her mouth. I was mere seconds away from exploding in my pants.

Just as her hand found the tab to my zipper, the Benz came to a stop. We were home. We pulled back quickly from one another, breathless, pulses thundering with illicit passion. With a sharp pang of regret, I loosened my hold on her breast, carefully tucking it back into her dress. At the same time, Mom drew her hand away from my groin, trailing her fingers along my thigh, as though loathe to relinquish any contact with me. Lydia announced our arrival through the intercom and after a discrete delay, tapped on the window of the door. I opened it, stepped

out and took Mom's hand in mine, assisting her out on to the sidewalk. She was slightly unsteady on her feet, gripping my arm tightly.

As I handed Mom out of the car, I glanced over to Lydia. She grinned and whispered, "Your mo...um, date is a beautiful lady." She then winked knowingly, tipped her cap and slid back behind the wheel. I tipped her generously and then escorted Mom up the walkway to the front of the house as the limo slowly cruised off into the night.

The porch lamp dimly illuminated the front stoop; small swarms of moths and other insects orbiting randomly within its pale cone of amber light. The evening was warm and humid with the residual heat of the August day, the air close and slightly stifling around us. A symphony of crickets and frogs accompanied us on our walk forward.

Standing on the porch, I fumbled with the house keys briefly before getting things unlocked. As I pushed the door open, standing to one side for Mom to pass, she paused and turned towards me. Reaching up with both hands, she cupped my face and drew me down into a smoldering kiss. She put all of her concentration and effort into it, silently telling me with her tongue, teeth and lips how she was feeling. When we broke to breathe, I felt like I was floating on air.

"Jesus," I whispered softly. "You are unbelievable, Mom. Nobody has ever kissed me like that, nobody."

Looking up to me, she stroked my cheek, smiling gently. "When something really matters, you need to give it everything you've got...I love you, Ricky."

I gathered her into my arms and she crossed hers around my neck. I returned her kiss, trying to give as good as I had just gotten. I seemed to do okay, because Mom moaned into my mouth and ran her fingers through my hair, pressing up against me. When we pulled apart again, we were both breathing in gasping wheezes, overwhelmed by our sensations and emotions.

"Whew! You're not too shabby either, son. A girl could get addicted to being kissed like that," she exhaled in a rush.

Suddenly realizing where we were, Mom looked up and down the street with a little concern and then took my hands, pulling me over the threshold. "Let's take this inside, darling. We don't want to worry about prying eyes."

Settling herself with a visible shudder, Mom fussed with her hair for a moment and adjusted her dress, tugging on the hem. I'm still amazed that I had the presence of mind to offer her my arm before we stepped through the doorway.

Our proper, correct entrance into the house lasted about five seconds. As we stepped out of the illumination of the porch light, into the darkened foyer, Mom's hand slid up from my elbow to my back and her other found my ass, pulling me roughly to her. Her chin tilted up and her lips parted, still moist from our last kiss. Never breaking our embrace, we stumbled into the living room and I found myself pushed on to the couch, Mom standing over me with her hands on her hips and the gleam of lust in her eyes.

"Well, well," she drawled. "What do we have here?" she asked, her gaze clearly focused on the tent in the front of my slacks.

"It's something that belongs to you, Mom," I said with a smile. "Maybe you'd like to see what it is."

Mom smiled back, brushing a stray lock of hair off her forehead as she spoke, "Perhaps, perhaps in due course, my fine young man. But in the mean time," she purred, moving to stand athwart my legs, "There are other things that need doing."

With that, she slid on to my thighs, her legs straddled outside of mine. She scooted up until our groins were nearly touching, her dress riding up over her hips, exposing the tops of her stockings and her red satin panties. Leaning in to kiss me

again, I could feel the pressure of her thighs on mine and the heat of her crotch, panties stretched tight over her mons, her sex like a humid furnace next to my pulsing cock.

Her arms went around my neck again and she stooped to conquer, her lips almost bruising mine with the intensity of her kiss. As her tongue found mine, her hand again made its way to my crotch, stroking, grasping, pulling, caressing. My own found their way to her satin-encased buttocks, pulling her against me. Mom groaned and kissed me harder.

Sliding my hands up her sides, I reached up to her shoulders, finding a clasp on one side. As I pulled blindly, it gave way with a slight pop and the top half of the dress slid down to her waist in a soft whisper of fabric over smooth skin. With the sudden release of tension, her breasts practically fell into my eager, impatient hands. Wasting no time, I pulled her close, capturing a nipple in my mouth, again lost in the glorious sensation of nursing, licking and teasing, this time drawing not milk, but lusty moans from my mother.

As she cradled my head against her breasts, she bent her head to my ear, whispering in a confessional tone, "When you were a baby, sometimes I would cum when you nursed. I loved having my titties sucked. It's so nice to feel that again."

Groaning inarticulately, I tried to stuff as much of Mom's slick tit flesh into my mouth as I could, mouthing, sucking, lightly chewing as though possessed.

"Oh God, Ricky, that's so good," she exhaled, shuddering. "Suck momma's titties some more, baby. Oh yes. Yesssss," she hissed.

As I suckled, Mom's hands were busy at my belt, almost frantic in their serial search for my buckle, button and fly. These obstacles were eventually overcome and I felt her fingers jerk down my zipper, the bulge of my straining rod pushing against the front of my exposed boxers. As her hands began to stroke again, only

the slight barrier my briefs separated her hand from my cock, the thinness of the fabric allowing her to fully encircle my girth for the very first time.

As she explored my length, she cooed, "Oooh, baby, you have such a nice one."

"So big and hard, so big and hard for me," she said, a rising note of wonder in her voice.

"Just for me, my baby, just for your own mother," she whispered, a quiet note of triumph ringing in her words.

There was something in the way she said those few sentences, an erotic fusion of affection, frank, outright lust and strangely, motherly pride, which set me absolutely burning with desire and love. With an inarticulate growl of passion, I redoubled my sucking of her breasts, bringing my hands back to her waist and then thrusting them beneath the fabric of her panties to grasp the naked cheeks of her ass for the very first time.

The feel of her smooth, round globes beneath my hands was astounding. The taut silkiness of her buttocks was indescribable. When I slid my hands beneath her to cup her ass, she pressed her groin fully against me, throwing her arms around my neck to administer a fiery kiss.

"Oh, Ricky, what you do to me," she sighed.

As she spoke, she began a slow, deliberate thrusting against my groin, moaning into my mouth as she continued to kiss me.

"Ahhhh, Mommmm," I groaned in return.

Continuing our deep kiss, I returned her thrusts, reveling in the sensation of her moist panties against my groin. Never breaking our kiss, I sensed Mom's hands drifting down to my waist, tugging insistently at my waistband. With a small grunt of effort and an assist from me raising my hips, she lifted her hips from the

top of my thighs and frantically pushed the slacks to my ankles. Settling back into my lap with a sigh, she resumed her grinding against me.

Free of the partial imprisonment of my slacks, I was separated from heaven by two insubstantial barriers, Mom's juice-saturated panties and my own boxers, rapidly dampening from my own precum and mother's moistness. The wetness of our groins combined to produce an incredibly arousing slightly slippery friction as we rubbed against each other. As she ground her pussy against me, I could feel the length of my cock, nestled against her wetness, splaying her lips apart as we dry fucked against each other. She whimpered as each cycle of our thrust and grind brought my head and shaft into contact with her clit.

The incredible sensation of almost fucking my mother had me rapidly approaching the point of no return and Mom's movements were becoming more rapid and jerky, as she seemed to ascend her own crest. Breaking our ongoing kiss, head down and breathing in short gasps, she seemed to be watching our groins thrust together. Shuddering, she moaned in my ear, tongue lightly tracing over its edge.

"Ohhhh God, baby. You feel so nice," she sighed, moist exhalation warming the side of my neck.

I was already out of my mind with desire and the amazing sensations radiating from my groin, but as aroused as I was, that simple act of lightly pushing her tongue into my ear did something to me. It was like the last brushstroke that makes a simple picture into a masterpiece. It simply took my excitement to an entirely new plane. I wasn't capable of a single coherent thought.

But it didn't matter anyway, because Mom had latched back onto my mouth with another ferocious kiss, trying to completely devour me. All I could do was clutch her ass tighter, kneading her cheeks with almost brutal intensity. Then I was beyond the edge, squeezing her ass as hard as I could, thrusting against her, pulling her cheeks apart.

"Ohhhh, Mom! Ohhh, Mom! Cumming, Mom! I'm cumming! Ahhhhhhhhh!"

As I flooded my underwear with a seemingly endless stream of pulsing semen, Mom tore her mouth from mine, thrusting herself against me with her full strength, a keening moan torn from her throat.

"Oh my God! Ohhhh, shit! Oh, baby! I'm cumming! Mommy's cumming too!" she wailed.

All was a chaos of gasping breaths, sweaty limbs, tangled garments, post-coital twitches and shudders for a few minutes and then we gradually came to ourselves.

Mom's arms were draped over my shoulders, her head down, forehead resting just beneath my chin. As she gasped out the final dregs of her orgasm, I could feel the tips of her still-hard nipples lightly scraping against my chest, our sodden crotches still pressed tight against each other. I reluctantly relinquished my grip on her ass cheeks, bringing my hands up to rest on her waist.

Tilting her head up, she kissed me softly but thoroughly, each of us savoring the other's tongue. We continued with our kisses for several minutes, enveloped in a silence broken only by the sounds of our breathing, lightly touching and caressing.

After a last, very tender kiss, Mom leaned forward, her forehead touching mine, arms around my neck. There was so much I wanted to say, but I couldn't seem to marshal my feelings into any coherent words, so I simply whispered, "I love you, Mom."

She smiled, touched my cheek and got up off my lap. As she stood, her dress slid off her hips to drop to the floor in a crimson, iridescent puddle. Standing before me, unashamed, panties wet, nipples still erect, she held out her hand to me.

"C'mere big boy. Give your mother another kiss."

Rising up into her arms, she pulled me close and wrapped her arms around my shoulders, giving me another searing kiss. Her hands roamed over my back and ass, squeezing me just as I had done to her minutes earlier. Pressing close, she rubbed her breasts against my chest, nipples hard as pink diamonds. I became hard again within a minute, Mom smiling appreciatively as she noticed my resurgence against the damp front of her panties.

"Mmmm, 'youth must be served'," she chuckled, palming my erection.

Groaning as she felt me through my boxers, I bent to kiss the juncture of her neck and shoulder, sucking and licking, tracing the cord of her neck and her collarbone with my tongue. Throwing her head back with a moan, Mom squeezed my cock firmly and began a deliberate stroking motion. I was beside myself with arousal. I had only come a few minutes ago, but I was leaking precum like a sieve all over again. Mom seemed to know exactly how to excite me, how to drive me absolutely crazy with pleasure, and she still hadn't actually touched my bare skin!

Trailing my kisses and tonguing across her shoulder, I bent lower to capture one of her nipples again, her free hand again moving to lightly hold the back of my neck as I feasted, her fingers toying with the curls at the nape of my neck.

"Oh, sweetheart, baby, that's wonderful," she sighed. "You suck my titties so nicely...ahhh!" she exhaled, reacting to a gentle bite delivered to her teat. Somehow, I knew instinctively that she'd love that light nip.

I was in heaven again, at my mother's breast, her hands running through my hair, at the same time almost standing outside myself in utter amazement. I had never been a boob man growing up, in the sense that bigger was always better, but there was something about what I was doing with Mom, something so basic, loving, so arousing, so intimate that it defied all description or explanation. I knew I could stay attached to her nipple, devoting my sole attention to her breasts for hours, but Mom had other ideas.

Apparently changing her mind about getting up, she gently propelled me back to the sofa, pushing me on to my back, laying fully on top of me, grinding her pelvis against mine. We seemed to melt into a single squirming, panting and thrusting entity, lips fused, hands wandering freely over each other.

As Mom continued to stroke me through my boxers, I carefully, tentatively moved my hand on to her haunch, slowly taking in the satin smoothness of her skin and the underlying tautness of her muscles. Moving my palm between her legs, I reveled in the slightly plump softness of her inner thighs, slowly questing higher. Sighing her approval as I tentatively sought her treasure, Mom opened her legs, acquiescing fully to my explorations. When I cupped her mound, she drew in a sharp, shuddering breath. The experience was overwhelming; I was touching my Mom! Even though it was through her panties, it was still the most glorious thing I had ever experienced. The sensation of smooth satin against my fingertips, the hothouse heat of her crotch, the slight seepage of moisture, the wiry texture of her pubic hair, felt though the slick material and spilling out from the sides of the gusset, they excited me beyond any capacity of coherent thought.

As my fingers slid back and forth along the concealed groove of her slippery wetness, Mom moaned into my mouth, her hand grasping my own hardness with increasing strength and purpose. What were once deft caresses of exploration and introduction were now overtly erotic. While she jacked me off through my briefs, my own fingers were in search of the concealed treasure underneath her panties, but when my fingers slid under the edge of her gusset, she squeezed her legs back together and minutely shook her head, slightly breaking our kiss.

I don't know how I managed to restrain my hands, but there was still just enough blood flowing to the big head that I could hear a little voice that sounded uncannily like hers saying, "Don't be greedy, Ricky." I modified my touch, moving back to the center of the strip of fabric.

"That's good, baby, oh yes. That's so good," she murmured, thrusting herself against my hand. Her panties were now absolutely saturated, the thinness of the silky fabric combining with her moisture to actually enhance the shape and definition of the delights behind that insubstantial barrier. The tactile impressions

were amazing; a slight crinkle of pubic hair, the raised, meaty prominence of her lips on the sides of her divine groove and if I pressed, a sopping indentation that marked her portal. If I pressed hard, making Mom moan, there was an audible squelch as lubricious parts rubbed against each other. It was heavenly.

As we lay together on the couch, kissing wetly and furiously, I was completely overwhelmed by different sensations I was experiencing. So many amazing, wonderful things were happening at once, I could barely take it all in, each sensation by itself enough to drive me insane with pleasure. If it wasn't the dance of our tongues together, it was the feel of her hard nipples against my chest. If it wasn't the moans and grunts of pleasure I would hear when our kisses broke, it was the lusty stroking of my cock through my boxers, being flat out jacked off by my own mother. If it wasn't that, it was the sound of my hand rubbing her sopping panties, liquid friction, slurping and squelching. If not those things, then the incredible, rich bouquet of powerfully aroused woman bathing my nostrils.

All too quickly, my synapses seized again and I was consumed by spasms of pleasure. Breaking my kiss with Mom, I groaned in her ear.

"Oh God, Mom. I gonna cum! I gonna cum again! Oh, Mom! Ohhh Mom!

OH MOM OH MOM!" I cried out as I spurted again in my underwear.

My cries of pleasure and release drove Mom over the brink as well, her thighs capturing my hand in a soft but unyielding vise as she thrust her sex against my palm, shuddering and whimpering as she came against my fingers.

For a while, we remained entwined, Mom in my lap with her legs unashamedly splayed over my thighs, lightly kissing every few moments as we settled back to earth. Her saturated panties and the glory within remained pressed up against my flaccid, sticky crotch. The sensation of our groins pressed together, the sheer novelty of the very idea was driving me out of my mind, but I was temporarily extinguished, with two very intense orgasms in rapid succession having put my little friend down for the count, at least for the moment.

Wrapping her arms around my neck, Mom drew me close for another kiss, this one tender, thorough and gentle. Rising off my lap, she trailed her fingers down my shoulders, lightly caressing my biceps, before reaching my hands, which she then grasped, pulling me to my feet.

Adding one more deep, sweet kiss, she said, "Thank you for a wonderful evening, Ricky. Everything about it was so special. I love you so much, son."

"Love you too, Mom."

Smiling wistfully, she turned away from me, almost with an air of regret, I thought and began walking towards the stairs to her bedroom.

"I've got a big day tomorrow, sweetheart. I need to pack before I go to the airport. I'm going to bed."

I remained standing by the sofa, slacks around my ankles while I watched her amazing ass twitching and quivering beneath her panties as she walked to the stairs. I began to get hard all over again.

Sensing my gaze on her divine bottom, Mom paused and looked over her shoulder as she reached the first step, smiling indulgently. As she took in the new tube steak I was cooking up in my gooey shorts, her eyes widened in surprise.

"Jesus, Ricky! Is it ever NOT hard?"

"Not around you Mom, not ever."

Chuckling, she shook her head, turned back towards the stairs and then pulled her panties, off, stripper style, shimmying them to her feet with a series of seductive twitches. Without looking back, she bent over in a lewd display, exposing her still

moist slit and tight pucker as she gathered the saturated wad of fabric into her hand.

My jaw was on the floor and my erection was once again pink stone, jutting straight out through the fly of my boxers, twitching with my pulse.

With a casual flip of her wrist, she blindly tossed her panties over her shoulder towards me and I reached out reflexively to catch the wet delivery.

"There's a little souvenir for you, Mister Energizer Bunny. That's going to have to hold you until momma gets back from Vancouver, so don't wear it out too quickly," she laughed. With that, she went up the stairs, hips rolling and went into her room. She closed her door softly and within a minute, the light went out and the house became quiet.

I stood stock still by the sofa for a few astounded moments, incredibly turned on as well as bemused by mom's exit. Gradually, the wisps of post orgasmic and returning horny fog cleared from my brain and I realized what treasure I held in my hands. Leaving my pants behind, I made a beeline for my own bedroom.

Flinging myself onto the bed, I brought Mom's sopping panties to my face, inhaling her scent as I furiously stroked my resurgent cock, almost with a painful intensity and speed. As I sucked her essence from the gusset, I imagined I was eating her out for real, savoring my first real, albeit indirect sample of my mother's gorgeous pussy!

It was the most wonderful thing I have ever tasted.

My orgasm crashed through me suddenly, without any warning, as I sprayed a huge quantity of juice all over my chest and belly. You would have thought that with the amount I ejaculated that I hadn't come in a month, such was the intensity of my release. It was the best jacking off cum I'd ever experienced and I felt as limp as a flatworm as the last dribbles of semen oozed from my dick.

It must have been at least ten or fifteen minutes before I had enough energy to get out of bed and clean myself up. Crawling back under my covers, I fell asleep in moments, a smile on my face and Mom's perfect panties still clutched in my hand. I slept ten hours straight.

I woke up the next morning to the sounds of Mom working in the kitchen. I felt absolutely and totally on top of the world, completely unbeatable. It seemed that Mom and I were inches away from being lovers, and if last night was any indication, it could happen any time. Making love with my gorgeous Mom was finally within my grasp, and if it could happen at a moment's notice I reasoned, then why not now, I asked myself. All that was necessary was a little nudge, a little direct action, I thought.

So, armed with my morning wood, my few functioning brain cells pickled by testosterone and a complete lack of common sense, I dressed quickly and walked downstairs, ready to precipitate the Big Fuck.

Problem was, it didn't turn out to be the Big Fuck, more of the Big Fuck Up. Jesus, I was so stupid, so selfish, but I couldn't see it. I was out of control. I was so consumed by the thought of finally getting inside Mom that I nearly destroyed everything.

Strolling into the kitchen, I saw Mom working at the sink. I casually sauntered up behind her, putting an arm around her waist while I pulled her hair off her neck with the other, planting a warm, prolonged kiss where it met her shoulder.

Shuddering slightly, she turned to kiss me.

"Morning, Ricky. Did you sleep well?"

As I replied, my hands circled around to the front of her dress, resting on her hips.

"Like royalty, Mom. I had wonderful dreams."

"I'll bet you did, you..."

Her breath caught in her throat as my hands found their way upward, cupping her breasts through the brocaded fabric of the dress bodice.

"Ricky, that's so nice, but you need to cut it out, sweetie. I really don't have time for this right now!" she said with a note of slight reproach in her voice.

"It feels good, but you can't just grope me in broad daylight, any time you feel like it!" she exclaimed, a note of anxiety creeping into her voice.

"But Mom," I groaned, "You turn me on soooo much. I need you," I pleaded, grinding my erection against her ass.

"Enough! There's no time for this now!" she snapped, this time with real anger.

Oblivious, I continued to grind against her, pawing her breasts and pinching her nipples. I felt like I was watching myself from a distance, completely consumed by lust, my own personal Mr. Hyde suddenly released into the world, ready to wreak sexual havoc on my unsuspecting Mom. The loving, devoted son I knew myself to be was gone, replaced by a brute I could not recognize. All of the previous months and years of suppressed longings and unfulfilled fantasies seemed to be boiling to the surface of a caldera of white hot desire, ready to spill over into a full fledged eruption of lust. I was burning up and could not stop what I was doing to save my life.

"That's enough, buster!" she said forcefully. "Stop that this minute or you'll be sorry!"

My response was to pin her harshly against the kitchen counter with my pelvis and torso, continuing to grind away at her ass while I fondled her breasts. By now, Mom was actively struggling against me, trying to break free, grunting with effort, but to no avail. I simply overpowered her with my strength.

By now a note of panic had entered her voice. Her eyes were wide with fear and I think, not a little loathing. Her mouth was beginning to take on the set of barely suppressed anger.

"For God's sake Ricky, please don't do this! Please stop, honey, you're hurting me! You're hurting me!"

The beast had taken over, though, and my ears were deaf to her pleas. Thrusting against her ass, I worked my shorts down to my ankles and then hunched to bring my erection beneath the hem of her dress. Rising up, I levered my cock up between her clenched thighs, right to the base of her panties.

At that moment, Mom shouted, "Stop it! Stop it! Someone's coming, Ricky! Stop it now!" She was almost crying at this point.

In the haze of my uncontrolled lust, I rationalized that it was just a ploy to stop me from achieving my long-sought goal. As I continued to saw my cock between the softness of her thighs and her bottom, I felt my seed rising uncontrollably, such was my excitement. As I struggled to gain an angle of attack to get past the edge of her panties, several things happened.

I heard the front door open and a voice called out.

"Hello? Hello? Jennifer, are you home? It's Marcia, do you have some time to talk?"

As I heard the voice, I felt a rising sense of panic that did little to reduce my drive to release. Marcia was the neighborhood gossip, a divorcee who didn't work and

spent most of her time as the self-appointed social doyenne of the neighborhood. She was nosy, insatiably curious, occasionally vindictive and possessed an uncanny knack for discovering embarrassing secrets.

The very real peril should she discover us did little to deter my ongoing assault on Mom's virtue. As I heard Marcia's steps slowly progressed down the hall towards us, I came between Mom's thighs, shamefully squirting a load of sticky white juice all over the bottom of her panties and her upper thighs.

I frantically pulled my shorts up and practically dove into the kitchen nook as Mom struggled to pull her dress hem down over her ass. No more than a second or two later, Marcia appeared in the doorway.

Marcia stood very still for a moment and then spoke, apparently struggling to maintain a matter of fact tone, nodding at me.

"Good morning, Rick. I stopped by because I wanted to ask your mother a couple of questions. It seems though, that this might not be, ummm, the best timing for you guys," she said carefully neutral, glancing at Mom's legs. "If it's okay with you Jennifer, perhaps I'll come by a little later when it's more convenient."

With that, Marcia turned and left, slowly walking back to the foyer, where she let herself out quietly. She had kept expression neutral while speaking to us, but as she passed by me, I thought I saw her face slip into an expression of real shock.

My own gaze turned to where Marcia had glanced at Mom's legs and my eyes widened. I could clearly see a glistening rivulet of semen running down the inside of her knee, making its way to her calf. In turn Mom directed her gaze in the same direction and gasped when she saw the telltale of my lust.

Eyes flashing and flushed with rage, Mom strode to the nook and grabbed me by the arm jerking me to my feet, hissing with rage.

"Upstairs, right this minute!"

I have never heard such anger or venom in her voice. Her grip on my arm was so tight, so painful, that I thought her nails were going to draw blood. My heart was in my mouth and between our terribly close call and Mom's obvious fury, I knew that things were going to hit the fan, big time.

She practically dragged me upstairs to her bedroom. Thrusting me roughly through the door, into the center of the room she kicked the door shut as we passed over the threshold. She spun me around and what she did next shocked me to my core.

I never saw her hand move, but the blow was so swift and hard that it snapped my head back and I bit my tongue. The left side of my face was on fire and I could taste the coppery bitterness of my own blood in my mouth. Never in the 22 years of my life had Mom raised a hand against me. I had been grounded, sent to my room and forfeited privileges in the past for my misbehavior for some pretty serious transgressions, including nearly burning down our work shed when I was 10 while playing with matches and paint thinner, and wrecking the family car after having my license for only 2 months, but those were over and forgiven once I completed my penance for those mistakes. They were never mentioned again.

As Mom stood before me, her chest heaved and her eyes glinted with a cold fury I had never seen before. She had struck me so hard that her left breast had popped out of the bodice of her sundress in all its glory. The nipple was still erect from my previous caresses and I could see the slight glint of my saliva on her rosy pink areola. A small rivulet of my spend was visible on the inside of one of her knees, slowly dripping down to her calf. There were small whitish drops of my drying semen on the toes of both shoes.

She looked me over with a measuring glance, taking in the slight bulge of my now flaccid cock within my gym shorts and the dampness on the front of my pants. She took in a deep breath and I knew that my world was about to come to a crashing end.

"What the FUCK do you think you were doing?"

I was completely stunned. Mom had never, ever sworn at me before. In the past, she had always made a point to convey any anger with me in civilized, albeit scathing language.

"How could you be so careless and selfish? I told you no, and I meant no! But you wouldn't listen! You let you penis do your thinking for you and now that gossipmonger Marcia has suspicions about us! You wouldn't listen to me and you FORCED yourself on me, just because you needed to cum."

Her voice dripped with contempt, harsh with anger and slightly tremulous with fear, but I could also see tears starting to fill her eyes. The sadness I could see there was infinite, bottomless. I felt like I was going to die of shame. There was an ash taste of despair and loss in my mouth and I was consumed by a wave of nausea and dread.

"I knew it was a mistake to let us cross the line, but I loved and trusted you. I had thought that even though nobody else might understand, what happened between us was our special, loving secret. Now it appears that I am just a kinky way to get your rocks off. Well, I've got a news flash for you, buster. I am not a receptacle for you slimy lust. I will NOT be treated with such disrespect and I will NOT allow this to progress one inch farther. I want you to go to your room and stay there. I'm calling a cab to take me to the airport and you will not come down until I'm gone. Now get out."

There was so much I wanted to say, but all I could do was stare at my feet and mumble "I'm sorry Mom." That set off a new eruption.

"Sorry doesn't even come close to cutting it. Do you have even the faintest conception of what could happen if this gets out? I could lose EVERYTHING. All the things I gave up to raise you, the long hours of work at the practice, my law license, it could all be gone just like THAT! She snapped her fingers under my nose. "God knows what my mother and father would have thought of all this. They

made tremendous changes in their own lives for ME, delaying their own plans so that I could graduate high school but still be at least a part time Mom to you while you were a baby. They were your day care as I was finishing college and made sure you were safe and loved while I worked my day job and went to law school at night. And now this...all of the sacrifices that have been made on your behalf are next to worthless, because you needed an orgasm. Well, I hope you enjoyed it, because there won't be another one, ever," she hissed, disgust and rage mingled in her voice.

I looked up at Mom. Tears were now flowing freely down her face. Her cheeks were red and blotchy and her normally well-coiffed hair was in disarray, partly hanging over her face. Her eyes were puffy and swollen now, bloodshot with her distress. She had tucked her breast back into the bodice of her sundress but still looked beautiful to me. Beyond that initial impression, I was too stunned to think. I simply could not grasp the enormity of my mistake

Quietly, but with steely determination, Mom said, "I meant it, Richard. Go to your room this instant. I need to get cleaned up to leave."

I stared at her uncomprehendingly, rooted to the spot, unable to process what had just transpired between us. At that point, Mom lost it for real.

Screaming at the top of her lungs, she threw a perfume bottle from her vanity at me.

"Get out you asshole! You son of a bitch, GET OUT!"

She burst into tears and stumbled into her bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

Choking back a sob, I fled. My shame and haste to leave was so great I caromed off the doorframe and careened into the hallway, barely able to breath. I felt faint. My vision had reduced to a tunnel and there was roaring in my ears. Somehow, I

found my way to my bathroom, where I promptly threw up into the sink, not even making it to the toilet. After I cleaned up I went to my room and crawled under the covers. My self-loathing and fear was beyond description. I felt as though my life had ended. I wept like a baby.

A short while later, I heard Mom get into the shower. In my distress, subjective time seemed to have slowed to a crawl, but it still seemed as though her shower was going on for an inordinately long period of time. I started to worry. Throwing caution to the wind, I crept back to the master bedroom. Mom's travel clothes were laid out on the bed and her suitcase and carryon bag were by her vanity. It was then that I heard a soft thud. I could see that the bathroom door was open a crack.

With my heart in my mouth, I crept silently to the door on my hands and knees and put my eye up to the opening. I couldn't see much except a small corner of the floor of the shower. I could see Mom's calves and feet stretched out. From their position, I thought that she was probably sitting on the floor of the shower, legs out in front of her. It was then I heard a wracking cry, which quickly transformed into a retching sound and then a great burst of anguished sobbing. I saw Mom's legs and feet shift, her knees drawing up and her upper body gradually coming into view as she curled into a fetal position on the floor the shower, her back to me. My emotional demolition now complete, I shakily got to my feet and staggered back to my room.

The next hour was probably the most difficult thing I have ever endured. I lay on my bed, ears attuned to the slightest sound. I heard Mom come out of her room with her luggage and the bumping of the suitcases as she dragged them down the stairs. I heard her moving around in the kitchen and the sound of the microwave as she reheated her coffee. Things were then quiet for about ten minutes, when I heard the taxi pull into the driveway. There was a sound of closing car doors and then silence.

I felt as though a great weight was pressing me into my bed and I couldn't muster the energy to get up. Finally, after a long while, I found the strength to go downstairs. I went into the kitchen. The emptiness of the house fairly screamed at me. I could still my dried semen on the floor in front of the sink. The rest of the

kitchen had been tidied up, plates and cups rinsed and put in the dishwasher. The coffeepot was unplugged. I cast my gaze over to the breakfast nook. It was then I saw the note on the table.

I slowly moved over to the table and picked up the single sheet of paper. My hands were shaking so badly that I could barely read her writing. Mom usually didn't communicate with me by writing notes, so I was scared to my marrow as I began reading. "If she's writing me a note, this is beyond horrible," I thought to myself. Instead of a message of doom though, I read the following: "Richard (Mom NEVER calls me Richard and now she had done so twice today) - Here is a list of chores for you to do while I'm gone. There are a lot of things that need doing, so if you get started today, you should have them finished by Friday, when I get back. Mom"

Sitting down absently at the table, I tried to make sense of the past couple of hours and what the note meant in that context. The aftermath of my kitchen imposition (yes, I could now see it as such) was etched into my memory by acid. I could still recall every detail of every minute prior to Mom's departure. As I leaned back in my chair against the wall of the nook, rubbing my bruised cheek, I kept coming back to one detail of Mom's tirade. When she mentioned Nana and Gramp's support of us as Mom finished her schooling, she didn't say that they would have been ashamed of our intimacy. She only talked about how I had endangered all the effort they put into helping Mom get established so she could support us.

"Could it be that she doesn't feel guilty about us?" I asked myself. A small glimmer of hope briefly flared in my heart, but I brought myself back to reality quickly enough. Mom was not the kind of person who agonized over mistakes. Perhaps our brief transgressions beyond the normal bounds of a mother and son's relationship were just so much spilled milk, which she would clean up and deal with as best she could, probably by ignoring it and never mentioning it again. Once again I tasted despair. "Rick," I thought to myself, "You are the biggest shit in the whole world. You just destroyed the most precious thing in your entire life for 2 minutes of selfish pleasure. What are you going to do now?"

The answer, I thought, was to be like Mom. Get tough and buckle down. What's done is done and can't be mended, so move forward as best you can. Be prepared to have to move out after Mom gets back from her trip. Forget about all of it.

I looked at the list of tasks Mom set for me and began planning. Perhaps a small apology could be made by doing an especially good job on the work in front of me. It probably wouldn't ever repair the damage I did, but it was a beginning.

I threw myself into the work. The pool got its first serious cleaning and maintenance in a couple of years, including repairing the leaking circulating pump and a complete teardown and rebuild of the heater. The backyard privacy fence was stripped and repainted. I applied myself like a demon to the tasks at hand.

Having so much to do during the day was helpful, but the nights were absolute agony. I could barely sleep, and when I did, the montage of images running through my brain would invariably torture me to wakefulness. Our amazing Fourth of July kisses, the first time I felt her breast, feeling her against my aching cock as we danced at the supper club. The slap to my face. The first time I caressed her pussy through her panties. The smell of her sex and its wetness on my fingers. her curled on the floor of the shower, crying. I doubt that I slept more than 3 or 4 hours a night, in spite of my physical exhaustion.

It was Wednesday. Today was the day to take out that badly cracked section of concrete in the driveway and put in a patch. I had the wheelbarrow and cement mix ready to go and sledgehammer and crowbar ready. It was going to be a long, dirty job, but I was determined to do it superbly for Mom. I stripped off my shirt and got down to business. By now, I was totally buzzed on excess coffee, sleep deprivation and physical exhaustion. I was a total basket case. Normally, when Mom traveled on business, we'd talk nearly every night, sharing the trials and tribulations of life on the road and the pain of being away from home. This trip, though, the only thing I heard from her was a one-line text telling me she had landed safely in Vancouver. Since then, nothing. Not another text, no phone call, no nothing.

As I pounded through the monotony of breaking up the damaged concrete, my mind wandered. I remembered the spectacular Fourth of July, our first "date," recalling the sparkle in Mom's eyes as she slow danced with me in the club, her acquiescence to my caresses of her lovely bottom as we moved across the floor and the brief but insistent push of her pelvis against my raging erection as we finished our dance. I felt myself beginning to get hard, my cock slightly flexing against the front of my gym shorts.

"Hello - earth to Rick!"

Oh crap, who the...

It was Marcia McCleary. She was standing at the bottom of the driveway, trying to get my attention. I quickly turned slightly so my hardening rod wouldn't be evident. Marcia was an attractive woman in her own right, but quite different in appearance from my mother. Where Mom was long and tall, Marcia was more petite and compact. She had lustrous brunette hair which she wore in a pageboy haircut. She favored conservative shorts and blouses when I had seen her in the past, which only partially concealed her athletic, trim figure.

Her bust was of average size, but the perpetually horny young male in me knew that the shape of her breasts was probably exquisite. By far and away though, her best feature was her ass. Even the somewhat old-fashioned shorts she wore did little to truly conceal its tightness and compactness. On more than one occasion in the past I had discretely admired her walking away from me, observing the captivating sway of her hips and the up and down oscillation of her cheeks that came with her quick, short stride.

One thing she had in common with Mom was that she was a single parent, also with a son, Shawn, just a couple of years younger than me. As I recalled, she frequently visited him on weekends at his college, which was about 200 miles away.

"Oh, Hi Marcia, is there something I could do for you?"

"There most certainly is, Rick. You seemed off in another world there while you were swinging that sledge. Your concentration was ferocious. I had to call you three times to get your attention."

"Oh, yeah, well...I guess I was a little lost in thought."

"Well, don't think too hard there. You're likely to hurt yourself with that big hard hammer."

Shit, had she seen my wood? When she called to me she was a good 20 or 30 feet away, and I had by now subsided a little bit in my shorts, so I was probably okay. Still, the double entendre was hard to ignore. Here I was, dressed only in gym shorts, bare chested and streaming sweat. What was going on?

Casting only the briefest of glances at my crotch, Marcia became serious. "I came by to talk to Jenny - there are a couple of things I need to discuss with her, if she's available."

"Shit fuck shit fuck shit fuck and DAMN," I thought to myself. "Here's where the chickens come home to roost." I was sure she wanted to confront Mom about the almost-seen events in our kitchen on Sunday. Our secret was going to be exposed for sure now. I had destroyed my mother's life.

Somehow, through a miracle, I was able to compose my features and keep my voice steady. "Gee, Marcia, I'm sorry, but Mom is traveling on business this week. She went out to the west coast on Sunday, just a little while after you came by."

"That's too bad, I really wanted to have a chat," she said, real disappointment in her voice.

"She'll be back in about a week or so," I volunteered. "You might try giving her a call in the middle of next week." I knew there was no way that Mom would want

to talk with Marcia right after arriving home Friday evening, and that we had to have our own conversation first, if for no other reason than me telling Mom that Marcia was probably going to lower the boom on her. I hoped that a few days to ourselves would allow us to do some planning for the impending catastrophe.

"Can you let her know I'd really like to see her, once she's back? It's not a big deal, really, it's just that I've come to understand recently that we share some common interests. I just want to talk about those things, once she's got some time," she said sincerely.

The skepticism I felt about her motives must have been evident on my face, because she smiled reassuringly and patted my arm. "Relax, Rick. It's just a social call. Something I've been meaning to do for a few days, that's all."

"I'll let her know," I replied, struggling to keep my voice neutral and expression blank.

Marcia cast what seemed to be a rather frank and appraising eye over me as I leaned on the sledgehammer. "I've been watching you work on the house for the past couple of days. You have been going about things like a man possessed. You really ought to slow down and pace yourself a bit," she said with real concern. "You don't want to be a wreck when your mom gets back."

"Thanks, Marcia. I'll try to bear it in mind. It's just that there is a lot to do and I want to get it done right for Mom."

I don't know what possessed me to keep on talking, but there was something about Marcia's interest in my well being that somehow felt genuine.

"I'm a bit in Mom's doghouse right now," I confessed. "This is my way of trying to get back into her good graces. We had a bad argument, you see."

Marcia's eyes widened briefly in surprise and then narrowed. She seemed to stare off into space, struggling with something. Finally she nodded once, as if to herself, coming to some kind of decision.

"Rick, back when Shawn was still in high school, we once had a serious falling out. It was bad enough that it could have affected us for a long, long time. In the end though, we were able to deal with the problem, mostly because we were totally honest with one another. Shawn had done something that made me very angry, but we worked it out eventually, and in the end, we became much closer."

"I guess what I'm saying is not to worry too much. As long as you are honest with your mom, I sure you'll be able to put whatever your misunderstanding is behind you."

"I think you'll find that moms have a great capacity for forgiveness, Rick," she said with a wry chuckle. "They have to develop it, especially if they are raising a son."

She gave me a quick glance and began to walk back down the driveway. My heart was beating like a locomotive, and not from the exertion, as I turned over what she had just said in my head. She turned and looked back at me once as she walked away. "You're all the son any mother could ask for, working so hard," she said, looking over her shoulder. "Jennifer is truly lucky to have you."

My mouth was suddenly as dry as the Sahara and my tongue seemed to stick to the roof of my mouth. "Thanks, " I finally croaked.

My mind was in absolute turmoil. I had the distinct feeling that Marcia absolutely knew that something was going on with Mom, and me, but at the same time, there seemed to be a restraint about her that hinted at the possibility of something less than an upcoming revelation of disaster. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but I had a gut feeling that somehow, things might not turn out as badly as I feared. Some of the things she had said lead me to think that there might not be anything to worry about at all, but in any event, I knew that I shouldn't take one single thing for granted about my current situation, so I put my small glimmer of hope back into a black box and locked it away from further examination.

It was late afternoon now, and I was sitting in the driveway, watching my concrete patch slowly dry. The afternoon light was ridiculously and mockingly beautiful. Golden light and shadows from the maple trees lining the driveway dappled the ground. I found myself desperately longing to share the waning light with Mom, sitting on the back porch as we had done many times in the past. On impulse, I picked up a twig lying next to me and scooted over to the patch. In bold strokes, I carefully scratched into the still-damp cement "R L J" and the date. For some reason, this gave me a small measure of comfort. I sighed, stood up and dusted myself off.

As I was stepping up onto the front porch, a delivery truck pulled into the driveway. I quickly ran back down the driveway to pull him up short, protecting my repair job. The driver got out of the truck and approached me.

"Express letter for Richard Lindermann," he said briskly.

"That would be me," I replied.

"Please sign."

I examined the letter with frank curiosity. I was not expecting any communications from anyone, so I had no idea what to expect. There was no name on the sender, only a Vancouver address.

"Vancouver!" I thought. "Holy crow - is this from Mom?"

I tore it open on the spot with a perfunctory thank you. A single sheet of hotel stationery was enclosed. I recognized Mom's writing immediately. As I read, my heart jumped into my throat.

Richard -

I am still sorting out how I feel about the events of Sunday. I am finding it difficult to do my work here because of worry about what Marcia McCleary may or may not have seen between us. Right now, I'm very conflicted about everything that's happened since July 4th. As wonderful as some things have been, what happened on Sunday simply can't be ignored. I honestly don't know what I'm going to do at this point, but things don't seem the same now between us. I'm not sure that I can trust you anymore. We'll talk after I get back, but I have to be honest and tell you right now that I'm very disappointed with the turn our relationship has taken. I'll give you the credit that you are probably sorry about what happened, but there are times when that's simply not enough. I'm trying very hard to be objective, but right now I'm not sure I can see a way to fix things between us.

Mom

P.S. Don't bother about picking me up at the airport; I'll be getting a cab home.

The slight glimmer of hope I felt after talking with Marcia still dimly flickered, but this letter was a body blow. "I'm not sure that I can trust you anymore ". Jesus, it looked as though Mom was going to totally and completely cut me out of her life. I shambled through the front door and into the foyer, slumping down against the wall. I don't know how long I sat there, but when I finally roused myself it was full dark. Looking across the entryway into the living room, I could see the vase of roses I had gotten for Mom that preceding Friday. The drooping stems and scattered, shriveled petals of the dying flowers mocked me cruelly. Shuffling into the kitchen, I had some sardines and crackers and then went up to bed, anticipating another sleepless night. I don't know how I managed it, but somehow I got around 7 hours of dreamless sleep.

Thursday and Friday were sheer agony. I managed to finish the task list to my satisfaction around 4 pm on Friday and went in to take a shower, my first in 5 days. As I stood under the running water, I glanced at my flaccid cock. Other than my morning piss hardons and the brief event in the driveway with Marcia McCleary, I had not had one waking erection since Mom had left. Quite a change

for a guy who had fantasized about his Mom three or four times a day for the past 7 or 8 years. I stepped out onto the bath mat, dressed and went down to the kitchen. I still had not cleaned up the cum from in front of the kitchen sink. I had, I think, purposefully left it there to remind and punish myself about the follies of thinking with the little head. I still felt no need to clean it up.

I decided that the least I could do for Mom was to fix some dinner for her. I still had no appetite, but I wanted to welcome her home properly, regardless of what was in store for me. I set about making one of her favorites, linguine with Puttanesca sauce, taking care to execute everything perfectly. I set a bottle of Barolo on the kitchen table and opened it to breathe.

As I was finishing setting the table, I heard the cab pull up. I quickly went to the front door to turn on the outside lights. Mom got out of the back seat, dressed in her usual business attire of a plain, but form fitting black skirt with side buttons, a plain white blouse and short jacket. She looked haggard, but still beautiful to me. The cabbie quickly handed out her luggage and she began hauling it back to the house. Her path took her over my patch in the driveway and she seemed to pause briefly, inspecting the work. She appeared to nod once to herself, as she looked, my handiwork apparently passing muster for her. Sensing the need for restraint, I opened the door for her and took her luggage in hand. A brief peck on the cheek and I welcomed her home.

When I closed the door behind us, Mom simply stood there, staring at me. Her gaze was neutral, but I sensed that she was trying to decide if she was going say anything. I couldn't bear her silence. It cut more deeply and hurt more sharply than any tirade or explosion could possibly do.

"Mom," I began, stuttering in my nervousness, "I guess we should talk. Is that okay?"

Shaking her head slightly, her eyes continuing to bore into me. I thought I saw a strange mix of sadness, residual anger and even uncertainty in her expression.

"I have nothing I want to say to you right now, Richard," she said tiredly.

"But can I say something?" I pleaded. Mom appeared to take in a breath, ready to shut me down, but I plunged on, ignoring her attempt to stop me.

"I'm so sorry, Mom," I said miserably. "I don't have the words, I feel so bad about what happened. It' just...it's just that I wanted to...wanted you..."

"All right, I'll get right to the point, Richard," she said resignedly, cutting me off. Clearly, she didn't want to hear any apologies or explanations.

"I'm tired. I am emotionally exhausted. I am NOT prepared to discuss anything with you tonight or this weekend. I wish to be left alone until Monday. I've already called the office to take the day off, so we'll have enough time to sort things out between us.

Her hard demeanor softened briefly and she gently touched her finger to my bruised cheek. "There are many things I am very sorry about right now," she began, "Not the least of which was the way I slapped you on Sunday. Whatever else happens, I hope you can forgive me that. I was as angry with you as I have ever been in my life."

I had a lump in my throat the size of a boulder. "It's okay Mom, I got no more than I deserved. What I did...it was so selfish, I can't believe I did it...it was like I was a different person, an animal. It was a horrible thing to do. I'm so sorry, so sorry, Mom," I whispered, eyes wet with shame.

"I'm still very sorry I hit you. Of all the things that happened on Sunday, that was probably the least forgivable. I'll never do that again, as long as I live."

"That's done and in the past as far as I'm concerned, Mom. Uhh, but there is something I have to tell you. Marcia was by on Wednesday. She wanted to talk."

She sighed and her shoulders slumped. "I suppose that was to be expected. What did you say to her?"

"I told her that you might be back in the middle of next week and could talk then."

"I'm glad you bought me a little time." I hope I'll be able to do some damage control in the meanwhile."

"I made you some dinner," I blurted awkwardly. "I thought you might be hungry after the flight."

A small, but genuine smile flashed on her lips. "That was very considerate of you. I could use some of your cooking after the past week. Be a dear and run upstairs to draw me a bath. I want to eat quickly and have a nice long soak."

I smiled and nearly ran upstairs. I carefully started filling her tub and put in some of her favorite bath oil. Scouting quickly around her bedroom, I found a single candle and lit it, placing it next to the tub. I double-checked the water temperature, making sure it was perfect.

As I headed back downstairs, I heard voices in the kitchen. Shit! It was Marcia. She must have been laying in wait, just itching to get her hooks into Mom. Their voices were low and I could not make out what was being said. I slowly started down the stairs, heading towards the kitchen. I felt as though I was heading for my own execution. They must have heard me coming down because the conversation paused. I heard Marcia's voice.

"Please come into the kitchen, Rick."

As I stepped through the door, the tension in the room was obvious. Marcia was leaning up against the refrigerator, as though she hadn't a care in the world. Mom was seated in the breakfast nook, her hand clutching a glass of the Barolo so hard I thought it might burst.

Marcia spoke again, looking directly at me, smiling reassuringly.

"We have some serious things to discuss, so I hope you'll give Jenny and me a bit of privacy for a few more minutes. Please don't interrupt us. Now be a dear and go upstairs for a little while."

I nodded mutely and went to sit at the top of the stairs, in an agony of suspense. The low tones of their conversation resumed for about 3 or 4 minutes. Suddenly, I heard the sound of breaking glass. I sprinted downstairs and slid into the doorway. Mom had dropped her wineglass, shattering it on the tile floor. She was mopping up the wine and glass shards, her face averted from Marcia. She was pale and visibly shaking. My first thought was that Marcia had revealed herself to Mom and that she knew our secret, but she glanced up at me briefly, mouthing silently, "Don't worry." She helped Mom finish cleaning up and briskly stood, appearing to squeeze Mom's shoulder comfortingly as she got to her feet.

I was totally unprepared for what happened next. It remains to this day the single greatest and most dramatic surprise of my entire life. Marcia looked at me and crossed the room. She took both my hands in hers and said warmly and gently, "Your secret is completely safe with me. I hope you two can work things out. I'd like to think you both could be as happy together as Shawn and I are." She pecked me on my cheek and then left quickly, quietly shutting the front door behind her.

By now, Mom had resumed her position in the kitchen nook. She was still trembling, looking as though she were about to faint.

I started towards her, but she immediately thrust her arm at me, palm outward. "No, Rick! Just come and sit down. We're obviously going to have to talk now." She took a deep breath and gazed at the ceiling, seeming to marshal her thoughts. She then turned to me, pain and confusion written on her face.

"I don't know what to do, Rick," she said miserably. "I'm so relieved and surprised about Marcia that I feel like I'm going to faint. But, I think...I think I'm going to need some time and space to figure this all out. Right now, I just don't know if I can go forward. I just don't know if we can work this out," she sighed heavily.

I nodded dumbly.

Her face softened and a small smile formed on her lips. I thought I detected the faint sparkle in her eyes that I loved so much.

"I will always love you as my son," she said softly. "I forgive you for what happened on Sunday. I am at fault much more than you are for letting things progress to that point. It was always in my power to stop things, had I chosen to do so. I let my own loneliness and your attentiveness get the better of me."

She took in a deep breath and continued. "I hope that we will be able to get back at least a little of what we had before July 4th, over time. I don't want you gone from my life and I hope you can accept this, because I think this is what I...I...I have to...must do... right now." Her face was hard to read as she spoke. Her expression was tight and resolute, as though she was mustering all her internal strength to speak. At the same time, I could see real sadness in her eyes and almost an apologetic tone in her words.

She stood abruptly and strode past me. As she passed, she looked over her shoulder and gave me a ghost of a smile, something I never hoped for, and said "I'm going to get my bath and go to bed now. Tomorrow is a new day and a new beginning for us. I'll see you in the morning."

I slowly followed behind her. I didn't even look at her ass as she climbed the stairs in front of me, even though I could have seen her panties completely.

There was no sleep for me that night. I was wracked by an overwhelming sense of loss and grief, unlike anything I had ever felt in my life, even surpassing when Gramps and Nana had died. I felt as though the future now held nothing for me, just endless struggle and dull, gray decades, stretching ahead to a lonely grave. Around four in the morning, I gave up and went down to the kitchen and made a pot of coffee. I slowly crawled into a somewhat alert state of buzzed exhaustion and contemplated my choices with a feeling of absolute desolation.

Mom was still clearly conflicted, unable to come to terms with where we seemed to be headed. It looked to me as though "right and proper" was going to carry the day against love and desire in Mom's mind and I finally had to admit to myself that all my hopes and dreams were just that; fantasies that would never be allowed to come to fruition.

I now knew I couldn't stay in the house another hour. I still loved Mom and I knew my departure would hurt her a lot, but I almost took a perverse satisfaction in that, selfishly wanting her to feel the same pain of loss and rejection, which was weighing on my soul at that time. After all that had happened between us in the past months, I didn't feel I could wait any longer. I needed to get away, simply to preserve my sanity.

I went upstairs and quietly packed an overnight bag, returning to the kitchen. I had a friend in Staten Island I knew I could crash with for a few days while I figured out my own living arrangements. I sent him an email, asking him to call me when he got up that morning. I knew I wouldn't have to wait too long, as he had to open up the cafe he worked at in just an hour or two.

I then sat down to write a note to Mom, explaining how I had to get out of the house now, for my own good, and before anything else happened that might drive us further apart. After what happened that past Sunday, I wasn't sure I could control myself around her any more.

Writing that letter proved to be enormously difficult and took far, far longer than I thought. In my twisted state of mourning and anger, I found the words just wouldn't come. It was that writer's block that saved me.

I was still slumped in my chair, back to the kitchen doorway, surrounded by a flock of crumpled, discarded drafts of my goodbye letter. At the point of complete despair, I thought about simply picking up my bag and walking out the door when I heard something behind me.

"Ricky...what are you doing up at this hour? What's the matter?"

Hearing her voice, I started and cringed inwardly. Having finally, painfully worked up the nerve to move on, I wasn't prepared for another cycle of indecision, postponements or excuses. If I was going to make a break, I didn't want my last memory to be seeing my beautiful mother at the banks of my personal Rubicon. If I was going to get her out of my head, I couldn't afford that final recollection.

As Mom took in the tableau of my discarded letters and the bag by the door, she gasped audibly, gripping the doorframe for support.

"Oh God, Ricky! No! Please don't do this! Please, God, don't leave me like this," she whispered, tears forming in her eyes.

I slowly stood and faced her, somehow finding the strength to speak the words I had been dreading for so long.

"I have to go, Mom. I can't stay with you anymore. I love you too much, and in too many ways you can't return. If I stay, I'll lose my mind. I have to move on," I said miserably.

"Baby, please, think it over, give us some time. We'll figure things out."

I flushed with anger and for the first time I could remember in years, I actually yelled at Mom, slapping my hand on the kitchen counter.

"There's nothing to think over!" I exploded. "I know that things will never be the way I want them to be for you and me! There's no point in torturing ourselves when all that's left between us is what I can't have and what you can't seem to give, Mom!"

As I spewed out my years of pent up frustrations, Mom quailed from me as though she had suffered a physical blow. She actually slipped and fell onto her ass with a tooth-jarring thump, eyes wide in shock and pain, tears flowing freely.

My fury was immediately quenched when I saw her stumble. In spite of my anger, I found myself at her side before I could even think. I took her in my arms, hugging her as tight as I could, sobbing myself.

"I'm sorry, Mom! I'm so sorry! I can't help the way I feel about you! I promised you I'd never do anything to hurt you and look what happened! I'll always love you, but I can't do this any more! I just can't!"

As my entire world burned to the ground inside, somehow, I found a reserve of cold strength within and hauled her up to her feet. Placing my arms around her, I spoke one last time.

"Mom, as your son, I'm not ever going to stop loving you, but tomorrow, next week and next year, just remember you would have always had that, but could have had this too!"

I bent to her face and crushed her in my embrace, giving her the hardest, most ferocious and passionate kiss I could muster. She stood stiffly against me, not really responding, but not resisting either. Slowly, her lips softened ever so slightly and gradually her hands came up haltingly to rest lightly and tentatively on my waist.

"This is the last time I'm ever going to hold you, Mom," I whispered hoarsely. "I'm sorry for everything, more than you'll ever know, but it's time. Time to go."

Without another word, I broke our embrace and turned away, walking to the door to fetch my bag. Deliberately not looking back, I spoke quietly as I made my way to the back door, my own cheeks wet with tears, "I love you, Jenny Marie, mother."

As I arrived at the doorway, I reached up to the light switch on the wall. The snap of the toggle seemed as loud as a gunshot, one that pierced my heart with a wound I felt sure would never heal. I left Mom standing alone in the dark, quietly weeping, as I silently closed the door behind me and began walking towards the street.

I got about halfway to the sidewalk and my legs betrayed me. My next step faltered, the one after that completely failed to materialize and then I found myself rooted in place, staring blankly at the gray, featureless, overcast sky above my head, beached in the middle of the driveway.

Having come this far, so close to cutting things off, my rational self railed and cursed at my emotions, which kept me in place like a perverse anchor. Try as I might, I couldn't bring myself to take that next step towards the street. I heard a small voice in the back of my mind, which sounded curiously like Mom's. It was saying, "The heart wants what it wants, Ricky. You may as well try to hold back the tide or stop an earthquake, because these things don't change."

In agony, I asked back to myself, "But if you simply cannot have your heart's desire, if it is impossible, then what?"

My legs weakened and I gradually collapsed down onto my haunches, ending up sitting Indian style on the ground, staring blankly in front of me. I was an empty shell, all of my conflicting desires, objective thoughts, longings and dreams cancelling each other into a paralytic gray numbness. I had no will, no plan, no objective, no hope, no future and I didn't care anymore.

I have no idea how long I sat hunched on the cool, dew-dampened cement, but after a long while, I could sense the first light of morning in the eastern sky. I found I could barely move, both of my legs having fallen asleep where I had run aground.

Then it was my turn to be pulled to my feet. Mom stood behind me, hooked her arms underneath mine and heaved me up. She put her arm around my waist and led me back into the kitchen on unsteady, numbed legs. Not a word was spoken between us.

I found myself propelled into the breakfast nook and sat heavily in one of the chairs. Tingling painfully, my legs still refused to work properly and I had to move them with my hands into some semblance of a comfortable position. Mom went to the refrigerator and poured two glasses of orange juice. She set one in front of me and sat down on the opposite side of the table, quietly regarding me over the rim of her own glass, taking slow, measured sips of her drink. The silence between us was a living, palpable entity; coiled like a serpent, ready to strike in some unexpected direction at any moment. We sat for some minutes, staring at each other as the suspense between us built, a simmering steam boiler with no relief valve.

We would occasionally make brief eye contact, each of us looking for a response from the other, then quickly glancing away, unable or unwilling to start a conversation.

When Mom finally spoke, the tension shattered like a plate glass window and I visibly jumped in my seat.

"I simply can't let you go like this Ricky. I know how much you're hurting inside, because I feel the same thing," she began, tentatively.

"If you feel the way I do, then why do you fight it so hard, Mom?" I asked resignedly. "I can see how it's tearing you up inside. We really, truly love each other. How can that be bad?" I shot back, pain in every word.

"I'm your mother, for God's sake!" she cried out in frustration. "I'm not supposed to, not allowed, CAN'T have these feelings about my own son, goddammit!"

"Yet, you do. I know it, you know it and there's no sense in pretending otherwise, because that's all bullshit," I countered.

"You're still my own flesh and blood!" she said, voice cracking in despair.

"So what?" I shot back. "All I know is that you're the most beautiful, intelligent and loving woman I've ever known. There's no one in the entire world who could possibly mean as much to me as you do."

"Get this through your head, lady," I continued in exasperation, "I can't change how I feel. It doesn't matter if I turn around and leave, never seeing you again."

"I - will - always - love - you," I said, spitting out each word like a heavy stone. "I can't help myself. And I don't care what anyone thinks. Nobody, nobody in the world has any right to tell two adults who love each other how to live their lives."

"All I can say is, I love you and want to be with you in all possible ways. I want to be your friend, your son, your man, your everything, Mom. Without those things, my life has no meaning. It's my fate, what I was created to do," I said with absolute certainty.

As a closing argument, I added, "You can't fool me, Mom. I know you feel the same things. And don't try and tell me that the idea of making love with your son doesn't get you all wet."

"Ricky! My God, how can you talk like that?" she spluttered shakily, a mortified flush rising rapidly on her cheeks.

"Because it's the truth, Mom! We've been dancing around the edges of this for so long, it's time to be totally honest. You can't possibly expect that we can go back to where things were, or just leave them as they are right now. You can't carve up our relationship up, break it down, control it or parse it like some legal document."

I got up and sat next to her, taking her hand in mine. I kissed her sweetly on her cheek and cupped her chin, turning her head to look her in the eyes.

"You know I worship the ground you walk on, Mom," I said softly, gently. "You also know I'd cut my throat before I'd truly do anything to hurt you."

Pausing, I gulped a huge breath of air, heart pounding painfully. "I need to know, Mom. Now. Not 'in a little while,' not next week or tomorrow, or in an hour. Will you be my lover, mother?"

She brought her hand to my cheek and gently ran her finger over the bruise from last week and sighed heavily.

"Ricky, what happened with Marcia, nearly being discovered, it terrified me. I thought I knew what I needed to do when I got off the plane last night. It was my last chance to try and tame this...this thing between us that was threatening to drive me insane with desire and guilt. I wanted you so very much, but I was so afraid, even as things were changing between us. The feelings were so intense, I felt that if I fully gave in, simply let things happen, it would all spin wildly out of control and it would just burn us up, completely consume and destroy us. It was so strong, so powerful, and so scary that I couldn't handle the emotions. I was afraid that if I gave in, surrendered to my desires, that I would lose myself forever, drowning in love and lust," she exhaled mournfully, her voice trailing to a whisper.

"Nothing would then matter except my need to fuck you," she confessed, voice hoarse with shame. "I thought that once I let you have me, I would lose control of everything in my life, and you already know how much I need to be in control of things," she confessed with a sad sigh. "That's why I tried to make it all go so slowly, why I only let you do...those things... with me on my terms. It was selfish and unfair of me to string you along like that."

"And then, after Marcia came by...you can't imagine what that felt like. I was completely torn in two. I thought I should go mad with the conflict I was feeling. I thought we still had to do what was right and proper, but I think...I think... I think deep down, my heart was beginning to sing. I was not honest with myself up to that point. I just didn't want to acknowledge my deepest, darkest longings -- that I desired you, Ricky. I needed you, of all the men in the world, I wanted you. I was in love with my own boy and wanted to make love to him, never stopping, never wanting anyone or anything else."

As I heard these words, my heart soared and my throat tightened. I felt as though I had died and was only just now resurrected. At that moment, my love for Mom burned as strongly and deeply as anything I had experienced in my entire life. My emotions were so overwhelming I could hardly speak.

"I'll always love you, Mom. There's never been anyone else for me. I couldn't possibly live without you," I whispered.

I watched what seemed to be a tremendous flight of emotions across my mother's face - relief, pleasure, happiness and finally a kind of exaltation. She had never looked so desirable to me. I began to feel that familiar stirring and tightening in my loins and my breath caught in my throat.

"I owe you an apology, my love. I should have had the courage of my convictions," she said, her voice strengthening and a small smile appearing.

"I should have listened to my heart and recognized the truth in yours, how much, how deeply my son loves me," she declared, her eyes glistening.

She leaned over to me and took my face in her hands, giving me a long, tender kiss. Moaning inarticulately, I leaned into her, arms coming around her shoulders as I tried to devour her mouth with mine. Groaning, she pressed herself into me, tongue insistently seeking mine as we desperately pressed against each other, as if to try and merge our bodies and souls together through our kiss.

We continued kissing for many minutes, reclaiming each other, touching, reassuring, wiping away mutual tears. Comfort and simple, overwhelming closeness slowly changed into pleasure as our tongues danced, clashed and twined. Pleasure gradually melted into passion and suddenly, I found my hands on Mom's breasts, lightly rubbing her nipples through the fabric of her nightgown. She arched her back then, thrusting then to meet my tweaking fingertips.

Mom dropped her hand to my thigh, lightly rubbing and questing, slowly trailing her fingers over my surging cock, lightly tugging and grasping. I groaned again as she squeezed me gently.

Breaking our kiss, she sat back and regarded me tenderly, her eyes dancing.

"It looks like you're ready to properly welcome your mother home now."

Mom leaned back towards me, her lips slightly parted, smiling gently. In a husky voice, she said, "My boy gives me such sweet kisses. May I have another, please?"

She brought her hand behind my neck and tenderly drew me to her. The touch was gentle, sensuous and unbearable. Her lips seemed to lightly dance on mine, her tongue lightly probing, retreating and teasing as it sought mine. It was so exquisite that I couldn't stand it. It was all I could do to respond in kind, being as gentle as I could be.

Again, I felt her hand on my thigh, tantalizingly close to my throbbing member, lightly scratching the inside of my thigh with her nails. I felt her hand scrabble

over my fly, questing for the zipper and button at the front of my pants. Releasing me from denim captivity, her hand snaked under the waistband of my boxers, seeking my growing steel. I was as hard as I'd ever been in my life.

As she truly touched me for the first time, skin on skin, her fingers delicately explored my length, pulling me towards her. Abruptly, her lips then crushed down on mine, her tongue thrusting to meet mine as she quickly and fully grasped my cock. Her touch was like an electric shock. I immediately began squirting all over her loving fingers, feeling huge contractions and uncontrollable twitching. I must have shot at least a half dozen huge ropes of hot, sticky cum into her warm, waiting palm, painting her fingers with a thick film of my sticky, white goo. The results of my 5 days of abstinence produced perhaps the biggest cum of my life, completely soaking my drawers and covering her hand.

"Ah! Ahhh! Mom, oh God!!" I moaned.

Pulling her hand out from my underwear, Mom regarded her slickened fingers with a smile. "I think my son is glad to see me," she said with a wry chuckle.

"God, Mom, I'm so sorry!" I groaned, embarrassed at my loss of control.

"Don't be silly, darling," she scolded affectionately. "You never need to apologize for something like that -- it's a huge compliment, you silly boy. Besides, I'm sure you'll be raring to go again very soon."

"Thanks," I whispered, as she kissed my lightly, but thoroughly.

She then did something so mind-blowing, I began to harden again immediately. She firmly jerked my jeans down over my hips and lowered her face to my crotch and began sucking my spend through the thin materials of my boxers, taking exquisite care to directly avoid putting her mouth on my cock. She slowly and thoroughly sucked all the cum out of my pants, noisily slurping my sperm and making small, mewling sounds of satisfaction deep in her throat.

When she finished, she looked up from my lap, smiling contentedly. "Wow. That was amazing, sweetheart. I've never seen so much sperm in my life."

"Only for you, Mom, only for you," I gasped, still panting from my release.

"You're my sweet talking boy, aren't you?"

I sighed with pleasure, reaching down to touch her cheek. "Mom, I just love you so much. You turn me on so much, sometimes I think you can make me come just by looking at me sideways."

"Mmmm. All that lovely man juice, just for moi?" she teased

"Should I say you bring out the best in me?"

Mom gave a quick snort of laughter, pulling the waistband of my shorts down below my balls, exposing my gooey, semi-hard state. Wiping the last remains of semen from my cock with her hand, she examined her fingers briefly, with almost clinical detachment and then smiled widely, licking them clean with lip-smacking relish. She then bent down and gave my glans a quick, popping suck and then kissed my tip, pulling my underwear back into place.

"Let's go upstairs and get comfortable, Ricky," she said decisively. "It's time to be what we were meant to be to each other."

She got up from the table, stretching slowly and sinuously. Shrugging her robe off, she revealed a floor length, semi-opaque, pale yellow nightdress. It had a shallow, broadly scooped V-neck which slightly exposed the tops of her breasts, short puffy sleeves and a small ribbon which tied the front of the gown together. I could see the slight outline of her hard nipples under the fabric as her unrestrained breasts wobbled slightly with her movement. The remainder of the gown was just

diaphanous enough to hint at the forest of curly, ginger hair at the juncture of her thighs.

Taking my hand, she drew me out of my chair, giggling as I nearly toppled, my jeans still caught around my knees. She helped me step out of them, steadying my shoulders as I pulled each leg free.

Once I was liberated, she quickly reached to the waistband of my underwear and pulled them down to the floor. Smiling gently, she grasped my resurgent cock in her hand and led me forward and upstairs to my destiny.

Clambering on to her bed, she gave me an absolutely smoldering look. Reaching her arms out, she said tenderly "Come up here next to me, you bad boy."

I hesitantly crawled up next to her. I could hardly believe my good fortune. She gently took my hand, placing it on her left breast as she pulled my head to its companion. I slowly ran my fingers around the outside of the outline of her nipple, gently flicking it with my fingertip as I explored the springy contours around it. I began to lightly lick her other nipple through the material of the gown. She arched her back to meet my mouth when I locked my lips on her nipple. Moaning, she said "Oh, so nice, Ricky. Please do the other one! That's my baby. Just like when you were little. You loved chewing on me so much."

As I switched my attention to her other breast, I let my right hand stray over her abdomen, lightly touching and caressing wherever I traveled. Tentatively, I gradually moved below her waist, with an even lighter touch. As I moved lower, I could feel the subtle change in texture as I moved over her mons, caused by her luxuriant, slightly wiry pubic hair. Her moaning increased.

"Yessssss, ooohhhh, pleeeaaasssse...."

Gingerly skirting where I thought her clit was, I moved to the sides of her sex, lightly touching and stroking her nether lips. The material over her pussy was absolutely soaked and her intoxicating musk permeated the whole room.

"More there, yes, love, more" she breathed.

I continued to lightly flick her nipple through the material of the gown, now wet and nearly transparent with my saliva. I gradually let the fingers of my right hand find their way to the opening of her vagina, always lightly dancing and probing. She arched her pelvis up to meet my hand. I gradually pushed on the gown, slowly indenting the material over her delta of Venus until I was able to push into her opening an inch or two, gradually increasing the strength of my penetrations and their frequency.

By now, Mom was vigorously thrusting to meet my hand, my palm making a wet, slapping sound as it came in contact with her pussy and the maximal depth of my caresses. She was moaning almost continuously now, barely coherent. Slowly, with great care, I drew up the front of her gown above her waist, gradually sliding my hand from her knee to the junction of her magnificent thighs, caressing slowly as I went.

I cupped her mound, gently pressing and rubbing, slowly drawing my middle finger up her slit, from perineum to her little nub. She shuddered and thrust herself up against my hand. I slowly inserted a finger into her opening, gradually pushing it in as far as I could, then adding a second finger. So tight, so wet, so unbelievably hot, she was.

"Ooohhhh my god Ricky, it feels soooo goood. Do me some more."

Those words absolutely set me off. I redoubled the stimulation of her breast and greatly increased the thrusting of my fingers, pushing as hard as I could. Mom was panting like a long distance runner near the finish line now, barely able to speak. She was moving her pelvis as quickly as she could against my hand, trying to gain maximal stimulation from my digits. She was close now, and I wanted to make

sure that she had the best orgasm of her life on my fingers. I removed my other hand from her breast and began to rub over her mound. Her lips were red and swollen, saturated with beads of her dew. Her clit stood at proud attention, peeking from beneath its hood. I took it in my fingers and began to gently squeeze and rub it.

Mom suddenly arched her back, thighs clamping viciously around my hand, her pelvis thrusting upward. A keening moan tore from her throat.

"Oh god! Oh god! My god, Ricky, mygod mygod omigod omigod omigod I'm cumming, I'm cumming, baby, cumming! She continued for nearly a whole minute. I could barely keep my hands on her sex, she was writhing so much. Finally, she collapsed utterly and completely, breathing rapidly with her eyes tightly closed, eyelids fluttering.

God, that felt so good! I gave my mother an amazing climax, just with my hands. I felt 10 feet tall and invincible. There could be no better feeling on the earth than pleasing my Mom that way! I moved up next to her on the bed, cradling her head and neck on my chest. I was filled with tenderness as I stroked her hair and cheeks. "I love you so much, Mom. I love to make you feel good."

She gradually returned to the present, snuggling against me, hands tracing lightly on my chest, teasing my nipples. The sensation was driving me to delirium.

"My god, Ricky. What did you do to me? I can't remember the last time I came like that. I'm shaking like a leaf!"

"Just being the dutiful son," I joked lightly.

"I'm appalled at how hard I made you work while I was gone," she chastised herself. "I'm surprised that you have the strength to lift one finger, let alone do what you just did to me."

I lowered my voice and spoke very softly and seriously. "Mom, everything I did while you were gone, from the pool, to the fence, to the driveway and now to this bed I did because I love you. The reason it's so good with us is because it's real love. We only care about pleasing each other. You're my angel and I'll never put myself ahead of you again."

She lifted her head from my chest and looked into my eyes intently. My heart soared as I regarded her face. For nearly a full minute she said nothing, just holding my gaze in hers. Finally she spoke. "I love you too, son. I should have realized how much the past few weeks before my trip had affected you. You don't have to apologize again, ever, for last Sunday. That's in the past, dear heart. You and I are only going to look forward now."

She leaned forward and kissed me softly, thoroughly and intensely. I was happy to give back as good as I got. As we came up for air, she took my hands in hers, enveloping me in a tender gaze. "Things are really, truly different now, aren't they?" she asked.

I nodded my head, not able to speak.

"All of the things which happened before last Sunday altered our relationship to something new, but now it's truly changed for good. We're really lovers now, Ricky." Even though we haven't, you know, uhhh, actually had sex, we're lovers nonetheless." She blushed sweetly as she said this.

Speaking more quietly, she stroked my cheek apologetically and added softly, "I should have remembered that last Sunday. Even though what you did to me was wrong and selfish, I tried to discipline you like a parent of a child, when I should have worked it out with you, a misunderstanding between two adults, woman to young man, lover to lover."

I hugged her, burying my face in her neck. "It's okay, Mom. Like you said, it's done and over now, so we should concentrate on the future. I think things are going to be wonderful for us, but it's going to be complicated from time to time. What

makes us special could also get in our way sometimes. I think that happened on Sunday. When I think how close I came to losing you..." my voice broke.

"But you didn't, son. It was a near thing because we both made mistakes, but I don't think that will happen again. We'll fight, like all couples inevitably do, but I think we learned some important lessons already."

Smiling and running her fingers through my hair, Mom said, "First and foremost, we'll always be honest, always talk through our misunderstandings. Second, we have to be more, uhm, cautious in the future." Kissing me affectionately, she added, "What we have now is far, far too precious to endanger in any way. It cost us both a lot to get here, darling. Now that I have you, I don't want to lose you to carelessness."

"I'd rather die than upset you or hurt you again, Mom," I said, choking up a little. "You're right -- it is precious. I'll do whatever I must to protect it."

"What I also know is that I'm very, very lucky," I added. "I won't ever forget that. You've already made me so happy, Mom, and I love you so much. If I get brained by a meteor tomorrow, I'll go with a smile on my face."

Mom giggled at my imagery, but then became more somber. "Ricky, you know you're my man now, don't you?"

"Yeah, Mom, I do" I acknowledged, sensing the seriousness which was beneath her statement. "And you're my woman, truly."

"I feel a little guilty saying this right now, but I want to be totally honest and open from now on." Taking a deep breath, Mom continued, "I don't think we should make love just yet. I know it's not very romantic and maybe I'm trying to be too organized and controlling again, but there are real practical issues here, and I very, very much want everything to be right for our first time together. There are some

things I need to attend to as a woman -- I want to see my doctor this week and get some things checked, if that's okay with you."

I took her hand and kissed it, looking into her eyes. "I suppose a couple more days won't kill me, after waiting for eight years. Knowing you want it too will hold me until then, I suppose. Are you going to talk about, uhm, the Pill? You know, it's fine if you don't want to do that, Mom. I'll use a condom, I'm okay with that."

"That's very sweet of you, darling - thank you for understanding, and the offer, too. I promise you'll not be disappointed by the wait. And yes, I will be talking about birth control, among other things."

Touching her cheek, I replied, "Mom, it's not something you owe me. It's not a reward like getting a cookie for being a good boy. I want it to be right and special as much as you."

"You're my sweet understanding son. I really appreciate that."

Abruptly, she smiled, as though some internal joke amused her. "Mommy's boy is too old to be rewarded with cookies, anyway. From now on, he gets nookie from Mom's cookie jar instead," she cackled.

I laughed with delight and hugged her tight. "It's settled then," I said decisively. "We just need to agree on the wage scale."

"Beg pardon?" she asked, not following my train of thought.

"Well, let's see. I think for cleaning my room, at least a hand job. For mowing the lawn and taking care of the pool, probably oral. If it's something bigger, like a major project or repair, then nothing less than full on sex will do. I will let you choose what position, though," I added magnanimously.

"You're an incorrigible brat, you know," she giggled.

"Yup, and proud of it, too," I retorted, grinning widely.

Mom settled herself closer to me, nuzzling my cheek, squeezing my hands in hers. "I think we're going to be very good together, Ricky. You make me laugh like no one else. I really love your sense of humor."

"You deserve to be happy, Mom. All those years working so hard for us, all the sacrifices, I'll never, ever forget that. I intend to keep you laughing and cumming as long as I'm breathing."

"You're my sweet young man."

Turning serious, I changed the conversation. "Mom, when I was 14 and hormonally challenged..."

She snorted with laughter. "Hormonally challenged? That's how you describe it? You certainly get the prize for understatement my dear, sweet boy. I knew almost from the first day when you started wanting me. I didn't need to catch you stealing my undies, sneaking peeks up my skirt or seeing your cum in my used panties to know it either- I'm your Mom."

"Mom!"

"What, embarrassed that I know all your secrets, young man?"

"I'm trying to be serious here, lady, give this poor guy a break."

She tousled my hair and laughed, kissing my lightly on the lips.

"Okay, tiger, what's on your mind?"

"Hmm, tiger, I kind of like that. Anyway, I was going to say that when I was fourteen I wanted to fuck you, but that's not the way it is anymore. I want to make love to you Mom, I want to do it so much and make you feel so good, I can't stand it."

"I know you do Ricky. I want it as much as you do. Soon, we'll fulfill that wish. We'll make love together."

I enveloped her in a huge hug.

"Ooof! watch it there, big guy. If you squeeze the life out of me, it ain't gonna happen."

"I can wait for you Mom. I think we'll both know it when you're ready. Anyway, there's a lot of other things we can do until then," I said, grinning lecherously.

"Is that so, young lover?" she bantered. "I may just cut you off at the knees until then, just to make the wait that much more exciting!"

"Mooom!"

"Riiicky!" she returned, imitating my whine.

"Just promise me one thing, lover boy." She looked at me out of the corner of her eyes, that sly smile I love so much playing on her lips.

"Anything, Mom."

"After you make love to me for the first time..."

"Yes?"

"I want you to fuck my brains out."

Those seven words rocked my world, ricocheting around in my head like a bullet cast from an alloy of pure lust and burning desire, jacketed in the steel of every fantasy I ever had about my mother. It reduced my higher centers to pure jello in a half second and left nothing functioning but the lowest reptilian centers of my being. I was surprised that I didn't start to reflexively hump her leg like a dog.

"God Mom, you have no idea what you do to me! Talking like that is going to fry my brain!" I groaned.

"You like it when I talk dirty to you?"

"God, yes!"

She glanced at my crotch. My hardness was rampant again, the tip of my penis poking through the fly of my boxers.

"Hmmm, doesn't seem like you need any extra stimulation to me..."

"Now you're just being a cruel tease."

"Well hot stuff, it certainly looks like you've got a problem that needs some attention."

That sly smile was present again, getting bigger and broader by the second. Looking me straight in the eye, she smiled wickedly and spoke words that I never thought I would hear.

"Do you want Mommy to suck your cock?"

"Oh my god, for real? Yes, yes please!"

"Well then, skin off those shorts and lie back here with your Mom. I need to taste you."

I practically bounced to my feet. As I shucked the PJ bottoms, Mom also stood. She untied the top of her gown slowly with one hand, simultaneously caressing her breasts with the other, slowly pinching her nipples as she gradually shrugged the gown off her shoulders. When the nightgown was fully off her shoulders, she held it in place by cupping the material under both breasts with her hands, her eyes on my face the whole time. Her nipples were simply magnificent, dark pink Hershey's kisses set against the background of her rosy areolae. They were still damp from my previous attentions, hard as flint arrowheads.

Never taking her eyes from me, she then let the gown fall around her feet. Her left hand was still cupped around her breast. She was rolling the nipple between her fingers as she trailed her right hand down over her abdomen, drawing my eyes downward. Her pubic hair was slightly trimmed, a gorgeous, full thatch of reddish blonde curls which partially concealed her nether lips. It was matted and moist from her juices.

Her index finger pointed towards her feet, she slowly passed it through her pubes, shuddering slightly as it then passed over her clitoris, dipping then into the center of her sex. She sighed, her lips parting as she ran the finger into her opening. Bringing it to her mouth, she sucked her moisture off it with a definite slurp. "Mmmmmmm, Ricky. I want you in my mouth now. I've wanted it for such a long time. Are you ready?"

I laid myself down next to her, nearly speechless with desire. She hopped onto the bed, facing me, then straddled one of my legs with hers thighs, slowly lowering her head towards my groin.

As I raised my head off the pillows to watch her, she placed her hand on my chest, pushing and lightly rubbing at the same time. "Lie back and relax, lover. Close your eyes and let your mother do all the work. This is my treat for my special young man."

It began as the lightest of touches, barely rubbing the side of her finger along the undersurface of my cock. The movement was leisurely, but not at all hesitant. As she lowered her face closer, I felt the heat of her breath, as she blew and exhaled, moving her mouth within millimeters of my flesh, traveling up and down my length. She would occasionally draw back slightly and shake her head, her hair lightly slapping into and then drawing over my throbbing helmet like a silken cascade while she rubbed her cheek against my pole.

"It's so beautiful, Ricky," she whispered, almost to herself. "It's the nicest one I've ever touched."

Then I felt it. A warm, teasing moistness which began as a gentle, lingering, kiss along the underside of my shaft, which then morphed into a long sensuous lick, extending along the entire length to the head, which was then engulfed briefly with the lightest of suction and swirl of the tongue.

"Oh Mom, that's soooo goooood," I groaned.

"Mmmmmmmpppphhhh, God Ricky, I love your taste! You are soooo sweet. Just one lick and I think I'm already addicted. I need more!"

With that, she continued, licking up and down, showering my shaft with kisses, occasionally pausing to take the head in her mouth, always sucking only lightly and swirling her tongue for the briefest of moments. I have no idea how long she

continued this way. I had completely lost track of time, my perceptions contracting to include only the steady rhythm of her movements, her breathing and occasional exclamations of pleasure. I have never felt so pampered in my life. My cock seemed to have become the center of my mother's universe, her entire being focused on the slow, leisurely pleasure she was giving me with her mouth.

Gradually, imperceptibly, she began to increase the pace of her ministrations. The exquisite sensations became more intense. I flexed my legs in response to the pleasure and Mom responded, thrusting her pelvis back against my thigh and knee, rubbing her wet slit on the skin above my knee. She began to concentrate on my head, sucking it strongly in and out of her mouth, taking more and more of my length into her mouth. I could feel resistance as the head of my cock would reach the back of her throat and she would then draw back and repeat the process. A slapping, squishing noise began to intrude on my consciousness. I opened my eyes to see Mom fingering herself as she sucked, two fingers in her opening, occasionally flicking her thumb across her clit. She seemed totally focused, in her own universe.

There was a slight shift in her angle of attack on my cock and suddenly, my entire length was engulfed, warm wet pulsations surrounding me everywhere. Mom was taking all of me! She would take me down to my root and then slowly, languorously come back up, maintaining a constant, milking suction until she had only the head of my cock in her mouth. She would then suck vigorously, simultaneously swirling her tongue over my helmet. The pace inexorably increased and I could feel an enormous pressure building, a deep tingling and tightness that began in my ass and worked its way inexorably forward through my cock.

"Mom! Oh, Mom, my god, I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come!"

She pulled back, keeping only my glans in her mouth and began sucking furiously while constantly swirling her tongue over my head, her hand stroking up and down on my shaft beneath her mouth.

I flat out screamed in ecstasy. As the detonations of pleasure raced through my body, I felt like I was being torn apart by a riptide of pleasure, my whole being disassembled and rebuilt as my orgasm reduced me to atoms.

All I could do was call out "Mom! Oh, Mom!" again and again and again.

When I returned to the land of the living, Mom was curled up next to me, head on the pillow next to me, gazing at my face. Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkling with passion. As she smiled I could see a tiny dot of my cum on her chin, only the smallest portion of my spend that she was unable to swallow.

"Come here."

I bent to her face, licking myself off her chin, fastening my lips upon hers, tongues dancing again as we shared my taste.

As I held her close, I struggled to find the words.

"That was indescribable."

"Your cock is an inspiration to me, Ricky. It's truly gorgeous, just perfect. I simply couldn't do any less for our first time like this. Your taste was wonderful," she murmured, looking like the proverbial canary-eating cat.

"I just wish that I could have given you some of what you were lavishing on me."

"Silly boy!" she said, scolding me with affection. "This was your time, and I wanted it to be my little gift to you. Besides, I came with my fingers while I was sucking you."

"Anyway," she said, stretching luxuriously, "I don't doubt that we'll pleasure each other the same way at the same time before long. I'm looking forward to it."

I disentangled myself and placed her on her back, looking steadily into her eyes. "It's my turn to return the favor, sweet mother."

"You don't have to, Ricky. You don't owe me anything. I'm quite content."

"Don't have to?" I exclaimed indignantly. "Excuse me, but you don't have even the faintest clue how much I want to taste you."

"Honestly? You're sure? You'd really do that, darling?"

I pretended exasperation. "Mom, when I used to jerk off thinking about you (which was usually 3 or 4 times a day, by the way), this was almost my favorite fantasy. You have no idea how much I want this. Now it's your turn to relax. Just settle back now and let your horny son eat your pussy."

"You're a very persuasive young man. I may just let you."

"That's more like it."

As we had our gentle argument, I was gradually scooting my way down between Mom's legs. I began showering light kisses and licks just above her knees, gradually licking longer and longer tracts with my tongue, moving closer to the object of my desire.

I began tracing my lips and tongue along the folds where her thighs met the pelvis, nibbling, licking and sucking. Gradually, I moved to her outer lips, slowly and firmly licking up and down, side to side, staying away from her opening. I was now at my interminably longed-for altar of worship, where I belonged.

I probed with my tongue. I ran my fingers lightly along her outer lips, teasing out slightly sticky tendrils of succulent honey from her center. I gently ran my thumb

over her hood, the barest of contact causing her to lightly shudder. Every trick, every nuance of oral pleasure I had learned from previous lovers, I brought to bear as I ate my mother for the first time. Nothing less than a magnificent, epic orgasm would do.

I tasted sweetness, salty tang and heady musk, better than the nectar of the gods, the nectar of my goddess. Mom's hands found their way to my cheeks, lovingly caressing, slowly rising up to rest gently on my scalp, toying with my hair.

"Oh, Ricky baby, what are you doing to your mom? That is so good, baby," she moaned.

I gradually added a gentle probing and sucking, stiffening my tongue, working as slowly as possible to her center, then outward again. By now her hands were gently knotted in my hair and she cooing and sighing constantly. I slid my hands under her ass, raising her to meet my mouth, centering and stiffening my tongue, then slowly and firmly driving it into her dripping center.

"Ah! Oh God, yes, more please," she whimpered.

I let my tongue trail out of her opening, always maintaining contact and let it slip to her perineum, where I licked more. I let my thumb gently slide along the crack of her buttocks, dragging it slowly downward. By now, Mom's legs were spread as wide as she could get them, her feet straight up in the air. I could see everything. Her ass was alternately clenching and relaxing and I could see her rosebud slightly opening and closing as I licked. I lightly rubbed my thumb around her most secret place, gently pressing and retreating as I continued to lick.,

"My God, you little devil," she breathed. "Where the hell did you learn that? You're driving me crazy, touching me there!"

I responded by firmly stabbing my tongue back into her vagina, licking and sucking more insistently now. She began to buck her hips at my face, smearing me

with her freely flowing juices from forehead to chin. I slowly withdrew my tongue to the outer reaches of her opening, then traveling upward towards her nub, always maintaining contact with her moist flesh. At the same time, I inserted a finger into her channel, slowly, firmly, as far as I could. I then added a second finger and began to rediscover the place I had emerged from into the world. I continued to lick and suck around her outer lips, staying a teasing distance from her clit as I continued my braille exploration. When I curled my fingers, I felt what seemed like a small interior mound along the front of her passage. As I carefully traced my fingers across this, I felt Mom stiffen.

"Oooooooooohhhh, yesssss! That spot! Again, lover! Again!" she hissed.

I began to apply more pressure, more probing to the area, questing, searching until I found the raised sponginess again.

Mom was now thrusting in earnest against my fingers, grunting and moaning constantly, thrashing her head from side to side as I continued my motions.

"Oh, God! Oh Jesus, Mommy's close, sweetheart, Mommy's reallllly close now. Give me more, give me more!"

At this, I moved my mouth directly over her clit and began to vibrate it with the very tip of my tongue.

"Ah! AH! I'm coming! Fuck! I'm coming! Give it to Mommy, baby! Making Mommeeee cummmmmmmmmmmmm!"

I went into overdrive. Placing my whole mouth over her clit as I continued thrusting with my fingers, I began sucking and swirling my tongue over her little man in the boat, trying as best I could to imitate what she had done for me earlier.

The results exceeded my fondest hopes. Mom's entire body was vibrating, completely clenched in a rigid contraction of ecstasy. She was pushing up against my fingers and mouth as fast and hard as she could, rising from one peak to the

next with increasing intensity each time. Her moans were completely incoherent. I could feel her spasms with my fingers, wave after wave of contractions flowing through the walls of her pussy, around my slippery digits.

I don't know exactly how or when she finished climaxing, if it was her cum running its course, or me running out of hand and lip stamina to keep up with her, but her passion and my strength eventually ebbed over 2 or 3 tumultuous minutes. My hand was practically numb, my face completely coated with her essence from forehead to chin. Looking at Mom, she was still fully spread-eagled on the bed, shoulders, breasts and face flushed and moistened with perspiration, breathing like a marathon runner in the 26th mile. Her eyes were closed, lids fluttering, a smile playing on her lips.

As I laid my head on her abdomen, watching her heaving chest slowly settle, she appeared so gorgeous at that instant that I could hardly stand it. Her pleasure was mine. Our connection was sublime. The moment stretched to the end of time and then she opened her eyes.

"Ricky...honey...dearest son...my lover," she sighed. "That was beyond paradise. I didn't think it would be possible to cum any harder than I did earlier, but you did it. That was the best of my life."

I sighed with contentment. "I just had one of my fondest dreams come true, Mom," I said, my voice catching slightly with emotion. "I can't think of many things that are better than having the love of your life come all over your face."

"I did a job of it, didn't I? You should look at yourself in a mirror - it's quite a sight, I can tell you. Come here and let me clean you up."

I moved from the V of her legs to her side, my head resting next to hers on the pillows. She then took my head in her hands and began to gently lick my cheek, traveling across to my nose, down over my lips to my chin and then to my forehead, alternating kitten-like licks and delicate kisses. It was at once utterly sensuous and amazingly tender. I closed my eyes and relaxed so totally that I think

I drifted off for a few moments. When I returned to awareness, Mom was curled up in the crook of my arm, head on my chest, breathing deeply and evenly. I drifted back into dreams myself, my last waking thoughts of bemused amazement not even enough to keep me from sleep.

I awoke to disorientation, not recognizing my surroundings for several moments. Judging by the light and shadows, it was probably late morning. I couldn't have slept more than three hours, but I felt refreshed, renewed and preternaturally alert. Gradually, I processed my environment and it then hit me. In Mom's bedroom - in her bed! Not a dream. Solid, amazing, absolutely gob-smacking reality! In an instant, I was wide-awake, as all of the evening's memories came thundering back into my head.

Mom was finally at peace with the idea that we were now a couple. We had been truly intimate. We hadn't actually had sex, but we had, in our own way, made love. As wonderful as those thoughts were, though, the thing that meant the most to me was where I was sitting at that moment.

I had slept in Mom's bed with her! It was from now on, for the glorious future unfolding in front of us, OUR bed. I grinned so widely, it was a miracle I didn't split my whole face wide open. I wanted to beat my chest like Johnny Weissmuller. I wanted to climb on the roof and howl at the moon. I wanted to leap whole buildings at a single bound. I wanted to wake my woman with a warm, lovers kiss, but Mom was gone, her side of the mattress already cool.

I felt a momentary pang of regret that I didn't wake up to see her next to me, but I got over it when I heard the sounds of food preparation from the kitchen. For some silly reason, I was inordinately pleased that Mom was making breakfast for us. It made me feel warm inside.

The enticing aroma of frying bacon and fresh coffee provided the added impetus I needed to rise from her bed (our bed now!) and I padded back to my bedroom to

get some clean clothes. I then hit the shower, pausing briefly to drain the snake. That act proved to be more difficult than usual, as the good soldier was standing at an angle of attention that could not be fully explained just by the need to pee. After my shower, I slid on my gym shorts and a tank top, heading downstairs to a truly new day.

As I contemplated my late breakfast plans, I detoured to the foyer, double-checking to make sure the door from the garage was locked. Entering the kitchen, I saw Mom's back was to me, working at the sink. She was clad only in a short red silk, kimono style robe, which did not quite extend down far enough to cover her delightful, round cheeks. As she worked at the sink, shifting slightly, I could see the lips of her sex, nestled between the perfect, arcing creases of her buttocks.

Coming up behind her, I encircled her waist for a hug and nuzzled her neck.

"Morning, mother-love. I hope you haven't been up too long on my account."

"I wanted to fix my son some breakfast this morning," she smiled, leaning back into my embrace. "Bacon, eggs and toast are on the table. Let me just finish washing this pan and we'll sit down."

I caressed the underside of her left breast through the kimono as I reached across the sink, slowly pulling the window shade opposite us down with my other hand.

"Somehow, I don't think Marcia will be bothering us this morning, but I'd like a little privacy. Our last interlude in here left something to be desired."

Mom snorted a laugh, which turned into a low moan as I gently cupped her tits from behind. The frying pan dropped from her hands into the sink with a small, soapy splash as she wetly clasped my hands over her breasts. The residual soap and water quickly soaked through the thin, silky material of her kimono, her nipples standing out like small stones through the slick material. I began to gently

pinch her, her rosy tips popping them through my slippery fingertips as Mom's hands further tightened over my own.

"Oooohhhh, baby, getting an early start to our day, are we?" she sighed. "You don't want the bacon and eggs Mommy cooked for you, do you?"

"I have something else in mind," I said lecherously. "I want sticky buns."

"Mmmmmmm, really? I didn't know you had a sweet tooth."

"Actually, not so sweet," I replied, dragging my hands down her sides to her ass. I gently thrust my hardness against her wonderful back crevice, pushing her slowly but firmly against the sink. Mom gasped lightly and then thrust back against me. "Just what are you up to back there, Ricky?"

Dropping to my knees, I ran my hands up the back of her thighs and slid the fabric of the kimono up over her hips, revealing her gorgeous, fleshy half moons. I kneaded her cheeks gently, squeezing, lifting and pulling. There it was, her most intimate place. Trailing my tongue down the divine canyon between her buttocks, I fully spread her cheeks and began to lick her little hole.

"Oh my Sweet Jesus!" she groaned, rigid with shock. "Dear God, what are you doing Ricky? Ohhh, SHIT! BABY! No one's ever done...ooohhhhhhhh, my gooooodddd...that...before."

With that, I stiffened my tongue and began to probe, in and out, around and around her musky pucker.

"Nmmmmmm, you naughty, naughty boy," she moaned. "You just have to have Mommy's nasty place, don't you? My God, Ricky, you are soooo kinky!"

As I explored my newfound object of passion with my tongue, I slipped a finger into Mom's rapidly moistening slit, slowly rubbing back and forth, coating it with her dewy secretions.

"Ohhhhh, fuck! What you're doing to me, lover! Goodddd, don't stop licking!!"

She had now spread her legs, hands braced on the counter top, fully thrusting her ass back on to my eager tongue. Her taste was absolutely indescribable, at once earthy, tangy, bitter and delightfully complex.

Withdrawing my finger from her pussy, I stopped my licking and grabbed her hip, roughly turning her front to me. She murmured briefly in protest. As she faced me, knees slightly bent and thighs opened, I slowly and deliberately looked up into her eyes.

Her face was a mask of absolute, unbridled lust, eyes wide open, pupils dilated, mouth half open with her ragged breaths. Still maintaining eye contact, I parted her thighs, slipped my slick digits between her legs and slowly inserted my index finger into her sweet back passage. Her eyes widened in shock and she began to hump backwards against my hand, causing my finger to slide in up to the knuckle.

"Fuck, oh fuck, what are you doooooing, Ricky? You're fucking my asshole with your finger! I can't stand it! It feels soooo goood. Push harder, love! Mmmppphhhh! Push harder!! Annnhhhhh! God, yesssss, HARDER!"

Breaking eye contact, I began sucking her clit and inserted a finger from my other hand into her slick, warm sheath.

She let out an absolutely animalistic, guttural moan and began sawing her pelvis back and forth, alternating between thrusting herself onto my face and slamming her ass against my fingers. Her pace rapidly reached a crescendo and she began to wail.

"Oh! Ohhhhhhhhhh!!! My god mygodomigodomigod, I'm coming! I'm coming!" she cried, her voice trailing off into an inarticulate groan.

Her ass began contracting in great spasms, practically crushing my finger. She threw her head back, strained forward onto her toes and mashed her sex against my face. I was then surprised by a sudden gush of nectar from her cunt, which splashed slightly onto my chin, but mostly ran down over my wrist and dripped onto the kitchen floor. I was so into the moment that I hardly noticed when I spurted myself, it was that erotic.

Chest heaving, knees slowly buckling, Mom slid down the counter, panting, limply collapsing into my lap. She locked her arms around my neck, grazing her lips over mine and nuzzling my cheek.

"My God Ricky! Where did that come from?" she panted. "I don't know if I can call you my dear sweet boy anymore - that was sexy and nasty...and I loved every damn second of it!" she exhaled, a sigh of slightly guilty, salacious satisfaction escaping her lips. Her expression was adorable, a combination of surprise, affection and unrepentant lust which was absolutely irresistible. I kissed her fiercely.

I stroked her hair and traced the outline of her ear with my fingertip. "You know, I'm not sure why I did that, but it seemed like the thing to do. I guess I liked the idea because it made me feel especially close to you, somehow. Anyway, you were awesome, Mom, like a force of nature."

"There wasn't much natural about that," she snorted. "It was just flat out wicked and dirty. I think that's what set me off so hard. I don't think I've ever done that...that thing before."

"It was incredibly sexy, Mom, the way you just let yourself go, how you totally got into it. It was so hot when you squirted that I came without touching myself, so that was a first for me too."

"I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did," I added softly.

"Baby, it was amazing. No man has EVER touched me like that before. You surprised me a little, that's all. But yes, sweetie, I'm amazed to say that I really, really liked it. You can love on my bottom any time you want."

"I'm going to hold you to that, sexy girl. I could easily become addicted to your beautiful ass."

Mom shivered slightly and snuggled up against me, lost in thought for a moment. "I think you are a sneaky, devious young man, doing that to me. I loved that combination of kink and intimacy, you devil. I didn't know I had it in me to like that kind of thing."

She shook her head in slow wonderment and gave me a sweet kiss.

"Well, anyway, you got your breakfast wish, lover. My buns are definitely sticky now, which I'm sure you planned all along. I'm afraid eggs and bacon are going to seem very pedestrian now."

"Actually, I'm famished. I didn't have much of an appetite while you were gone."

"Poor boy, to think you might have wasted away before I came home."

"Time for our breakfast," I said, pulling her to her feet.

Slipping one arm behind her knees, I lifted and then carried her, giggling, to the breakfast nook and sat her in my lap. We then took turns feeding each other from the platters on the table, leisurely enjoying the respite, stealing sweet, slow kisses from each other between bites. When we finished, Mom stayed in my lap, arms

linked around my neck as she rested her head on my shoulder. Inhaling her scent, my nose buried in her hair, I felt reborn into an amazing new world.

I wrapped her tightly in my arms and kissed her neck. She sighed and held me close. No words were necessary.

The rest of our day continued in a slow, unhurried and sensuous haze of exploratory caresses, kisses, licking and fingerings, as we gradually claimed each other, the hours flowing by like the slow, sweet ooze of poured honey. We relaxed watching a movie in the den, which morphed into our first 69 on the couch. As she straddled my face, sucking me slowly and lovingly while I lapped up her juices, I almost lost my mind with pleasure.

Later that afternoon in the shower, she returned the morning's favor, slipping her finger up my ass during a blowjob, giving me my first experience with a prostate massage. Between her incredible deep throat and the unexpected invasion of my ass, I came so hard, I couldn't stand up when she was finished.

Before dinner, I had my way again in the kitchen, eating her pussy and ass on the kitchen table until she begged for mercy. I made her come at least three or four times before she begged me to stop.

By the time evening arrived, we were sated and exhausted in our discoveries of each other. I ordered in a pizza and afterwards we watched movies. We fell asleep snuggled together on the sofa, totally spent from our previous night's sleep deprivation and nonstop day of passion, waking in each other's arms almost twelve hours later.

I slowly returned from wet and warm dreams to something warm and wet in my ear. Mom was whispering to me, tonguing my ear as she stroked my cock.

"Up and at 'em, baby. Mommy needs her protein shake for breakfast."

"Mmmmmmm, what a great way to wake up, Mom."

"Lay back, sweetie. Momma's going to take care of you now."

With that, she dipped her head to my groin and took me in to the hilt in one swallow. The sensation was so intense, I bucked involuntarily, causing Mom to gag slightly for a moment. Coughing slightly, she pulled off momentarily, eyes watering.

"Easy there, cowboy, no rush, okay?" she gasped.

"Sorry, Mom," I apologized sheepishly. "You're just too good a cocksucker -- you drive me crazy when you do the deep throat thing."

Stroking her cheek, I murmured, "I'll try to keep it cool."

"Not too cool, darling," she cooed, bending back to work. "Momma's hungry this morning."

As she returned to her pleasant task, she licked me from base to crown, fisting my length while sucking lustily on my glans, popping it in and out of her mouth with drooling smacks. Gradually, she worked her way back down the shaft, again devouring me completely. She began to make a humming noise deep in her throat, as she cupped my balls, finger running teasingly along my 'taint. The sensations were incredible, the slight vibration from her humming and the encompassing, enveloping wetness making my toes literally curl with arousal.

By this point, I was barely able to keep from moving, eyes rolling back in my head, practically ripping holes in the cushions of the sofa with my clawed fingernails. When her finger found its way to my ass, I couldn't help myself. As my hips started

to thrust involuntarily, Mom pulled back so only the head of my penis was in her mouth and she began fisting my shaft furiously with her other hand as her fingers found my prostate.

Thrusting uncontrollably and spouting gibberish, I sprayed myself into Mom's loving mouth. My hips were shaking so much that I popped out for a moment, painting her cheeks and chin with gooey whiteness as she swallowed what did find its way onto her tongue.

As I lay back, a completely limp rag of a son, Mom smiled warmly, wiping her chin and cheeks with her index finger, sucking it clean with lip-smacking relish, claiming the last residue of my cum.

Definitely appearing like the cat that ate the canary, she looked me in the eye and whispered seductively, "COCK-a-doodle-do!"

Shaking off a last post-orgasmic tremor, I stretched, grinned and pulled her close for a kiss.

"Good morning to you too, Mom," I whispered back, nuzzling the juncture of her neck and shoulder.

Bending once again to my crotch, she said, "There's still a little more cleanup here." Then she drained me completely dry, sucking, licking and cooing until I was completely clean and limp.

As she licked the last of my cum from her lips, she looked at me and grinned wickedly. "My boy likes sticky buns for breakfast, but his mommy likes a nice hot sausage!"

"You crack me up, lady. Actually, I like tacos for breakfast too."

"Taco, indeed! You are an uncultured beast. You don't deserve your mother."

"Probably not, but I've got her nonetheless and I have no plans to let her go. Ever," I concluded emphatically.

I wormed my way down to her thighs, exhaling softly on her skin as I went.

"Here now, what are you doing with that tongue of yours? Oh god, you just make me so wet!"

"I just want my breakfast, ma'am."

"You couldn't be satisfied with just a cup of coffee, could you?"

"Nope. Bring your hips up here, Mom. Sit on your horny son's face."

"Mmmmmmmm. Soooo goood. Jesus, how do you get that tongue of yours up so far?"

"Mmmppphhhh. NNNggghhhh. Yummmmmm. Lots of practice yesterday."

"Less talking, more eating, dear boy."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Ooohhhhhh, baby! You feel so good and I feel soooo nasty when you play with my ass like that. Yeah, put your finger allllll the way in."

"Ahhhhhhh, yesssss, lick me, baby. Push harder with your finger! Here it comes. Here it comes! OOhhhhhhhhhh myyyyyy gaaaaaawddddd!"

As the glow faded, Mom gradually snuggled back down into the crook of my arm, her hands idly straying over my chest.

"Much as I'd like to stay right here all day, my darling, we've got things to do."

"I know Mom, just a few more minutes and we'll get a shower and have some breakfast. I'll cook us something nice this morning."

"Sounds good, what are you going to make?"

"Hmmmm. Nothing fancy, maybe some huevos rancheros."

"Sounds delicious. Now wipe that leer off your face and get up to the shower. I'll scrub your back and then you can feed your poor, starving and exploited mother," she said with a mock pout and faux-petulant tone.

Mom took charge of me when I joined her in the shower stall, cleaning me thoroughly from head to toe, more gently and lovingly than sensuously, pausing many times for sweet, tender kisses. She made me feel so loved on and coddled, I could hardly stand it.

When she was finished, she shooed me out of the stall, lightly slapping my ass, saying, "You can spoil me next time, lover. Right now, I'm hungry, so get your cute, squeaky-clean butt into the kitchen and get cracking."

Later, Mom joined me in the kitchen, gliding up to me and hugging me from behind as I put the eggs and salsa on the tortillas. She laid her head against my back and rubbed my chest through my T-shirt, squeezing me tightly.

"Do you know how happy you've made me, Ricky?"

I turned around to face her. She looked radiant and wholesomely fresh in her simple terry cloth robe, a winsome smile on her face, skin glowing and hair still damp from the shower.

Placing my hands on her hips, I pulled her close and enveloped her in my arms, giving her a fierce, long hug.

"Probably about as much as you've done for me, Mom. You know what's scary, though?"

"What's that?"

"I think it's going to get better still. Deeper, more intense."

"I think you're right. Are you ready for that?"

I drew a deep breath. "I think so. It's funny though, you know...what we agreed to yesterday."

"How so?"

"Well, if you had asked me if I thought I could hold out for a while, waiting for you, even a few weeks ago, I don't know if I could have said yes. I had been living in such a constant state of frustration for so long...but now...now I'm feeling sort of at peace with the idea. I know for sure I can be patient now. I think that the delay is going to make it even better when it does happen. For that, I can wait."

"My dear, sweet, sexy lover-son, you are full of unsuspected depths and surprises, and not just carnal ones, either. You are wise beyond your years. Honestly, I'm at the point where I don't know if I can wait another minute."

"Smooth or ribbed, Mom?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Smooth or ribbed? We need to be prepared when the moment is right. I figure I should pick up some protection when we go out shopping later today."

"You are always my considerate, thoughtful young man. I appreciate that offer more than you know, but I have other plans for your wonderful spunk."

"What do you mean, Mom?"

I felt her take a deep breath and she burrowed her head against my chest, hugging me tightly before continuing. "What I mean, Ricky, is that I've thought about this a lot. I don't ever want to not feel your cum, no matter where you are in me...that's why I'm going to see my gynecologist as soon as I can tomorrow. She'll probably need to do a few tests, but everything should be squared away for us by the end of the week. That way, we can be totally spontaneous. That's what I would like."

"Wow. Just. Wow. Does that mean you're going to go on the pill? I mean, I know how it's not as safe if you're over 30 and all and I really like the idea of it being totally natural, but... it's not worth it if there's even the slightest chance of a problem for you, Mom," I finished in a rush, out of breath.

"I won't do anything she advises against, I promise. We'll only do things the safest way, okay?" she replied, smiling enigmatically.

"Okay, Mom. I trust you," I replied, putting further questions to the back of my mind.

"Great. Let's eat this wonderful breakfast and we'll head out. We'll hit the mall first and then the Farmer's Market on the way back, okay?"

"Yours to command, lover lady."

Later, as we drove to the mall, Mom snuggled up next to me and nuzzled my cheek, her hand idly caressing my thigh, occasionally straying to my crotch, where she would lightly trace my hardening outline with her fingernail. She was wearing the gorgeous sundress from our July 4th celebration, proudly braless, looking irresistible. It was a major effort to concentrate on the road, between her attire and hands teasing my dick.

"If you keep that up, I'll have to pull over and take you by force," I growled.

She laughed lightly. "I'm simply helping you to develop greater self control, lover boy."

I reached over to her side of the seat and quickly jerked her sundress up to her hips. "Two can play that game, you shameless hussy," I said.

I was prepared to just feel my way into her folds while driving and bring her off with my hand, but I made the mistake of glancing down first.

I almost swerved off the road.

Mom laughed delightedly and turned my head to face forward. "As that poet James Morrison once sang, 'Keep your eyes on the road and your hands upon the wheel'," she quipped.

"Holy shit Mom! Where did those come from? I thought I was familiar with all your panties from my beating off days," I said somewhat sheepishly. "I'm pretty damn sure I would have remembered transparent, French cut and crotchless, for god's sake."

"We women must have our secrets, dear boy. I take it you like?"

"Like? Jesus Mom, they're blazing hot!"

"The light's changed, sweetheart. Now, be a dear and watch the road. You can pay attention to my pussy later."

It wasn't easy, but I managed to guide us safely to the mall. We wound our way up through the parking structure until we found a spot where I could pull in. Turning the ignition off, I sat back and let out a deep breath.

"Aren't you getting out, sweetheart?"

"Jeez, give me a minute, Mom. If I try to move right now, I might snap something in half."

"You poor boy. Mommy will have to help you with that terrible swelling after we finish shopping."

She wrapped her hand around the back of my neck, turning my face to hers and spoke teasingly, lightly kissing me and then touching her finger to my lips to emphasize each word as she continued. "As we discussed this morning. Patience. Is. A. Virtue. Now, stuff that nasty snake down you pants leg and lets go shopping."

"I think I've fallen in love with a sadist."

"You ain't seen nothin' yet, lover boy."

"So what's next then, thigh high leather boots, corsets and whips?"

Mom could always give back as good as she got. "Why not add a donkey, a dwarf and a couple of bratwursts?"

I laughed long and hard. "I foresee an interesting life with you, Mom."

As we strolled through Bloomingdale's into the central atrium, Mom said, "I have a couple of stops I'd like to make by myself sweetie. Is that okay? Meet you here by the kiosk in an hour?"

"Okay Mom. I've got something I'd like to do myself. I'm going to go over to the bank branch and get started."

"Do you have enough in your account? Do you need anything more?"

"Thanks Mom, I'm good."

"See you in an hour."

I set about my business and was able to make my single, very important purchase in short order. I made my way back to our rendezvous location. As always, Mom was precise and punctual, arriving on the dot, appearing flushed and happy, sporting three large, fancy shopping bags.

"Well, it looks like someone had themselves a good time." I tried for a quick peek into the bags and Mom danced away, her eyes sparkling.

"No peeking before Christmas, naughty boy!"

"Christmas?" I said incredulously.

"It's coming early this year."

"I see."

"You will soon enough, I daresay."

"I don't recognize the brands on those boxes." I rolled the unfamiliar names off my tongue. "Aubade, Bordelle, La Perla, Eres."

"You'll be enlightened soon enough. Down, boy!" She slapped at my hands as I made another attempt to peek.

"We've got one more stop, Ricky. Come with me."

Mom hooked her arm in mine and led us down a side corridor, clearly an administrative part of the mall. We stopped at a door marked "Security Services" and Mom knocked lightly. The door opened shortly and we were confronted by a uniformed presence.

"Can I help you ma'am?"

"Oh yes, I surely hope so, officer. We're parked over on level 5 and I'm a bit concerned about going out to our car. I thought I saw a rather disreputable fellow skulking around there when we came into the mall. I'd just like to know that it's safe to head out. One can't be too careful these days."

"Certainly, ma'am. Step inside and we'll check the monitors quickly. Would you feel safer with an escort?"

"Oh no, officer, you're too kind. It's enough that you're checking the cameras now, thanks so much."

"It'll just take a minute for us to cycle through them all."

"You're very kind, officer. I appreciate your efforts."

"My pleasure, ma'am"

Several minutes later, as we left, I couldn't contain my curiosity any further. "Mom, what was that about? We parked in a very safe spot."

She turned to me, kissing my cheek and squeezing my arm.

"Men are so hopeless when it comes to planning ahead. There's no camera coverage on the northwest corner of the top level and no one is parked up there now,"

"Mom! You mean..."

She leaned into me and whispered seductively into my ear, literally pushing my mouth gently closed, fingers under my chin.

"I need to sit on your face right now, Ricky. I want you to eat me 'till I come all over you."

It was a miracle that my rapidly engorging cock didn't rip through my pants on the spot. We practically ran back to the car. By the time I was seated behind the wheel, my hands were shaking so much, I had a difficult time fitting the key in the ignition.

"What's the problem, love? I thought guys all had that 'tab a into slot b' stuff hardwired into their brains," Mom teased.

"You're a horrible tease. I'm suffering from severe diversion of blood from the big to the little head and what little real gray matter I've got left is turning to tapioca."

Somehow, I managed to start the car and back out without damaging anything.

"Drive slowly now, Ricky. Don't attract attention. Nurse Mommy has the cure for what ails you. A little farther now. Over there, to the left. Perfect."

"Okay, Ricky, outside."

"Outside?!"

"Silly - we've got to open the hatch and fold the back seats down. There's already a blanket there. C'mon."

Mom crawled into the back, hiking up her dress, exposing her creamy thighs and those wonderful panties, perfectly framing her nether lips. I could see she was already slick with anticipation. Once I was in beside her, she turned rapidly and threw her hips over my head, driving her sex on to my face. She practically ripped my pants down, immediately engulfing my cock with her mouth. I bent to the task at hand, licking front to back, back to front. I wormed the index finger of one hand into her little pink pucker and reached to the front with my other, gently massaging and pinching her clit. Her sucking and hand motion on my cock increased in frequency and intensity. Soon, her thighs began to rhythmically contract around my ears, increasing in frequency and strength. She was close and so was I. Pulling my finger from her ass, I started slapping her cheeks and thrust my tongue back where the finger had just been as hard and deep as I could, all the time increasing my stimulation of her clit. We went over the cliff to bliss together, rocking the car furiously with our climaxes.

Some indeterminate time later, I came back to earth. "My god, Mom, you are a total fiend! Never did I even imagine such a scene, even in my wildest dreams. That was soooooo good!"

Mom turned around to snuggle up with me, brushing her hair out of her eyes. "I loved it too, Ricky." She shuddered briefly. "What those wonderful lips and hands do to me - they set me on fire!"

"Perhaps we should keep an extinguisher handy in the future. I would be devastated if you were to spontaneously combust," I teased.

"Oho! Aren't we the egotistical one now!"

"Just the facts, Ma'am. When you detonate, you're probably a public safety hazard. The next time I eat you, we may need the Bomb Squad on hand."

"Enough! We need to go home and clean up. It might cause a bit of a stir if you were to show up at the farmer's market with my juice all over you face. Besides, it's rude to squeeze the produce when you have stink-finger."

She adopted a plummy British accent. "It's simply not the done thing, don't you know."

I conceded defeat for this round of teasing. I should have known better than to try to trade witticisms with an attorney.

"Your coach awaits, milady," I said, conceding defeat.

Our trip to the market was a surprisingly welcome interlude of day-to-day normalcy. It was a pure, simple pleasure to stroll the market together, arm in arm as mother and son. As wonderful as our new intimacy was, I truly savored our tour through the various vendor stalls, just enjoying being with Mom.

Outwardly, we presented a perfectly normal appearance, walking from vendor to vendor, Mom's arm linked through mine. But the fleeting glances we occasionally gave each other spoke to something that was definitely not mundane or ordinary.

Our new, incredible secret buoyed us beyond any daily triviality, making every moment of our shared activities altogether precious and unique.

While we strolled the aisles, Mom's hand never left my arm, her touch light, appearing perfectly appropriate to any outside observation. Only I could notice the random, light caress of a fingertip across my skin, occasionally raising goose bumps.

We took our time, stopping frequently to sample fresh cheeses and fruit. We daintily and circumspectly fed each other the giveaways, mindful of our public location. There was an overwhelming temptation to suck fingertips into one another's mouths after some of the samples, especially the warm Brie, but we managed to maintain decorum, just barely. When we were in small passages between stalls and no one was near, Mom would draw close to me, lightly bumping her hip against mine. It was a simple, just slightly intimate gesture, but it affected me deeply. I felt like we were two pieces of a long-separated puzzle, now finally and irrevocably joined.

We didn't really have any particular plan of shopping as we explored the many booths. I think we were simply happy to be there, doing a simple, day-to-day task together. Eventually, we found our way to the display of a local charcuterie, famous for their salami.

"Oh, look Ricky!" Mom exclaimed with delight. "The butcher has guanciale again!"

"Great! If we can score some orecchiette and pecorino Romano, we'll be golden. Let's get some salad greens and anchovies and I'll make a Caesar too."

"That sounds scrumptious. You really spoil me, sweetie. I'm just worried that all of this is going to make my ass positively matronly before too long."

I bent to whisper in her ear. "You already know how I feel about your amazing ass, mother mine. Anyway, you'll need those calories quick enough. One of your orgasms probably burns a whole plate's worth."

"Promises, promises."

If I may say so, our dinner was wonderful. The pasta came out exceptionally well, in true, elegant, simple Roman style, the Caesar perfectly crisp and fresh. We killed the better part of a whole bottle of Panizzi Vernaccia di San Gimignano, lending a slightly tipsy air of hilarity to the meal. Mom sat next to me and we fed each other, holding hands and occasionally giggling like giddy children. We each managed to steal a few kisses from one another between bites, with just the occasional, tip tingling touching of tongues.

It was simple, sensuous, uncomplicated and one of the finest meals of my entire life.

As we pushed our plates away to the center of the table, Mom relaxed her head onto my shoulder. She belched indelicately once and chuckled. "That was perfect, son," she sighed. "You are far too talented a chef for my waistline - if we keep going like this, what little of my figure that I still have will disappear into folds of fat in about 2 weeks."

"Well Mom, I guess I'll just have to make sure that we increase the number of orgasms you have each day, that should offset my cooking."

"We can publish a new diet and be famous and rich, then Ricky. 'The Making Mommy Cum Cookbook' sounds about right, don't you think?"

"A sure-fire bestseller, if there ever was one, Mom."

"We'll find a publisher tomorrow, but in the meanwhile, I need another kiss from my handsome young lover. Then maybe we'll work on some of the recipes for that book."

"Mmmmm. Will it have illustrations and photos?"

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, you insatiable horndog."

"Only if I get to pick the pictures, " I whispered into her ear, giving her ass a squeeze.

"What do you mean, you getting to pick? I thought this was going to be a collaborative effort."

"Yeah, but I'm the trained chef here. That means I get to be on top-I mean I'm in charge of the project."

Mom cackled in delight. "You're a real brat, but you make me laugh and I love you to death. I'll probably curse you later for the wrinkles you'll give me, but I suppose it can't be helped."

"Mmmmm." I buried my face in her hair, stroking her back. "What do you think causes more wrinkles, laughing or coming real hard?"

"It depends on how much spunk is available to rub in the skin afterwards."

"I think an experiment is in order, Mom."

"Well, my darling boy, we all occasionally have to make sacrifices for the advancement of knowledge. Let's go to bed and do our part, lover. I've wanted to feel your come on my tits for a while now."

The next morning, I got busy with chores while Mom went to her doctor and then to the office. The big job was restraining the privacy fence in the back yard, which was going to take several days. It was already muggy and hot when I got outside at 8:30 and the day promised to become even more sultry as the job progressed. I made a big jug of instant lemonade, generously dosed with ice, stripped down to my shorts and got to work.

It was probably just as well that I had a monotonous, more or less mindless task to keep me occupied, because all I could think about was our amazing weekend together. I'm not sure how good a job I did with the painting, as I spent most of the morning daydreaming, a huge idiot smile on my face and a stiff dick in my shorts.

By midday, it must have been ninety degrees and ninety percent humidity and I felt like I was melting. To prevent myself from turning into a piece of beef jerky, I started jumping into the pool for a lap every twenty or thirty minutes, which allowed me to make good progress. Around 4:00 or so, I was better than halfway done and felt pretty thoroughly baked, so I called it a day. I brought a beat up old boom box to the poolside and put on a Top 40 oldies station. Slathering myself with more sunscreen, I threw an air mattress into the pool and climbed on board, promptly dozing off.

I awoke rudely and suddenly, finding myself underwater. Spluttering and choking, I came to the surface, face to face with Mom, her hands clutching my air mattress.

Grinning wickedly, she crowed "Gotcha!"

She was wearing a bra and sensible white cotton panties, all clinging to her skin beneath the surface of the pool, nearly transparent in their wetness. I could see her blouse and skirt in a pile at the edge of the pool. Her nipples were erect, rosy and prominent against the cups of the brassiere. Her reddish brown thatch showed clearly through her panties, which clung tightly to her hips.

"You snuck up on me, you devious minx."

"That I did, pool boy. You were too tempting a target to pass up."

"An uncalled for sneak attack, if you ask me," I pretended to be affronted. "I demand reparations."

"Oh, is that so?"

"I do." Pulling the air mattress from her gently, I slipped an arm under her legs, pulling her up off her feet, my other arm supporting her back as she floated closer to me. As she placed her arms around my neck, my mouth sought hers. Our kiss continued for some time, tongues twining in liquid dance, time slowing until we reluctantly broke to breathe. Steve Winwood was playing on the radio and we were serenaded perfectly by "Back In the High Life Again" as I held Mom, floating in my arms.

"Mmmmmm. Missed you, Mom."

"Me too, my sweet son. It took a little while to get settled in at work this afternoon. It was hard to concentrate - too many nice memories from the weekend."

"I had a hard on practically the whole day," I admitted sheepishly.

"I hope you saved some for your mother," she teased.

"I don't think I'll ever jack off again, Mom."

"You're so sweet, darling boy. I'm afraid I wasn't as good as you, in fact, I was very bad today, Ricky," Mom confessed.

"What did you do, naughty girl?"

"I fingered myself in the executive washroom three times today. I couldn't wait to get back to my beautiful young stud -- I was just too horny for my own good."

"I'll take that as a compliment, mother dear."

"As well you should, young man."

We exchanged a few more kisses as I walked us towards the pool edge, setting Mom on the combing, her legs dangling over the edge, feet in the water. Moving close to her, I kissed her stomach, fluttering my lips on the soft skin of her flanks, then dragging my tongue to glide around the perimeter of her navel. Her hands circled my head, twining lightly in my hair and she drew my cheek against her belly with a sigh.

"Is this part of your reparations, sweetheart?" She asked with a sultry, coquettish smile.

I exhaled on her skin, causing her to shiver and then resumed kissing her belly button, dragging my tongue through its smooth, oval depression.

"It's a beginning, Mom."

"Ahhhhh, you have such a wonderful mouth, son," she exhaled softly as I moved down to the juncture of her thighs, lightly blowing on her mound through her panties. "Are you hoping for treble damages?"

"The jury's still out, Mom." Pulling her to the edge of the pool, I placed my mouth directly on her sex, sucking her lips through the fabric of her panties, tasting her juices mingled with the pool water.

She inhaled with a sharp hiss. "Oh, baby, that's so nice. You make me feel so good, my love."

I couldn't wait any longer. I grabbed the waistband of her panties and tried to jerk them over her hips, Mom smiling as I struggled to pull the uncooperative, wet fabric down to her thighs. Bracing her hands on my shoulders, she raised her bottom to assist me. Growling with impatience, I finally wrestled her soaking briefs past her knees and threw them into the pool with a small splash.

"Oh my, someone's in a hurry," Mom giggled.

Grinning, I pushed her thighs apart and dove in, opening my mouth wide to suck in as much of her succulent quim as I could, rolling my tongue over every inch of the flesh encompassed by my lips. Mom arched her back with a throaty moan and pushed herself against my face, hands fastening onto my ears.

"Ahh, God, Ricky. So good, please don't stop, baby."

Jesus, she tasted so good, I could hardly stand it. Her juice was at once tangy, salty and ever so slightly sweet, with an indescribable note of musk. It tasted like my lifeblood. I lapped, sucked, nibbled and probed everywhere I could reach with my tongue, spurred on to greater and greater efforts by Mom's moans and sighs as I worked over her magnificent cunt, allowing myself to be directed to her favorite spots as she guided my head with her hands, fingers firmly gripping my hair. As her hands tightened and her thrusts against my face became more forceful, I slipped two fingers into her sopping channel, delicately questing for her special place. As I found the spot, she arched her back and pulled me in tightly.

"Oh, fuck, Ricky! Oh, yes, that's it baby, right there!"

Mom began to lift her buttocks off the cement of the poolside, trying to increase her contact with my face, now moaning constantly. I bent to her clit, gently taking it in my lips, lightly flicking with my tongue, swirling over her nub. As her hip thrusts became more and more urgent, I began sucking with more strength, moving my hand within her slick passage, keeping my curled fingers in contact with her G spot. Abruptly, her thighs scissored strongly around my head and she jammed herself against my face, legs suddenly thrusting straight out and vibrating.

"Ahhhhh! Godddddd! Ricky! Baby! Yes, yes!" she cried in a tight voice, eyes tightly shut in a grimace of pleasure.

Then she was gushing on my mouth and I could barely keep up with her spending, trying to catch every luscious drop of her nectar as she spasmed against my face.

Gradually, her thighs relaxed and her hands unclenched from my hair, dropping down to stroke my ears and temples. Sighing, she pulled me close, head against her abdomen, caressing my cheek. "My sweet, sweet boy," she murmured. "You really do love your momma, don't you?"

Sighing in my own turn, I whispered, "There really aren't words for how I feel Mom, so I can only show you," planting soft kisses on her belly as I spoke.

"Wow, tiger," she exhaled contentedly. "You are something else. I hope the neighbors didn't hear anything. I came so hard, I think I pulled a muscle."

"Tell me where it hurts and I'll kiss your owee, Mom."

"That would be dangerous. My ass is already raw from the concrete, you naughty boy."

"I could definitely kiss that and make it much, much better."

"Like you did in the kitchen Saturday morning?" She shuddered as she spoke. "I don't know if I could take that right now. You have a wonderfully wicked tongue, son of mine."

I heaved myself out of the pool and sat next to her and gave her a hug. "Like I said, Mom, I missed you."

"I better make sure not to stay away more than a day, if this is how much you miss me after only nine hours. If I'm gone any longer, my welcome home would probably drive me insane with pleasure."

"Would that be a bad thing, Mom? Being driven insane that way?" I asked teasingly.

"I guess there are worse fates for a mother, darling," she giggled, kissing my cheek affectionately.

Slipping one arm around my waist, she snuggled in close under my shoulder, reaching into my lap with her other hand. Slipping her hand under the waistband of my shorts, she reached down and caressed my stiff shaft, drawing her fingertips up to my glans to rub my tip, smearing precum on the crown. I shuddered and leaned my head back. "Ahhhh, I love your hands, Mom. You know just how to touch me."

"We can balance our accounts right now, if you want," Mom said, licking her lips, "Or if you can wait until after dinner, I'll repay you with interest."

Groaning, I bit my lip as she continued to stroke me. "Oh God, I dunno, Mom. I guess I'll wait."

"A wise investment, lover boy. You won't regret it, I can assure you."

With considerable effort, I pushed myself back towards the mundane. "How about dinner, Mom? I was going to make a salad and flip a couple of burgers. That okay?"

"Perfect, Ricky. I'll get changed while you fire up the grill."

I picked up Mom's blouse and skirt and followed her into the kitchen, my eyes glued as always to her swaying hips and magnificent dimpling ass as she made her way indoors.

I fixed our dinner quickly, my woody taking quite a bit of time to subside. Mom came down from her room just as I was putting the burgers together. One look at her and I was hard as armor plating again in ten seconds. She was wearing one of my old cut-off football jerseys, which extended only to slightly below her ribcage, along with a silky pair of skimpy, shiny white bikini panties, which only half covered her gorgeous cheeks.

As she moved, I could occasionally glimpse the undersurface of her breasts flashing out from the hem of my old shirt. The ginger thatch of her pubic hair was readily evident through the slightly transparent material of the front panel of the panties and I could see some hair spilling out above the waistband in a slight muffin top and on either side of the gusset. It was mesmerizing. I probably stood stock still for at least fifteen or twenty seconds, frozen in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"Close your mouth, sweetheart. Something might fly in."

"Wow, Mom. You look so sexy. I love it."

Glancing at my rapidly tenting shorts, Mom smiled. "Looks like two votes to me, Ricky."

"Oh yeah, definitely. I don't know what it is about a lady wearing her guy's clothes, but there's something about it that really floats my boat, Mom. I think that should be your relaxing at home uniform from now on."

She stepped up to me and put her arms around my waist, leaning her head on my chest, rubbing her belly lightly against my erection. "I'm glad you like it. I love wearing your clothes, smelling you on them. It makes me feel close to you."

I slipped my hands around to cup her buttocks and gave her a caressing squeeze. "Have I ever told you I love you?"

"Not in the last fifteen minutes."

"Well, then, it's time to remind you. I do, you know."

"You can remind me whenever you feel it's necessary. I wouldn't want to forget."

"I will make sure that doesn't happen."

As Mom hugged me, I heard and felt her stomach growl.

"Did you eat anything today, Mom?"

"Just a banana at breakfast and a cup of soup when I got to the office."

"Insufficient quality and quantity for a growing girl," I gently scolded. I took her hand and led her to the kitchen table. "Your burger and salad await. Would you like a glass of wine or something else to drink?"

"Actually a cold beer sounds good. Do we have any Sam Adams left?"

"Absolutely. In a glass?"

"Bottle's fine, sweetie."

While Mom dug into her dinner, I sat back, occasionally taking a bite from my own sandwich, picking at my salad while I watched her eat, a small smile on my face. After a while, she stopped eating and stared at me.

"All right, what's up Ricky? You've barely touched you food. Surely it can't be that interesting to watch me chew and swallow."

"I just happen to like looking at you and besides, I didn't see my girlfriend all day. I'm catching up."

"You must be in a pretty bad way, if that's all it takes to make you happy," she quipped with a teasing tone.

"I'd be perfectly content to sit here for a couple of hours and watch you pick your nose."

"Ricky! That's gross! Well, maybe a little sweet too, but still gross. We'll get you professional help first thing tomorrow, but in the meanwhile, eat your dinner before it gets cold."

"Yes, Momma dear."

After cleaning up the dishes, we went into the family room, cuddling on the sofa, paying semi attention to the TV. Mom sat in one corner, me in the middle, her legs draped across my lap. I massaged her feet and calves as we watched someone taking "B' -ing an Author" for \$800, Alex.

"Ahh, that's heavenly, Ricky. You're spoiling me to death."

"Better get used to it, pretty lady. It's going to be my main hobby in the future."

As I continued, Mom heaved a contented sigh and settled back into the cushions, eyes half closed.

"Mom."

"Mmmmmm?"

"Aren't you going to tell me about your doctor's appointment today? How did it go? Is everything okay?"

"I was wondering when you'd get around to asking me. Everything's just fine, Ricky. You and I have a date for this Friday, lover."

"For real, Mom?"

Mom swung her feet off my lap and stretched out, smiling gently as she regarded me.

"For real, Ricky."

"Oh my sweet Jesus, I can hardly believe this is happening. My God, I think I'm losing my mind. I can hardly wait!"

"Believe it, son. It's real -- you and me, it's as real as it gets."

She reached out and grabbed my hand, pulling me down to her side.

"C'mere, you bad boy. Momma needs a kiss."

I was happy to oblige.

As we embraced, Mom smiled and pulled back from our kiss, brushing my hair back from my forehead. "Ricky, have I told you I love you recently?"

Smiling, I gave her a peck and replied, "Not in the last fifteen minutes or so, Mom."

"I love you very much, Ricky."

"So it's not just my body?"

"Brat. You're absolutely impossible."

Kissing her back more intently, I replied "And you're absolutely, heart-stoppingly beautiful, Mom."

"It's not true, but you're turning my head anyway, sweet boy."

Tracing her hand lightly down my chest, she slid it across my belly and under the waistband of my shorts, gently squeezing my perpetual erection.

"Do your sweet nothings have an ulterior purpose, my horny young man?"

"Never and always, sexy lady. I do seem to recall something about a debt to be repaid with interest, though."

"I see. And now you've come to collect, I suppose."

Slipping a hand underneath her jersey, I gently cupped her breast, lightly tracing my fingertip over the nipple, slightly flicking it. Mom sighed and arched her back to meet my hand as I caressed her.

"I do like to keep my accounts receivable in order, madam. You don't want a past due notice, do you? The interest might be more than you can afford. I should also warn you that I personally collect on all my delinquent bills," I said in a very formal, severe tone.

Pulling her shirt off over her head, I trailed kisses down from her neck to her breasts, sucking, licking and pulling lightly on her nipples with my lips. I alternated between the sisters for a good five or ten minutes, thoroughly nursing from each, Mom cradling my head with her hands as I suckled, murmuring encouragement and endearments. I slowly turned my attentions lower and lower, kissing and licking her navel as I ran a hand underneath the elastic of her panties and through her luxuriant thatch, seeking her sex, relishing the wiry, slightly scratchy texture of her pubic hair in my fingers as I searched. As I found her lips, I slipped my middle finger into her clinging moistness, drawing a gasp as I slid in as far as I could.

Quickly peeling her panties off her hips, I bent my head to her labia, gently licking up and down on either side, teasing close to her clit as I went from side to side, but never actually touching it.

Running her hands through my hair, Mom sighed. "Baby, that's so nice, but it's supposed to be your turn."

"You don't owe me anything, Mom. I just needed an excuse to get my mouth on your sweet pussy again. I could do this all day, you taste so good."

"Mmmm. Ohhh god...you're spoiling... me...rotten...again, young man," she groaned.

Shifting away, Mom turned around, presenting her ass to me as she pushed my shorts down past my knees. Placing her knees above my shoulders, I reached around her, encompassing her back and flanks with my arms, pulling her dewy lips down to my mouth.

Pulling her close, I delved my tongue into her portal, my nose rubbing her perineum and rosebud as I licked and sucked. Mom moaned and then encircled my glans with her lips, swirling her tongue over my head as she sucked, gradually taking most of my length in, continuously sucking and milking as her mouth rode up and down my shaft.

We continued for some time, mouths on each other, literally savoring our time together, neither of us in any hurry to consummate our oral lovemaking. There was something about this particular moment that made us both want to prolong our giving pleasure to each other for as long as possible. It was sweet, slow and exquisitely intimate. Yet again, I was amazed at how we instinctively seemed to know exactly what the other needed and wanted at any particular moment.

Slowly, we began to increase our pace, Mom's movements on my face and my thrusting into her mouth gradually picking up in intensity and speed as we rose towards our peaks. I began long, languorous licks from Mom's clit back to her ass, delving into her pink asterisk with each passage. She moaned around my cock and began sucking furiously, keeping only my head in her mouth as her thighs began to contract spasmodically around my head. I could barely breathe, but I was in heaven as Mom suddenly clamped her thighs around my ears in a stiff, frozen vise, releasing her juices all over my nose and lips. Her intense release set me off as well, and I began firing off a seeming endless, pulsing stream of semen into her waiting, caressing mouth. I could sense her swallowing rapidly, trying to keep up with my flow as her trembling thighs slowly relaxed their grip on my head.

Finally, I had to catch my breath, pulling my face away from her sodden cunt, as she laid her head on my thigh, both of us panting with our exertions and sweet release.

I wormed my way out from under her, snuggling up to her back, taking her in my arms, showering her neck and spine with kisses. We lay together for some time, gradually catching our collective breath; Mom tightly nestled in my arms, spooned against me. From time to time, I would nuzzle her back or the nape of her neck, while she caressed my arms.

While we snuggled, I became hard against her ass again, but there was no sense urgency or burning need to start something going a second time. Mom acknowledged my recovery with the occasional gentle push and light grind back against my erection, but at the same time she traced her hands all over my upper body, more for the simple joy of affectionate contact than for purposes of stimulation. Every so often, she would take my hand and bring it to her lips for a warm, loving kiss. It was as though we were each divided in two, lovers below the waist and loving mother and son above. I reveled in the strange, wonderful duality of the sensations and feelings, which felt so completely, purely loving and gloriously erotic at the same time. As these emotions gradually fused together in my mind, they transported me to a place I had never been; a place that I never even knew existed before.

I was incredibly, acutely aware of every aspect of those few seemingly eternal minutes - the smell of our combined releases, our mingled tastes on my tongue, the lift and expansion of her ribcage against my encircling arms as I held her just below her breasts, the slight sweatiness and stickiness of our skin, her back to my front, the gentle sough of skin against the fabric of the couch as we slightly shifted our positions, the very faint sigh of the central air conditioning, an occasional drip of water into the kitchen sink, far-off outside noises of passing cars, distant lawnmowers and children playing in the cooling evening and the warm fragments of golden late light slanting through the blinds of the family room, dappling our bodies. It all melted together into an eternal, warm fusion of perfection. So sweet was the instant, I still remember it with greater clarity than almost any other memory of our time together.

As I grew older, I came to know that the Indonesians have a specific name for that sublime suspension of duration -- "djam karet," elastic time, the hour that stretches.

If you are very, very lucky, you may experience such a moment once or twice in your life with your lover.

Mom stirred slightly, delicately tracing her fingertips across my forearms, raising goose bumps. The endless moment recompressed, time sweetly fracturing back into discrete seconds and minutes and we were mortal once again.

"Mmmmmm. That was wonderful, my sweet, sexy son."

"Everything just keeps getting better and better, Mom. You're my beautiful, gorgeous girl."

"Pshaw, Ricky. You're hardly an objective judge."

"That's the point, Mom. I freely admit my prejudice, in fact I embrace it," I retorted, squeezing her for extra emphasis.

"I suppose I shouldn't complain."

"Darnn right, lady. You're now stuck with me and my opinions."

Mom paused for a minute, thinking, still running her hands over my arms.

"Ricky, about Friday. I want to ask you something."

"Yeah?"

"How would you feel if I suggested that we cool it until then, sleeping in our own rooms, no touching, no hands, no lips, no masturbating?"

"Geez, I don't know Mom. Do you really think waiting will make it better?"

"Actually, I do. I know it's going to be very, very special anyway, but I think that if we agreed to step back just for a few days, it would be that much more intense. Besides," she whispered wickedly, "When you come in me the first time, I want it to be your biggest load ever, lover boy."

I was struck speechless by the raw desire and passion in her voice as she spoke. The unspoken promise and naked lust her words conveyed left me reeling for a moment.

"H...ho...holy shit, Mom," I stuttered in shock. "Wow...just wow. You are unbelievable, Mom, absolutely unbelievable."

"Did I shock you, my darling?" she laughed happily. "I hope you know what you're getting yourself into, handsome boy. This is what you get when you take a real, mature woman for your lover."

"I think I just fell into the deep end of the pool, pretty lady -- I just didn't realize it until now," I smiled. "I think I'll be able to stay afloat, though. You have been thinking about this a lot, haven't you?"

"I've thought of little else since Friday night, Ricky."

"Putting it that way, I guess I could manage. I do have one condition, though."

"I'm listening."

"I'm not giving up any kisses or couch time before then."

"I think we've got a deal, lover."

It would be romantic to say that we had a sweet, smooth buildup until Friday, but I'd be lying through my teeth. By the time Thursday evening rolled around, we were both borderline psychotic. There were several times when snuggling on the couch or off-to-work kisses nearly turned into full meltdowns, but somehow we managed to make it through the first four days. We did have one disagreement when I wanted to call off from working at Louie's on Friday evening, but Mom wouldn't hear of it. While not exactly scolding me, she did make her point clearly.

"Ricky, honey, you made a promise to Louie. You can't leave him in the lurch on such short notice. In any event, I have a late meeting in the City that I absolutely, positively cannot get out of. The earliest I could get home would be 7:30 or 8:00 anyway. As much as I would love to drop everything, it's not possible. Besides, when you figure when I'll get home, it'll only be a couple more hours 'till you finish your shift."

Kissing me gently, she ruffled my hair and smiled. "Remember son, in the future, we're going to be continually busy in our day to day lives. It's built into the nature of our careers. There's always going to be something that will keep us apart from one another longer than we'd like. That's the way it is with all couples. That's real life. Please be patient sweetheart, we're almost there," she pleaded.

Groaning, I hugged her, burying my face in her hair, inhaling soap and sandalwood. "I hear you Mom, but God, it's tough. I had no idea how difficult it would be. I can't stand to have you out of my sight for more than five minutes anyway, but when you're here, not being able to touch or hold you, it's driving me totally insane."

"I feel the same, Ricky. I'm no better off than you are - I'm aching to be with you too. Hang in there, big guy."

I'm sure I don't need to tell you how difficult Friday was. The tension between us was incredible. I think that the slightest intimacy would have set us both off in an explosion of uncontrollable lust. We settled for perfunctory kisses on the cheek as I sent Mom on her way in the morning and I immediately headed for the pool,

swimming laps as hard and fast as I could for the better part of an hour. When I was done, I could barely haul myself out of the pool, I was so out of breath.

The rest of the day passed so slowly, it made continental drift look positively zippy. I eventually gave up, going into work a couple hours early. Helping with anything I could, sweeping, cleaning, doing mis en place, all served to take my mind off Mom.

In all honesty, I don't think I could recount a single detail on my shift that evening, even if my life depended on it. I don't think I screwed anything up in the kitchen, but beyond that, it's all night and fog. I remember practically sprinting to the car, dropping my keys twice and cursing as I tried to get in the door. I also recall seeing a small post-it on the steering wheel when I got in.

It was in Mom's neat pen and simply said, "Be careful coming home sweetie. Please, please don't rush. Love, Mom."

She must have snuck by in a cab earlier, I thought. It brought a smile to my lips that she knew me so well and I was touched that she took time out of her evening to think about me. I drove home somewhat more carefully for it, not breaking the speed limit too badly.

I was hollering the moment I walked into the kitchen from the garage.

"Mom! I'm home! Mom! Where are you?"

Her voice drifted down from upstairs, muffled by the closed door of her bedroom.

"I'm getting ready, Ricky. Get cleaned up and wait in your room, okay darling?"

Groaning inwardly, I replied in the affirmative and set about preparing myself. As I showered, I was so wound up I dropped the soap at least a half dozen times. It's

probably a good thing I had shaved before I left for work, because in the state I was in, I'd have been covered with nicks if I'd tried anything now. Eventually, I finished my preparations and sat waiting on my bed, each tick of my alarm clock tolling as slowly as the bells of the universe.

The moment had arrived and I was unaccountably, almost uncontrollably nervous. I was about to realize my fondest dream, but I had something equally important to do first, which I was actually more worried about botching than the sweet ecstasy which I knew was now mere minutes away. I was dressed only in the robe Mom had purchased for me on Sunday, a short, silk kimono-like robe in deep lustrous gray, which extended to my thighs. On the back there was an embroidered crane and the kanji ideograms for strength and courage. I was proud to wear the gift, but more anxious than anything else, as I toyed with the small parcel in my pocket. As the minutes dragged by, my anticipation and anxiety reached fever pitch. I was so absorbed in my thoughts that when the tapping on my door came, I almost jumped out of my skin.

"Are you ready, Ricky?"

Swallowing hard against the lump in my throat, heart pumping like a locomotive, I opened my door.

There is no possible way that mere words can do justice to the vision that was before me in my doorway, but I will try, as best I can.

Her face was an archetype of simplicity and loveliness, eyes sparking in anticipation. She wore no makeup, except for the most minimal of lip gloss. Her hair had been brushed to a luster I had never seen before, framing her face perfectly. Her sensuous smile spoke volumes to me, promising amazing things, but at the same time conveying a depth of tenderness I had seldom, if ever appreciated in the past.

Wrapping her shoulders was a sheer, floor length gown of diaphanous white, as little substance as might be possible, but still containing the smallest weight of silken fabric. Her breasts were encased in a decadent but elegant push up bra, which was at once accentuating and coyly concealing, an amazing amalgam of white lace and smooth, shiny satin. The matching thong panties were equally astounding; a mostly transparent front panel with the merest hint of an overlaid pattern of abstract wave forms, stretching horizontally from the right hip to the center. As my eyes found their way to her center, I could see her magnificent reddish-blond thatch, subtly trimmed, but still marvelously full and womanly. A small damp spot at the front of the gusset subtly hinted at the location of her succulent labia. Thigh high white stockings with drop-dead elegant lacy elastic tops completed the ensemble.

I reached up to touch her cheek, nearly speechless with emotion. "So beautiful," I whispered. "My beautiful, beautiful mother."

"I'm ready, lover. Are you?" she whispered, holding my hand against her cheek.

"Yes, Mom, almost. Wait just a second." With that, I bent my knee and looked up to her face.

"Jennifer Marie, my love, my best friend, beloved mother, will you consent to take me, your loving son, as your man? I promise to stand by you through all times and trials, always faithful and doing only that which will bring you happiness and joy, for as long as I shall live."

As I finished my proposal, I took her left hand in mine and slipped on the ring that was in my pocket.

Mom stood perfectly still, in complete shock, her right hand covering her mouth in involuntary surprise. Her eyes darted back and forth from my face to her left hand. Tears welled forth and ran down her cheeks as she raised me up and kissed

me tenderly but passionately, mouth, cheeks, forehead and mouth again. She paused, framing her reply.

"Ricky, my son, my heart...I take you as my beloved lover, also promising faithfulness, joy and happiness for all our lives. I will always be at your side, in the best of times and the worst of times. I will never leave you, as long as I shall live."

"If I may, I'd like to kiss my bride."

"God help me, I love you so, Ricky!"

Our lips met, tenderly at first and then with increasing urgency and passion, tongues intertwined, giving, receiving, meeting and swirling together. I swept her up into my arms and she wrapped hers around my neck, continuing our kiss. I took her across the threshold of her bedroom and laid her gently on her back, breaking our lips apart. Climbing up beside her, I took her back into my arms, bending to rain kisses on her shoulders and chest, gently cupping her bra-clad breasts as I released them from their silken captivity.

"Ooooooh, Ricky, please. I don't want to wait. I'm ready now. I'm so ready."

Hooking my fingers on either side of the waistband, I gently slipped the panties off her hips. As the gusset pulled away from her sex, I could see it was saturated, small threads of her essence stringing out from her nether lips as I slowly pulled downward over her thighs. Continuing southward, I gently disengaged the fabric from around her ankles and moved between her open legs. The moment was electric as I lowered myself towards her center, as hard as I've ever been in my life. I moved forward and down very slowly, until my tip was just touching her petals, never taking my eyes from her face.

"Here I am, Mom. I'm ready too, but I need to tell you something - you're my first."

With a wordless cry, Mom wrapped her arms around my neck, tears welling in her eyes. She lifted. I lowered. There was a brief moment of awkwardness and embarrassment as my first amateurish thrust glanced off the gate of heaven, but then Mom saved me with a warm, understanding smile and a nod, taking me in hand and guiding me home to paradise. Eyes completely focused on each other's faces, we connected.

The mainspring of the cosmos snapped and all the wheels and gears of my existence ground to a halt. Causation, duration and sequence simply ceased to exist.

Even now, after a complete, very full life, I simply cannot do justice to the experience. My words are just the palest, weakest echo of the sensations and emotions I felt at that magical moment. Perhaps Shakespeare might have been able to convey what it was like, but that particular lover's sonnet could never be committed to paper, for the emotions and sensations to be described are so forbidden, so intense, so overwhelming, that the very ink on the page would have taken fire, charring the parchment the verses were set upon to ashes in an instant.

As I slowly slid into the oily, silken furnace at her center, we both gasped as I bottomed out, my length fitting absolutely perfectly within her, barely grazing her cervix. The amazing vise of her sex was fully enveloping me in an exquisitely tight embrace and I sensed every millimeter of her interior contours, every tiny variation in pressure, as if her every breath and heartbeat was transmitted directly onto my member.

As unbearably dramatic as those sensations were, my emotions were a quantum level more intense. I was finally with the woman who I had loved my entire life, giving myself to her, taking from her, returning to my origins and sharing the deepest love two people can possibly have for one another.

Overlaid on all of this was the incredible feeling of leaving all boundaries, borders and conventions, all foundations of "normal" far behind us forever, deepening our union and tempering it to a strength that could never be broken.

The frisson of forbidden-ness, the willful breaking of an ultimate taboo was absolutely transcendent, lending an incredible illicit excitement to our coupling, which I knew in my very soul would endure throughout our lives, never, ever failing to excite us, uniting us in a unique bond. In that moment, the course of the rest of my life was completely defined, laid out on rails of the hardest steel, a path I would never, could never leave. I felt I was the luckiest man to ever walk the face of the earth.

"Oh, baby, oh my baby, my son. Yes, baby. That's good, oh God, that's so good, honey."

"My God, Mom, oh my God," I murmured, nearly speechless with pleasure and desire. "You feel so good, Mom. So good. I love you so much," I whispered, voice trailing off to a plaintive whisper.

Lowering my head, my lips found hers, our tongues delicately, tentatively and then more urgently intertwining, thrusting against each other, foreshadowing our other movements. Our eyes never left each other. Reaching out, I intertwined my hands with hers, bringing them out to her sides. For a timeless moment, perhaps seconds, perhaps a lifetime, we lay together unmoving, joined in our moment of forbidden, illicit joy, feeling as one, breathing as one, forever changed.

Slowly, I withdrew, memorizing every moment of her moist grip, then bottoming out again with another exquisitely slow stroke, wanting to savor every second of our first incestuous union. Mom moaned and rocked her pelvis up to meet me.

"Ah, Ricky, you're so big inside me, baby. So big, so hard." Gently pulling my head towards her, she wrapped her arms around my shoulders and pressed her lips to my ears and whispered "Give it all to me, baby. Make love to your mother, Ricky."

With the quiet exhortation echoing in my ears, I began to stroke in earnest, Mom matching my movement with her own sweet thrusting, slowly drawing her knees

up, crossing her ankles behind my back. Showering her face with kisses, I increased my tempo, Mom responding in synchronicity.

I'd like to say that we moved together perfectly for hours, but of course that's simply not true. After waiting nearly a whole week, I was out of my mind with excitement. It was awkward, a bit uncoordinated and over heartbreakingly quickly. Struggling to maintain my control, breath coming in ragged gasps, I strained mightily to prolong the moment, but it simply wasn't to be.

Sensing my closeness, Mom circled her arms around me, drawing me close, her rock hard nipples scraping my chest. Her eyes absolutely aflame with forbidden lust, she pierced me with her gaze. "It's okay, honey. Come for me baby, give me your cum, son. Mommy wants you to fill her with your love," she whispered.

With those words, I lost any semblance of control and unleashed a series of pounding, disjointed thrusts as I felt my seed boiling forward to its release. With a final lunge, I pushed into Mom's greedily clasp, grinding my groin as tightly as I could with hers. As my orgasm erupted, I felt as though I was spraying molten bullets against the walls of Mom's loving channel. "Oooooohhh, mygod, Mom! Cumminnnnnngggg innnnnn youuuuuuuuuuuuu!"

As my spending bathed her clasp, Mom crested herself, clamping her legs around my waist, thrusting herself up to meet my downward pinning as I ejaculated. "Ah! Rickie! Cumming! I'm cumming again! Oh! OH! OH! OH! Give me your cuuuuummmmm! Give me your baby!" she screamed.

Gasping with the intensity of our mutual climax, I collapsed onto Mom, hugging her tightly. I rained a shower of gentle kisses all over her face, then tenderly placed my lips on hers, slowly engaging her tongue with mine. Pulling back, I gazed into her eyes, lost in their deep blue pools, her returning stare showing absolute adoration. I overflowed with the perfection of the moment, my own eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, Mom...lover...Jenny Marie...I love you so much! You are my dream come true."

Openly crying now, I cupped her face in my hands, stroking her cheeks ever so softly with my thumbs, wiping away her own tears.

Lowering my head to the crook of her neck, I murmured in her ear tenderly. "Forever, Mom. You're mine forever now."

Squeezing me back with a ferociously intense hug, Mom whispered back to me. "Forever, my son, my lover."

We lay together silently for an undefined period of time, savoring the contact of every square inch of skin, breathing in unison, feeling our hearts beating together, exchanging the tenderest, sweetest kisses I have ever experienced.

"I'm sorry I was so quick, Mom. I really wanted it to be better for you," I apologized sheepishly.

Mom rolled her eyes with mock exasperation and then smiled, hugged me tight and kissed me passionately, taking my head in both hands. "Sweetheart, you were fantastic. In case you didn't notice, I came too. Boy, did I ever come, lover. I'm still waiting to get the license plate of the truck that hit me."

She smiled gently and stroked my cheek. "It's only going to get better, beautiful boy. I just know you're going to be a marvelous lover, but I'll still remember our first time until my last breath, baby."

As the loop of wonderful recent memory replayed itself inside my head, I jolted visibly. Mom looked at me with concern.

"What is it, Ricky?"

"What you said, Mom...about a, a, baby?"

She smiled shyly and blushed. "If it were possible, how would you feel about it?"

"Oh, Mom...of all the things I want to share with you, for us, for our lives together, I can't believe you want this too. It's another dream come true. God, I want it so bad, I can taste it!"

Mom gave me another passionate, burning kiss. "It's my dream too, sweetheart. I always wanted more than one child, and I so want for you to experience that joy with me. Besides," she added wickedly, "It makes me so happy and it makes me sooo fucking wet to think about my own son making me pregnant!"

"So, when you went to see your gynecologist on Monday..."

"That's right, Ricky. It wasn't to start the pill - it was to make sure it was safe to get pregnant again."

Mom brushed my hair out of my eyes and smiled sweetly. "Do you remember what I told you last week, darling, after you made me cum with those wonderful fingers?"

Recalling her request, I felt myself begin to harden again immediately.

Lasciviously thrusting her pelvis up to me, squeezing my rapidly reviving cock in her creamy, velvet vise, Mom said, "I'm fertile right now. It's time to give your Momma a baby, you handsome motherfucker.

I groaned with lust. "Oh, yes, Mom! I'm going to fuck you so good, I'm going to make you scream. Your son is going to fuck your brains out now, just like you asked. I'm going to give you all my cum and knock you up!"

"Fuck me now, baby, fuck me real good. Make your Mommy pregnant!"

With that, we began our movements together again. Where our first coupling was sweet and filled with tenderness, our joint effort was now suffused with a red-hot alloy of unbridled fuck-lust and the knowledge of our ultimate, primal goal.

As before, the illicit excitement of our forbidden, incestuous consummation lurked in the background, but was now elevated to new, delirious heights of delicious wickedness, surpassing any and all civilized conventions. The knowledge of what we were setting out to do added an incendiary passion to our runaway desires.

Fiercely clutching Mom's ass, I raised her off of the bed to meet my lunging thrusts. Simultaneously, she wrapped her legs around me, locking her ankles at the small of my back, pulling my ass towards her center with both hands, her fingernails drawing red furrows up my ass cheeks, as she sought to pull every millimeter of my length into her sweet, tight sex.

"Oooohhhh, Ricky," she crooned. "You feel soooo goood. Give me all of that wonderful cock!"

"God, Mom, so hot, soooo tiiight! Sooo goood!"

"Harder, Ricky! Fuck your Mommy harder!"

Our flesh came together loudly, combining with the wetness of our first union to produce a timeless, erotic symphony of sounds; the slap of thigh against thigh, small exhalations and exclamations of pleasure, the squeaking complaints of the bedframe beneath us, the unique moist suction and thrusting of man and woman, fusing together into one entity. On the heels of my first orgasm, I felt powerful, able to sustain my pace indefinitely. Never taking our eyes off one another, we increased our tempo.

We continued together, moving in lusty harmony until suddenly, Mom stiffened against me, clamping me even tighter with her thighs, as another impending climax caught her by surprise.

"Oh, Godalmighty, Ricky! Oh fuck! I'm cumming again!" she wailed. "Cumming! Ohhhh shit....so good, making Mom cum, lover!"

Flushed with her efforts, sweat standing out on her brow, she reached up to cradle my face with both hands, kissing me with unrestrained passion. Overcome with exertions, she broke her kiss to catch her breath, a gooey string of saliva connecting our lips as we regarded each other. Panting like an oxygen-starved climber, Mom gasped out "Oh God, don't stop darling. Don't stop. Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop! Fuck me forever Ricky!"

Spurred on to a new plateau by Mom's passion, I began to add a twisting motion to my lunges. Mom responded with a series of gasps, biting her lower lip in concentration, absorbing the new sensations as I plowed her sugar channel. She began whipping her head from side to side, moaning. "Oh, Ricky, my son! My son! Mommy's gonna come big! Oh God, lover, take me there!"

With that, I put Mom's legs over my shoulders, curling her into a ball beneath my pounding assault on her pussy, straining to give her every millimeter of my flesh. Slipping my hands underneath her to clutch her cheeks, I watched her face intently, savoring every little moan, every shudder, each coo of pleasure as she worked towards her climax. Then, suddenly I could feel my seed rising and felt myself swelling to the bursting point within her divine passage. With a final, desperate lunge, I buried myself to the hilt, almost pushing her off the bed with the strength of my thrust, as I fiercely pinned her ass to the mattress.

"Mom! Mom! MOM! Cumming in you! OH, MOM!" I roared.

As I ejaculated, I felt as though the very blood was boiling out of my body, as I bathed her insides with gout after gout of hot semen. The pleasure was so intense and the climax so prolonged that it bordered on exquisite pain. It almost seemed

as though the force of my spending should propel her right off of my pulsating shaft.

With the first rope shooting inside her, Mom's eyes opened as wide as I have ever seen them and her mouth formed into a silent scream of incredulous release, which gradually rose into a banshee wail of absolute ecstasy, leaving my ears ringing as her velvet walls contracted around me. I knew in that instant, with the certainty of my heart, with that orgasm, that Mom was surely now pregnant.

I think I actually passed out from the intensity of our orgasms, because the next thing I remember is her arms around me, as I lay completely innervated on her heaving chest. Rolling on to my side, I gathered her in my arms as our breathing gradually returned to normal. Tears running from her eyes, Mom shook and shuddered as I held her close, unable to speak from the intensity of her release. Gradually, her tears ebbed and she caught her breath, still in my arms, except for an occasional, endearing hiccup as I stroked her hair. Turning her face to mine, we shared a deep, tender kiss and both began to speak at once.

"Ohh, Ricky" "My God, Mom..."

Laughing, I hugged her. "You were saying, Mom?"

"Ricky, my son, as I live and breathe..." she choked with emotion again and cried a little more, then as I wiped her cheeks, she laid her head on my chest, softly murmuring. "There are no words, nothing I can say except I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you!"

Tracing her cheek and jaw lightly with my fingertip, I replied, "That's enough for me, Mom. It's all I'll ever need to hear from you."

While we held each other, we seemed to alternate between Mom snuggling under my arm and her holding my head against her breasts, stroking my hair. It was sensuous and loving, more than sexual, as I rested my head against her fleshy, soft

pillows. I idly toyed with the idea of taking one of her nipples into my mouth, but in the end, I let the moment pass and simply enjoyed the feelings and sensations. As I lazily soaked it all in, I realized that even though my fondest dream and greatest fantasies had finally come true, I was only bobbing on the surface of an ocean of unknown depth. The expanse and complexity of our new love was only now beginning to reveal itself and I was becoming pleasantly overwhelmed as I looked forward into our future together.

We lay together for a long time, silent, simply holding one another, luxuriating in the moment, each occasionally heaving a sigh of utter contentment. We drifted off together for a while, in each other's arms. Some unknown time later, I woke suddenly. It was pitch black outside, the only sound a rustling of the trees around the house as a night breeze blew. The bedside alarm blinked 1:39.

What had awakened me was Mom shifting her weight in bed. She had thrown the covers back, straddling my thighs as I lay on my back. Reaching down as she centered her pelvis over mine, she swabbed my rapidly engorging cock against her lips, drawing it up and down her furrow, shuddering as it passed over her clit. She placed me at her opening and then sank down onto my cock with a long groan, taking me all the way into her depths in one searing, liquid stroke. "Oh God, Ricky! You feel so nice inside me, my love. This is where you belong, son."

"I'll never leave, Mom. Never. Not ever."

Reaching under me to grasp my buttocks, she smiled warmly and pulled me up tightly and closely, whispering to me. "I'll never let you go, darling."

"Ahh, Mom, you are so wet, so hot! So tight, so good," I moaned.

She leaned over to kiss me, driving her tongue into my mouth, seeking me urgently. Her hardened nipples brushed against mine as she broke our kiss, a

string of saliva stretching out between our lips as she pulled away. Looking me in the eye, she sighed plaintively. "I was a fool, my son. I made you wait so long, when you should have been in my bed years ago. We were meant to be together and I couldn't let myself see it. Please forgive me," she whispered, a tear rolling down her cheek.

I wiped her tear away with my thumb and pulled her face back to me, kissing her gently. "That's ancient history now, Mom. The only thing that matters now is this minute and all the minutes ahead of us, gorgeous lady."

Taking her head in my hands, I looked intently into her still moist eyes. "No more looking back, Mom. No recriminations, no regrets, okay?"

She sniffled once and then smiled. "Yes, my son...my lover."

Lifting my head, I captured one of her nipples in my lips, sucking, caressing the hard bump with my tongue, and rolling its sister between a thumb and finger, lightly pinching. Mom arched her neck, moaning throatily before bending over to watch me suckle. "Oh god, baby. Yesss. Suck Mommy's tits some more! That's so good!"

I began to alternate my mouth between her nipples, very lightly running my teeth over them, sucking, tongue flicking quickly, occasionally pausing to pull as much tit flesh as I could into my mouth, sucking hard. This caused Mom to moan and arch her back, forcing her tits back to my face. As I lavished attention on her nipples, she began to slowly move up and down on my shaft, squeezing me with her sex. "My god, Mom! How do you do that? It feels wonderful, " I groaned.

Smiling lasciviously, she sat up straight, lowering herself completely onto me. Not moving, she let her full weight rest on my hips, squeezing me with her internal muscles, hands resting on my abdomen, eyes fixed on mine. "So, you like it when Mommy milks your cock with her pussy? You like it when I squeeze your big dick this way?" she teased, her question coinciding with a strong contraction.

"Oh God, Mom...it's heaven," I groaned.

"Mmmmmm, Ricky, you fill me so nicely. I'll never, ever get enough of your cock." She began to slowly move up and down on my hardness, squeezing as she rose, leaving only my tip inside her glorious wetness, and then quickly slapping down onto my thighs. She continued this motion for many minutes, up and squeeze, down with a slap, slowly increasing her pace, now biting her lip, grunting slightly at the bottom of each stroke on my throbbing cock.

"Oh, baby. Oh! You're so good inside me. I could do this - ahhh - forever. God, yes! Your cock feels fantastic. I don't ever - ahh - want to stop fucking you! Ahh, yes!"

Mom quickly shifted her position to squat over me, grabbing my flanks to stabilize herself. She began to move up and down rapidly, her ass slapping firmly my thighs with each down stroke on my cock. Soon she was moving so quickly that I couldn't even rise up to meet her with my own strokes. Just as I began to spurt inside her, she went over the edge, eyes rolling up into her head as I felt her spasm around me.

"Oh! OH! OH! Ricky! Honey! Yes! YES! YESSS!"

Suddenly Mom rose off my cock, falling forward onto her knees and elbows, her face a grimace of ecstasy, eyes rolling back in her head. Her entire body was thrusting and shaking with uncoordinated, involuntary fucking movements as she sprayed her release all over the bed and my belly and thighs, her spend mingling with mine as I continued to ejaculate into the air.

The sight was so amazing, so absolutely carnal I could barely believe what I was seeing. Then it happened. I came again! Without warning, I felt an enormous contraction in my pelvis, beginning near my ass and spreading through to my cock and balls. I tightened up so much I thought I would cramp every muscle in my body and then I sprayed a monster load all over Mom's belly and the sheets,

screaming her name again and again. The next thing I remember is Mom collapsed on top of me, both of us heaving huge, struggling breaths, our skins slippery with sweat, thighs, bellies and groins slick and oily with our combined fluids.

It was probably at least five minutes before either of us was coherent. It was all I could do to hold her in my arms, kissing her as she sobbed against my chest, overwhelmed by the intensity of her orgasm. Gradually, she calmed down, eyes closed, her breathing becoming quiet and regular. I rolled on to my side, gently depositing her next to me. She opened her eyes and reached out to grab my face with both hands, kissing me passionately. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I've never come like that in my entire life, Ricky! My God, what you do to me, my lovely boy!

She kissed me again, more tenderly this time, running her hands through the hair at my temples. "I told you that you'd get better, didn't I, son?"

Mom smiled and kissed me again, hard. "I don't know if I can take much more of this, lover. If this is what you do to me after only your third time with a woman, there's no hope - I'll go insane with the pleasure you give me, darling."

"Not if you fuck me to death first, Mom. Do you know you gave me a multiple orgasm? I was so turned on, I came again right away when you sprayed all over us. It was so intense, it hurt! Anyway, I can think of worse ways to depart this mortal coil."

Mom shuddered and spoke softly and seriously. "Don't ever talk like that, Ricky, even in jest. I don't want to even think about what life would be like without you. If anything happened to you, I'd die instantly from a broken heart."

Her eyes began to well up again. Scowling and brusquely wiping her tears away with the heel of her palm, she shook her finger under my nose.

"Look at what you do to me you bad b...no," she paused. "No, not a boy any more, very definitely not a boy," she said, talking to herself. She took in a deep breath.

"Look at what you do to me, you bad, bad man. You are most certainly all grown up now and you have stolen my entire heart away, so please handle it with care."

I smiled and kissed her back. "You do a pretty good line of sweet talking too, Mom. Sons always know that they are forever their mother's 'boys.' Some guys have trouble with that, but I never will. I know you love me and that's all that really matters. It's okay to call me whatever you want."

Mom laughed delightedly and tweaked my nose. "How about Englebert?"

"Whatever floats your boat, Gertrude."

We laughed together and continued with some silly kissyface for a while, whispering ridiculous endearments to one another, our kisses gradually becoming more lingering and insistent. Mom jerked in surprise when my erection began growing again against her leg. She slipped her hand between my thighs, gently stroking my resurgent cock, eyes widening in surprise. "Sweet Jesus Ricky, already? You can't be serious."

Slipping my arms around her, I grinned and replied, "I can and I am, dollface. That's what you do to your son, mother dear. I have eight years of catching up to do."

As I was speaking, I pulled her on top of me, reaching around to cup her buttocks in both hands, squeezing and kneading. I then rolled her over to the other side of the bed onto her back. As I moved on top of her, her eyes widened and she shrieked. "Oh shit, Ricky! Let me up! Let me up!"

I quickly rolled away from her as she shot up from the bed, moving back on top of me, shivering. "Jesus, Mom! Are you okay? What's the matter?"

She buried her head in the crook my neck, blushing in acute discomfort. "The wet spot, Ricky. It's very cold and so...so damn huge - I'm so embarrassed!" she wailed.

"Mom."

"Listen to me, Mom."

"Mom, c'mon, listen to your son, listen to your lover."

"It's more than okay. Don't you know how much it excites me? Do you know how it makes me feel, that I can make you do that? It makes me so proud and horny I can hardly stand it. And you know what? I absolutely adore that you can come that way. It's perfect, just perfect. It's tangible proof of how much I turn you on. I would never, ever lie about something like that."

I started to tickle her sides a little bit, making her squirm, whispering in her ear. "King size mattress pad, \$90, new 1500 thread count Egyptian cotton sheets, \$200, custom goggles with built-in wipers, \$400, my Mom-lover squirting all over my mouth and face - priceless."

Mom began shaking with laughter. She drew her head up to look at me, then thrust out her lower lip and exhaled, puffing away a lock of hair that had fallen over her face. "I love you, son," she giggled. "You know just what to say to your neurotic old Mom."

"And I love you, Mom. And for the last time, you are not to use the 'o' word around me any more, capisce? If I ever hear it again, a spanking will be in order. Now, tell you what. We'll change the sheets quickly and grab a shower, okay?"

"Okay."

We stripped the mattress in short order and put on the new bedding. I led Mom into the shower and washed her gently and very thoroughly, with lots of kisses and then she returned the favor. After we crawled back under the covers, I pulled her close.

"Mom, I want to tell you about a dream I had. It happened the night we went out to celebrate my graduation." I went on to recount my memories of the evening, watching the movie together, sitting together on the couch, and most importantly of all, her kiss. "So I went to bed and had a really har...er, difficult time falling asleep. I couldn't shake the feeling that things had finally changed that night."

"What was in the dream, Ricky?"

"I saw us together on a rocky beach. We were sitting on a big log that washed up on the shore and we were eating a picnic. It was very, very real, down to the sounds of seabirds and the smell of the ocean. We were holding hands, watching four children play by the surf. They were ours, Mom, all of them. There was no doubt, no question. It just was. Three girls and a boy."

" 'I have been versed in the reasonings of men, but Fate is stronger than anything I have known,' " Mom whispered.

"What's that, Mom?"

"Benefits of a classical education, Ricky. That's Euripides." She shivered and snuggled closely into my arms. "I had a dream also," she said hesitantly. "It was the night of July 4th. I think I went to bed that night whispering in the tiniest voice to my secret heart that we were going to become lovers. I was still frightened out of my mind and very unsure. I was trying really hard to keep some control of the pace of things, as if that would somehow make it easier to make that final decision," she chuckled wryly. "It was still incredibly difficult. Do you know I went to your room that night?"

"You did?!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"I was so excited I could barely lie down. I 'stirred the honey pot" twice, as you are so fond of saying, but I just couldn't relax. I came in around 2 am. I must have

stood at the foot of your bed, watching you sleep for at least fifteen minutes. I just couldn't find the courage to climb under the covers with you. In the end, I went back to my room and had a good cry over my indecision and lack of resolve and then fell asleep."

"Wow, and I thought I was having a tough time. I have to tell you Mom, I don't know if I'm just your typical oblivious male, or you're a great poker player, but I had no idea. You seemed so poised, so confident through everything, right up to the day you left for Vancouver..."

"Well, as I said, I had my own dream. After I cried myself to sleep, you came into my room, naked. You kissed me all over, dried my tears and held me and said, 'It's time, Jenny. I'm here for you. I will always be here for you.' Then you made love to me. You were gentle, tender and comforting and then you absolutely, completely and utterly fucked the shit out of me. Every possible thing a man and woman can do together, we did. I had a screaming orgasm that woke me up, and when I did wake up, I was coming for real."

"I felt so good after that climax, Ricky, it was unbelievable. I was relaxed, I was as sated as if we'd really done it. If I hadn't been such a stupid, stubborn fool, if I had had my wits about me then, I would have realized that was my heart telling me it was okay, that we were going to be good together and that things would work out. Eventually they did, but not before we nearly blew it all up."

"Well, now you know how I held onto my sanity through the summer, Mom. My dream was a life preserver. It gave me hope for our future."

"And here we are, son. Fate is strong for us." She rolled back on top of me, kissing me deeply. "Now, we need to do something about populating your dream beach."

So we did. We made love one more time, slowly, quietly, this time our climaxes a sweet, gentle release, putting our doubts and fears behind us once and for all. We slept deeply and dreamlessly.

I swam back to consciousness with golden sunlight streaming through the half open bedroom window, curtains lightly stirring in the morning breeze. The quiet buzz of a nearby lawnmower filtered through my thoughts and I could faintly smell fresh cut grass on the breeze. Our neighborhood was waking up. The quintessentially normal sights, sounds and smells of the outside world perversely reinforced my own state of mind.

Weeds still were being pulled, newspapers delivered and garbage put out, but Mom and I were together at last! The world went on its merry, oblivious way, but now we were lovers! It was delicious beyond words that I could see Gordy Townsend across the backyard fence on his John Deere and he had no idea that he was now living next door to a real, honest to God motherfucker!

I was on my side, facing Mom, her thigh thrown over mine. She was breathing deeply and slowly, a faint smile on her lips, still fully in slumber. Her hair was sexily disarrayed, bangs spilling carelessly over her forehead, her lips slightly parted, appearing totally at peace. For a long while I simply looked at her, taking in every detail, from the tiny freckles on her chest to the fine laugh lines around her mouth and eyes, the faintest hint of delicate blonde hairs on her upper lip and the rhythmic flare of her nostrils as she inhaled and exhaled. God, she was so beautiful, I could hardly stand it. I didn't think it was possible to love her any more than I already did, but now, in the aftermath of our first incestuous couplings, I knew in my very bones that she fully and freely owned me, body and soul, now and forever.

Corporeal necessity eventually raised its ugly head, interrupting my devoted thoughts in the form of a very full bladder and monstrous morning wood. Very slowly and carefully, I disengaged from Mom, gently turning her on to her back as I prepared to get up. She stirred slightly, mumbling my name and then slipped back into sleep.

Finishing my business in the bathroom with some difficulty, I walked quietly back to the bed, standing at its foot, watching Mom, now flat on her back with her legs open, her forearm cast across her forehead and eyes. The slow movement of her perfectly proportioned breasts mesmerized me as she breathed in and out. Looking downward, I could see her sex was still moist with our combined fluids, the lips slightly swollen, probably from the evening's tender abuse and her own residual arousal. Her magnificent thatch was slightly crusted with our previous evening's spendings. I knew then exactly how I wanted her to awaken to the first day of our new life.

Lowering myself carefully onto the mattress, I inched my way up between her legs. Pausing briefly, I inhaled the intoxicating aroma of our evening's passion and then bent to my task. Slowly and deliberately, I began to lick around her labia and her mons, reveling in the taste of our mingled flavors as I cleansed every visible inch of her delta. Gradually centering my attentions to her opening, I delved deeply and firmly. Still in twilight, she murmured something unintelligible under her breath, stretching slightly, and then slowly arched her pelvis in response, a soft sigh escaping her lips. Increasing the intensity and frequency of my ministrations, I began to alternate between her opening and pearl of pleasure, lightly sucking and swirling my tongue over her hood, occasionally covering as much of her sex as I could with my mouth, sucking strongly. She stirred again, more vigorously and purposefully this time, rubbing herself against my face, hands now reaching down to entwine her fingers in my hair.

Trailing her hands down to caress my ears and temples, she awoke fully. "Oh, God, lover. What a way to wake up," she moaned.

Grasping her thighs in my hands, I pushed them up on to her abdomen, widening my access to her pussy. Concentrating my attentions on her hood, I began to tease with the tip of my tongue, alternating between light vibrations and firm presses until her clit began to emerge.

"Oh, that's heavenly, Ricky. Lick mommy some more."

Increasing my pace, I felt Mom's fingers tighten in my hair, pulling me strongly inward. She began to thrash her head from side to side, thrusting herself against my tongue.

"Ah, so good darling. So good, yes," she murmured. Her words slowly faded into an escalating series of sighs and groans and her hands began to clench tightly in my hair as she pulled my face fiercely into her sex.

Abruptly, I was saturated with her nectar as she thrashed against my lips and nose. Slowly, reluctantly, she relinquished her grip on my hair, hands sliding down to stroke my face as she sighed in her ecstasy. The taste and bouquet of her release was exquisite, an intoxicating elixir of my previous presence, her musk, sweet saltiness and a piquant sharpness, which was totally addicting to me. I felt as though I was mainlining the distilled essence of love and lust.

Planting a final kiss and tongue caress on the object of my desire, I moved to her side, taking her into my arms and kissing her tenderly.

"Love you so much, Mom."

"Love you back, sweet son. My God, how on earth did you acquire such a wicked tongue? You fly me to the moon every single time you eat me - it's just incredible."

"Do you really want to know? I'll tell you if you want."

"Hmmmm, sounds like I'm sailing in dangerous waters, Ricky. Is there something you don't want me to know?"

"No way, Mom. No secrets between us, ever. Anything you want to ask, I'll answer."

She paused in thought for a few moments, appearing to consider her words. "Last night, you said it was your first time...and yet... and yet, you have the most fantastic tongue and fingers I've ever felt. You know exactly how to send me right over the edge."

"Well, Mom, I guess I have a little confessing to do, but maybe not in the way you think. When I used to jerk off watching my mom-porn..."

"Ricky! Mom-porn?!"

I laughed sheepishly. "Yeah, Mom-porn. I had gigabytes of it. If it was on the web, involved an older woman and a younger man and if the woman looked at all like you, I had it. Anyway, I didn't just beat off. I studied, especially the homemade, amateur stuff. I paid attention to what got those women off, what made them moan the loudest and come the hardest. I always imagined it was me making you feel that good, making you come. Every time I jerked off, in my mind I wasn't coming unless you were too."

"I had no idea I was sleeping with a scholar of mother fucking. I guess I have to give you an 'A' for that homework assignment."

"I'm so glad my 'research' ended up having real world applications, Mom."

Stroking her hand along my arm and gliding over my chest, she raised gooseflesh. "So, did you have a favorite, a number one best fantasy video?"

"Yes, I did."

"Can I see it, Ricky?"

"Sure, if you really want to."

"Go get your laptop and we'll watch it here, together."

I padded back to my bedroom, disinterred the infamous flash drive from my closet and grabbed the laptop. We laid down next to one another on our stomachs, computer in front of us, my arm around Mom's shoulder, hers around my waist, idly wandering, occasionally tracing the curve of my ass cheeks.

Giggling, she squeezed my butt. "I can't believe I'm sitting in bed naked with my son, watching porn!"

"I can't believe I just spent the last twelve hours making love with my mother, doing my best to get her pregnant."

Mom gave me an affectionate hug and kissed my cheek, chuckling, "Well, there is that, isn't there? It does tend to put watching smut in perspective, I suppose."

I found the video easily and launched it. Mom leaned forward, attention raptly focused on the screen, squeezing my waist in anticipation.

The movie began with shaky camera movements, the scene madly sweeping around from floor to ceiling, moving in and out of focus as the light went from near pitch black to massively blown out. Eventually, the scene stopped shaking, the camera finally being placed on a stable surface.

The setting was what appeared to be a stereotypical suburban bedroom, a queen size bed with a garish, colorful quilt and duvet and straight-from-Ikea bedframe, headboard and dressers. By the furnishings, it seemed that the video was probably five to ten years in the past. The room was suffused with soft, low light, filtered through thin, gauzy, slightly dingy, partially drawn curtains.

A woman's face appeared briefly, peering into the lens. Minor adjustments to the camera position were made, centering it on the bed. The woman stepped away

briefly, hands on hips as she contemplated the camera and she then sat on the edge of the bed, beckoning to someone out of view.

She was a pleasant-looking lady, with shoulder length, glossy black hair and regular, ordinary facial features. She was by no means beautiful, but possessed a certain conventional, soccer-mom cuteness. Underneath her white blouse and garish blue sweatpants, it could be seen that her figure was fairly average, if somewhat overweight. She could probably have stood to loose ten or fifteen pounds, but most of the extra weight she carried was concentrated in a prominent, jutting, round ass with wide hips. Her breasts were fairly generous and sagged somewhat. They were encased in a slightly loose fitting, plain white bra, completely practical and functional in its appearance beneath her blouse. Her stomach demonstrated the slight typical middle age pooch that comes with the cruel march of time and nearly inevitable expansion of the waistline.

The video flickered and stuttered briefly and a title flashed across the screen for about ten seconds, obviously added with cut-rate video editing software. It read "My Son Rick and Me."

Mom gasped briefly on seeing title, turning to look at me intently. "Fuel for the fire," she murmured, as if to herself.

Subsequently, a young man appeared on the screen, wearing a pair of loose-fitting shorts and a garish tank top, obviously obtained at some "family oriented" amusement park. His face bore a striking resemblance to the woman, showing the same somewhat rounded cheeks, high forehead and full lips. He was whipcord lean, but not particularly well developed. His physique was more distance runner than anything else, with slim, well-defined muscles and little, if any visible body fat. He had almost no body hair, making it difficult to estimate his age, which could have been anywhere between sixteen and twenty-six.

As the boy stepped to the side of the woman, she stood and melted into his arms, her own circling around his shoulders as they shared a deep, lingering kiss.

I was sudden struck by how I was perceiving the video, compared to the last time I had seen it, which was several months ago. Before, it was my "go to" fantasy, fueling my own thoughts and desires about Mom and me. Previously, I had viewed it with a feeling of envious excitement, only able to dimly imagine what the lucky son might be experiencing. Now though, I found that I was not anticipating the actual act of coupling, but raptly watching the emotional interplay between lovers, mother and son. I was now on the other side of the great divide, an insider at last. I found their initial, passionate kiss as deeply arousing as any previous memory of what was to follow.

Up to this point, the soundtrack had been nondescript, sharp, banging noises as the camera was adjusted and the faint, unintelligible mutterings of a television in the background, probably in another room. The woman spoke the first words: "I missed you baby. We don't have much time. I need you so much."

The young man then spoke, his voice surprisingly deep for someone with such a narrow frame. "I hate sneaking like this. We never have enough time together."

"I know baby, I know."

The woman stepped back, placing her hands on her partner's hips, quickly stripping his shirt off over his head. She ran her hands over his chest and then back around his shoulders again, drawing him close for another passionate kiss. The boy's hands ran over the woman's back, drifting down to clutch her ass cheeks. She moaned into his mouth, hands dropping to his waist, fumbling at the waistband of his pants. She untied a drawstring and pushed the shorts to his ankles, allowing an enormous cock to spring free. It was hard to gauge its size in the low lighting of the room, but the woman's small hand did not fit all the way around its girth. It was probably around nine inches in length, with an angry, almost lime-sized purple helmet, the shaft girded around with a network of ropy, thick veins. Mom sucked her breath in sharply when she saw it.

The young man moaned as the woman stroked him, his own hands roughly pushing her sweatpants down to her knees, exposing a pair of sensible, pale blue,

nylon granny panties. An unruly thicket of curly, black pubic hair was resident underneath the front panel and the gusset already showed obvious, damp evidence of the woman's excitement.

As the woman's stroking became more insistent, the boy's hand palmed the gusset of her panties, two long, slim fingers finding their way inside her sheath. The woman gasped and visibly shuddered as his hand found its target, moving in and out, a strangled "Oh, God!" escaping her lips.

Falling to the bed together, the young man quickly unbuttoned the woman's blouse, exposing her bra. He popped the front clasp, freeing her tear-drop shaped breasts. Pancaked against her recumbent chest, they sagged slightly to the side, displaying silver dollar sized chocolate brown areolae and hard, erect nipples which appeared to be almost three quarters of an inch long. He quickly bent his head to her chest, capturing one of the nipples in his mouth, the sound of his suckling clearly heard in the soundtrack. The woman sighed loudly, cradling his head against her with one hand, stroking his hair.

As the boy continued his worship of the woman's breasts, her other hand was busy between his legs, continuing to stroke his shaft of pink granite, movements becoming more and more urgent. Her hoarse whisper was barely picked up by the camera microphone, her voice slightly blurry, tantalizingly indistinct.

"I need you inside me, baby. I need you inside me now!"

When he rolled on top her, the woman spread her legs wide, guiding his massive pole into her vagina. As he slowly pressed his flesh home, spreading her labia widely, the woman groaned loudly, her legs coming up to hook the small of his back, arms encircling his lean shoulders.

"Ahhhhh, Jesus, that's so good, baby, so fucking big!"

Glancing to my side to observe Mom, I could see she was totally mesmerized by the scene, eyes hooded with excitement, lips slightly parted. She was squirming slightly on the mattress, obviously aroused.

Returning my attention to the computer screen, I could see the pace of their coupling had accelerated, as the man-boy hammered his flesh into the woman below him. Inarticulate groans merged with the protestations of the bed frame as they approached the zenith of their fuck, the young man now fiercely clutching the woman's buttocks as he drove towards his peak. Abruptly, he stiffened with a guttural, drawn-out groan, locking his pelvis against his partner, straining forward into her until cords stood out of his neck.

As he released within her, the woman came as well, hands scrabbling against his back as she shrieked. "Oh god, yes! Oh God baby! Fuck me! Fuck me! Yesss! Yessss! Yessssssssss!"

As he collapsed on to her chest, the woman stroked the young man's back, neck and hair, whispering quiet endearments softly, over and over again. The words could not be clearly heard. They then rolled to their sides, facing one another, touching each other's faces, kissing.

I paused the video at that point, looking over to Mom. "Well, there it is."

"Dear God Ricky, I've never seen anything like that in my entire life," she whispered, almost reverentially, shuddering. "It's so plain, but so honest and real. Neither of them is especially good looking, but it's still one of the most erotic things I've ever watched."

"I haven't shown you the best part, Mom, what makes it my favorite."

"Jesus, there's more?"

"Just a little, bit. Here, let's watch."

I restarted the video, again showing the woman and her young lover lying side by side. They arose from the bed, standing at its foot, sharing a long, warm embrace and another extended kiss. Smiling softly, the young man held the woman out to arm's length looking down at her, speaking gently but clearly.

"I love you so much, Mom."

"I love you too, Rick."

As they joined hands and walked off camera, the mother's voice could be heard just above the background noises of the house.

"We have time for a quick shower before your sister gets home from band practice. Then I've got to make dinner for your father."

The voices began to fade as they moved farther away from the camera, but her son could be heard again briefly before their conversation was drowned out by the sound of a flushing toilet.

"Do you think it happened this time?"

"I hope so, baby." The mother then laughed loudly, "God, you shot enough cum in me, but I just don't know sweetheart - I'll get an EPT in a couple weeks and..."

At that point the screen flashed "low batt" and the video stopped.

Mom's arm tightened around my waist and she shuddered, slightly grinding her pelvis against the mattress.

"Dear God, that was incredible. I'm so damn wet, I can't believe it."

"Powerful stuff, isn't it?"

"How on earth did you find that thing?"

"I first heard a rumor about the video on an incest forum the summer before my junior year in high school. Once I was able to confirm it actually existed, it became an obsession. It took me three and a half years to track it down. I ended up having to pay a hundred bucks to join a private blog to get access to it. Once I had it, I lost interest in about ninety percent of the rest of my 'collection.' I kept a few other videos that I was pretty sure were authentic and a few regular and role-playing ones where the woman looked a lot like you, but that was basically it for me."

Mom was still stunned, shaking her head in amazement.

"I can't believe that it was the mother who recorded everything! She must have been totally out of her mind, completely crazy, risking everything like that."

"I know, Mom, but that's part of what makes it so arousing, so intense, clearly seeing the chances they're taking, being together - and trying to have a baby too, that's just so unbelievable, totally over the top. Even, now it still gets to me. I often wonder what happened to them," I added softly.

"It's scary too, Ricky. Can you imagine us in a similar circumstance?" She leaned in to kiss me, giving me a big hug. "We're so lucky, darling, not having to worry about any of those complications, possibly destroying an entire family. Obsession can be a very dangerous thing."

"In my weaker moments, I sometimes thought about letting you 'discover' that video clip."

"But you didn't," she said, a question in her voice.

"Nope. That movie is so intense, it just seemed too risky. I thought it would have either made you jump my bones in a minute flat or hand me my walking papers. I wasn't prepared to risk that, hurting you that way. It's why I kept all of that stuff secret. Anyway, you already knew how I felt about you, ever since that birthday dinner when I was fifteen."

Mom chuckled and kissed my cheek, ruffling my hair in the usual way saying, "You've always been a glass of water to me, Ricky."

Rolling on to her back, she put her hands behind her head, continuing, "I suppose that I knew that you were still carrying a torch for me, even while you were dating Grace and during college. I didn't want to press you on it, since you seemed to have some semblance of a sex life during that time. I guess I wasn't prepared to deal with an honest answer from you."

"What do you think you would have done, if I had let you 'discover' that video?"

"God Ricky, I just don't know. It certainly would have told me about your feelings pretty clearly," she said with a laugh. Pausing to reflect a moment, she added softly, "I think it would have turned me on - a lot. I think I would have pretended to not have seen it and then made a copy for my private enjoyment. Where it would have gone from there is anybody's guess."

"I think it would have forced me to bring my own feelings and desires out of the dark and to take a hard look at them. Even so, considering how you nearly walked out of my life before I came to my senses, it's impossible to know if I would have had the courage to take any bold steps to bring you into my bed. Sometimes I'm too cautious for my own good."

I teased her just a little bit, taking her hand and kissing it.

"But once you do make up your mind, its take no prisoners time, for sure."

"As you said last night, lover-son, 'no regrets, no looking back.'"

"And I meant it. There are far too many wonderful things to look forward to than to waste time thinking about 'coulda, shoulda, woulda'."

I paused, thinking as another question occurred to me. I turned to Mom, blushing slightly. She must have sensed my hesitation, as always attuned to the slightest change in my emotions.

"What is it, darling?"

"Is it okay to ask you about, well, your past?"

She laughed merrily, taking both of my hands in hers and kissing me. "Of course, sweetheart. 'No secrets' applies to me, just as much as you. We're a real couple, besides being son and mother. What do you want to know?"

"Did you have any boyfriends or lovers while I was growing up?"

"I had a few brief affairs while you were still in elementary and middle school, but nothing serious. I'm a little ashamed to say that they were mostly with married men."

"Why, ashamed Mom? Did you see yourself as a home wrecker or something?"

"No, not really. For sure, I wasn't out to steal another woman's husband or boyfriend. I guess I was being selfish. I didn't want the burden of trying to establish or grow an adult relationship while I was raising you. I suppose I was selfishly scratching my own itches. Married guys don't want complications or entanglements either, so that was Jake with me. It was usually stolen lunch hours and an occasional evening 'working late,' but never with anyone I had a

professional connection with. I may be an incestuous cum slut, but I still have some standards," she laughed.

"But you said after middle school you didn't see anyone."

It was then Mom's turn to be pensive. She thought for a long while before she spoke very quietly and hesitantly, "I don't believe I ever thought about it overtly, but in retrospect, I think I was subconsciously responding to the growing presence of a certain handsome young fella. I didn't (or maybe wouldn't) see it at first, but you were becoming the man in my life. Silly, stubborn woman that I am, it took me many years to finally be honest with myself on that score." She chuckled wryly, "Long story short, beginning around the time you were fourteen, I started wearing out toys for my 'stress relief'."

"Jesus, Mom! No sex for eight years? How did you not go crazy?"

"Just because I didn't have sex with a man, doesn't mean there weren't any 'big O's' for dear old Mom, kiddo. There were a lot of good things happening during that time, don't forget. My career was blossoming and I was watching my handsome son growing into a fine young man. Those things meant a lot to me. At the time, it was enough to compensate for other areas of my life that were lacking."

Reading my mind as usual, she smiled and gave my cock a gentle squeeze. "Just so we're clear on this, my fine incestuous son, NOBODY has ever fucked me as well as you do. The past twelve hours have been the best sex of my entire life."

"You're making my heads swell, Mom," I blushed with pride.

She let out a long, hard laugh, shaking with mirth. Rolling on top of me, she showered my face with kisses, lightly grinding her pelvis against me. "You make me feel so lucky and so loved, Ricky. You're my perfect man -- smart, romantic, talented, a great sense of humor and a cock that doesn't quit. What more could a woman want?"

"Someone who remembers to put the toilet seat down?"

"Your imperfections simply make you all the more adorable, dear boy. Now," she said decisively, "I believe we were originally talking about how you came to be such an amazing eater of pussy."

"Do you want the entire story, or the Cliff Notes version?"

"Oh, the whole cloth of it, by all means. I'm not going anywhere, in case you hadn't noticed," Mom said, settling herself contentedly under my arm.

"Well, dearest mother, as I'm sure you know, I haven't been a monk in college or high school, but you have to understand the way I feel, the way I felt about you before. You already know I've lusted after you since I could make wood, but I've been truly, hopelessly, head over heels in love with you since I was fifteen. I had my own drives and physical needs, but even when I was dating or seeing girls on a steady basis, I knew in my heart of hearts that you were my woman, and that no one else could hold a candle to you. I was basically biding my time, hoping for a miracle that would bring us together."

"It's no miracle, son. Surely you don't believe that I just all of a sudden began to desire you in the last few months?"

"I think I've been sensing you have had...other feelings for me for longer than that, maybe since the accident?"

"Well...close enough. I knew I was beginning to love you in a way a mother shouldn't for quite some time, but it's taken a long, painful journey to come to grips with it. The growing attraction I had for you, the intensity of those emotions was absolutely terrifying to me. Even as I was struggling with my own feelings, I was so worried about you, as your Mom. In my own heart, I needed to know, needed to know that we were going to last, but more importantly, that our coming

together wouldn't hurt you in any way. On one level, I suppose I was being selfish, because I wanted you...for all time. I wasn't willing to settle for anything less."

With that statement, I began to tear up a little. I hugged her tightly and said "So maybe you can understand a little how things were for me in high school and college. I got to know some really great girls and did enjoy myself a lot, but in the end, I was marking time, learning how to please a woman, saving myself for the lady I really wanted - it was that important to me."

Mom sighed and snuggled under my chin, holding me tightly. "You're even more romantic than I am, son. I love you so very much for that quality. It makes everything feel like, well, like destiny. I'm so happy now, I could shout," she declared. "I want to throw open that window and scream at the top of my lungs 'I love my son! I love fucking him! I want to have his baby!' That's how you make me feel, lover-son."

Very seriously, I replied, "I feel exactly the same about you, Mom. I'm so happy I don't know what to do with myself. It's like, we know what the other wants and is thinking without even having to say anything. I can't imagine being so close to anyone else." Hugging her tightly to me, I said, "I suppose it's strange and terribly perverse, but when I think about us being together, I think of a verse from the Bible, of all things."

Nestling her lips next to my ear, she whispered "Isaiah 40:31...mount up with wings as eagles..."

I shivered at her prescience. "Beautiful lady, it seems you have all of me - heart, soul, body and now my very thoughts."

Mom kissed me passionately, running her fingers through my hair. "And I'll keep and treasure them forever, my beautiful husband-son!"

Abruptly, she switched gears from devoted lover to mischievous minx. "But, be that as it may, you've still got some 'splainin' to do, Ricky. I haven't finished my cross-examination yet," she teased.

Placing my hand on her breast, I rubbed her nipple between my thumb and forefinger, making her moan. "I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me titty."

"Don't distract me from my purpose, you lecherous young man! I have questions that require answers."

"Ask away, mother dear."

"Who was the first girl you made out with?"

"You sure you're not going to get upset or jealous?"

"What could I possibly get jealous about? Momma is going to have your wonderful cock the rest of her life."

"The first one was Grace Kim, Mom. We started kissing, you know, actually making out on our third date. And to anticipate your next question, she was the first girl who let me feel her breasts. That happened under the bleachers after homecoming in my sophomore year."

"I thought so. What about third base?"

"Again, Grace. That was Fourth of July weekend, summer after my sophomore year. We were making out by the bandstand next to Lake Chapman and things just sort of...happened. It was sort of awkward - she liked it, but I didn't know much about what I was doing. I eventually made her come, by trial and error, mostly and then she rubbed me off through my jeans."

"Was she the first one to touch your cock?" she asked a bit enviously.

"Mom, I thought you said weren't going to get upset!" I said with concern. "Should I stop?"

Smiling sheepishly, she blushed. "Sorry, Ricky. I'm being silly, I know. I just can't help it."

Smiling reassuringly, I took her hand and placed it over my groin. "You said it yourself already, mom, it's all yours, only yours. Nobody else is going to touch it ever again."

"Anyway, yes, it was Grace," I continued. "That was a few weeks later. We came back to the house while you, Gramps and Nana went to that Broadway show. We were nervous at first, but it was pretty exciting. You know, Mom, if it weren't for you, I might still be seeing her. She reminded me a lot of you - it's probably why I was attracted to her in the first place. I liked her because she was so honest and straightforward. She always told me what was on her mind. She also was really open about things like how she wanted to be touched, stuff like that. So...in a way she was my first teacher."

"I'm glad you were with her, Ricky. I always liked her very much, and you know how picky I am."

"Thanks, Mom. We never got much beyond touching each other with our clothes on. I don't think either of us were ready for anything more."

While we were dissecting my previous so-called sex life, Mom was idly running her hands over my chest, occasionally pausing to rub my nipples, gradually widening the circle of her explorations to my abdomen. It was starting to drive me bananas. She then grasped my cock, gently squeezing it to life.

"Who was the first girl to wrap her lips around this wonderful piece of meat?" she asked with an evil grin.

"That would be Amanda Jennings, from up the street."

"Betty and Harold's daughter? I don't believe it!"

"Yah. It was about a year after Gramps and Nana passed. Betty knew I was pretty good at keeping our pool working, and they were having some problems with theirs, so she asked me to check out a couple of things. Anyway, Amanda was visiting from college, I was there, she liked my looks and was feeling sorry for me, you know, about Gramps and Nana. One thing led to another and she ended up doing me in the cabaña. I think it might have gone farther, but Betty came home then, so we stopped. It's funny though. I enjoyed it, and after all, Amanda is a beautiful girl, but in the end, I felt guilty. I didn't like the sympathy aspect of it. It ended up detracting from what was otherwise pretty amazing. Still, it was a generous thing she did and I guess I appreciate the spirit in which it was offered, looking back on it."

"Was she any good?"

"Mom, when you're that age, any blow job is a great blow job," I laughed.

"Truer words were never spoken, young man."

As she continued to stroke my cock, she rubbed her thumb over the head, moistening it with my precum. I shuddered at her touch.

"Now we come to the crux of matters, son-lover. To whom do I owe the thanks for your incredibly educated tongue?"

"That would be my English professor at the U, Cassandra Ellis."

Mom was silent for a long time. "Ah, I just knew it -- it had to be an older woman...I think I saw her once Ricky, some freshman orientation or something else I went to with you. In her late forties, strawberry blonde hair, blue eyes, about my height, trim figure...like me, son. Like me. I was never far from your thoughts, was I?"

"Hardly ever, Mom," I agreed quietly.

"As much as we shared in looks, weren't you tempted to fuck her?"

"Oh God, yes, more than you know. You have to understand though. I was very up front with her, that I was saving myself for someone special. We were very attracted to each other, but I think she truly understood my romantic outlook. So, we carried on in other ways, which we both enjoyed. She was a fun, adventurous person and very warm and patient. I learned a lot from her. We stopped seeing each other just over a year ago."

"Why did you stop seeing her?"

"Well, actually, she broke it off. The last time we were together at her apartment, I was in a rush to get home. I dropped my wallet on the way out and didn't realize it. I was in the lobby when I discovered it wasn't on me and had to go back up to get it."

"She was waiting for me. She told me that she didn't intend to pry, but that the thing had fallen open when I dropped it. She saw your picture. When she handed it back to me she said that I had paid her the very highest compliment, which she would always cherish, but that she didn't have any desire to 'be that particular second fiddle.' As I was leaving, she said something interesting, though."

"What was that?"

"I may not have the words exactly right, but they really stuck with me. She said, 'You've chosen to fly perilously close to the sun, my young Icarus. You're a very sweet young man and I hope you don't get burned. You've chosen a path that can only yield transcendent love or unbearable pain. I wish you luck.' Something like that," I concluded. "She was right, too. I experienced that pain when you went off to Vancouver, but in the end, we gambled and won."

"A perceptive woman with excellent taste in young men, I believe. But I do have one more question. This business of playing with my bottom, with you hands and tongue, did she teach you this?"

"No, she didn't. That's for you only, Mom. It's too intimate, too special to share with anyone except your true love. I've never done those things with anybody else. It's just for us."

"Did you use to, uh, masturbate thinking about doing those things with me?"

"Mom, anything and everything a man and woman can do together, I've fantasized about doing with you. Touching and eating you back there, it's been a particular turn on for me for a long time. I think it's because it's so incredibly intimate. Oh, and naughty too," I grinned.

Mom hugged me tightly. "I'm so glad to hear that, Ricky. It makes me feel unique and especially well-loved."

"I could never do anything less, Mom. Now, will the dragon lady release me from my interrogation?"

"Why? Are you going somewhere?"

"I'm exactly where I belong, next to you in our bed. However," I said, nodding towards my groin, "You've started something that you had better finish. The natives may get restless otherwise."

"I see. And how do you propose that we accomplish this task?"

"I'm easy to please. You can decide."

"In that case, I think Mommy will suck you off. I want some of your sweet cum for breakfast."

With that, Mom scooted down between my legs and took me into her mouth, swirling her tongue, moving her hands sensuously on my shaft. I went from semi hard to clawing the sheets in less than a minute as she worked her magic on me, slowly bringing me to the edge of ecstasy many times, only to squeeze me back from the brink, teasing me unmercifully. When she finally allowed my release, I felt like the top of my head would blow off. I must have shot half a dozen huge, sticky ropes into Mom's eager mouth, not one drop of which was lost.

When she finished me, I lay totally limp, with an occasional involuntary twitch shaking my frame, rendered entirely speechless. Curling up next to me, Mom giggled.

"Mmmmm, breakfast of champions."

"Jesus," I croaked hoarsely.

"I don't think I'll ever get tired of your taste, lover. I could suck on your cock and slurp your cum all day long."

"Jesus."

"A man of few words, are you?" she teased.

"Mmmmm. Sorry, melted brain. Mom, you are incredible, you do me so well...I don't know what it is, but you know exactly how to drive me insane. If you get any better at sucking me off, I'm gonna need a defibrillator."

"We can put it on the shelf next to my fire extinguisher."

"Hah! You make me laugh, pretty lady. It's one of the things I love most about you."

"Thank you, kind sir."

I inquired after breakfast. Mom owned to being pretty hungry, but didn't really want to leave the bed. I felt the same way, so we just lay together and cuddled, exchanging caresses and kisses. And we talked. We talked and we talked, like we never had before. All of our hopes, wishes and dreams we laid out to each other, fully blending our lives together as a couple, looking to our shared future.

Finally, our long-empty stomachs drove us from the bed. I made Mom her favorite - my breakfast slumgullion, a mix of scrambled eggs, sautéed ground beef, crumbled bacon, sweet onions, cheddar cheese, cilantro and Tabasco, served with large hunks of toasted sourdough. We gorged ourselves, washing down our food with oversized mugs of hot latte.

Conversation was at a minimum, but we didn't need any. A glance, a smile, a nod or casual brush of hand against arm served to speak volumes as we recharged ourselves. As we wound towards the finish of our meal, our shared glances became more intent, the touches more intimate, sensuous and lingering. When I made to clean up our dishes, Mom simply pulled me away from the sink, took my hand in hers and led me towards our bedroom.

We didn't emerge until the dark of evening, once again driven from our incestuous embraces by absolute fatigue, well-fucked soreness and raging hunger. We baked potatoes, pan fried a couple of strip steaks and had a green salad, accompanied by

a nice Sangiovese, which we demolished in short order before heading once again to our lover's lair.

Sunday dawned (as much as you can call waking up at 11:00 am dawning) to find us still entwined, sheets damp and our bodies still slightly sweaty. I stretched and winced, my shoulders and neck stiff. Mom stirred and rolled over into my arms, groaning slightly.

"Morning, lover. How's my hard-working, incestuous son today?"

"Wonderful, momma-love. Just a little sore. I think I'm discovering a few under-utilized muscle groups today."

"You and me both. I feel wonderfully tender and slightly abused."

I tenderly traced my finger along her nose and cheek, brushing her hair back over her ear.

"I do recall some sort of event happening around 2 am. I seem to remember that I could hear a lady screaming 'Harder! Do me harder!' I also remember I was happy to oblige."

"Hmmmphh!" Mom huffed, trying to look severe, but ultimately failing, her stern expression, slowly replaced with a lopsided grin and the beginnings of a wicked gleam in her eyes.

"A true gentleman always tries to accommodate his lady's wishes."

"A true gentleman doesn't slap his mother's bottom while he's fucking her doggie-style."

I dissolved in laughter. "Mom, I don't know if I'll ever measure your true depths. You're definitely more woman than any one man could handle. We've unleashed a monster here."

"I reserve my best for the man I love."

"I'm honored. I do seem to remember that you did enjoy your little spanking, though."

"God help me, yes," she blushed. "I have never let myself go like that. You're a very bad influence, young man, turning your mother into a son-cock-crazed whore." She laughed and kissed me soundly, murmuring, "I'm going to have a wonderful time going to hell with you, boy. We are soooooo bad!"

"Mom!" I protested. "I refuse to believe that. What's happened between us, it's meant to be, it's right, it's true and it's love. Love is never bad."

"I was being facetious, Ricky. I believe in us too. It's difficult to adjust to the idea of heaven on earth, that's all."

"I could listen to your sweet words all day, Mom, but I do have some thoughts about our schedule."

"I'm all ears."

"Nurse Mommy did a great job taking care of her poor son's terrible swellings this past week, but now Dr. Ricky has a prescription for his patient."

"I see. Are you going to use your thermometer to take my temperature?"

"I already know your temperature, gorgeous. It's smokin' hot. We might have to check it again later this afternoon, but until then, I have a different treatment plan."

"First, we're going to have a long shower, as hot as you can stand, and this time I mean temperature. I'll wash your hair and scrub you from eyebrows to toenails. Of course, I may pause along the way occasionally to make sure that every part of my Mommy is squeaky clean."

"Cleanliness is next to godliness, they say."

"We're in agreement on that. Breakfast will be next after the shower. We'll toast those leftover baguettes and cut up some fresh fruit. We will then exit, food in hand, to the poolside, where we will proceed to slather each other with tanning oil and baste in the sun the rest of the day. As an added inducement, I'll make a pitcher of Bloody Marias as well."

"I always follow sound medical advice."

"Let's get started then."

While we were gathering things up to head out to the pool, the phone rang.

"You go ahead and get things set up, Ricky. I'll get this."

"Hello."

Mom covered the receiver with her hand and tuned to me, slightly surprised. "It's Marcia."

"Hello, Marcia. It's nice to hear from you. Yes, we're fine. Thank you for the other night, by the way. It was very unexpected and very kind of you. I would have gotten back in touch with you sooner, but well, we got busy..."

Mom was actually blushing like a schoolgirl as she said this, her voice becoming endearingly hesitant.

"No, nothing special planned today. We're planning to lie out by the pool and relax, actually. Yes, we're fine, splendid actually. Okay. Why don't you come over in an hour or so. We'll see you then."

Mom turned to me with a questioning look. "Is that okay with you, Ricky? I actually think I'm looking forward to this, you know, some girl talk."

"It's pretty clear that we have much more in common with Marcia than we ever thought, Mom. I think it's a good idea. Besides, I'd like to thank her, face to face, for what she didn't do and did do for us."

"Let's eat."

As we sat by the pool, we fed each other and sipped our drinks. I was in one of my generic surfer-type swim trunks and Mom had on an absolutely amazing, one-piece swimsuit. It was deep navy in color, with high, scalloped cut leg holes and a very narrow front panel, which barely covered her crotch. Her womanly thatch was evident on either side of the fabric. It was tight as a drum as it flowed over her mons, producing an obvious camel toe.

In the back, it was cut somewhere in between a bikini brief and a thong, showing a fairly generous, but not outrageous expanse of each of her wonderful moons. The front of the suit was a marvel of engineering. Over her bust, it was just scooped out enough for a moderate amount of décolletage to show, but at the same time, it produced a kind of push-up effect, which marvelously accentuated her breasts. It was at once incredibly stylish, elegant and very, very sexy.

"I take it this is one of those purchases from last Sunday which you wouldn't let me see."

"Right in one. It's a Mara Hoffman."

"It's absolutely sensational, Mom. As much as I love how you look in a bikini, I think that this may become my new favorite. Whatever you paid for it, it's worth every penny."

"Thank you, sweet boy. I was hoping you'd like it." Glancing down below her waist, she added, "I think a little trimming is in order, though."

"No, no Mom - don't do that, please!" I exclaimed hurriedly. "I like you just the way you are, not a girl, but all woman." I bent over to whisper in her ear. "I love your sexy, hairy pussy just the way it is; it's too pretty and tasty to change."

Mom blushed and punched me on my arm. "You are so bad, Ricky. Okay. I'll stay a cavewoman for you."

"Yoo hoo, are you guys decent?"

"Open the gate and come on back, Marcia, Ricky and I are just finishing breakfast. Will you join us?"

"No thanks, dear, I've already eaten."

"A drink perhaps? Ricky made some Bloody Marias."

"That I think I could say yes to," she said appreciatively. "Thanks very much."

Marcia took the drink from me and smiled, plopping down into a folding chair opposite to our loungers.

"I truly hope I'm not intruding on you guys today, but I really wanted to talk with both of you a bit more. That past Friday night didn't seem like the right time, and I really wanted to share a few things with you."

She looked us both over with a warm, indulgent smile.

"I can just tell. It's like a 20-foot billboard. You're together now, aren't you?"

Mom cleared her throat. "What makes you say that, Marcia?"

"Please, dear, call me 'Marsh'. I'm already starting to think of you both as kindred spirits. But yes, it's clear as a bell to me."

She winked conspiratorially at Mom. "Jenny, my girl, you have The Glow."

I smiled into my drink, sipping through its straw to cover my expression. I felt like I would burst with pride when I heard Marsh say those words. Next to the actual rush of giving my beautiful mother an orgasm, knowing that somebody else could tell how well I had loved her was almost as wonderful a feeling. I felt like I was ten feet tall with a twelve-inch dick.

Mom was aghast. "Is it that obvious?"

"Perhaps to me," Marsh grinned. "I have developed a discerning eye over the past several years, and that's one of the things I wanted to chat about."

Marcia paused for a moment, sipping reflectively on her drink.

"We've been living across the street from one another for, what, 7 years now? You two have always been pleasant, courteous neighbors, even though I knew that you secretly thought I was the neighborhood busybody and gossipmonger."

Mom stirred in her seat in protest,

Holding up her hand, Marsh halted Mom's nascent complaint, saying, "No, Jenny, please hear me out. You have your job to channel your energies into. The best way you could protect your boy was to provide for his security by being successful in your career. I'm in a different position. My alimony has kept us quite comfortable and I'm not the kind of person who can sit in a cubicle and do insurance adjusting or whatever. My way of protecting Shawn when he was growing up was to be there for him as much as possible and to know the neighborhood and everything that went on in it."

"So...I became the block sale organizer, the PTO chairwoman, the Trick or Treat lady and any other thing that would allow me to keep my finger on the pulse of this place. I was a pretty big control freak. It helped me cope with being a single Mom dependent on child support and alimony for my survival. I have an established reputation of poking my long nose into places where it isn't necessarily welcome, under the guise of my role as the social queen bee around here."

Marcia smiled briefly and resumed her narrative.

"All that changed three years ago when Shawn and I became lovers. It was quite a wrenching transition to suddenly become the possessor of such a dark, dangerous and terrifying secret. In the course of one day, I was transformed from the gossiping dirt detective to someone who could be ruined for life by one slip-up. That sort of thing tends to change your world view just a tad," she stated dryly.

"Let's face it, I'm just a nosy person by nature. All other things being equal, I probably would still be the same catty bitch I used to be. I didn't pull away from my role in the neighborhood simply because Shawn was growing up. I now had something to fear. I could be hurt and lose something precious."

I stood up to refill Marcia's glass. "I guess I don't understand how you came to discover us, that Sunday, Marsh."

She chuckled ruefully. "Well Rick, between my reputation and your secret, I can only imagine what it must have been like, waiting to hear from me again."

"It was a terrible time for us, Marsh," Mom replied, holding her thumb and forefinger an inch apart. "I was this close to breaking it all off."

"I would never have forgiven myself if I ended up destroying something so beautiful. What you and Rick share is so much like Shawn and me," she said wistfully. "It really makes me feel good to know that there is someone else out there who's as lucky as we are. Just looking at you two makes me ache for my boy, but in a good way."

"You know Jen," she went on, "It's ironic that I ended up causing you such difficulties, because I was actually coming over to talk about something I saw that Friday evening."

When I saw Rick squiring you on his arm out to that limo, it really made my antennae twitch. The way you held onto him and the looks you were exchanging made me do a double take. It got me thinking and wondering about you two, and what happened after that was pure chance. I had just finished putting the cat out when you two got back from wherever it was you went."

She paused and drew a deep breath.

"I saw the kiss you two shared in the front doorway. My God! It made me weak in the knees, wet between the legs and took my breath away, and I was only looking at it! I couldn't get you two out of my head - at that time, I had no idea where you might have been in your relationship with each other, but I could tell by that kiss that if you weren't already lovers, you would be soon."

"You probably never noticed it, Jen, but I had always been a little jealous of your career and your status. You're so busy that you aren't aware of how respected and admired you are by most of your neighbors. My former self was always a bit envious, I guess."

"Anyway, when I saw that incredible kiss, I felt an instant connection, as though we had suddenly become sisters under the skin. So... basically all I was planning on doing that Sunday was coming over to say, "You go, girl!" and "I've got your back."

Marcia got up and went over to Mom, giving her a hug and a kiss on the cheek, "You REALLY go, girl!"

Mom blushed and chuckled, but then turned serious. "Marsh, what exactly DID you see?"

"Well, it was really more of a combined sensory impression sort of thing. As I was walking by the kitchen window, I saw you at the sink. You were sort of bent over with your head hanging down and Ricky here was....well...rather close behind you. You were, uhm, preoccupied and didn't appear to notice me. I suppose if I had thought things through, I would have turned around and come back later, but I didn't. I think subconsciously, I had an idea of what was going on and I guess I reflexively just went into nosey, prying mode, hoping to catch you two in the clinch, as it were, just to confirm my intuition."

"So.... I let myself in by the garage and announced myself, and that's what you probably heard. By the time I got down the hallway to the kitchen door, you had put yourselves back together, but there were a couple of details...."

"I really thought we had covered our tracks, Marsh," I objected.

"Well Rick, at first glance, yes. However, " she grinned, "It was pretty hard to overlook the aroma of fresh semen in the air. I also thought it was unlikely that I was seeing dish detergent on the inside of Jenny's leg!" she laughed.

I groaned and slapped my forehead. Mom was blushing furiously.

"Anyway, I came to my senses and realized that I had created a real problem for the two of you by barging in essentially unannounced, so I made my excuses and got out of Dodge."

Marcia cleared her throat and became more serious. "I'm very sorry now about what I did. It obviously created a real crisis for both of you. I had no way of knowing where things were really at for you guys and now I feel just horrible about how I handled things."

Tears welled in her eyes. "I hope you will forgive me. I hope we can become friends now, even though I know I'm presuming on you good will once again."

Mom got up and sat next to Marcia. Taking her hand, she glanced at me for confirmation and said, "We forgive you Marsh. I'll give you the details later, but it actually worked out for the best, unfolding the way it did. It took Ricky and me right to the edge of the abyss, but it made us see things as they really are between us, and how we actually want them to be for the future."

"Look at this, Marsh," she said, holding up her left hand. "Isn't it beautiful?"

Marcia took Mom's hand and carefully inspected the ring. "Jesus, Jen, it's magnificent! It's got to be at least a full carat!"

"It's a VVS 1, 1.2 carats," I said proudly. "Nothing less than the best for my mother."

"Don't ask me what it means," I added with a chuckle. "I'm just repeating what the jeweler told me. When I talked with him about my special lady, from the way I described her, he said nothing less would do her justice."

Marcia was agog, looking back and forth between the two of us. Reaching out, I took Mom's hand and drew her away from Marcia to my lap, placing my arms around her waist. "Marsh," I declared, "I love this woman with my entire heart and soul. I want everyone who sees her to know that she has a man that thinks the world of her."

Marcia was grinning fit to bust. "It's exquisitely romantic, Ricky. You done your Momma proud. Jenny, when did he...."

Mom colored up and looked down at her feet, her blush quickly rising from her breasts to her hairline. "Just before our first time, Marsh, on Friday night. He proposed. He really, truly proposed to me!" Mom flung her arms around my neck and kissed me passionately and soundly.

Mom and Marcia were both tearing up now and I was getting a little misty-eyed myself. "We're going to make a life together, Marsh," I said seriously. "I'm looking at my job options right now to see how we're going to make this work."

"You guys are simply amazing," Marcia exclaimed. "Two soul mates, Mother and Son - it's perfection."

Marsh paused for a moment and sighed dreamily. "I think the world would be a better place if more mothers loved their sons as we do, but people don't or won't ever look at that kind of love straight on, seeing it for what it truly is. Real love is the rarest, most precious commodity there is. Everybody on the outside just focuses on the sex aspect of it, how warped a person has to be to sleep with their child, how screwed up that young man must end up being, sleeping with his mother."

"Jen, you and I both know how good the sex is. There's nothing like it. Some of it is the taboo, but mostly it's the connection, the deepest sharing possible between two people who already love each other. That extra sharing with your son is beautiful in a way the rest of the world will never understand."

"But that's their loss," she concluded briskly, almost coldly. "I know what I have with Shawn and what you and Rick share. In the end, I'm not going to worry about what anyone else thinks. Our lives are rich beyond their myopic imaginings and repressed emotions. If I had my druthers, I'd find a way to bring more mothers and sons together."

"We're as lucky as two people can be, Marsh," Mom agreed, looking at me with a warm smile.

"Well, Jen, you've already got me torn in two. You're obviously going to be moving away, so you can be together safely, but it seems so unfair to me, since we've just started to really know each other. This bond we share now...it's rare and special. I find that I am loathe to see you go."

"It's going to be a little while yet, Marsh," I reassured. "I've got a couple of good prospects, but we probably won't be doing anything for at least a month now. I think we have a lot to talk about, and I find I'm very much interested in meeting Shawn now. But don't worry - I think we'll be staying in touch with you two, for sure."

"Shawn and I would really appreciate that, Ricky. Now though, if you don't mind, I'd like to get the skinny from you guys on how you got together."

"I don't know how much there really is to say, Marsh," Mom began. "We've always been very close. I'm pretty sure that Ricky first became interested in me when he was about 13 or so - that about right, sweetheart?"

"Yah, Mom. I remember we first thought that I was just pretty much going through a normal phase, but I never really got out of it. I guess what was different for me was that the sexual attraction was always there, but on top of that, I truly and completely fell head over heels in love with you when I was about 15. That feeling never went away and only became stronger as time went by. After Nana and Gramps passed...well, all we had left was each other. I just had to be there for you, Mom. It was really tough to be so needed, but also not being able to act on how I really felt. There was always a little voice in the back of my mind saying "don't push it, Rick. Be careful, don't hurt her."

"He's such a good man, Marsh," Mom said, slipping her arm around my waist and stroking my hair. "He was aching to be with me, but he put my feelings first. There was no way that I was prepared at that time for our relationship to change in that way. I think Ricky sensed that and didn't push things. Lord knows I was vulnerable and lonely and sad enough at that point that I would have given myself over to his attentions if he had pressed," she concluded.

"That's amazing, Rick. I can't think of anything more difficult to endure, as attracted to and as in love as you obviously were with Jen. I'm surprised you didn't go off the deep end."

"I never told you this Ricky, but I knew how you felt," Mom said. "I could feel it in my bones. Until that time, I didn't even remotely consider that there was any chance of us coming together. I think that was the first time I really saw what kind of man you might end up being. I was so proud of you, how mature and caring you were. It was then that I first began to think, in my most secret dreams, that maybe, just maybe we could be with each other. But I also knew that I wasn't going to simply settle for an affair with my son, which could very easily ruin both of our lives."

After Marsh left, we stayed planted in our loungers, soaking in the sun and simply holding hands. After recounting our story to her, we now turned our thoughts ahead to the coming months, and what our plans should be.

We had finally and miraculously ended up in each other's arms, fulfilling the desires of both of our hearts. I felt that everything else in our world must surely fall into place, since we now had each other and would spend the rest of our lives together. Riiiiight.

It's hard enough for any "normal" couple to blend two careers together in one location, let alone an incestuous union between a mother and her son. We were not only going to have to move to conceal our secret, but also figure out how Mom could continue her career and I could start mine. This problem began to occupy most of our waking thoughts. Mom absolutely had to continue on as Jennifer Marie Lindermann, having built an entire career and life. That left us with figuring out how to make me someone else. The more we delved into the practical details, the bigger that devil got.

Our solution began to take shape about a week later, one evening after Mom came home from work. I had been on the phone all day with my old advisor at the U as well as quite a few of my mentors at cooking school, with few leads and a general dearth of ideas and suggestions. The consensus was clearly that I should stay in the metro area, as I had several standing offers at prestigious establishments, but I knew this was not going to work. We simply could not risk staying close to home, not if we were going to have any chance at a real life together.

I was keeping reasonably busy at Louie's, having added one more day a week to my schedule there, while I wrestled with making a decision about my work. I tried to stay busy, because being at home with time on my hands was driving me crazy. Part of it was not knowing what my long-term plan should be, other than being with Mom. What was more surprising to me was how much I missed Mom when she went into work during the day. You would think that spending every waking hour of the weekends with her, sleeping in the same bed every night and making love at least once a day would have been enough, but every morning when she went out the door or I dropped her at the train station, it seemed as though the universe slipped a little bit out of kilter. I suppose I was just being greedy, especially considering how things had turned out for us. Pretty silly I know, but there it was.

I met Mom at the door as she came in and took her in my arms for a big, juicy kiss. "God, Mom, what's the matter with me? You're gone for a few hours at the office and I already miss you like crazy!"

"Mmmmmm, " Mom purred, returning my kiss, tongue slithering over mine. "You were on my mind the whole day too, son. It was VERY hard to concentrate on work today. I shouldn't have let you eat me before I left. My panties were soaking the whole day, you bad boy!"

"I'll make it up to you after dinner, sweet lady. Unless you're in a hurry, in which case I'll just fuck you right now on the hallway floor."

"Don't get me going, you brat. Once I get started with you, you'd better be ready for the ride of your life. I don't know why, but I'm feeling particularly insatiable this evening. Anyway, I want a shower too. The train was sardine city on the way back."

Abruptly, Mom became more serious. "There are going to be some big changes at the firm in the next few months, Ricky. I'm thinking that they may be to our advantage, but we need to talk about it."

I took Mom by the hand and led her into the kitchen. I sat at the breakfast nook and pulled her into my lap, nuzzling her neck and inhaling her scent. "What's going on, Mom?"

Absently stroking my hair, she replied. "It looks like we're going to merge with a very large, multinational, Anglo-American group. They have over 100 attorneys on staff and offices in the City, London, Melbourne, Auckland and Toronto. Normally, I'd be very concerned about being squeezed out of the new practice, because they have some better known people who do the same thing I do, but since we're moving anyway, all we have to do is time my departure so I get maximal value for my partner's share."

"So I guess this will force our hand. No more dithering for us, Mom," I gulped, heart hammering as I thought about the uncertainties ahead of us.

"I know you're not likely to forget my trip to Vancouver, but I never really got a chance to tell you about it. Right now, it's looking pretty relevant to our problem, sweetheart." I nodded for her to continue.

"The negotiations I was involved in brought me into contact with the opposing attorneys from a very similar practice," Mom explained. "After our business was concluded, the senior member of that group took me out to dinner and tried to recruit me. I was non-committal at the time, but didn't give him a definite 'no' either. I'm thinking maybe I should call him. But that also brings us to the next layer."

"I've also been thinking a lot about your situation, Ricky. You really don't have any contacts in Vancouver, but if you're willing to take a few risks, then I think we could make things work."

"What risks, Mom?"

"Being on your own out of the gate, with your own place. Assuming a new identity."

"Wow. I'd love my own place, but nobody is going to partner with or loan money to a wet-behind-the-ears chef with no track record."

"Ricky, we're in good shape financially. We'll be in better shape after I leave the firm. If I can get the job in Vancouver, then I think we should go for it. I think that Mom and Dad would have been very pleased if you used your share of the inheritance to start your own restaurant. The hard part is going to be getting you a new name. It's tricky and very illegal, but we're also running risks right this very minute without doing anything. If you're okay with that, I'll need to make some discrete inquiries."

"Whatever it takes, Mom. As long as we're together, nothing else matters."

Abruptly, Mom stood up. "I can't wait another minute, sweetie. I'm calling Vancouver right now."

I followed her into the study, as always captivated by the sway of her hips as she made her way to her desk. Consulting her Blackberry, she dialed a number.

"Hi, this is Jennifer Lindermann. I'd like to speak to Mr. MacLeish, if he's available. Archibald, yes, not Seamus. Yes, I'll hold."

"We're in luck, he's in right now," she mouthed to me, putting the speakerphone on.

"Hello, Archie? Jen Lindermann here."

"Ah, Jennifer, my dear. It's good to hear from you again, counselor. To what do I owe this pleasure?"

Mom got right to the point. "Is your offer still open?"

"My goodness! Are you serious? Absolutely! To be honest, I never thought we would be able to pry you away from your current situation, but the truth is, I think you'd be a perfect fit with our little practice. I'm delighted you want to join us. What changed your mind?"

"I don't think that the current direction of March, Dufrense and Briggs is where I want to be headed right now. In the strictest confidence, we may be merging with another larger group. Also, my personal life has changed significantly. I'm now in a committed relationship with a wonderful man who is able to move with me."

Grinning, I blew Mom a kiss.

"Well, it seems like condolences and congratulations are simultaneously in order, my dear. I do hope I will have the pleasure of meeting this gentleman. To have landed you, he must be an extraordinary fellow indeed."

"You're a silver-tongued devil, Archibald. But yes, he's all of that. I'm very, very lucky."

"I take it the arrangement we discussed is still satisfactory?"

"Absolutely. And I'm assuming that your board of directors is still willing to have me join immediately as a full partner?"

"With your track record, no question. I think if anything, we're looking to you as a probable rainmaker for the whole group. Though I shouldn't say it, only I have a more extensive network of clients and contacts. I'll have my assistant Melanie get to work immediately on the contract and the visa paperwork. You'll have everything in hand no later than the day after tomorrow. Again, I'm so delighted you've made this decision."

"Thank you very much Archie. I think this will work out well for everyone."

"If you can get a few personal days in a week or two, I'd love to have you and your man come out for a visit. I can put you in touch with a real estate agent as well. Naturally, this will be at our expense. We'll fly you both out first class if you can get free."

"We'll see what we can do, Archie. I'll let my assistant know as soon as I can arrange things."

"Splendid. Looking forward to seeing you."

After hanging up, Mom turned to me with a smile. "Well, we just jumped off the cliff, lover. Are you ready for the ride?"

"Wow, just like that, with one phone call. I think I'm exhilarated and terrified at the same time. I never gave a lot of thought to my own place. I like the idea very much, but I'm scared I'll screw it up."

Mom came back to me and sat in my lap, arms around my neck. "You'll do fine, tiger," she said, nuzzling my cheek. "I'm a proud mom and a devoted lover to you, Ricky, but objectively, I totally and absolutely believe in you. You have enough business training and definitely enough talent in the kitchen to be successful. Remember, we're a team. I know we'll make this work."

Drawing her closer, I sought her lips. "You are an amazing woman and I love you to death. I'm so lucky to have you, Mom. Without you, I'm not whole."

"Mmmmm, you say the sweetest things to your mother, my son-lover. Are you trying to butter me up for something?"

"Absolutely. I think a son should tell his mother how much he loves her as often as he can," I said slyly, placing my hand on her thigh.

"And in as many ways as possible, I can see."

Mom cooed as my hand found its way under her skirt to cup her mound. Her panties were already wet and she shuddered as I traced my fingertip along her damp crease, pausing to briefly dally over her clit. She was moist and oh, so hot to the touch. "Oohhhhh, you're being bad again, son," she moaned. "You're not going let me have dinner or a shower, are you?"

"No way, woman mine. I've got you just where I want you and I'm going to properly thank you for being such an incredible lady." As I spoke, I gathered her

in my arms and placed her on the edge of her desk. Stepping in between her knees, I reached under her dress to grab her panties at both sides. She raised her hips slightly to accommodate my intentions and I slid them off her hips quickly, leaving them to dangle on one of her ankles.

Moving in closely, I kissed her lightly, then traced my way down to her neck, tonguing her collarbone and making her shudder. I unbuttoned her blouse and popped the front clasp on her bra, freeing her breasts into my waiting hands. Gently thumbing her nipples, I bent to take one in my lips. Arching her back to meet my mouth, she exhaled and sighed. "Ahhh, what you do to me, you terrible man. I can't control myself when you touch me."

Alternating between her breasts, I continued to tease her nipples with lips and fingers, as she ran her hands over my ears, pulling me close to her. I slowly moved down to her waist, my tongue pausing in her navel, making her squirm with delight. Pushing her skirt up over her hips, I knelt before her and spread her legs. Her glorious petals were coming open before me, lips swollen and lightly moistened with her own dew.

I inhaled her scent and sighed, moving forward. "God, Mom, you are so beautiful. You smell and taste so good. I could eat you forever." As I showered kisses and licks on her altar, she began to move in concert with my lips, gradually pushing herself out to meet my thrusting tongue, fingers firmly but gently entwined in my hair, urging me forward. Easing a finger into her portal, I also renewed my acquaintance with her little nub, gently teasing and flicking with my tongue. Now thrusting in earnest against me, she tightened her thighs around my head.

"Jesus Ricky, that's soooo good, lover. You eat me so good," she sighed, her voice thick with lust.

Placing a second finger inside her, I began to curl them forward, gently searching for her special spot. Soon she stiffened, thrusting with even greater force against my face. Her juices were flowing heavily now, actually staining and pooling on the desk blotter beneath her marvelous ass. I began to vibrate my fingers and wrist,

increasing my suction on her clit. My head was now in a vise grip from her thighs. Her breathing ragged, she suddenly took in a shuddering breath and cried, "Oh, God, baby! Oh God!!"

My face was abruptly dampened and I had to lick and suck as fast as I could to keep up with the torrent. Mom was absolutely vibrating on the edge of the desk, huge shudders shaking her frame as she kept thrusting her pelvis in totally involuntary fucking movements. Her hands were gripping my hair so tightly that I thought she would pull it out by the roots. Gradually she calmed, her chin on her chest, breasts heaving, coated in a fine sheen of perspiration. Slowly relinquishing her grip on my hair, she gently urged me up, pulling me to her for a long, slow kiss.

"You are such a bad boy, but I love you, son," she whispered tenderly. "I love you so much!"

"You're my queen, Mom. I'll never get tired of pleasing you."

We stayed together, Mom's head on my chest, me stroking her hair, savoring our closeness in one of those brief but timeless moments where the universe contracted down to us and nothing else. Eventually, she stirred, tilting her chin up to look at me. I immediately recognized the lusty glint in her eyes as she ran her hands under my shirt to tease my nipples. Running her hands down my flanks, she brought them to my center, stroking me through my jeans with one hand as she sought the zipper with the other. "Your turn, lover boy."

Quickly thrusting my pants and boxers to my ankles, she steadied me as I stepped out of them. Grasping and stroking at the same time, she pulled me forward, placing my pulsating head at her opening. Locking her arms behind my neck, she kissed me deeply, tangling her tongue with mine. Breaking away, she looked deep into my eyes and thrust herself forward, capturing me in her sweet, slick vise. "C'mon, Ricky, you bad motherfucker. Give that wonderful cock to Mommy. Give it all to me!"

Setting up a steady rhythm, I slowly began to stroke in and out of her, withdrawing completely before pressing forward each time. At the end of each stroke, I would rise onto the balls of my feet for a little extra oomph as I hit her deepest spot, slightly lifting Mom each time. She immediately voiced her approval with a small moan and grunt each time I bottomed in her. Slowly, we increased our pace, the room filled with the slap of flesh against flesh, protesting squeaks from the desk and rattling of the table lamp as we came together in our incestuous coupling. Placing her hand behind my neck, she drew my ear to her lips and whispered to me. "Don't hold back, lover. Put it to me hard and fast. Mommy can't wait for your cum."

Mom always knows how to set me off. Sometimes a look, a few words or a special touch, but she knows exactly how to push my buttons. With those words, I simply grunted, slamming her as hard and fast as could. As I felt my seed rise, I buried my face at the juncture of her neck and shoulders, taking her delicate skin in my mouth, sucking fiercely. Mom's arms tightened around my shoulders and she gasped, now thrusting back to match my savage pounding. As I exploded, I bit down, unleashing an inarticulate, primal growl, thrusting in as far as I could, holding myself in her. As I spent myself and bit, Mom stiffened against me, fingers raking my back as she struggled for purchase, attempting to pull me inside her as far as possible.

"Mom! Oh, Mom!" I whimpered in ecstasy.

As I anointed her slick channel, Mom's eyes opened wide in surprise. "Ohmigod! Again! Yes, baby, yes, YES!"

Gradually, we caught our breath and came to our senses, arms over each other's shoulders, panting like distance runners. Glancing at her shoulder, I could see where I had latched onto her, the skin broken, reddened and bruised. "Jeeze, I'm sorry Mom. I don't know what got into me. You were driving me absolutely insane."

"Don't worry, sweetheart. It really turned me on. I feel like you marked me as your woman, you beastly caveman! It was so elemental, so primeval. It was the perfect way to end our fuck. It'll keep the memory fresh for days. I love it."

"At least let me clean it up and put a little ointment on it."

"Thanks sweetie."

As I tended to Mom's shoulder, she idly trailed her hands over my chest, interrupting my ministrations several times with sweet, languorous kisses, which I returned with equal enthusiasm. When I finished, I took her hand and silently led her into the bathroom, where we shared a relaxing hot shower. After we toweled off, I suggested delivery and a quiet night on the couch with a movie, which seemed like the perfect thing to do. We shared a roasted veggie pizza and a nice little Chianti while we snuggled in our robes and looked for something to watch. We eventually settled on "To Catch a Thief" on one of the old movie channels, once again enjoying the classic Cary Grant/Grace Kelly chemistry. Unbeknownst to us, "North By Northwest" followed on the heels of the first Hitchcock and we ended up cocooned on the couch until well past midnight while we completed our impromptu double feature. It turned out to be the last unhurried time we had for quite a while.

If you're madly, completely, head over heels in love, it's very easy to do things that you might not consider for even a moment if the blood isn't pumping, the heart racing, pussy juice flowing or the pre-cum oozing. Absolutely crazy stuff, like sixty-nining in the back seat of a car on the roof of a shopping mall parking garage, or loud oral sex in the backyard pool in broad daylight, where a neighbor could easily hear.

You tend not to think a lot about those risks, especially if you're not caught, because basically you aren't thinking. You're running on this highly combustible mix of testosterone, estrogen, lubrication and pheromones; a combination

hormones, neurotransmitters run amok and blinding lust that pretty much cuts your higher brain centers right out of the loop of decision-making. Basically, you go nuts.

When you start talking about doing actually dangerous things in the cold light of day, like acquiring an illegal ID, well, now you've moved into an entirely different realm. Mom and I didn't have the faintest clue about how to go about something like that - all we knew was that we needed to start building our lives together, and that nothing was going to stand in the way of that. Yeah. Right.

Mom had essentially no useful resources to help us when it came to criminal law, that knowledge having been in her rear-view mirror since law school days. What she did have was contacts. She was the undisputed master of running down the chain of friends of friends of friends when it came to getting the information she needed. It was in this manner that we came to be acquainted Sam Schiller.

Sam was a retired NYPD police lieutenant, now double dipping by working as a P.I., having already put in some thirty-odd years on the force. He was not a disheveled, trench coated, unshaven boor with a three-quarters empty bottle of Jim Beam on his desk. You'd never guess his new profession based on his looks. He was slight of frame, with high and tight sandy hair slowly going to gray. His tired, soft brown eyes were usually framed by wire-rimmed bifocals. He was quiet, thin-lipped and calm. Walking past him on the street, you'd say to yourself "accountant" or "insurance adjuster."

In reality, he was a veteran of the internal affairs unit, a fifth degree black belt in Kwanmukan karate and a grandfather three times over. He was friendly, approachable and imperturbable. Above all else, he came recommended to Mom as being thoroughly discrete and reliable, specializing in taking care of those delicate, often embarrassing little problems that sometimes trouble the lives of those nice folks who tend to live on the Upper East Side overlooking Central Park.

After a preliminary phone conversation with Mom, Sam insisted on a face to face meeting with both of us. It was on those terms, or he wouldn't work with us. We

got together at a local Denny's the next day. After introductions were made, Sam was brisk and to the point immediately.

"So, why does a prominent, respectable attorney need to talk with me about false identities?"

Mom and I had our cover story well rehearsed. She began, asking, "How much do you know about us, Mr. Schiller?"

"Sam, please call me Sam. I don't bite."

"Okay...Sam. Surely you've done your own background on us already. I'll be disappointed if you haven't checked up on us already. You have a reputation for being quite thorough."

"Yes, Ms. Lindermann," he replied carefully. "It's true I like to know what I'm getting myself into before I take on a new client."

"And what have you found out about us, so far?"

"That I have no idea why we're talking," he said bluntly. "There's nothing in either of your backgrounds to suggest a reason for contacting me. This means either your stated reason is a blind for some other inquiry, or you have a secret you're withholding from me. If it's a ruse, then we're done as of right now. If you are actually interested in what you say you are, but something else underlies your reasons for getting in touch with me, I'm intrigued. Somewhat concerned, but definitely curious."

Leaning back slightly in his chair, he regarded us coolly, taking our measure in some way. He then looked up at the ceiling and began speaking, as though delivering some internally composed report.

"Jennifer Marie Linderman, born 39 years ago in Dayton, Ohio, daughter and only child of the late Broderick and Marie Lindermann. (Sorry to hear of how they passed, a terrible way to lose your parents, just terrible). Education -- home schooled as a senior, while pregnant with your son, Richard Alan, aged 22, born also in Dayton. Stayed with your folks when your father was transferred to corporate headquarters for McLelland Industries and attended Monmouth Community College, obtaining an associates degree in business administration, with distinction. Subsequently transferred to Rutgers, where you continued your studies in business, graduating Magna Cum Laude two years later. Worked part time for McLelland, courtesy of your father, while attending night law school. After obtaining your J.D., employed by March, Dufrense and Briggs, rising to become the first female partner in the firm after only four years, where you currently remain. Currently considered one of the ten best international business attorneys specializing in Canadian-American commerce. Your W2 income last year was \$387,543, including approximately \$122K in bonuses. Your profit sharing plan balance is about \$198K and you have an additional \$200K in your market portfolio. Doing quite well, if I do say so myself. Currently being considered for a seat on the board of directors for your firm."

Mom sat up straight, a small gasp of surprise escaping her lips.

"Oh, you didn't know that, did you?" Sam grinned. "I guess I owe Art Briggs an apology for letting that slip. You were going to be told next week."

Turning his gaze towards me, I felt more than a bit nervous, wondering how I ended up looking under his personal microscope.

"Richard Alan Lindermann, born twenty two years ago on March 23rd, a Tuesday, if I remember correctly. Father not listed on birth certificate. Honors graduate of Princeton Country Day School four years ago. Romantically linked with one Grace Chun Hei Kim, sophomore through senior years during high school. Attended Columbia University on a merit scholarship, commuting from home. No serious relationships while in college, with the exception of a two year liaison with your English professor, one Cassandra Ellis, aged 48," he continued, raising one eyebrow slightly. "Graduated Summa Cum Laude three months ago with a double major in Culinary History (an individual major, as I recall) and Business

Administration. Employed in various capacities by Louis Joseph Agostino, proprietor and sole owner of Agostino's Ristorante since your sophomore year in high school. Known to speak passable French and Italian, courtesy of your culinary education at two different cooking schools, as part of your individual major."

Pausing for a breath, he continued, attention focused on me, stating matter of factly, "Your mother is not known to have had any long or short term relationships since you turned thirteen. The current office rumor is that she has recently become involved with a younger man, her first known serious relationship in some time," he said evenly, eyes never leaving my face.

How I managed to remain calm under his searching gaze, I'll never know, but I didn't even flush, although I had tingles running up and down my spine and my guts had congealed somehow in my shoes. I prayed that he couldn't see the goose bumps on my arms. At that moment, Mom broke in, saving me from any further scrutiny.

"Sam, are you aware of the circumstances surrounding Ricky's birth?"

"It's one of the bigger holes in your history. I had hoped we could talk about that. Is this connected in some way to your interest in meeting with me?"

"It is. Rick's biological father has recently resurfaced and has made an attempt to contact us," Mom lied smoothly.

"He's not a particularly nice person, Sam. To my knowledge, he's never done anything criminal, but certain things he said when he first called me have me worried. I want you to obtain IDs for us in the event we need to disappear. I consider this possibility very remote, but I learned a long time ago never to take anything for granted. I believe in thorough contingency planning, it's one of the reasons why I'm good at what I do. When it comes to my son's safety and my own, I'm not prepared to take any chances," she stated flatly. "That's why we're here today."

"Okay," Sam said, somewhat skeptically. "We'll leave it at that for now. I'm reasonably satisfied that you're not an embezzler or some other type of criminal, but I won't be a party to facilitating any kind of serious crime and if I find out you've been anything less than completely honest with me, well, I still have contacts inside the DA's office," he scowled warningly.

Taking a breath, he then relaxed visibly, turning his attention to Mom. "The first order of business is establishing plausible deniability. You need a reason to start poking around in this area. Here's how it'll work. Tomorrow some time, you'll receive a call from a potential client. The substance of your initial conversation will hint at a potentially lucrative bit of work, but you'll have reservations, something won't feel quite right. We'll call him, uhm, Mr. Robert Washington. You'll discuss the situation with Art Briggs, suggesting that a little checking is in order before getting involved. That's where I'll come in. I'll make it known to you and Art that something could be amiss."

"Under this guise, you and I will work together to see if your "client" is who he appears to be. This is how you will eventually get in touch with who you need to see."

"You certainly live up to your reputation, Sam," Mom said admiringly. "I'm very impressed. I think we can work together on this, no problems. And I give you my word, we don't have anything going on you need to worry about."

"Just see to it that things stay that way and we'll be fine."

With that, Mom nodded and slid an envelope across the table, saying, "Here's your retainer, Sam. Let me know when you need more for expenses."

Nodding curtly, Sam stood and left quietly, looking intently at me one more time before turning towards the door. I felt like I was in a marksman's sights until he left the restaurant.

"Mom," I whispered anxiously, " Do you think he suspects?"

Patting my hand reassuringly, Mom said, "No, darling, I think we're okay. He's just being careful and cautious. He's trying to push your buttons, thinking you're the weak link here, trying to get more information, feeling things out."

Chastely kissing my cheek, she added, "You did great, by the way. I thought you were very composed and handled yourself quite well."

"I think you've got the makings of a pretty good poker player, sweetie," she teased.

"Thanks, I guess. I can't wait 'til this is all over, though. By the way, why are you doing a passport as well? I thought the plan was for me only."

"It's got to be both of us if my cover story is going to hold any water, sweetheart. Just stay focused, Ricky. You probably won't have to interact much more with Sam. That will mostly be on me, and I know how to handle myself."

"Okay, Mom."

Over the succeeding days, Mom and Sam slowly spun their web together, generating a paper trail at the law firm and providing periodic "updates" to Art Briggs. Eventually, the legend for Mom's phantom client was complete, with the seed planted that a certain unsavory Russian expat had some useful information about who "Mr. Washington" really was. That information would be provided to us for a small financial consideration. Finally, the big day came and we had to go to the meet. Of course, we were actually getting our pictures taken for the IDs and making the payoff. Sam drove us to Brighton Beach, to introduce us to "Vanya," a frankly scary guy who would hook us up with the specialist.

Vanya, who was supposedly from Toronto, held forth from the back table of a small, nondescript café around the corner from the Tatiana Restaurant and Night

Club, just off of Brighton Beach Drive. As we parked just down the street from his lair, I unfastened my seatbelt and started to open the door. Sam put his arm across me, forcing me back into my seat.

"Hold your horses, Rick. I don't like this."

"What's wrong, Sam?" Mom asked anxiously.

"That delivery van across from the cafe -- this is the third time I've seen it here. It's not local -- see, the plumber's listed as Staten Island. This doesn't feel right."

"What do we do now?" I swallowed hard. Mom and I had been in a state of high anxiety the whole time our little operation had been underway and to suddenly have a wrench in the plans was almost more stress than I could stand.

"Sit tight for the moment. I'm going to check things out. Both of you stay here. Jenny, get your scarf and hat again. Both of you, put your dark glasses on. I'll be right back."

Several interminable minutes later, Sam slipped back into the car. Without a word, he started the car, quietly pulled a U-turn and headed back towards New Jersey. He didn't say a word until we had come all the way down the Shore Parkway and were half way across the Verazzano Narrows Bridge.

"That was close," he said. "I think Vanya's under surveillance. I don't know who. Could be local, could be the Feds. I have no idea. We need to go to ground for a bit. I'll figure out something else and let you know in a few days. Sorry to disappoint you guys, but believe me, if there's some kind of op going down, we want to be long gone."

When we got home, Mom and I walked into the foyer and went directly to the family room. She poured three fingers of brandy into a couple of snifters and handed one to me without a word. A couple of gulps steadied me, but Mom

downed hers in one long pull and then immediately poured herself another, sitting heavily on the sofa.

"You okay, Mom?"

"Yes, dearest. Just a lot of anxiety. We were very close to getting involved in something that would have blown right up in our faces."

"Do you think we should back off, rethink our plans? I don't want you to be so stressed, pretty lady. We could try to figure something else out," I said soothingly.

Mom reached over to interlace her fingers with mine, squeezing hard.

"Thanks honey, you're so sweet, but I'll be okay. I still trust Sam. I think we'll be fine. Let's wait to see what his Plan B is before we decide anything else, okay?"

"If you're good with it, I'm fine too, Mom."

We had hoped to hear from Sam shortly, but nothing happened. He didn't return any of Mom's messages or texts and slowly, a day or two turned into more than a week. Mom and I were starting to really worry. With no contact from Sam, our anxiety gradually built every day, the uncertainty and unknown future gradually morphing into a conviction that our secret had been discovered and the axe was soon to fall on our necks.

Every night, we held each other close, not knowing if it might be the last time we could do so. Finally, it all got to be too much and we fled the house, opting to spend the weekend on the Delaware shore, near Cape Henlopen. We lived on take-out, spending nearly the whole time making love in our motel room, interspersed with occasional walks on the near empty, off-season beaches. Our couplings were frantically intense and almost unbearably emotional, ending as often in mutual tears as kisses, but neither of us was willing to openly acknowledge why. We were both deathly afraid of what might be waiting for us at home.

Sunday night came and the thought of returning to New Jersey was unbearable. I felt like a soldier about to embark on a suicide mission, with no hope of return or redemption. Mom must have felt the same, because she broke down and called into her office, saying she was taking a sick day on Monday and we spent one last, intense night together. Neither of us wanted to sleep much. We stayed up nearly the whole night, just holding each other between bouts of almost desperate lovemaking. Finally, the inevitable could no longer be postponed and we made the drive back to home bleary-eyed, in nearly complete, funereal silence, Mom's hand tightly clasped in mine for the entire journey.

We arrived home near dusk and our worst fears seemed to materialize immediately in front of us. Sitting in our driveway was a black Crown Vic with high-frequency antennas. As we pulled in, Sam got out of the passenger side and a tall black man in a three-piece suit joined him. Hand shaking, Mom lowered her window and Sam leaned in. I put my hand on her shoulder to steady her.

"Hello, Jenny, Rick," he said neutrally. "I'd like you to meet Assistant District Attorney Tyrone Marquand."

Book Two

My heart was ready to explode and Mom looked like she was about to faint. I squeezed her hand reassuringly and got out of the car, shaking hands with Sam and the ADA. I helped Mom out of the car and we all walked into the house. I don't quite understand how I was holding things together, but I think it was because I could sense how close Mom was to losing it. I had to be there for her, so I sucked it up and did what I needed to do.

I went to the kitchen and got glasses of water for everyone. Sitting in the living room, I waited for Mr. Marquand to begin, certain my beautiful, perfect world was about to end. I was devastated, but determined not to give anyone the satisfaction of a reaction.

Clearing his throat, Mr. Marquand began.

"I'm here as a matter of professional courtesy," he stated brusquely. "At the moment, this conversation is off the record. I will tell you frankly that if I had my way, we'd be downtown in an interrogation room right this minute. I'm meeting with you here, now, as a personal favor to Mr. Schiller.

"But make no mistake," he warned, "If the answers I get from you today are not satisfactory, if I think you're holding out or evading me in any way, we WILL be taking that trip downtown immediately."

Pausing, the ADA looked at Mom intently and spoke again. "The District Attorney and the DEA are curious as to how you are acquainted with one Anton Dobriynin, otherwise known as 'Vanya.' You were seen during a surveillance operation of his place of business. You should know that Dobriynin is a known gangster, active in money laundering, drug running and human trafficking."

It took a moment for those words to register. DEA? What the fuck...? If the DEA was involved, then this had nothing to do with Mom and me. That meant that we were okay. We were okay! Hot damn, we were OKAY! I wanted to turn

handsprings. I wanted to kiss Mom right in front of Sam and Mr. Marquand. I felt alive again for the first time in days.

The significance of the ADA's question wasn't lost on Mom either. She allowed herself a small smile and then relaxed, leaning back into her chair.

"A few weeks ago," she began with a deep breath, "I was contacted by a certain Mr. Washington, a potential new client for our firm. The services he required from us were potentially very lucrative for the firm, perhaps as much as 700 billable hours a year, probably around a quarter million dollars, annually. Naturally, I was interested, but there was something about the questions this man asked, something about how he conducted himself, that made me a bit nervous. I immediately discussed the situation with our senior partner and he agreed that before we took on Mr. Washington's business, that we should do some checking for our own protection."

"After that, I contracted Mr. Schiller's services to do some checking on our potential client. I contacted Mr. Washington and told him that we were willing to consider him, but that our usual policy was to discuss large, new contracts at the board level prior to formal acceptance. I told him that we would be doing so within the next few weeks and he seemed satisfied with that assurance."

"Subsequently, Sam was able to determine that there were...irregularities in Mr. Washington's background. Through Sam's contacts, we got information that the person we were interacting with was probably using an alias. We were doing the last bit of fact checking when Sam took us to Brighton Beach. He's the one who stumbled onto your presence there."

"Why was your son with you?" ADA Marquand asked pointedly. "He has no connection to any of this."

"It's true," I interrupted, "But I do know a bit about what's going on. How could I not, with Mom meeting with Sam several times at home? I wanted to be there to protect Mom. Sam wasn't happy about that, but I made him take me, against his

better judgment. That's all on me. Knowing what I do now, I guess neither Mom or me had any business being there."

"I have a reputation for being thorough, Mr. Marquand," Mom added. "In retrospect, I probably had enough information to drop 'Mr. Washington' before then. Getting that last bit of intelligence was probably not a good idea. I hope we didn't compromise anything you're doing," she said contritely.

"Well," Mr. Marquand said heavily, "Nothing substantive, except about a hundred man-hours of extra investigative time checking you guys out, which I can't get back. Your appearance was unexpected and perplexing, but what you are saying jibes with what Sam has told us, along with the files Mr. Briggs turned over to us. My advice to you is to stay on your side of the street in the future, Ms. Lindermann. Corporate and criminal law are not things that someone in your position should try and mix. Once you were reasonably certain that 'Mr. Washington' was a dodgy character, you should have given us a head's up."

"I think it's safe to say I've learned my lesson," Mom smiled. "I don't plan on troubling you any further."

Mr. Marquand shook our hands briskly and departed, with Sam staying behind, explaining, "My car's around the corner."

Sitting heavily in our La-Z-Boy, Sam regarded us seriously.

"This is partly my fault. I should have done things differently, insulated both of you more from the process. Anyway," he concluded, "It's all behind us now."

Reaching into his jacket pocket, he produced two Canadian IDs. "I was able to get these done by a different route. They aren't as perfect as what I had originally planned, but they should pass muster," he concluded, handing them over.

My nom de deception was one Richard Lewis, of Selkirk, Manitoba, while Mom was Regina Worthington, from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

"I still don't know what your game is," Sam said quietly, "But I have an idea. I'm not sure I approve, but it's really none of my business. I'm not here to pass moral judgments. You're both good folks and entitled to your privacy, so we'll leave it at that and I'll say good bye."

With that, he rose and let himself out, slipping quietly out of our living room and lives, an enigmatic and inscrutable man to the last. We never heard from him again.

Mom and I simply sat on the sofa, numbed by the turn of events. I'm not sure how long we sat there in silence, perhaps a half hour. We were both exhausted at that point and good for absolutely nothing. Eventually we made it upstairs and into bed, just holding each other. Mom shivered in my arms for over an hour before she finally fell asleep and I wasn't much better off.

Around five in the morning, we both woke up and made love until sunrise. It was simple, joyous and cathartic, leaving us pleasantly drained but rejuvenated and finally purged of the toxic events of the past weeks.

Mom was subsequently able to back check our new IDs in her own fashion and pronounced them sound. Then we applied for my passport. Mom felt that she was unlikely to ever need her ID and simply put it away for safekeeping.

The day I finally got my passport, we heaved a huge, collective sigh of relief. To celebrate, we went out for dinner and dancing that evening, returning to the supper club where I took Mom for our first "date." Mom again wore her red sequined evening dress, while I was attired in slacks, tie and a blazer. As she descended the stairs to the living room, I let out a wolf whistle. "Mom, I can't get

over how good that dress looks on you! I love everything about it and what's inside it."

Smiling wickedly, Mom slowly pirouetted in front of me. Abruptly, she bent slightly at the waist, thrusting her bottom towards me at the same time. She pulled the hem of her dress up to expose her silky red boy shorts and warbled, "Boo-boop-de-doop," in a high squeaky voice, doing her best Betty Boop imitation.

Gliding up to me, Mom stepped into my embrace, sliding her arms up my back and around my shoulders, rubbing her breasts against my chest. Tilting her head up, she gave me a lingering kiss to still my laughter, tongue dancing against mine as I responded in turn. "Mmmmm, thanks Ricky. I always like to look my best for you."

"Mom, if you wore a burlap sack and Depends, you'd still be the most gorgeous, sexy woman in the world." I dropped my hands to her ass giving each cheek a good, thorough groping. Reaching up under the hem of her dress, I stroked the crevice between her marvelous cheeks and slid my middle finger forward to lightly caress her slightly moist slit.

Batting my hand away with a laugh and a slight shudder, she chastised me, "Enough, you maniac! There's going to be order and sequence to this evening, young man. I am looking forward to Sorvino's veal piccata - it's almost as good as yours. I'm also looking forward very much to an evening of dancing with my handsome husband-son, so don't think you're going to distract me with your sweet words and roving hands. After that, then we'll fuck each other senseless, but not until then."

"Ah, well" I conceded. "You can't blame a healthy, horny young fella for falling for your considerable charms though, can you?"

Linking her arm in mine, she steered us through the kitchen and into the garage. "Behave yourself and I'll share a surprise with you a little later," she said, as I handed her into the car.

Our drive to Sorvino's was uneventful, Mom snuggled under my arm, her hand casually resting on my thigh as we wound our way through the countryside to the supper club. She let her dress ride up as we drove, exposing an amazing pair of low rise, red satin boy shorts to match her dress. Catching me glancing at her crotch several times, she smiled and ruffled my hair. "Eyes on the road, lover. You'll get my goodies soon enough."

"Who's teasing who now, Mom?" I laughed, returning my concentration to the street.

Once we arrived, I handed the car off to the valet, who ogled Mom with ill-concealed lust as I helped her out of the car. Taking her arm in mine, I escorted her into lobby. "I don't think I'll tip that guy," I declared grumpily as we walked. "I don't like other men trying to look up your dress, although I suppose I can't blame him - you look ravishing this evening, Mom."

"My, my, aren't we the jealous one tonight," Mom teased. Her hand tightened on my arm and she pecked my cheek. "I like it, sweetheart."

As we approached the welcome podium, I sought out the Maître d', slipping him an Andy Jackson and requesting a secluded table. He was more than happy to comply, his eyes discretely but appreciatively flowing over Mom's form as he accepted my inducement. We ended up in a booth in the far corner of the dining room, essentially out of view from the other tables, but with clear access to the dance floor. When Mom slid into her seat, she opened her legs wide, giving me a huge beaver shot, as she grinned wickedly. The sight of her silky panties tightly stretched over her mons had me riveted to the spot. I could clearly see the outline of her labia, her curly pubes spilling out on either side of the small strip of cloth, a hint of dampness on the shiny fabric. I was fully erect in a flash.

"You're a sinful woman, teasing your date like that."

"A lady needs to keep her beau interested and attentive, though, don't you think?"

"Keep that up and 'interested and attentive' will turn into bending you over the table right now and boning you in front of the orchestra."

"I could always 'accidentally' spill a glass of ice water into your lap, if that would help."

"No thanks, I think I'll do my best to suffer in silence, " I retorted as I slid in next to Mom.

Slipping my arm around her shoulders, I kissed her cheek. "Shall I order a split of champagne to celebrate?"

"Nothing for me, love. I'm on the wagon for now."

Always slow on the uptake, I didn't understand why Mom would refuse, as champagne was one of her favorite tipples. A lack of comprehension must have been clear on my face, because she added, "I've been skipping breakfast this past week, because I've been pretty nauseous every morning."

Light slowly dawned on marble head and then it hit me like the proverbial runaway train. "Oh. My. God. You're pregnant? You're really, truly pregnant?"

"You're gonna be a poppa, Ricky," she said, tears of happiness glistening in her eyes.

Drawing her to me, I showered her with kisses, lips, cheeks, forehead and lips again. I started to get choked up myself. "Oh, Mom, I'm so happy! I love you so much!" I gripped her shoulders, staring at her, grinning like a fool. Taking her in my arms, I kissed her again, soundly, tenderly and passionately. She melted against me, lips parting, a soft moan escaping as our tongues found each other.

Our embrace was interrupted by the waiter, diffidently clearing his throat. "Pardon me. Can I take your order?"

Somewhat miffed at his bad timing, I responded rather curtly, "Sorry, we haven't even looked at the menu yet. Can you give us a few more minutes?"

After the waiter departed somewhat huffily, I kissed Mom again. She snuggled against me, holding my hand. "You're truly happy, Ricky?"

"I'm the luckiest guy in the world," I whispered, my voice tight with emotion. "My beautiful mom is my lover, my woman and mother to our child. I can't imagine anything more wonderful."

"I went to see my OB this morning."

"Everything's okay?"

"Yes, Ricky, just fine. Dr. Stern was a little surprised I got the ball rolling so quickly, but I did tell her at my last visit that I had found my man and wanted a child with him. She did want to do an amniocentesis on account of my age, but that was one thing that definitely wasn't going to happen," Mom said flatly and decisively.

"I told her that we were carrying this pregnancy to term, and that our child would be loved as well as anyone could possibly do, regardless of any potential difficulties."

Mom then cast a slightly apprehensive look to me, asking, "You do feel that way don't you, Ricky? We are taking a risk, you know, actually a pretty big one if there is a problem with the baby."

"I know, Mom. We didn't really talk about it before, since we both wanted it. But yes, I have given it a lot of thought. I looked up a few things on the web, but a

most of the genetic stuff was pretty technical. I didn't understand a lot of it, but the upshot was that there are some increased risks, but they aren't hugely elevated, just some. Mothers and sons and fathers and daughters have higher risks than brothers and sisters or cousins, but the odds still favor us."

"Bottom line, pretty lady, is that I'm with you all the way," I declared decisively. "I could never terminate one of our children, even if I knew there were going to be issues."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that, Ricky," Mom said with obvious relief. "I was pretty certain I knew how you felt, but I needed to hear it from you anyway."

"Sooo, that being the case, I have another little surprise for you," she said, reaching for her purse. She pulled out a black and white Polaroid snapshot and placed it on the table between us. "This is from my ultrasound today. That gray, pear-shaped thing is my uterus. That little stripe in the center is the lining of the womb. See that little circle inside the lining, with the little squiggle in it? That's our child."

"Wow, that's so cool. What's that other thing next to it? It looks the same."

"That's our other child, Ricky."

I think if I hadn't been sitting down, I would have passed out. I knew we both wanted children very much and had been trying nearly every night (and some days too) to bring this about, but twins? I could only shake my head in wonderment.

As we sat, holding hands and basking in the glow of our wonderful news, I leaned over to whisper in Mom's ear. "We've been fucking too much. If we hadn't been so horny all the time, we'd just have a simple, single pregnancy."

Mom laughed delightedly and elbowed me in the ribs. "What is this WE business? I'm a victim of your insatiable desire and perpetual erections. This is all your fault, you oversexed brute!"

"Riiiiight...and Anna Nicole Smith married J. Howard Marshall for love," I retorted.

"Anyway, you know very well that's not how it works. Besides, if your reasoning was correct, I'd have at least quadruplets, you randy boy!" Sidling closer to me, Mom ran her hand lightly over my crotch, giving me a gentle squeeze. "I'll give you fair warning, bucko. When I'm pregnant, I'm the insatiable one. I hope you can keep up with me. I'm going to need your fine cock at least twice a day when my hormones start ramping up."

Shivering briefly with anticipation, I changed the subject, gesturing to the menu. "Are you going to introduce the twins to the veal piccata?"

"You betcha. What about you?"

"I think I'll take your warning to heart and start with some carbohydrate loading. 'Linguine Tutto Mare' for me. How about we begin with some antipasti?"

"Perfect."

The meal progressed in leisurely fashion, Mom and I sitting close to one another, exchanging occasional caresses under the table and many sweet, lingering kisses. As we were enjoying our entrees, the band members and singer filed into the room and began preparing for the evening's music. I turned to Mom and took her hand. "Would the lovely lady care to dance?"

"Let me powder my nose first, darling. I'll be right back."

A few minutes later, standing by our table waiting, I saw Mom walking towards me. Watching her stroll across the dance floor, I thought I detected a more than usual sensuous roll to her hips and a certain seductive quality to her gaze as she came towards me. I don't think I was imagining it, because she was turning heads among many of the other diners as she made her way to our table. I actually saw one beautiful brunette licking her lips as Mom went by her. When she reached me, she slipped her arms around me slowly bringing them up my back and around my shoulders. Squeezing me tight, she gave me a deep kiss, tongue lightly teasing mine. "Your mother is always ready to dance with her handsome son," she whispered in my ear. "You can have this dance and all the dances after this one, for the rest of my life, lover."

Taking both her hands in mine, I backed out onto the floor, drawing her with me. As the singer began, I knew immediately that we were in for a special evening. A statuesque black lady of around 50, dressed in a floor length, sapphire blue evening gown, she exuded class and sophistication and her opening number promised a wonderful evening's entertainment. Beginning with "Skylark," the Hoagy Carmichael/Johnny Mercer classic, she immediately reminded me of Dianne Reeves. "Skylark" became "Straighten Up and Fly Right," which in turn segued into "I Concentrate On You." Mom and I were lost in the music and wonderfully sung lyrics, slowly swaying with each other, in contact from thigh to shoulder as we moved. I was hard as a piece of rebar, but curiously, I really wasn't feeling any urgency about it. I was glad Mom could feel my excitement, but I was into the moment, holding her close, intoxicated by her presence and the familiar, comforting smell of soap and sandalwood.

Slipping my hand from her back and placing it under her chin, I gently tilted her head to me for a kiss. "I love you so much, Mom. I never thought I could be any happier, now that we're together, but after today, knowing you're having our babies - I just don't have the words." She sighed and hugged me closer, resting her head on my chest. We floated along on our private cloud, savoring our closeness without words, our universe again collapsing down to just the two of us, caught in a timeless moment. We barely noticed when the band and singer took a break. Forty-five minutes had passed in the blink of an eye.

Reluctantly making our way back to our table, we sat, holding hands. The remains of our entrees, now long cold, held no interest for us. Sighing, Mom snuggled up next to me. "I don't want the evening to end, Ricky."

"Let's have a little dessert while the band breaks and then we'll dance the rest of the evening away, Mom."

"Nothing would make me happier, darling."

We shared an indecently delicious Zabaglione with fresh figs and honey-glazed chestnuts, the decadent and sensuous dessert whetting our appetite for more dancing. As we regained the dance floor, I drew Mom close, making sure she could feel my hardness as we swayed together. Discreetly slipping her hand between us, Mom lightly stroked me with her fingertips. "Mmmmmm, are you happy to be with me, son, or did you slip a cannoli in your pocket while I wasn't looking?"

"Well, it's not a cannoli, Mom, but it does have a creamy filling just for you," I whispered lewdly.

"Goody, more dessert. I can't wait." As she spoke, she maneuvered us towards the farthest, darkest corner of the dance floor. Taking my right hand, she placed it on her ass as she pressed even closer to me, canting her pelvis to rub against my hardness. As I caressed her marvelous bottom, it became apparent that she had taken off her panties.

"It looks like you did more than powder your nose, you naughty girl," I growled, as my cock surged in my pants. "I thought you wanted to dance the night away, dear lady. Do you intend to tease me the rest of the evening?"

"I want to be in your strong arms and next to your wonderful cock every minute, sweetheart. Besides, a little anticipation will make the main event that much sweeter, don't you think?"

"Well, I think two can play the teasing game, especially since I now have my 'all access pass,' " I whispered evilly.

As I spoke I slowly lifted the back of her dress, taking care that I was between her and the rest of the room. Running my hand along the satin smoothness of the back of her thigh, I raised it to the soft, slightly puffy junction at the crease of her left cheek and then grazed my fingertips upward and inward until I encountered her damp heat. Lightly caressing her lips, I sought her dewy portal with my middle finger. She stiffened slightly as my digit wormed its way into her oily center, cooing into my ear.

"God, Mom, you're soaking, so wet and hot," I whispered hoarsely.

Her breath catching in her throat, she murmured back, "You're being very naughty, young man, taking advantage of your mother this way. What if someone sees your finger in my pussy?"

"I think if you knew someone could see it, you'd come right on the spot, you shameless hussy."

"Mmmm, could be. I think I have a little exhibitionist streak, Ricky. I really turns me on doing this - I love feeling so naughty," she replied, thrusting herself back on my intruding digit. Her knees buckled slightly as she moved against me. "God, I love how you touch me, son," she groaned.

"You like naughty, Mother?" I rasped quietly. "I'll give you naughty."

I moved my finger in and out of her vagina with several rapid strokes, causing her to gasp in pleasure, her arms tightening around my shoulders. Slowly, I inserted my finger as far as I could and then withdrew it slowly. Mom made a small murmur of protest as my fingertip departed her slit and then shivered, as I trailed it along her perineum, coming to rest against her rosebud.

Lightly pressing against her anus, just scratching the surface, I whispered to her. "What do you think the people here would say now, Mom? Bad enough that you let your son finger your pussy in public. What will they say when I stick it up your gorgeous asshole?"

Mom's arms tightened around my shoulders and she brought her lips to my ear, whispering throatily, "My son fucks me. He's made me pregnant. His finger has already been in my cunt in public. What's a little cornholing on the dance floor after that?"

As she spoke, I began worming my finger into her tight, rubbery sphincter. Her eyes widened in surprise and pleasure and she jerked and grunted softly as I progressed up her back passage, burrowing her head against my shoulder. "I think I'll finger you this way until you come, dear Mother. No one can see what I'm doing. Do you want to come on my finger, Mom?"

"Ohhh, god Ricky, what you do to me! It feels soooooo nasty, sooo goood. I can't believe you're doing this, putting your finger in my bottom!"

Slightly raising the front hem of her dress, I slipped my knee between her legs, bringing her divine fulcrum into contact with my thigh. "I'll take that as a yes, my beautiful cum slut." I began moving my invading digit in earnest, continuing to describe how I thought the restaurant patrons would react if they could see us.

"They'd love seeing you give your ass to your son, Mother dear. I bet the men would take out their cocks and stroke them, waiting for you to come, so they could spurt too. Then there's that lady with the long brown hair in the other booth. She was actually licking her lips when you walked back from the bathroom. Do you suppose she knew you'd taken you panties off for your horny son?"

Mom's breaths were now coming in short gasps as I thrust my finger in and out of her sweet back passage. She was grinding her dripping cunt against my thigh, her juices soaking through my slacks. "I bet that lady wants you as much as the men do, Mom." She gasped as I said this, arms tightening around my shoulders.

Continuing, I teased her some more. "I think she'd play with herself too, as she watched me finger your asshole. I bet she'd sit at the edge of her booth and pull her skirt right up to her waist. Then she'd pull her panties to one side and stick her fingers into her cunt. She'd be absolutely dripping, looking at us. Then she might decide to stick a finger up her own ass, to feel just what you're feeling right now," I hissed.

With those last words, Mom exploded, arms clutching me tightly, grunting as her rectum contracting around my finger like an elastic nutcracker. She finished her cum rocking her pelvis in short, jerky strokes against my thigh, saturating the fabric of my slacks. She moaned and bit my shoulder through my blazer, her legs going almost completely limp. With her clinging to my shoulders, her entire dead weight threatened to topple me, but I managed to maintain our balance, carefully holding her up as I moved us back to our booth.

Gently depositing her in her seat, I moved next to her, taking her into my arms. Her breathing was still ragged and her eyes were hooded with lust. Her thighs were damp with her spending, her brow glowing with a light sheen of perspiration and she gave an involuntary tremor from time to time. In her post-orgasmic state, she was unbelievably gorgeous, a perfect carnal vision. Once again, my heart nearly burst with my love for her.

I stroked her hair and face, occasionally kissing her while whispering sweet endearments in her ear, as she gradually recovered her composure. As she came back into focus, she looked at me in incredulity, struggling to find her voice.

"Oh. My. Sweet. Lord. You are such a baaaad young man, talking to your Mommy that way. Those things you said, my God! I could have come just from your words, let alone those wonderful, nasty fingers. I think that was the most wicked thing I've done in my entire life!"

"Do you know the best part, Mom? No one else in the entire restaurant had a clue." I paused to take a sip from my water glass. "Ready for some more dancing?" I teased.

"Are you out of your mind, Ricky? After that last stunt, if you get me out there again, I'll end up doing a reverse cowgirl on you in the middle of the floor, audience be damned!"

"That would be so hot, Mom, but might be a just little 'over the top'," I quipped.

Mom snorted in amusement at my bad pun and snuggled in closer to me, her hand gliding over my aching crotch as she whispered. "It's time to take your mom home and fuck her, darling. If I don't get you inside me soon, I'm gonna scream."

"Mmm, I like that thought, but I don't think I'm just going to fuck my Mom, though. I think I'm going to make love all night to the mother of my children. Either way though, when I'm through, you'll know how much I love you, Mom."

"You're such a sweet talker, you know that? Just one thing, though, what do you mean when you're through with me? Is that a challenge?"

"The gauntlet has been cast, dear Mother. We'll see who keeps up with who tonight, that's a promise."

I slapped my money down on the table and we hustled out to the front entrance. It was all we could do to keep from fucking each other in the entryway. The valet seemed to take forever and when he arrived, I fairly threw a couple of bills at him as we hustled into the car. I might have tipped him two bucks or two hundred, I simply don't remember.

The trip home from Sorvino's was incendiary. The minute we pulled away, Mom had her skirt up around her waist, fully exposing her womanhood. I don't know if it was our escapade on the dance floor, the knowledge that Mom was now

carrying our children, or both, but we couldn't take our hands off of each other on the way back. I had my fingers in her sopping pussy in about 2 seconds flat.

By the time we were back on the outskirts of our town, Mom's breasts were bare and flashing in the moonlight as she sucked my cock and simultaneously fingered herself. The interior of the car was thick with the aroma of her arousal. I couldn't take any more and was afraid I was going to wreck the car and kill us both. I pulled into the darkened corner of a Tops supermarket parking lot just before I blew my load into Mom's waiting mouth.

Catching my breath, I shuddered as Mom continued to lick my cock clean, the head exquisitely sensitive. "God, Mom, you do me so good," I sighed. "Your mouth is incredible."

Mom lifted her head from my crotch, a small pearl of cum on her chin as she smiled at me. She placed her hands around my neck and drew me to her for a passionate, tongue-lashing kiss, sharing my taste with me. "We need to get home now, darling. If we don't get to our bed in 5 minutes, I won't be responsible for my actions – and the best criminal attorney in the world won't be able to save me."

Mom never bothered to put herself back together as we drove the final miles to our house. Had anyone looked into the car, they would have seen my mother in all her bare-breasted glory, nipples erect and chest flushed with all-consuming arousal. As we made our way home, she idly stroked her nether lips, occasionally inserting her finger and then feeding her nectar to me as we drove.

Fortunately, our often balky garage door opener worked perfectly in our time of need. By the time it was shut behind us, we were all over each other again, virtually tearing our remaining clothes off of each other, leaving a trail of cum-stained and sweaty garments behind us as we stumbled to our bedroom.

Once in our room, Mom wasted no time on preliminaries. Pushing me onto my back on the bed, she straddled my hips and took me in her hand, swabbing my glans through her lips several times and then impaling herself on my hardness in

one plunge, groaning as I split her steaming, oily center. "Oh yes, son, so nice, Ricky."

You would think that after fucking our brains out continuously for weeks that we might have slowed down just a little bit, but we were still on fire for each other. I was absolutely stupefied by how much she turned me on.

Every inch of her skin, her nipples, the swell of her breasts, their mesmerizing pendulous movements as she rode me, the glorious golden reddish color of her thatch, the small involuntary moans as she moved up and down on my cock, the sheen of her juice on my shaft, her flashing eyes and lustful smile as she looked down at me, they all excited me beyond measure. She was everything I would ever desire, Eurydice, Helen of Troy, Madame de Pompadour, Isolde, Josephine Baker, Guinevere, Aspasia, Lola Montez and Marilyn Monroe all rolled into one package, but most of all, above all else, she was my Mom. I'd never, ever get enough of her.

As she moved herself on me, she threw her head back, hands scrabbling on my chest as she grunted with each downward plunge onto my waiting shaft. "Unnhhh. God, Ricky, your cock feels so good. Unnhhh. I love how you feel inside me. Unnhhh. So hard. Unnhhhh! So deeeep! Unhhh!"

She gradually leaned forward, dipping her chest towards my own torso. With each movement, her stiffened nipples would scrape across my chest, driving me wild. As she would slide back down to my root, she mashed her sex against me in a dragging motion, stimulating her clit. Gradually, her pace increased, her hoarse endearments morphing into incoherent moans and sibilant sighs. Soon, she was riding me so rapidly I gave up trying to synchronize with her movements, letting her pound herself to glory. Very shortly, her eyes rolled back into her head and she slammed herself down on me, grinding so ferociously I thought she would push me through the mattress. Letting out a groan of inarticulate pleasure, she collapsed onto my chest, breathing in agonized gasps, our love sweat mingling, her arms and legs sporadically twitching.

It had taken all my effort not to climax with her as I felt her contracting around my own aroused flesh, but somehow I managed to hold off, reminding myself that I wanted to be the one doing the wearing out this evening. I think I must have bitten the inside of my cheek to distract myself, because I could taste blood on my tongue. Holding Mom close, I stroked her back and sides, kissing her gently as she slowly returned to reality.

"Ahh, Ricky, that was soooo good! Two months together and you've ruined me - nobody makes love to a mother like her son can."

I kissed her and brushed her hair from her forehead. "There's nothing in the whole world I like more than giving you pleasure, Mom. It's what I live for. I can't believe how lucky we are."

"Believe it, lover. As ecstatically happy as you've made me these past weeks, now I've gotten the best gift you could ever possibly give me, Ricky. Whenever I look at our children, I'll see us; our love, our dreams and our future. There's nothing that can top that."

"Well, I hope I can muster at least a few surprises for my mother-lover as time goes by."

"You're already the biggest surprise of my life, my lovely son. I love you so much, Ricky," she said, eyes moistening. "Woman to man, wife to husband and most specially and deeply, mother to son. I need you more than my next breath."

I smiled and kissed her soundly. "I'm glad the lady of the house finds my service satisfactory. I do aim to please."

She laughed and tweaked my nose. "You're incorrigible, you know that? Now, let me up - I need to pee. After that, I have another surprise for you."

She walked into the bathroom, hips swaying, thighs slick with juice and ass cheeks dimpling. I heard the rushing tinkle of her water in the toilet and then the sounds of rummaging in her medicine cabinet. She returned after another minute or so. My curiosity definitely piqued, I watched her expectantly as she came back into our bedroom, hands behind her back.

Blushing slightly, she gazed at me affectionately and cleared her throat hesitantly. "Ricky, son, I have a gift I want to give you. I've been saving it since our first night together. It's something special that I've never given to anyone else and I want you to have it."

Mom had joined me on the bed, looking at me nervously. Taking my hand, she pressed a small bottle into my palm. Glancing downward, the name on the label did not register at first. Then, I finally processed what I was looking at. "Astroglide." I was truly taken aback, hardly daring to believe what she was trying to tell me.

"Jesus, Mom - do you really mean it? Are you sure about this?"

Gulping once, she nodded. "It's yours, sweetheart. I want you to have it all, every part of me. I won't deny you anything, ever. I want you to have it. God help me, Ricky, I want you to fuck my ass."

My own throat suddenly dry, I could only nod.

"Ricky, you have no idea how much it meant to me to know I was your first, that you saved yourself for me. I'll treasure that as long as I live. Now it's my turn to return the favor."

"I'll be really, really careful Mom. I'd never do anything to hurt you. I want you to love this too. Are you really sure?"

"I know you will, sweetheart. But yes, I'm absolutely sure - I trust you completely. I love your fingers and tongue back there already. I think I'll like your cock even more."

Crawling up next to me, she got on her hands and knees, lowering her shoulders and head on the pillows. Moving behind her, I placed myself between her legs. I began to gently caress and kiss her wonderful, taut moons, drawing a slight moan from her as I worshiped her amazing ass. "Ahhh, Mom - you are so beautiful, so sexy," I sighed.

Exhaling as I went, blowing warm air over her crevice, I slowly trailed my tongue down her crack, pausing from time to time to lick and kiss her cheeks, occasionally scraping my teeth lightly over her amazing globes. As I slowly worked my way to her pucker, she shivered slightly.

Finally, I was there. I gently spread her cheeks and began with the lightest kisses, barely grazing her sweet rosebud. Teasing her perineum with my tongue, I traced back to skirt the edges of her pink crinkle, never quite dipping in, while I pulled and stretched her buttocks, causing her anus to slightly open and close as I spread her with my hands.

Mom cooed and sighed as I continued, slightly pushing herself back to my face, trying to capture my tongue. Lifting my head slightly, I placed my tongue at the top of the divine valley between her cheeks and slowly trailed downwards, Mom shuddering and sighing as I went. When I reached her forbidden hole, I pulled her cheeks apart and stabbed firmly with my tongue, swirling as I pushed into her back passage.

Mom jerked at my oral invasion and moaned. "Oh God," she groaned. "Why do I like your tongue there so much?"

Pausing for a moment, I grabbed the lube and squirted some on her crack, letting it slowly trickle down to her little pink star. Putting my hand on her ass, with my fingers pointing to the floor, I placed my middle finger in her crevice and slowly

moved downward, coating it with lube. When I reached her back door, I slowly pressed inward.

"Ahh, that feels so nasty, so good, baby."

Gently moving inward, I began to press around her outer edges, lightly stretching as I moved in and out. Mom responded with a throaty moan. Gathering more lube, I ran the liquid down her crack again and onto my fingers. I then slowly added a second finger, gradually easing it into her ass over the course of a couple minutes. Mom sighed and groaned again when I had both fingers fully in her butt. Slowly, cautiously, I began to move in and out, gradually adding a stretching movement to my thrusts. Mom was now moaning with each thrust, starting to move herself back against my hand, increasing the force of my naughty invasion of her most private place.

Stroking her back with my other hand and kissing her shoulder, I whispered into her ear. "Are you ready, Mother?"

Fully immersed in the forbidden sensations, she could only moan and nod her head once.

Pulling my fingers out, I could see she remained open to me, small, involuntary contractions causing her hole to slightly widen and narrow as she awaited my entry.

Crouching behind her, I lubed my cock. Mom shuddered and moaned again when I squirted a generous dollop into the nickel-sized cavern I had worked open. Carefully placing myself at her crinkle, I brought only the slightest pressure to bear. Caressing her back and sides again, I bent forward next to ear. "Relax and push yourself onto me, Mom. I'm going to let you take me at your own pace."

Shuddering, she nodded jerkily and began to push backwards. I felt the pressure build against the resistance of her ass. Mom was holding her breath, quivering and biting her lip as she strained to let me in. Again caressing her lightly, I whispered

"It's okay, Mom. Just relax. Take some slow, deep breaths. There's no hurry," I soothed.

As she calmed down, I continued to touch her gently, simply stroking my hands up and down her back and sides, murmuring encouragement. Then quickly, it was over, Mom wincing slightly as my head slipped past her sphincter.

The sensation was indescribable, incredible searing heat, even more than her glorious cunt, but also an amazing tightness beyond anything I had ever experienced. I don't think I could have fisted my cock any harder than Mom's ass was gripping me. It was all I could do to hold still, waiting for her to accommodate me.

She was breathing in deep gasps, trembling a little bit as she adjusted to my presence. Bending over her back to kiss her spine, I caressed her sides again. "Don't do anything until you're ready, Mom. Go as slow as you need to. I won't move unless you tell me to. We can stop any time you want."

Still breathing deeply, she shook her head, biting her lip. Ever so slowly, she began to push back, millimeter by millimeter. It took about two minutes, but finally, I was buried to the root in her gorgeous, amazing ass, realizing one of my fondest dreams and biggest fantasies. "Oh my God Mom, you feel amazing- so hot, so tight!" I gasped. "Are you ok?"

"Oh, baby, it's unbelievable! Ahhhhh, I feel so full, so stretched...I had no idea it would be like this. It hurts just a little, but even that feels so good!"

"Are you ready?"

Mom reached back with one of her hands and took mine, giving it a squeeze. "I'm ready, lover. It's time to fuck your mother's ass."

I began to gently move, keeping very slow, steady strokes as Mom got used to the motion. Within a minute she was moving with me, giving out a low, primitive grunt each time I bottomed out, a sound I had never heard her make before.

"Oh fuck, lover! Oh Jesus, it's incredible! My God! My God!"

The sensations I was experiencing were so amazing I could barely focus. I was overwhelmed by her heat, the tightness, the incredible noises she was making, the sheer lewdness of the act we were performing. I was fucking my mother's ass! I was balls deep in her and she was loving it! All I could do was moan over and over again.

"Oh Mom, oh Mom! Oh my God, Mom! MOM!"

I couldn't help myself; I began to pick up my pace, putting more power into my thrusts as I started to feel the beginnings of an absolutely monstrous come building in my loins. When I changed my rhythm to pull out completely with each cycle of penetration, grinding tightly against her at the bottom of each stroke, Mom went absolutely wild.

"Oh shit, Ricky! Unnghh! Oh my god! Fuck me baby! Fuck me! Fuck my ass! Fuck it!" she moaned, burying her face in her pillow. "Fuck it! Fuuck it! Fuuucckkkkk!!!"

It was all too much for me. My orgasm shook me like a sonic boom. "Oh God! Oh GOD! Cumming! Cumming, Mommmmm!" I roared.

As I sprayed myself into her entrails, Mom's head jerked off the pillow and she arched her back, unleashing a stentorian bellow as she reached her own peak. "JESUS FUCKING CHRIST! OH SHIT! SO GOOD RICKY! CUMMING, SON! MOMMY'S CUMMING! OHGOD! OHGOD! SWEETJEEESUS!"

As I was spending myself, Mom's climax made her ass contract around my meat like a velvet vise grip, bringing me to a completely shattering peak. I lost all track

of time and place, because the next thing I remember is being draped over Mom's back, pressing her flat into the bed. My cock was still twitching randomly, dribbling out the final dregs of my cum into her clinging rectum. My body shook as though a Taiko drummer had set up shop inside my chest, my breath coming in great, ragged gasps as I struggled to reestablish my grip on reality. Mom was completely inert beneath me. I could still feel a few weak contractions of her ass around my cock as her orgasm slowly faded away.

I carefully rolled us over onto our sides, staying inside Mom, remaining tightly spooned up against her, hugging her close. A minute or two later, she finally stirred and I kissed the nape of her neck. "You okay, Mom? I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"Oh, my baby, my darling son, you were wonderful," Mom sighed. "That was amazing...I had no idea, not a clue how intense that was going to be. It felt like your cock reached to my tonsils, I was so wonderfully full! And when you came inside me, my god! It was heavenly, sweetheart."

"And you're feeling okay now?" I asked anxiously.

"Better than okay, dear heart. You were so gentle, so caring, it was perfect. I was pretty sure I was going to enjoy it, but it was much, much better than I thought it would be. You're a marvelous, sweet lover, son. I love you so much!"

"I'm so glad you liked it, Mom," I murmured into her hair. "It was incredible for me too. I came so hard I think I passed out for a minute."

"I hope you liked it as much as I did, sweetie, because Mommy is going to want to do this again...and again... and again!"

"Works for me, pretty lady."

Spooning up against me, Mom heaved a deep, contented sigh. "You know Ricky, I was ready to do this, knowing how much I like it when you lick and finger me, you know...back there, but I didn't expect to come from getting fucked in the ass. That was amazing and very unexpected; I just thought I was going to do something nice for my lovely son."

"I was surprised, too. You rattled the china with that one, Mom."

We lay together quietly, touching softly, Mom turning her head to share kisses with me as I slowly softened inside her, eventually squeezing out with a plop. She squealed as I left her. "My god, Ricky! What did you do to me? It feels like you put a quart of your stuff up my bottom! It's running all over the place!"

Looking down, I saw one of the most erotic sights I have ever beheld, then or in all the years since. Mom's thighs and buttocks were glistening with the lube we used. Her rosebud was red, still slightly open, streamers of my thick semen pulsing out and flowing over the curve of her buttock and onto our sheets. "My god, Mom! I can see it coming out of your ass - it looks sooooo hot! It's incredible. I wish you could see it."

I stayed spooned up next to her, wet spot be damned. We lay in silence, softly touching for some time. I suspect that we both more drained by the experience than we thought, because we fell asleep quickly, not waking until the next morning. So much for the "who's gonna out-fuck who" competition.

As I was to come to find out, Mom's hormone-driven lust was awesome to behold. She left me in the dust as her pregnancy advanced, needing sex two, three or even four times in a day as her belly grew. She ran me delightfully ragged. On weekends, especially, it wouldn't be uncommon to wake up with Mom riding me. Another session might follow in the kitchen at lunch or even at breakfast. It didn't seem to matter what we did, Mom just needed cock constantly, and she didn't care

what hole got stuffed. When she needed it, by God, she needed it NOW and there was going to be no dithering or delays.

If I was lucky enough to catch a Saturday or Sunday nap on the couch, more often than not I would wake up with her dripping pussy rubbing on my face. Oh yes, another thing about being pregnant - her taste, my god, her taste. It was always ambrosial to me, but there was something about her now that seemed different. I don't know if it was real, or just my knowledge of her pregnancy, but somehow, she tasted more substantial, more flavorful than I could remember before. It was the difference between a great burger and prime rib.

Even she would remark on the difference when we would kiss after I went down on her. Thank god I loved eating her out, because it was the only way I could keep her satiated sometimes. The thing was, even though Mom often pushed me to the limits of my sexual endurance, I loved every second of it. I don't know exactly how or why, but there was something about her being pregnant that put my dick and brain in overdrive. I had to have her all the time. I became absolutely consumed with fucking her, as if I wasn't already completely besotted by my gorgeous mother. It seemed as though if I didn't have her pussy plugged every minute, she wouldn't be pregnant any more. It was a magnificent, complete and total obsession.

The times when Mom was at work all day were often particularly memorable. On those occasions, her return home followed a fairly predictable pattern. She would arrive in the garage and close the door, emerging from the car with her panties in hand. I would meet her in the hallway connecting with the kitchen. My pants would come off in about one minute, and depending on the urgency, we might end up on the hallway floor, in the kitchen, or rarely, making it to the bedroom. Depending on her mood, I might get a whisker biscuit as my before-dinner appetizer in the kitchen, or something more exotic.

I recall one day where she emerged from the garage actually naked from the waist down, her thighs glistening with arousal. Plastering herself against me, she whispered in my ear "I want you to love my bottom, right NOW, baby." She pulled my shorts off without ceremony and led me by my dick into the kitchen. Not

wasting a moment, she rummaged in the pantry, pulling out a bottle for lubrication and bent over the kitchen table, lewdly spreading her cheeks with both hands. The irony of using "extra virgin" olive oil as I fucked her ass was not lost on me. But I digress.

We were so preoccupied with extinguishing the raging inferno between Mom's legs that the visit to Vancouver snuck up on us. Archibald MacLeish was as good as his word, setting us up with First Class tickets flying out of LaGuardia and a suite at the Fairmont Pacific Rim, with a magnificent view overlooking Coal Harbor, Stanley Park and the North Shore Mountains. I remember teasing Mom as we were riding in the van to the airport, breathing softly into her ear, "Are you going to be able to make it all the way to Vancouver without needing an orgasm?"

Mom smiled evilly and gripped my thigh. "Go ahead smart-ass, keep it up and I'll make you eat those words," she whispered back.

"Keeping things up is usually not a problem and I've already eaten everything else I can, so it shouldn't matter."

"That you have. I can't believe you had your head up my dress five minutes before the van arrived."

"There's always the mile high club, Mom."

"You are a very bad son, teasing your mother like this,"

I put my arm around her waist and pulled her close for a kiss. "I'll make it up to you with pleasure when we get to the hotel, my love."

"You're cruel, but for some strange reason I happen to love you, Ricky."

Our flight was pleasant and uneventful, but I did have a few things on my mind, which we talked about before we landed.

"Mom, are you worried about us, I mean me meeting Mr. MacLeish and the rest of the firm?"

"Absolutely not. Why? You worried about the age difference?"

"Well, yeah. I don't want anything to happen that might endanger your chances."

"I suppose if you did me by the punch bowl at the welcome party, that might have some adverse consequences, but otherwise no. You're a sweetheart for worrying about it, but I've made my choice. Everything else has become secondary to us being together, lover. Besides, now that you've grown out that goatee and mustache, you look quite a bit older."

"You really like it, Mom? I have to say it still feels a bit funny."

"You look like my dashing pirate, Ricky. It suits you down to the ground."

"If milady is happy, then I'm prepared to repel all boarders and tie this damsel to my mainmast."

"Now you're just being silly."

"Anyway, not to worry," she smiled, squeezing my hand reassuringly. "As far as Archie MacLeish is concerned, I'm moving to Vancouver with my significant other. I've told him I'm estranged from my only son, who I had at a young age. That's all there is to it."

We sat in silence for some time, Mom's hand on top of mine, lightly tracing over my fingers. Before long, we were on final approach and my face was glued to the window. For a kid from suburban New Jersey who was never much farther from home than the Adirondacks or Cape May, it was a revelation. Sitting on a large peninsula, the city laid jewel-like below us. The air was crystal clear and all of the features I had studied on maps before our flight were laid out before us as we turned through the approach pattern. I could see Burrard Inlet, Bowen Island, Vancouver Harbor, English Bay, Stanley Park, the tall downtown buildings, Canada Place and the beautiful mountains along the North Shore.

"Wow, Mom, we're not in Kansas anymore."

"It's a far cry from Princeton Junction, isn't it?"

"I can't believe we're going to raise our family here. It's just about the most beautiful place I've ever seen."

A driver was waiting for us at baggage claim and we were whisked to our hotel suite in short order. The moment I had closed the door behind the bellhop, Mom pinned me against the entry wall with a searing kiss, frantically fumbling with my belt as we clinched, devouring each other with our tongues. While I pulled her dress up and cupped her ass cheeks, she shoved my pants and boxers down to my ankles and then squatted, pulling away from my hands. She took me into her mouth, hoovering me to an almost painfully full erection in about 30 seconds.

Looking up to my face as she sucked, her eyes glinted mischievously as she smiled happily around my cock. All too soon, her skilled tongue and hands had me approaching the edge and I gently disengaged from her, taking her hands and guiding her to the bedroom. Still smiling wickedly, she paused and reached under her dress to pull off her panties, then pushing me onto my back as my knees came in contact with the bed. As I landed on my back, she hiked her skirt up above her hips to expose her hairy treasure and straddled me, working her way up my chest until her moist cunt was right above my face. Dropping her skirt to enfold me in aromatic darkness, she settled her flower onto my waiting tongue.

"Do what you do best, sweetheart," she cooed. "It's time to eat your Momma."

As Mom rode my lips, I grabbed her ass, kneading her cheeks, pulling them apart to expose her pucker and then pushing them back together, which drove her wild. I could tell she wasn't particularly interested in nuance or subtlety at this point, so I latched onto her clit and began sucking and tongue-lashing it ferociously. At the same time, I formed my hand into a "six pack grip" with my thumb and middle finger, firmly placing the thumb into her sopping channel. As she began to edge closer to her climax, I began using the middle finger to tease her anus, lightly scraping over the surface with my fingertip. This raised her arousal to an even higher plateau. When she started to buck and gasp, I roughly shoved my middle finger up her ass. With a keening wail, Mom craned her neck and arched her back, slamming down on my face with a drawn out groan, flooding my nose and lips with her essence.

Mom coming on my face is just about my favorite sexual experience, bar none. The sheer intimacy of the contact, the feeling of worshipful closeness and the incredible intensity of her orgasms when I eat her always make me feel incredibly close and connected to her. It's one of the best ways for me to let my beautiful lady know how much her son loves her, concentrating solely on her pleasure. Flowers for Mother's Day are just fine and dandy, but a big, juicy squirting cum on her son's tongue says 'I love you, Mom' like nothing else. When Mom climaxes in my mouth, it really gets my motor running too. I was immediately and ferociously turned on, ready to fuck the daylights out of her.

Not even bothering with our clothes, I slid out from under her and turned her onto her stomach, roughly pulling her dress up over hips. I quickly jerked my slacks and boxers down to my knees, got onto my haunches and straddled her thighs, pushing them together as I mounted up over her ass. Pushing down from behind, I found her slit, forcing myself in quickly and sharply, drawing a guttural grunt of approval from her. While I can't get as much penetration from this position, I love the feeling of mastery and dominance of pinning Mom to the bed and really grinding it to her, especially watching her magnificent ass shiver and quake as I slam her like a jackhammer.

Mom was getting into it just as much as I was. She began meeting me with short, sharp lunges of her own, first pushing her pubes down into the mattress to stimulate her clit and then quickly rolling her hips back and up to meet my downward thrusts. When she started to get vocal, I knew I was in for a hell of a ride.

"Oh yeah, Ricky, that's it baby. Take me son! Do me hard!"

I slapped her ass hard, leaving a rosy palm print on her buttock.

"Fuck, yes! Slap me again, you bad motherfucker! Yeah! Fuck Mommy! Fuck your Mommy hard, baby!"

Growling, I began stroking into her even more intensely, adding a twisting motion to my thrusts, making her groan even more loudly.

"Ohhh, shit! That's so good, baby! Give me that cock! Shove it in my tight pussy. Yeah, put it to me, honey!"

I was dripping with sweat, pounding for all I was worth. I had never fucked her as hard as I was doing now, but the more I put into it, the more she wanted.

"C'mon, Ricky, fuck your mother. Give me all of your big cock, baby. Harder! Fuck me hard, son! Haaarrder!" she hissed.

I was close, real close. I could tell by the way my balls were tightening, and the ache of my prostate that I was going to have a monster cum. I think Mom could sense from my breathing and rhythm that I was ready to explode.

"Are you gonna come, Ricky? Are you ready to squirt your hot baby juice in Momma's cunt? C'mon, baby, cum for your Mommy, cum for me now, lover! Squirt me honey! Squirt it in Mommy!"

That put me over the top. I released with a roar, crying out over and over as my climax blended with her own.

"Mom! Mom! Mom! MOOOOOMMMMMMM! Oh God! MOM! MOM! MOM! MOM!"

I felt like my cock had turned into a fire hose. I couldn't believe how much spunk I was spraying into Mom's cunt. I must have gone on shouting and squirting into her for twenty or thirty seconds, my pleasure incredibly prolonged. Finally, I felt as though I had shot my entire insides out through my cock and into her. I collapsed on to her back with a groan, shuddering and twitching uncontrollably.

After several quiet minutes gradually catching my breath, I rolled us onto our sides, still spooned up against her, kissing her back and shoulders tenderly, whispering in her ear.

"Mom."

"Mmmmmmm, what is it, love?"

"That was unreal. You are so exciting, so damn sexy, I just can't believe how much you turn me on. You are a fucking goddess!"

"You're a darling boy. Is that a goddess of fucking, or just fucking as an adjective?"

"Both, I think."

"You say the sweetest things to your mother."

I squeezed her and kissed the nape of her neck. "I love you so much, Mom."

I couldn't see, but I could sense her smile as she took my hand and kissed it.

I can't even begin to imagine being with any other woman besides Mom. I have to admit since she is my first and only lover, I have no basis of comparison, but whenever we're together, it's never less than fantastic. Every time, I seem to find out something new about her that excites me more than the last time or makes me feel even closer to her. It might be how she milks me with her muscles in a particular position one day, how her breasts gyrate when she rides me cowboy style, or something very simple, like how she smiles and puffs her bangs off her moist forehead, out of breath after a really vigorous, sweaty fuck. There's always something that makes me love her more every day we're with each other. And now, to be starting a new life together, far from discovery, free from needing to keep secrets every day, everything felt perfect.

Before we left for our visit to Mom's new practice, I overheard a conversation she had with Marsh over coffee on a Monday morning. Mom and I had spent essentially the entire weekend in bed, making lots of love and just plain fucking the shit out of each other until we were exhausted. Marsh had just returned from a weekend visiting Shawn. I guess the two of them were comparing "son-notes" over latte. I quietly and discreetly parked myself outside the kitchen doorway, shamelessly eavesdropping.

Marsh began, teasing Mom. "You look a bit tired and frayed around the edges, Jen. It must have been a really good weekend."

Mom chuckled and gave back as good as she got. "I could say the same, skin sister. It looks like it hurts to sit down."

"God, you have no idea. For some reason, Shawn was totally fixated on my butt this visit. He fucked my ass three times yesterday, and I loved every second of it."

"Jesus, Marsh, you're a total maniac. I adore it when Ricky does me that way, but I don't know if I could stand up to that much pounding."

"Well, most of the time, Shawn is just so sweet, so tender it almost brings me to tears. But sometimes you know, a girl just likes to get down and be totally nasty," Marsh giggled. "This weekend, I really wanted to get thoroughly fucked, to be absolutely dominated for some reason. Totally giving myself to him like that was actually liberating, in a strange way. I felt like I was all cunt, ass and tits, just one huge erogenous zone. There was something about the role reversal that really got my juices flowing, Shawn becoming my badass, big-dick, dominating daddy."

"I know what you mean, Marsh. Ricky is almost telepathic that way. I hardly ever have to tell him how I want it. We're almost always in synch, and even if we're not on exactly the same page, he loves it when I tell him what I need." I heard her sigh deeply. "He's the best lover I've ever had, or ever will have."

I blushed so hard when I heard Mom say that, I thought that the glow would shine through the doorway and give my spying away. It also made me swell with tremendous pride, both above the neck and below the beltline.

"Amen to that, Jen. How did we get so lucky?"

Mom paused before replying, considering her words. "For me, it was because I was finally able to be totally honest with myself about my desires and being open to accepting the love that Ricky had for me for so many years. It was incredibly hard to do, so many feelings of horrible guilt and sin to overcome. I worried terribly about how it would affect him and our relationship. It took a long time to understand that it was all bound together and inseparable, both the mom-son thing and a man just loving a woman."

Mom laughed ruefully and added, "I practically drove that poor boy insane with my indecision. You know, from the first time I kissed him, I mean like I really meant it, to when I first let him touch me, uhmm, down there, it took over a month. Then the very next day, when he actually got assertive with me for the first time (that's when you almost discovered us), I chewed his poor head off and nearly ruined everything. Thank God I came to my senses after you talked with me. I should have known I was trying to control an essentially unstoppable event."

"Wow, I had no idea, Jen. I can't say I'm surprised though. It's such a deep-seated taboo, I think especially for someone like you, who was such a conscientious and loving Mom. I know you definitely did the right thing, though. You and Ricky are so beautiful together, so loving and so right for each other. It's a pure joy just to see the two of you side by side."

"Thanks, Marsh, but I don't know about conscientious. I think I first started thinking about Ricky, you know, that way, when he was still in high school. He's always been such a sweet boy and pretty hunky too," Mom giggled. "How was it for you and Shawn?"

"Really, really different at the start, although I think we've ended up in the same place as you and Rick."

"Did it take you as long to figure out what to do?"

"No, we went from mutual interest to bed very quickly."

"Wow. I wish I had your decisiveness, Marsh."

"You know, in the beginning, Shawn was actually trying to seduce me," Marsh confessed, her voice barely audible. I had strain my ears, almost cocking my head into the door frame to hear her

"No!" Mom exclaimed in a shocked whisper.

"Absolutely, my girl. He had a plan all mapped out with meticulous care, with alternate strategies and detailed contingencies. Damned if it wasn't working, too. Shawn may look and act like a self-conscious computer nerd sometimes, but when he was trying to get into my panties, he was masterful. I guess he was highly motivated," Marsh laughed.

"What did he do, Marsh?"

"It was subtle, indirect and simple, but devastatingly effective. He treated me with real respect, affection and kindness, things I never got from Harold while we were still married."

"I think he launched his assault on Mommy's virtue near the beginning of his senior year, just after he turned 18. One day, he just came home from school and gave me a big hug and kissed my cheek, something he rarely did since he hit puberty. He said, "Mom, did I ever tell you how much I truly appreciate everything you've done for me, or how much I really love you?"

"I just laughed and hugged him back and said 'No, not recently and no, you can't have the car tonight.'"

He got real serious then and told me "I mean it Mom. I've been thinking a lot about things recently and I know I've been taking a lot for granted. I just don't want to do that anymore. And no, I don't want the car tonight."

"Seems innocent enough, Marsh."

"Oh, yes indeed. It didn't think twice about it, except that it absolutely made my week. You know how it is, when you finally realize that the day your little boy is going to walk out of your life and into the big, bad world is coming soon. Right then, I felt closer to him than I had in years. It was precious."

"After that day, it slowly and seemingly naturally escalated. He spent a lot less time on his computer or out with his friends and more time just sitting with me, talking. He asked my advice about a lot of things and really listened to what I had to say. He always made a point to compliment me on my appearance. At least of couple of times a day, he'd give me a big hug, 'Just because,' he'd say. I started to get a nice kiss each morning when he left for school and when he came home. I came to really look forward to those moments, they made me feel so good about myself and about our relationship."

"I know now in retrospect, I was subconsciously starting to respond to him as a woman, too. I didn't see it at the time, but that clever so-and-so had found the chink in my maternal armor. Without really thinking about it, I began dressing a bit more provocatively, nothing outrageous, but definitely a notch more suggestive than before and I definitely was fishing for compliments, which he very happily provided. He made me feel sexy and desirable again and boy, oh boy, did that feel nice."

"After that, things started to get more intimate, not in any obviously inappropriate way, just closer. He started giving me foot rubs a couple times a week. I felt so pampered, it was wonderful. We'd sit on the sofa in the evening and I'd put my feet in his lap. He always made sure that my feet were a chaste distance from his crotch and then he'd do my lower calves and feet, never getting fresh. Things started to change though, one time when he did my feet for almost an hour. By the end, he was just caressing me, again no higher than my calves, but I found myself responding to him. I actually got wet from him touching my legs and feet, Jen!"

"Did he notice, Marsh?"

"At the time, I didn't think so, but looking back, I think I was excited enough that he could smell me. Things didn't go any farther that evening, but the next day, when he left for school, he kissed me on my lips!"

"My God, what did you do?"

"I was so surprised, I couldn't do anything. Besides, it was so quick, he was gone off the porch before I could respond. I just stood there on the stoop like an idiot. My first thought after he left was that we'd have to talk and nip things in the bud immediately, but as I was sitting, drinking my coffee a little later, I began to think, 'What's the harm in a little peck on the lips from your handsome son, who obviously loves you very much? He's just showing you a little extra affection, showing how much he cares about you.'"

"So, there you were, on a very slippery, very treacherous slope," Mom observed.

"And how. While I was finishing my second cup, I began thinking again about the foot massage he gave me before. Damned if I didn't get wet all over again. This time though, it wasn't just a little juiciness, it was a goddamn river. I soaked through my panties in about two minutes! By then I knew I had to take care of myself or I'd be good for nothing the rest of my day. I was incredibly horny and at the same time pissed off and guilty, having gotten excited by the memory of my own son touching my stupid feet. So, I went upstairs to get out Mr. Big."

"Mr. Big?" Mom snickered.

"Exactly, Mr. Big. Eleven by three inches of vibrating, pulsating, pussy stretching, high tech silicone goodness, my go-to toy when I really need to get off big time."

"Jesus, Marsh," Mom giggled.

"Anyway, I stripped and got down to business. I slipped off into my favorite Fabio fantasy, which never fails to get my rocks off, but I found I couldn't come! It was crazy! There I was, spread-eagled in my bed, with my number one sex toy buried to the hilt in my cunt, my favorite fantasy in my head and I couldn't get off. I kept working at it but I just hovered at the edge forever."

"Then it happened. I was flat on my back, pounding my poor pussy for all I was worth, sweating like a piglet, getting absolutely nowhere and then out of the blue I thought of Shawn on top of me."

"Oh my God."

"Yes, Jen. 'Oh my God.' Actually, 'OMFG', as the kids like to say."

"I went off like a bomb in less than ten seconds."

"Jen, I climaxed so hard I saw stars! It was flat out one of the very best orgasms of my entire life. It must have stretched for nearly two minutes - it was like huge waves crashing on the beach, one after another. My whole body felt like a puddle of molten gold. It was so intense I thought I peed the bed."

"God Marsh, you're starting to get me worked up now. Take it easy," Mom pleaded.

"I was absolutely out of my mind with lust at that point. Mr. Big was gone for good, forever replaced by lovely Shawn. My son substitute got a workout, I can tell you - mouth, cunt, ass, everything. I went for several hours and was practically unconscious by lunchtime. Every time I came, it was better, more intense than the last. I was actually screaming at the top of my lungs into my pillow by the end. I'm sure if the neighbors had heard anything, they would have thought I was being murdered."

"When I came to my senses, I had to run to the toilet to throw up. I was almost suicidal with guilt. I curled up in a ball on the bathroom floor and was probably catatonic for at least an hour. After that I drifted around the house in a naked daze, crying my eyes out. All I could think about was fucking my son - my pussy was dripping like a faucet and at the same time, I was consumed by remorse. It felt ten thousand times worse than when I found out Harold was cheating on me."

"Boy, do I ever hear you, Marsh. The first time I actually admitted to myself that I wanted Ricky, I felt like throwing myself under the bus. I thought I was a complete pervert, a horrible mother and an evil human being. Thank God I got through that."

"You have to get over a lot to get to where we are Jen, but in the end there's nothing like it in the whole world."

"Amen to that. So, there you were, struggling," Mom prompted.

"Yeah, I was feeling lower than whale shit," Marsh laughed. "Eventually I found myself in Shawn's room, trying to understand how my world got so suddenly and thoroughly turned upside down. I tried to reestablish some maternal perspective by straightening up his teenage clutter a bit. I'm not sure how I expected to do that, standing there nude, dripping fuck oil on his carpet, but it seemed to make sense at the time. Anyway, when I was tidying up his desk, I jostled his computer and the screen saver went off."

"When I saw the incest forum he was logged into, I lost it. I went from abject misery to steaming rage in two minutes."

"Jesus, Marsh. What did you see?"

"His screen name was 'wantmysexymom18.' There was a lengthy thread he started about two months previously, soliciting advice on how to get into my pants! God, I felt so stupid. Everything was a setup. He wanted to fuck me and used the information other boys gave him to weaken my defenses. There seemed to be at least two other kids who had actually pulled it off, seducing their moms, and I could see that he had followed their recommendations almost to the letter. He was posting almost daily, outlining his progress, right down to describing how he rubbed my feet for the first time."

"Right about then, I was so humiliated, I think my heart broke. I was ready to disown the little shit and throw him out of the house the minute he got home. I had never felt so used in my entire life. It was nothing short of emotional rape."

"Wow. How on earth did you get from there to where you are now? If Ricky had pulled a stunt like that, I would have fed his dick to the ducks and killed him - twice."

"Funny how these things work out, isn't it? I was ready to throw his computer out the window, but I forced myself to finish the thread. The last response to his thread was from a few days before, from someone called 'lindalovesherboy.' It just said that she had a relationship with her son and that she wanted Shawn to PM her right away."

"It took a little while to find his correspondence with this woman, but when I did, it changed everything all over again."

"Jeez, Marsh, what a rollercoaster! Don't keep me in suspense, out with it, girl!"

I could hear Marsh take a deep breath. "This woman gave Shawn a detailed, emotional account of how she came to take her own son as her lover. She was a widow, her husband killed in the first Gulf War, serving with the SEAL teams. He was a bona fide hero. It was a beautiful story, heart wrenching and inspiring at the same time, in some ways like yours and Ricky's. From how she wrote, you could just tell how much they loved each other, man and woman, son and mom, how committed they were and how much joy they had in their lives."

"She was very direct about what she thought of the way Shawn was manipulating and misleading me, how selfish it was. She asked him bluntly if he was after a quick roll in the hay, or whether he wanted something like what she had with her son. She begged him to think things through before the situation got to the point where there was no going back. She seemed genuinely concerned that he not damage our normal mother-son relationship. She also had some very good advice

for him about the ins and outs of a real romantic mother-son coupling and how wonderful it could be if he was willing to commit to something like that."

"Shawn wrote her back, somewhat defensively at first, but 'Linda' was persistent and non-confrontational and gradually got him to 'fess up about how all this came about. For the first time, I really saw myself through my son's eyes. The poor boy had the hots for me so bad, it was almost comical. He could describe my body in great detail, the sneak, and he was so worshipful, so enthralled by this middle aged broad, it was sad, funny and so sweet, all at the same time. The way he described me, I could tell there was more to it than just testosterone overload. At a minimum, he was totally infatuated, that was for sure."

"'Linda' gradually got him to open up about his feelings for me. God Jen, it was intense, like eavesdropping on a weird Oedipal therapy session. Shawn eventually admitted that he was starting to get uncomfortable with how successful his campaign of seduction had become, that he felt very, very guilty. It was clear that he didn't count on his engineered and calculated intimacy affecting him in any way. He was so in lust, he didn't realize the fire he was playing with! The real emotions that came with his little game totally blindsided him."

"Their last correspondence bowled me over. He came clean with 'Linda,' telling her how he felt and that he now actually had really, unintentionally fallen in love with me. He admitted that he couldn't go forward with his plan! He said he couldn't live with himself if I found out how he had duped me. He was going to talk to me very soon and confess everything, come what may. He thanked 'Linda' profusely for saving his bacon and our relationship and he asked if he might ask her son a couple of questions, if he was willing."

"Jen, I'll never forget her reply," she sighed, choking up. "She said 'I wish with all my heart you could talk with him, but he died in Afghanistan eighteen months ago. He followed in his father's footsteps. There are no words for how much I miss him. Love your Mom as best and honestly as you can, young man. Your time with her is very precious. Don't waste a minute of it.'"

"Good Lord, Marsh, that's unbelievable. What did you do next?"

"I had another good cry and then took a nice, hot bath. I thought long and hard about everything that had happened and I came to the conclusion that I would wait and see what Shawn said when he got home. If he followed through like he promised 'Linda,' I would work things out with him. If not, well, I didn't want to think about that. I prayed that he would have the courage to do the right thing. I knew if he did, then we could heal the breach between us. Then I went back to my bedroom and got out Mr. Big again and gave myself another shattering orgasm, thinking about Shawn the whole time."

"Good grief, Marsh, you were soooo, bad," Mom laughed.

"Yes I was, wasn't I? 'Linda's' parting comments really struck home with me. Who could say if I might blow a cerebral aneurysm tomorrow, or if Shawn might have some kind of accident? What Shawn did was incredibly stupid, but he paid a high price before he even had a chance to touch me. He didn't count on an emotional boomerang. He outsmarted himself!" Marsh hooted.

"So what happened when he got home?"

"I had to wait a long time. He came back unusually late, almost 5 o'clock. I was starting to really worry - 'Linda' and her final PM were really weighing on my mind at that point. I was terrified that Shawn didn't feel that he could face me - that he'd run off or something. You know, a mother's typical worrying. Anyway, he eventually dragged his sorry ass through the door into the kitchen. He looked like hell."

"It was hard to keep a straight face while I pretended to scold him for not telling me he was going to be late. When I finished I asked, 'Well, where's my kiss? Don't you love your mom?'"

"God, Jen, you should have seen how his face fell! It looked like he was going to throw up any second. He swallowed very hard and pecked my cheek and I said 'That's more like it, but I think you can do better, especially after the past few days.'

"He sat down, and stared at the table top. He couldn't bring himself to look at me. He said we had to talk about what was happening before, that it wasn't right what he had done."

"I came right back at him with 'I liked it, and it sure seemed as though you did too.'

"I remember exactly what he said to me then, Jen. He looked me straight in the eye then and said point blank, 'This is so hard, Mom, but I've got to tell you something before I go mad. Do you know I've been trying to seduce you for the last several weeks? I wanted to have sex with you, Mom.'"

"I nodded and looked straight back at him and just said 'Yes, I know, son.'"

"The poor boy just lost it at that point. He sat there with tears streaming down his face, saying he couldn't understand why I didn't hate him, why I didn't disown him and throw him out of the house, what a terrible person he was."

"I told him that what he tried to do was the most monumentally stupid act of his young life, but what he was now experiencing was what happened when naive young men tried to play high stakes, grown up games with their mothers. I said he could have very easily destroyed our relationship for the rest of our lives. Then I dropped the bomb on him."

"I told him 'linda' gave him some priceless counsel and the only reason he wasn't walking down the street with his suitcase in hand was because he was now being totally honest with me and that he was smart enough to have followed 'linda's' very good advice. He just sat there with his mouth hanging open. I got up then and hugged him and told him it was okay, that I forgave him, because he was still my son and I still loved him very much."

At this point, Marsh broke down a little bit and apologized. "Sorry, Jen. I still get very emotional when I think about that moment. You're the only person I've ever told about this. You have no idea how much it means to be able to talk with someone who understands what I went through."

"Nonsense, Marsh. Skin sisters, remember? It's a privilege to hear this from you. Now, here's a Kleenex. Relax a bit and then you can finish the story."

After a couple of minutes, Marsh gathered herself and continued. "I told him how I came across his nasty little forum and how I read everything in the thread and with 'linda,' and how that made me feel. After that, I needed to get Shawn settled down so we could talk some more, so I did what mothers always do to get their sons back on an even keel."

Mom laughed delightedly. "You fed him!"

Marsh began laughing too. "Yup. I fried up a couple of steaks, baked some potatoes and made a salad. I even let him have a beer."

Mom was still chortling. "The one page men's maintenance manual. Feed me, fuck me, let me sleep in."

"Yes, but that's getting a little ahead of the game."

"What happened next?"

"I fed him his dinner and just sat with him and was good old comforting, reassuring Mom, trying to get him out of his hurt puppy mode. He seemed to be more relaxed after he wolfed down his supper and it looked like he could hardly believe that the sky hadn't fallen. I got him up from the table and went into the family room and sat him on the sofa."

"I put myself right next to him, our legs touching and said 'Cards on the table time, Shawn. Can you be totally honest with me again?' For a minute, he looked like he was going to bolt out of the room, but then he settled down. 'I just have a few more questions and then we can put this all behind us, okay?'

He seemed relieved to hear that and he said to go ahead. 'Those things you said to 'Linda,' about being 'in love' with me as a woman, are they really true?' He was having a hard time speaking at that point, but he nodded 'yes.' 'Do you still want to sleep with me?' Again, he nodded 'yes.'"

"Then I asked him to think very carefully before answering my next question, which was 'How do you think I feel about you right now, as a son and a man? He said he thought that I was probably very disappointed and disgusted."

"What if I told you that your little game had its desired effect on me, that I was seriously considering become intimate with my own son?' I asked next."

"He said, 'I don't think I could ever believe that, after how I behaved.'"

"Do you think now that you're going to fuck your mom?"

"He just shook his head. By now he was getting close to tears again and my heart went out to him. He was really in agony."

"I took a deep breath at that point and jumped off the cliff. I told him, 'Well, you're going to have to revise your thinking on that point, because I want you now too, Shawn. You're not going to fuck your mom, but you are going to make love with her, starting right now.'

I took him by the hand then and led him to my bedroom. As we were walking up the stairs, I kissed him and said 'The world is a cruel, uncaring and uncertain place, and a son's time with his mother is precious.'"

"God, Marsh, what a story! You were so brave, I can't believe it! I could never have handled that the way you did, not in a million years." Mom paused for a moment. "How was it, that first time?" she whispered.

"Shawn was awkward, over-excited and clumsy," Marsh giggled. "But it didn't matter, it was still perfect. He only lasted about a minute, but then I was right there with him. When he came inside me, that first time, it was indescribable. I went off like a kilo of C4 and scratched his back bloody. That cum made everything I did with Mr. Big earlier that day seem like a fart in a wet paper bag, I'm telling you. He was ready to go again in about two minutes (God, aren't young men wonderful?) and did a little better technique-wise, but still needed some encouragement and coaching. Even so, I came just like the first time the minute he creamed me again. I couldn't believe how that set me off."

"We did it three more times that night and it just got better and better. By the time we finished around four in the morning, I was a goner. Never in my life, ever, had I been fucked like Shawn did me. Everything he did, I could just feel this incredible combination of amazed adoration and blazing lust absolutely radiating from him, like a sexual blast furnace. I have never felt so completely and totally loved and desired in my whole life, Jen. That night, he truly gave me his heart and I felt the same way about him. I haven't looked back since and have not had even one minute of regret."

Marsh's voice dropped to the point where I couldn't hear her any more and I could tell she and Mom were whispering something to each other, giggling. Then Marsh spoke up in a normal voice.

"Why don't you come in and sit with us and hear the rest of the story, Rick?"

I stepped into the kitchen, wearing a shit-eating grin and throbbing erection, both Marsh and Mom smiling at my discomfiture. Mom grabbed me by the hand and pulled me to her side.

"Ricky, you are sooo busted!"

"Guilty as charged, Mom. Am I grounded?" I asked, slipping my arm around her shoulders.

Marsh smiled and got up to freshen her cup of coffee, pausing to kiss my cheek.

"It's perfectly okay, Rick. I would have told you the story anyway, if you hadn't already been around."

Seating herself again, Marsh smoothed her skirt and sipped from her mug. I sat down next to Mom, pulling her out of her chair into my lap, her arms around my neck as she settled in. Marsh smiled as Mom got comfortable. "I just love looking at the two of you together, Jen. It helps keep me sane when Shawn can't be with me and reminds me how lucky I am."

"Anyway, to continue. The next morning, I called the school and put Shawn in as sick for the rest of the week. We ate, napped just a little and made like minks for three days straight. By the time the weekend rolled around, we were both so tired and sore, we slept for almost eighteen hours. The rest of the weekend, when we weren't making love, we talked about the future."

"There was a boatload of stuff that had to be worked out. We had to deal with our commitment to each other, what we expected and the ground rules now that we were together. The only time I got upset was when Shawn said he wanted to change his college plans and stay local to be with me. It was so sweet and downright stupid at the same time, it made me want to cry."

"I took a deep breath and told him to bear with me, because I was going to have to stop being his lover for a minute and go into 'mom mode.' I said that a young man with his abilities simply did not walk away from early admission and a full ride at Tech just to get laid more often, regardless of how much he loved his girl."

"I explained that I wanted us to be together for the long haul, but that he was still young and had some more maturing to do and that being away at college was essential for that. It was so hard, but I told him I couldn't see any other way to test and strengthen our relationship, to make sure it would last. I knew I was taking a risk that he might find someone his own age, but I didn't see any other way around the problem. So, we agreed that he would go to Tech and I would go see him every other weekend, except during exams."

"It turned out that my worries were just that, a few unfounded fears. Once we were together, Shawn absolutely blossomed for his senior year. He became so assured, so confident and outgoing, it was like night and day."

"There was one Friday when he came home from school, sometime in early December, I think it was. I was really randy for some reason. I don't know why, because we were making love at least once a day, and he had taken me in front of the stove that morning before he left for school."

Marsh paused for a moment and then asked rhetorically, "Jen, what is it about the kitchen that sets a son off? I swear, if I didn't know any better, I'd say that bending me over the sink and hiking my skirt up is Shawn's favorite position. We did that so often, I stopped wearing panties when he was home. And I still don't!"

Pausing her story to sip her coffee, she asked, "You know what he wanted for his 21st birthday? I was all set to show him a wonderful night on the town, fancy dinner and drinks, dancing, a little clubbing, the whole nine yards, but he didn't want that. He said, 'Mom, all I want is for you to fix me a steak and salad – just wearing your apron.'"

"So, that's exactly what I did," Marsh continued. "I added my own touch, putting on a garter belt, seamed stockings and high heels. He went absolutely apeshit, Jen! First, he put me on the counter top and ate me to a couple of juicy cums. Then he laid me over the kitchen table and took me quickly from behind. He came in just a couple of minutes but stayed totally hard in me, he was so excited. Then it was doggie style on the floor for almost a half hour – I came twice again before he did."

The only reason we stopped was because my knees and elbows were getting sore," she confessed with a throaty laugh. "Of course, my nice new stockings were totally ruined at that point, but it was so worth it!"

"Needless to say," she went on, "Dinner got cold. After I cried 'Uncle', Shawn picked me up and carried me into the den, tucking me in with a couple of blankets on the sofa. He brought our dinner out, along with a fancy bottle of wine he bought for the occasion. We sat and ate and drank, watching movies the rest of the evening. In the end, I think I enjoyed our kitchen sex and cuddling even more than if we had gone out like I planned."

"Oh yes," Mom agreed. "The kitchen is, uhm, a special place for Ricky and me also."

She went on to describe our first time there, after our reconciliation, omitting a few of the more intimate, kinky details. "I guess, in the end it's all about love and comfort," Mom concluded. "It's a natural extension of a mother and son being together. I'd bet you that any son who's ever dreamed about doing his mom has at least one fantasy scenario that involves the kitchen."

"You know, Jen, I have to confess that it gives me a thrill to do Shawn there too. I guess it's just the sheer perversity of the idea. After all, when you think about how much traditional mothering actually happens there, it feels like a real taboo place, almost like fucking in church."

"Marsh, you don't me to say that you and Shawn have..."

"Oh, goodness, no. As much as I like the idea of breaking rules, that's just too risky. Anyway, I don't think we need the extra kick from something like that. Things are hot and heavy enough all by themselves, just knowing my son is my lover."

Sitting back in her chair, Marsh stretched and took a long pull from her coffee mug, briefly lost in thought as she got back on track with her story.

"Anyway, back to that December Friday. Even though we did the nasty in the kitchen that morning, there it was - I needed to fuck my son, again. When Shawn walked in the door, I was upstairs in our bed, naked and waiting. When he found me, he stripped down in about ten seconds and we had a lovely, sweet session."

"What I remember was that his cell phone went off nearly a dozen times while we made love, not a big deal, but a bit annoying. Afterwards, while we were showering together, he apologized and promised that he would make sure to silence his cell in the future."

"Jen, those calls were all from girls, wanting to know what he was doing for the weekend! One called three different times! Shawn was chuckling as he paged through the messages. He said, 'You know Mom, it's so ironic. Just a few months ago I would have sold my soul to have girls pursuing me like this. Now though, I can't be bothered. A high school teenager just can't compete with a beautiful, intelligent woman. I admit it - I'm spoiled forever. I have everything I'll ever need right here at home.'"

"What could I do after that, Jen? I took him straight back to bed and ravished him until dinnertime. That was the real turning point in our relationship - it was then that I truly knew we were going to make it work. What a great moment that was!"

"So that's how it is. Shawn is busting his ass for us now, hoping to graduate a semester early. He's still got a year to go and he's already getting job offers, good ones. He's started to get after me lately, says he wants me to go back to school and finish getting my degree in design and architecture when he graduates! I'm thinking about it very seriously. I can't believe how much our life has changed in the past two years - I have to pinch myself to confirm it's all really happened."

"Anyway, that's the Readers Digest version of Shawn and me. How about you two? Anything new? You're still both honeymooners in effect."

Mom took a reflective sip of her own coffee before she replied.

"Yes and no, I suppose. I guess the novelty of things, the excitement of exploring with your new lover is there, but there are incredible differences, too. I'm amazed at how settled, how grounded I feel now. I know with absolute certainty who I'll be spending the rest of my life with. I feel, well, complete in a way I would never have thought possible in the past. It's complicated but simple all at once. I don't think I could have a warmer, closer, or more romantic relationship with any other man, but at the same time, I feel so excited, so wicked to be sleeping with my own son!"

"Listen to me ramble on, Marsh," Mom blushed. "It's almost impossible to describe, but I know it's right and it's what was meant to be for us."

"Actually, I think you said it pretty well, Jen."

"Marsh, I can't get over how different your relationship started compared to us, but how similar things ended up. I told Ricky during the first night we were together that I had been a fool for taking so long to be with him, making him wait and putting up with so much emotional idiocy from me, but he wouldn't hear of it," she said, running her fingers through my hair.

"It's true, Mom," I confirmed. "I think it all unfolded the way it did for a reason. Everything that happened, good and bad, got us to a place where we truly understood what we meant to one another. I'm positive that your conversation with Mom when she came back from Vancouver was a key moment too, Marsh."

"I didn't feel it at the time," Mom interjected, "But by the next morning, it became clear that what you said in the kitchen had a big subconscious impact on me. It freed me from worry about outside issues and allowed me to focus on what was important between my son and me. We owe you a huge debt."

"I'm glad I was of help. It's wonderful to think I had at least a small role in the creation of something so beautiful."

"Did you guys ever have any more contact with 'Linda?'" Mom asked.

"Oh, yes," Marsh affirmed. "I had Shawn initiate a chat with her the next day. I got online with her and gave her the scoop on our confrontation, how well Shawn handled himself, how proud I was of him. I thanked her from the bottom of my heart and Shawn did too. Then I told her we were together. She was initially surprised, but then thrilled for us. I told her I was going to light a candle in her son's memory the next time I went to Mass. She said I was going to make her cry, but she was honored we thought of him that way. Long story short, we began having private chatroom sessions from time to time and within a month, Shawn sent her a webcam with instructions on how to set up sessions. We Skype at least twice a week. She's now one of my closest friends."

"Speaking of videoconferencing, would it be okay if I told Linda (that is her real name, after all) a little about you guys? - No identifying details, of course."

I glanced at Mom and she nodded. "I think it's fine, Marsh. We'll leave it to your discretion how much you want to tell her."

"Thanks, Rick. I think she'll get a real lift out of your experience. I always thought is was very romantic and inspiring."

"You can add one detail to our story if you like, Marsh," Mom quietly added.

"What's that, Jen?"

"I'm pregnant."

Marsh just sat there stunned for almost thirty seconds, mouth hanging open, speechless in shock, glancing back and forth between us, at a complete loss for words.

I chuckled and supplied her with her own response.

"I think the term you're looking for here is 'OMFG', Marsh."

"Jesus, you didn't waste a minute, did you, Jen? Did you plan on this? Aren't you, ummm, worried about the baby, if it's going to be, uh, completely healthy?" Marsh asked with concern.

"Marsh, once I knew we were going to be lovers, it never occurred to me NOT to do this," Mom said emphatically. "As far as I'm concerned, it comes with the package. If I'm going to fuck my own son, live the rest of my life with him, then by God, I'm going to have his children too. Anyway, about the other thing – I did do my homework. Given my age as well as the genetic aspect, I was worried at first. It wasn't easy to track down the information, but in the end, it seemed as though the risks of us being related were only a bit more than those any other woman my age might have for something like Down's syndrome."

"What about you Rick? How do you feel about all this?" Marsh inquired.

"We talked about it a lot, Marsh. In the end, we just knew that regardless, any child we had was going to be loved to death, no matter what. Anyway, how can you not want to have children with the woman you love?" I asked back. "Besides, once you've become a motherfucker, how many other taboos are really left? Mom and I are going to have a family together because that's what real couples do. Why should we be any different from anyone else?"

"That's well said, Rick. Bravo."

"I have to admit, though, Mom and I agree that it's also an incredible turn on for both of us," I added with a smile. "I guess we also like breaking all the rules."

"Well, congratulations – it's wonderful news. I can't wait to tell Shawn. I have to say though, I think I'm getting a bit jealous."

"Have you and Shawn talked at all about it?" Mom asked.

"No, Jen, we've been concentrating on getting him graduated and finding a job."

"You really should have a discussion with him," I suggested. "I admit I don't know Shawn that well, but I think you might be very surprised at how he feels. Talk some more with Mom too. She's not an expert, but we've both learned a lot over the past few months. Mom was thinking about it and looking at the risks from the beginning."

"I will most definitely do that, Rick. Wow, you guys have really got me thinking now. You're a bunch of enablers, that's what you are!" she laughingly scolded.

With that, Marsh drained her mug and stood. "Well, I need to get home and have a nice hot soak. My poor little tush needs some R&R."

As she opened the back door, I called to her. "Say hi to Mr. Big for us!"

Mom was scandalized. "Ricky!" she yelled, punching my arm.

Marsh just laughed. "Is he too old to spank, Jen?"

"I'd do it in a minute if I didn't think he'd get off from it. See ya, Marsh."

"Later, Jen. Behave yourself, Rick," she called out over her shoulder as she went out the door, hips swaying.

These thoughts and recollections were running through my head as we cleaned up and got ready for the welcome party for Mom. She decided we should shower separately, as there was some doubt that we would get out on time if we got started again with any good clean fun. I had to admit she was probably correct, so I acquiesced and let her bathe first. When I came out of the shower, toweling my hair, Mom was putting the finishing touches on her makeup.

Glancing at me by way of the mirror, she regarded me gravely for a moment and asked, "Are you ready for the reception, darling?"

"Yes, I am, m- Jen."

"We can't have any slip ups, Ricky, either of us," she reminded me seriously, easing her reminder with a small smile.

"My game face is on, gorgeous. I'm not going to let anything ruin what we have together. Once we step out that door, it's Jenny, Jen, Jennifer no matter what," I reassured her.

"Thanks, sweetie pie. I know I can count on you," she smiled, relief in her voice. "I also know I really don't have to remind you, it's just..."

"It's just what moms do, pretty lady," I chuckled. "I'm well-used to it and I truly don't mind."

"Also, just remember this, gorgeous, behind closed doors at home, and especially between the sheets, you're always my beautiful, loving mother."

"You're such a sweetheart, son of mine. You make me feel so special," she sighed, a small catch in her voice.

"Only what my queen deserves, nothing more. Now, lets see what ensemble you're favoring us with today."

She was wearing the same outfit she went to the deposition in, back in early summer. The combination of the green silk blouse, black skirt and matching jacket looked just as gorgeous today as it did before, but with one difference.

I came up behind her, encircling her waist with my arms, nuzzling her hair. Pulling her coiffure to one side, I kissed the juncture of her shoulder and neck, lightly nibbling. Sighing, Mom leaned back into me, rubbing her ass against my perpetual boner.

"Mmmmmm, you're absolutely determined to make us late, aren't you Ricky?"

"You're the guest of honor Mom, by definition, you can't be late."

"You know that's not true, you naughty boy. Now, settle down and let me finish here."

I ran my hands up under the front of her jacket and received a surprise.

"Mom, you're not wearing a bra!"

"No shit, Sherlock," Mom laughed. "Nobody can tell with the jacket I'm wearing – only you and I will know. I like how the silk feels on my nipples," she confessed with a whisper.

Caressing her tits one last time, I gave each of her tips a light tweak through the satiny fabric of her blouse and turned her around to face me.

Kissing me lightly, she cooed and undid the towel at my waist. As it dropped to the floor, she gave me a couple of quick strokes, pausing once to cup my balls, tracing her finger lightly along my taint.

"Careful, lady," I growled. "That thing's loaded and might go off."

"I'm finding I like living on the edge," she teased, eyes sparkling. Giving me one last squeeze, she stepped away, laughing. "Now, put that monster away before someone gets hurt," she admonished. "I'm going to pick out your tie."

"God, you're a hard woman. Don't you feel guilty teasing me like that?"

"And you're a harder man, exactly the way I like 'em. And no, I don't feel the least bit guilty. Every woman needs a hobby."

Laughing, I smacked her bottom as she walked to our suitcases.

"Ouch! You're a beast, beating on your poor mother like that!" she complained, absently rubbing her buttock. "Now, where did I put that red-striped Brioni?"

Almost miraculously, we managed to finish getting ready without any further molestations. Just as she was making the final, motherly adjustments to my appearance (Moms will always and forever fuss about how their sons look before big social events, what's a guy to do?), the phone rang. The front desk informed us that our limo was ready and asked us to be in the lobby in five minutes.

We were initially taken to the practice's offices for a reception. It was illuminating to watch Mom in her own element, something I had seldom seen before. I had always known that she was an accomplished attorney, based on her rapid rise to partnership and the amount of responsibility she had in the practice, as well as her handsome income, but to see her interacting with her colleagues put an entirely different spin on things.

It became very clear in watching her that she wasn't simply thought to be merely a good lawyer, she was considered an authority in her area of expertise. A sort of informal, jovial testing seemed to be going on as she talked with her new partners, being sounded out on complex and controversial issues in her specialty as well as more wide-ranging legal issues. Through it all, I could see her new associates gradually becoming more and more impressed with her acumen as her friendly interrogation progressed. I could also tell from some not-so-covert glances that her physical charms were not going unappreciated, either.

I was surprised that I didn't feel jealous at all the attention she was receiving. If anything, I felt even more proud of her as my mother and my lover than I had at any previous time. It really hit home then how unbelievably fortunate I really was. I smiled and thought to myself, "Rick, you are one lucky motherfucker."

"Are you enjoying our little gathering, then?"

I was startled out of my reverie by a deep voice next to me. It belonged to an imposing figure, an elderly, cue-ball bald gentleman, sporting a quintessentially English, Harris Tweed three-piece suit. He had an honest-to-god, old fashioned, golden pince-nez perched on his hawk-like nose. Even accounting for his age-related stoop, he towered over me by a good three inches. He looked to be around seventy years old, but was lean and fit in appearance.

Holding out his hand, he offered an introduction. "Richard, I'm Seamus MacLeish. My brother Archie runs the practice. He's the one who persuaded your lovely lady to join this band of pirates. I'm more or less retired," he went on to explain. "But they do trot me out from time to time for occasions like this."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. MacLeish."

"Please, don't stand on ceremony, I insist. I'm 'Shay' or, if you prefer, 'Clay' to my friends."

"Thanks. Please call me Rick. Can you explain 'Clay' to me?"

"It dates back to my time at University. It's short for 'Claymore' – I did some sabre fencing in my undergraduate days."

"Clay it is, then," I affirmed.

"I hope you're not feeling left out of the festivities. I would guess you understand that Jennifer tends to draw a crowd wherever she is. She has a rare combination of intellect, grace and beauty that few women are blessed with."

"Actually, I spend most of my time thinking that I'm the one who's blessed, Clay. I'm very, very lucky."

"That you are, my friend. I'm glad you recognize that." Changing the subject, he began his own polite interrogation. "I understand you're in the restaurant business."

"Soon to be, I hope. I'm looking to find a suitable location to open my own place once we get moved."

"I may be able to be of assistance to you in that regard."

"I couldn't possibly impose on you for something like that, especially on such short acquaintance."

"And I normally wouldn't make such an offer to someone I didn't know well, but you must remember you are part of our professional family now. Besides, I have at least two ulterior motives, if you will allow me to explain."

"First, I have an entire career's worth of connections in this city, including in commercial real estate. I know where most of the bodies are buried," he grinned. "If there's anything I can do that will make Jennifer's start here less stressful, either directly or indirectly, I'm going to pursue that. It's in the interests of the practice. That would include reducing her worries about the inception of your own business."

"Secondly, I have a selfish reason for helping you. I'm the chair of the local gourmet society. Fine dining has been a passion of mine for almost fifty years. I'll not pass up an opportunity to cultivate a relationship with an up and coming new chef if I can help it."

As Shay described his intentions, it became clear that I had stumbled on to an unexpected piece of good luck and a broad grin broke across my face. "In that case, I'll accept gratefully. We can discuss this more over dinner, if you like."

"It will be a pleasure, my boy, let me assure you."

Feeling a hand on my shoulder, I turned to find Mom standing behind me.

"Rick, I'd like you to meet Archie MacLeish."

Archibald MacLeish was very much Seamus' brother, except where Clay was somewhat stooped, Archibald was, at ten years younger, still ramrod straight. He was easily as trim and fit as his elder brother, if not more so, but where the elder MacLeish sported a gleaming pate, Archibald had a muddy, unruly mop of red hair gone most of the way to silver-gray. No pince-nez for the younger MacLeish, though. A pair of utilitarian reading glasses hung around his neck, suspended from a silver chain. Where the elder brother favored rustic tweed, Archibald clearly leaned to Saville Row, as evidenced by a very elegant, worsted gray wool suit. He was my height, looking me directly in the eye as we shook hands.

"Rick, it is truly a pleasure to meet you. I had always wondered what kind of a man had captured Jennifer's heart. I must confess though, I had pictured someone a bit different."

"Did I really give you the impression of someone different, Archie?" Mom inquired.

"I suppose I just assumed that a lady as talented, educated and cultured as you would have landed a massively successful, 'captain of industry' type. You know, weekends yachting in the Hamptons, a box at the Met and philanthropy, that sort of thing," he laughed easily. "Just goes to show how dangerous assumptions can be."

"I guess I'm just a little less conventional than you imagined, Archie," Mom stated drily.

I struggled to maintain my composure after hearing Mom's retort, nearly choking on my drink. "I guess you could say we're a somewhat less than usual couple," I agreed, and then it was Mom's turn to suppress a laugh. "Even so, it works for us. I can't imagine being with anyone else, " I affirmed.

Mom stepped up next to me and slipped her arm around my waist. "Same for me, Archie. What's not to like? Talented, hard working, romantic and handsome, this one is. Of course, I'll need to take him down a couple of notches after all those compliments, but that's for later," Mom laughed.

"Jen, I thought it was agreed that we would keep the sadomasochistic elements of our relationship a secret," I joked, a deadpan expression on my face.

Archibald and Seamus paused and looked at me in shock, not sure that they had actually heard what I just said. When I grinned and winked at them, they simultaneously snorted in their drinks, setting up a stereophonic coughing spell.

Dabbing, the front of his suit with his handkerchief, Archie cleared his throat, eyes watering, while Clay struggled to get his breath back.

"Oh, and did I mention he has a wicked sense of humor, too?" Mom's tinkling laugh attracting all eyes in the room to us.

Finally regaining his composure, Clay put his arm over my shoulder, turning to his brother. "By God, Arch, I think we need to get to know this young man better. I'm beginning to appreciate what Jennifer must see in you."

"Speaking of which," Archie interjected, "Would I be out of line in inquiring how you two met? You two seem so well matched to each other, it's immediately apparent that you share a very close bond."

I glanced at Mom, waiting for her to take the lead. We had discussed things before we left the hotel and knew this was likely to come up.

"We've known each other for quite a few years, Archie," she explained. "There's always been a strong attraction, but neither of use was in a position in our lives to do anything about it until recently. Our careers were starting to move us away from each other and I guess, when we thought about it, we didn't want that to end our friendship. Over the past several months, we finally acknowledged what was really there between us. Things have been wonderful since then. I sometimes find myself wondering why we waited so long."

Archie nodded in assent. "Often those things which are most important in our daily existence are under our very noses, and we don't recognize them because they are too close to us. When we are forced to step back, then we see what is truly valuable in our lives."

Clay turned to me and asked, "What about you Rick? I know Jennifer's story, the tragedy of her parents, her estranged son living in New York. I'm curious about your family. Do you have any relatives in the Pacific Northwest?"

"No, Clay. My only living relative is my mother."

"I see. If it's not out of line, may I ask what she thinks about you and Jennifer?"

"Oh, she's always been my biggest supporter and fully approves of me and Jen," I replied, glancing at Mom.

Mom quickly took a sip from her drink, eyes dancing as she returned my glance. I was beginning to get a little nervous about the direction of our conversation, but Mom seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. Still, there were obviously no flies on the MacLeish brothers and I was starting to worry that I might let something slip or create an inconsistency I couldn't explain away. Once again, Mom saved my bacon.

"I think it's safe to say that Rick's mother and I get along very well. It's really a shame that you probably won't get to meet her – she doesn't travel on account of her agoraphobia and Manitoba is a long ways from here."

Archie and Seamus made some sympathetic noises in my direction, which I acknowledged and then Mom stepped up to the helm, steering the good ship Incest away from the reef of discovery.

"Clay, I understand that you have invested a significant amount of effort in selecting the site of our dinner this evening. I'd love to hear what you decided on."

With that, Seamus was off to the races, giving Mom and me a blow-by-blow description of the plans for our evening meal. I heaved a large mental sigh of relief and fully relaxed for the first time since our arrival.

We mingled for another hour or so, getting to meet the other partners in the firm as well as the support staff. A couple of the paralegals and one of the female associates had me in their sights briefly, but when it became clear I only had eyes for my beautiful lady, they retracted their hooks and skulked off in search of other prey. I could tell Mom found their interactions with me to be highly amusing. I knew that I'd be in for unmerciful ribbing once we got back to the hotel, but what can you do?

Eventually, the reception broke up and the MacLeishes and a couple of other senior partners took us to dinner at a small, unpretentious bistro overlooking Coal Harbor.

"I know it doesn't look like much," Seamus explained, "But I can absolutely guarantee you that you will be having some of the finest, freshest seafood in the city tonight. Also, essentially everything else you put in your mouth this evening is locally grown. I can recommend the mussels and halibut without reservation, but I have it on good authority that the chef also has taken delivery on some live Geoduck, if your tastes run in that direction."

"Gooley duck?" Mom asked.

"Local giant clams, Jen," I explained. "They live three to four feet beneath the surface in tidal mud flats."

"The name is based on local Indian dialect, meaning 'to dig deep'," Archie added. "They are a highly sought after delicacies in the Far East. The Japanese have been known to pay up to two hundred dollars a pound for them, so most of the harvest goes to export."

"Well, I know that I don't need to look at the menu, if the chef has them," I stated. "I'm in your debt, Clay. I've always wanted to try them and now I'll have the opportunity."

"Count me in as well," Mom declared. "I'm always up for an eating adventure."

"Bravo," Seamus applauded. "Nothing like jumping in with both feet, I always say. I admire the adventurous spirit you both show."

The waiter made his appearance and we placed our orders. By way of another friendly test, Seamus deferred the choice of wines to me. I negotiated a tasting flight of five wines with the sommelier, Seamus arching his eyebrow in polite surprise at several of my choices.

I explained how I planned to drink my choices, emphasizing the pairings with the different modes of preparation of the clams, one to go with the garlic wine sauté, another for the sashimi with mirin, the third with the traditional spicy Korean recipe, and so on. He was politely skeptical at first, but as we worked our way through the meal, he was very pleasantly surprised by several of the combinations, raising my stock considerably.

Having finally established my bona fides to his satisfaction, Seamus and I launched into an in depth discussion of my restaurant plans and by the time dessert rolled around, we had formulated a plan of action for the following day. He actually took time to call a friend, one of the most knowledgeable commercial realtors in the city, to set up an exploration for us the following morning. It was agreed that Mom would accompany us so as to get a feel for the city, which I would have insisted on anyway. The following day would be devoted to her visiting her new practice during working hours, while Seamus would take me out to lunch. Our visit was shaping into quite the whirlwind.

Back in the hotel that evening, I was surprised that Mom did not tease me immediately about the women who were scoping me out at the reception. She must have been exceptionally horny, because she wasted no time in getting my head under her dress, basically pushing me to the floor of the entryway in our suite and straddling my face the moment the door was closed.

I found her crotch soaked and her thighs slick with woman juice. The air under the skirt was thick with her scent, a veritable hothouse of damp panties, matted, wet pubic hair and slick, engorged labia. I felt like I was slipping into a thick fogbank of aroused female essence. She pulled the gusset of her panties to one side as she lowered herself to my eager mouth, her fingers on either side of her petals as she opened her flower to my tongue.

Needless to say, I enjoyed my second dessert.

After eating her to two quick, but intense climaxes, I was finally able to maneuver her out of her clothes and into our bed, where I promptly got rode hard and put up wet. To continue the mixed metaphor, when Mom gets the bit between her teeth, it's best to let her have her way, and that night was no exception. I was well rewarded for my patience, though.

As we cuddled in the afterglow, catching our breath, Mom idly traced her fingers over my chest and abdomen while I held her under my arm.

"I'm not wearing you out, am I Ricky?"

"Not a chance, Mom."

"I did warn you how horny I get when I'm pregnant."

"You certainly did. I may be tired, but I'm not complaining. If it gets to be too much, I can start mainlining Cialis. That, popsicle sticks and duct tape should do the trick."

"You're impossibly silly. Now, it's time to sleep," she smiled. "I want you fully rested for my wake up fuck tomorrow."

"Oh God, back to the salt mines."

"I love you too, Ricky. Now, let's get some rest."

The next day, we found out that the real estate agent was indeed as good as Seamus made him out to be. After only about an hour of discussion about my needs, he found five solid possibilities available for immediate lease. We never even got to numbers four or five, because our third stop was perfect.

Consisting of half of an old three story brick mercantile establishment near the edge of the Gastown district, the building had been recently gutted, the first floor ceiling knocked out and the third floor converted to a spacious apartment. It had the perfect ambience I was seeking, light, airy and quiet, with the added bonus of very high ceilings since the second floor had been essentially removed. Warm hardwood floors and old fashioned plaster lath walls mixed with bare brick completed the appearance. The high ceiling would allow for subtle, indirect soft lighting and a number of natural alcoves provided the opportunity for semi-private, romantic booths.

Mom and I only needed about ten minutes of discussion to make up our minds. By five o'clock that day, we were sitting down with the owner, negotiating the terms. We ended up getting an agreement to combine the three upstairs units into one and got excellent terms on the downstairs as well, with an option for purchase. Once again, Mom was in her element, raising my admiration and love to new heights. That poor building owner never knew what hit him after the bargaining was over.

The following day, we almost didn't make it out to our respective appointments on time, as an intended quick shower together somehow turned into an extended bout of intense anal sex, Mom coming to a shrieking orgasm that had the people in the adjacent suite calling the front desk to complain about the noise.

As we staggered out of the shower, Mom glanced at the clock and swore, "Shit! I've only got 5 minutes to get ready!"

Quickly slipping into her underwear and pantyhose, she donned a blouse and pulled a skirt from the suitcase, and gave it a shake, pulling it over her hips. Glancing over her shoulder as she dashed to the bathroom for her makeup, she called to me.

"Ricky, find me an extra pair of panties and put them in my purse, please."

"Mom?"

"When your son shoots a pint of sperm up your ass, you need to plan ahead, love," she explained merrily. "I can't afford to be leaking during my meeting today. Actually, now that I think about it, be a darling and get me a pack of Kleenex too."

"You got it, my beautiful butt slut."

"God, you're impossible. How am I going to survive the next forty or fifty years?" she asked, rolling her eyes to the heavens.

"Very happily, I hope."

While Mom put the finishing touches on her mascara and lipstick, I had an evil idea. Moving quickly to the wastebasket by our bed, I rummaged until I found the cork from a bottle of wine we had shared the previous evening.

As she swept by me towards the door, I presented it to her with a flourish, waggling my eyebrows.

"Just in case, Mom."

"Jesus H. Christ, Ricky! You are soooo gross sometimes, I want to smack you!" she scolded, also laughing at the same time. Eyes dancing with mirth, she stepped up and gave me a toe-curling kiss.

"I love you, son. Now, I gotta run. Try not to get in too much trouble today. I don't have enough ready cash for bail money."

Also laughing, I kissed back as good as I got. "Love you too, Mom. I'll try to behave. See you later."

Two days later, we were back in New Jersey. If I thought our life was moving quickly before, I was sadly mistaken. We had slightly less than three weeks to get the house on the market, arrange movers and get back to Vancouver. Thank god for Marsh and Shawn. They agreed to keep an eye on the place and keep tabs on how the realtor was doing for us. The movers came about a week after we got back and then, suddenly we were at loose ends.

Mom and I were sitting in the back yard, holding hands, legs dangling in the pool, idly kicking the water as we watched the last of our possessions being taken out of the house to the moving van. It was a wonderful, warm, clear morning, with perfect temperatures and blessedly low humidity, one of the nicest days we'd had in a month. I think we were both feeling a strange combination of excitement and sadness, on one hand looking forward to our new life together, but also thoughts very much on the memories we were leaving behind. I believe we were both remembering Gramps and Nana quite a bit at that moment as well.

We had made arrangements to stay in a motel for about a week before we left for Vancouver, but I don't think we were really looking forward to it. We were discussing how to fill our time until our departure date, when I had an idea.

"Mom, I just had a thought."

"Imagine that. So you're not just a boy-toy then?" she teased.

"I'm trying to be serious here, woman. Show a little respect, if you please."

Leaning her head on my shoulder, she squeezed my hand. "Say away, my son."

"I think we should have a honeymoon."

"Beg pardon?"

"Why are we staying here, Mom? You submitted your letter of resignation before we even left to visit your new practice and Louie doesn't really need me right now, since the summer rush has ended. What do you say we just pack up, get in the car and start driving west?"

"It's a wonderful idea, Ricky! Why didn't I think of that?"

"If we left today, we would probably get to Vancouver about 2 or 3 days before the van is scheduled to show up. That would be just about right to start getting the apartment ready. We could pick up an inflatable bed and rough it until the furniture arrives."

"I love it, darling. It makes me feel so...so bohemian, so spontaneous. Do you think we should plan any reservations, or a particular itinerary?"

"I'd like to be as footloose as possible, but let me get my laptop and we'll figure out a general route."

We quickly decided on a northerly pathway, taking us to Cleveland, Chicago and Minneapolis, then through Montana and on to Spokane and finally, to Bellevue and Puget Sound. With the decision made, we were almost as giddy as children, straining at the leash to get going. We walked across the street to Marsh for a heartfelt, slightly tearful goodbye, threw our suitcases in the car and headed down the street.

We didn't look back.

The trip to Vancouver was amazing. I could spend a hundred pages just recounting the memories from that week alone. The overwhelming recollection of the trip for me though, was and always will be the first real taste of freedom we had as a couple. While we were at home, there was always the need to be careful when out in town, not knowing if we might run into a neighbor or business associate or client of Mom's. To be an anonymous pair, just Rick and Jenny, lovers and self-acknowledged spouses, was a luxury almost beyond comprehension. Simple things like holding hands when walking down a street or kissing in public were special events, to be savored and appreciated at every opportunity.

Oh, yes – then there was the sex.

I already thought Mom was hotter than a Saturday Night Special, but I was unprepared for the onslaught which developed as we traveled across the country. Perhaps some of what I experienced was simply the hormonal effects of her pregnancy, but I truly believe that Mom experienced a real sensual rebirth when we put New Jersey behind us. In surrendering herself to her incestuous desires, she opened a floodgate of long-suppressed carnality that I don't think even she was fully aware of.

Mom loved to fuck. Period. End of story. She was game for anything at any time and seemed to become aroused at a speed that even I could barely keep up with sometimes. That was an eye-opening discovery for a twenty-two year old guy with an already insatiable lust for his mother, I can tell you. I probably should have realized what I was going to be subjected to when we finished packing the car and motored down Middlebury Drive for the last time.

Mom was wearing a brand new, sea green sundress, which ended above her knees (after our Fourth of July celebration, I became a BIG fan of that style and I encouraged her to add as many as we could find to her wardrobe). The color harmonized perfectly with her hair and skin tone. Next to the original July Fourth

frock, it was my favorite one. I loved the ethereal, crepe-like weight and texture of the material and the hem length, which perfectly showcased Mom's astounding legs. Like the Fourth of July sundress, the bodice was supported by a looping halter of material, which went around the back of her neck.

As we turned the first corner and our old house was lost from view, Mom casually unbuttoned the halter of the dress, allowing the material to fall to her waist. Slowly and carefully, she unhooked her bra and put it in her handbag. Her exposed pink peaks immediately stiffened in the breeze flowing through the open windows of our car. Then, with equal deliberation, she put herself back together, briefly running her fingers over her nipples after her breasts were concealed again by the fabric of her dress.

Pursing her lips and blowing me a kiss, she reminded me gently, "Eyes on the road, darling boy. I'm just getting comfy for our drive."

"Comfy, my ass, Mom! You're indulging your latent sadistic streak at my expense, as usual," I grumbled.

"What's the matter, Ricky. Don't you like Mommy teasing you, getting your nice cock all hard and slick with precum?"

Unleashing an inarticulate groan, I banged my head against the steering wheel. "Mom, it's bad enough that I have to look at your gorgeous tits and not be able to touch them, but you know what it does to me when you talk sexy like that!"

"I'm just keeping myself entertained for our long trip, Ricky. Surely I'm not supposed to just sit here and count mile markers and telephone poles?"

"You're very cruel to your poor son. Just remember, payback can be a bitch, dear lady."

Sidling over close to me, she lightly squeezed my thigh, whispering, "I'm counting on it, young stud, absolutely counting on it."

As we headed down US 1 towards I-95, Mom zinged me again. When I turned on to the onramp, she lifted her hips and reached under her dress, pulling off a pair of plain, pale green cotton panties. She rubbed her fingers on the obviously damp gusset and brought them to my mouth, allowing me to lick them clean.

"That's going to have to hold you for a while, dear. You'll get your lunch a little later."

"You're a very naughty mommy, you know, feeding your own son your pussy juice."

"And I intend to stay that way," she replied with a laugh. Then, she balled the panties up and threw them out the window. "I'm not going to be needing these for the rest of the trip. I want you to be able to see me, touch me, lick me and fuck me 24/7, Ricky."

"So I'm going to be your on-call boy-toy?"

"There are worse fates for a young man. Do you object?"

"Not on your life, pretty lady."

"Good. Now that we've got that settled, I'm going to relax." Mom then swiveled her hips so she could put her feet on the dash. The sixty mile an hour wind from the open windows billowed under the front of her dress, pushing the material all the way to her waist, exposing her luxuriant bush and succulent pink gash, her moist labia already beginning to flower. Eventually, she simply pulled the entire dress up fully around her waist, explaining, "I don't want to get the back of my dress wet. The upholstery is just going to have to take its chances."

As the miles rolled by, Mom would occasionally run her fingers up and down her slit, diddling her clit lightly and occasionally delving into her channel to feed me more of her delicious wetness. She was having the time of her life, driving me absolutely insane with desire.

We were about a third of the way north on I-476 towards I-80 when I figured out how to exact a small measure of retribution for Mom's teasing. I decided that Mom wasn't the only one in the car who could talk dirty.

"I was thinking, Mom."

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"The next time a truck comes by, I think you should show yourself."

"Ricky! Are you out of your mind?"

"I want the world to see my sexy momma's cunt. I want everyone to see how wet you get, how pretty your hairy pussy is. I think it's beautiful and everyone deserves to see it. Don't you want to show off your pussy, Mom? Haven't you always wanted to pull up your dress and see someone get hard looking at you?"

"My God, I've raised a pervert."

"You don't fool me, Mother. I can already see you're getting wetter. Pretty soon it's going to be absolutely flowing out of you. Your thighs will be all creamy and the upholstery under your ass is going to be getting all sticky with your love juice. Before too long, you're going to have to stick your fingers in your wet pussy and give yourself a big cum. You won't be able to help yourself."

"Jesus, Ricky, what's gotten into you?" Mom asked hoarsely. Her hands were trembling and she was unconsciously rubbing her palms on the tops of her bare thighs.

"Well Mom, I just decided that two can play the talking dirty game," I smirked lewdly. "This is my quid pro quo and it certainly looks like your quid likes it," I rasped, reaching across the seat to run my fingers through her dampening bush.

Mom shuddered at my touch and batted my hand away. "Ricky, you are such a nasty boy! I can't believe you want me to expose myself to total strangers."

Closing in for the coup de grace, I played my trump card. "Mom, I have one word for you – Sorvino's."

"Oh, God! You would bring that up, wouldn't you?" she groaned.

Mom was now rubbing the insides of both thighs with her hands, squirming in her seat. Her scent was detectable, even in the strong cross breeze flowing through the open windows of our car. I made my nostrils flare and made me even stiffer than I already was, if that was possible.

"So you recall how I finger fucked your ass, then? Your sweet asshole was so tight and hot, Mom, it was unbelievable. Do you remember how I made you cum right in the middle of the dance floor, where anyone could have seen you?"

"Oohhhhhh, Jesus, Ricky. Not fair! Not fair!" she whimpered. Mom's right hand had strayed to her thigh, as though it had a mind of its own. She slowly trailed her index finger across her clit, shuddering in its transit to her opening, which she delicately circled.

"Mom. Don't be silly," I chuckled wickedly. "There are absolutely no rules in this game."

"I remember what it was like when you came," I continued. "You couldn't even stand up. You rubbed your very wet cunt against my thigh while my finger was up your ass. You made such a big wet spot on my leg that I think you probably squirted a little when I got you off. You were so hot, I bet I could have fucked you right in the booth if I wanted to. You needed a big cock so bad right then, I think you would have done anything to get fucked by your son."

"Ohhhhhh, you sweet bastard," Mom moaned. All pretense of control was now gone. She was slumped down in her seat, legs spread wide, two fingers pistoning in and out of her vagina. The seat beneath her was damp with her fluid and there was a distinct squelching sound as she frigged herself. Her head lolled back and to the side, her eyes closed. Her breath came in short, sharp pants as she concentrated on her pleasure.

"That's it, Mom. Touch yourself for me, " I murmured. "Play with your pussy for your son. Show me how you make yourself come. Show me how wet you are."

Reduced to random "ooohs," "ahhhhs", grunts and squeaks of pleasure, Mom continued to furiously finger herself, now thrusting her pelvis up to meet her fingers, breathing in shorter, quicker gasps as she approached her climax. Sensing her nearness to her peak, I reached across to her and began rubbing her clit.

"Come for me, Mom. Come for your son. Play with your pussy and come for me."

"Oh fuck!" Mom arched her back and pulled her fingers from her passage, pushed my hand aside to furiously rub her clit. Shuddering, she thrust her pelvis up, locking her legs with a scream.

"Ah! Ricky!" she cried, a jet of fluid squirting from her to splash against the glove compartment. Two smaller ejaculations followed, one arcing to the floor mat in front of her, the last a smaller dribble which pooled between her twitching thighs. She collapsed back down, sprawled in her seat, head lolling to on side, totally spent, eyes closed.

Searching for a gap in traffic, I carefully maneuvered into the slow lane and pulled over to the shoulder. Mom was still unresponsive, totally knocked out, a small smile on her lips. Looking to be out for the count, I searched in vain for some Kleenexes or napkins to clean up, but there were none to be found. Shrugging my shoulders, I peeled off my ratty tee shirt and tucked it in between her thighs and under her bottom, carefully arranging the top of her dress to cover her thighs.

I rolled up our windows and turned the A/C on, pulling back into the right lane. I consulted the GPS and found that there would be a fast food place about ten minutes up the road. Driving slowly and smoothly so as not to disturb Mom, I took the next exit and pulled into the lot of the burger joint. I exited the car quietly and returned a couple minutes later with a double fist full of napkins and a bottle of water. Mom was still completely out.

After I cleaned off the front of the glove box and the floor mat with damp napkins, I sat next to my lady love, putting my arm around her shoulders, pulling her close. I lightly ran my fingers through her hair and traced a fingertip over her cheeks and jawline. Mom smiled gently as my fingers traced over her features, began to stir slightly and then stretched sinuously, opening her eyes. I kissed her lightly on her lips and forehead.

"Welcome back, beautiful."

She took my head in her hands and kissed me firmly. "You are a very, very bad influence on your mother, young man. If I had any strength left, I'd tan your hide. You bring out the slut in me far too easily."

"But I can tell, Mom. She wants to come out, or at least, cum."

Looking me over, she seemed to realize for the first time that I didn't have my tee shirt on.

"Ricky, where's your shirt? What happened..." her voice petered out as she realized where my tee went.

"Oh my."

Reaching beneath her sundress, she extracted the sodden mass of cotton that used to be my shirt.

Blushing furiously, Mom grabbed my hand. "Ricky, did I...uhhh, did I squirt again?"

"Oh yeah. Big time. It was beautiful. When you blasted off into orbit, I had to do a little damage control. I didn't want your dress to get wet. Everything else could wait for cleanup on aisle 9."

Shaking her head in amazement, she kissed my cheek. "Thanks for looking after me, darling."

"Believe me Mom, it was my pleasure, most definitely."

"I guess I better go inside and make myself presentable. I'll be back in a couple minutes, sweetie."

"Take your time Mom. We're not keeping to any schedule."

A short while later, she came back with a sandwich, some fries and a couple of root beers. Settling back into her seat, she grinned. "Post orgasmic munchies," she explained around a mouthful of burger.

After I pulled back on to the interstate, she shared her snack with me, feeding me burger bites and individual french fries by hand, pausing now and then to wipe my mouth with a napkin and give me a kiss. Occasionally, I would capture her

fingers with my lips, swirling my tongue suggestively on her fingertips, making her giggle. It was very intimate and warm, leaving me feeling quite spoiled.

After we finished eating, Mom extracted her iPod from her purse and plugged it into the stereo. We listened to "Kind of Blue," "Lush Life" and a smattering of Thelonious Monk, Diana Krall and Esperanza Spaulding as we ate up the miles. Mom sat close to me, head on my shoulder and a hand lightly resting on my thigh. Almost before we knew it, we were at the end of our day and our first stop.

Mom had found a little bed and breakfast place online, in a town called Chardon, east of Cleveland. It was a quaint, gingerbread Victorian place, which once must have belonged to a wealthy family, given its large size. There were at least eight bedrooms, of which we had the largest, housed in a turret with a fanciful, mansard roof. It's slightly isolated location was a fortunate bonus, because the old brass bed within was as squeaky as they come.

Later that night, as Mom rode me in cowgirl fashion, the bed shook and rattled like the proverbial jalopy held together with spit and bailing wire. As embarrassingly loud as it was, I don't think that the noise of the bed frame entirely concealed the true nature of our coupling, as Mom and I cried out to each other when we came together.

When we came down with our bags the next morning for breakfast, we were greeted with a somewhat scandalized reception, several guests refusing to even acknowledge our presence, two other couples looking at us with frank curiosity and memorably, one solitary older lady giving us a smile and wink of approval.

None of that really mattered to either of us, knowing we wouldn't be back again. As we sat munching toast and eggs, sipping our coffee, I saw an excited, lustful gleam in Mom's eyes. Leaning over and lowering my voice, I whispered, "I know that look, Momma-love. You're thinking about something very wicked, aren't you?"

"Who, li'l ole me?" she asked innocently.

"Yes, li'l ole you. I know that expression very well."

"Hmmm, could be, Ricky. I want to give them a little show when we leave, shake 'em up a some more."

"You are very, very bad, mother. What do you have in mind?"

"Just follow my lead, boy."

Raising her voice to a normal conversational tone, she spoke to me, "Ricky, be a darling and put our bags in the car while I finish my coffee."

"Okay, Mom."

Arriving back in the kitchen, I offered her my arm as she stood from the table, draining the last dregs of her coffee from the mug. When we reached the doorway, Mom stopped, put her arms around me and gave me a wide mouthed, wet, sloppy kiss with lots of tongue. I heard several sharp intakes of breath from around the table we had just vacated. Mom then broke our kiss and we headed out the door. As we went down the walkway, arms around each other's waists, I lifted the hem of Mom's sundress to expose her pantyless ass, hand reaching down to cup her cheek before we got into the car. I thought I heard the sound of breaking china from the kitchen as we reached our vehicle.

Once away, we dissolved into a fit of giggles that persisted for at least ten or fifteen miles. Every time we would quiet down for a moment, all it would take was one glance at each other and a fresh gale of laughter would ensue.

Wiping tears of mirth from her eyes, Mom finally caught her breath, gasping, "Oh my God, that was soo bad and sooo fun, Ricky! My sides hurt from laughing so much."

"I think we made the other guest's stay a memorable one, even without that little stunt at breakfast."

"Whatever are you talking about, Ricky?" she asked, the picture of innocence.

"Well Mom, there wasn't much doubt about what was happening in our room last night. That bed was flat out noisy. You did sort of let the cat out of the bag when you came, though."

"Do tell."

"Yes, I will," I concurred. Raising my voice to a falsetto scream, I yelled, "Ooooh God, baby! Mommy's cummmmmiinnnnngggg!"

"Heh, I guess I did, didn't I, son?"

I turned to her and smiled, raising my eyebrows and holding my thumb and forefinger up, about an inch apart. "Just a little, Mom, just a little."

"Well, I think there is some blame to be shared, lovely boy. If you weren't such an incredible cocksman, I wouldn't have come so hard."

"Hah! Flattery will get you everywhere, dear mother."

The rest of our trip continued in a similar vein, each day on the road punctuated by frequent interruptions for sneaky rest stop blow jobs, eating Mom out behind an abandoned gas station outside of Madison, Wisconsin, masturbating each other in the car and most memorably, stopping by a farm near Badlands National Park in South Dakota, where, at Mom's insistence, we snuck into a cornfield for some hot cornholing. I remember the sense of utter contentment I felt afterwards, as we lay together naked on our blanket, between the rows of yellow corn, listening to

the gentle, sighing rustle of wind flowing through the stalks, the warm noonday sun on our faces, the drone of insects buzzing around us. It was a moment of utter perfection.

Eventually, we managed to make it to Puget Sound, where we hung a right and shot on up to Vancouver. Our lazy days of extemporaneous, semipublic sex, roadhouse food and unscripted itineraries were over. It was the trip of a lifetime, but the rest of our life now beckoned and would brook no delays. We became immediately and hugely busy as Mom got started in her new practice and we worked together to get the restaurant off the ground.

You can get a good education, be book smart and technically competent in your chosen field, but when you get down to it, there is nothing you do in college that truly prepares you for running your own business. If anything, having a fine education sometimes blinds you with a kind of arrogance that comes with buying into the notion that you are somehow unique or more able than those around you, even the ones you love.

I know this for a fact, because I fell into that trap as we began setting up the restaurant. It led to the only serious argument I ever had with Mom, a gut-wrenching experience I never, ever wanted to repeat.

Those memories remain razor-sharp, carved into my cortex by the guilt I felt and the hurt I caused Mom.

We were freshly moved into our new flat, above the intended restaurant, still living out of partially unpacked boxes. I was fully immersed in consultations with our interior designer and contractor, both of who had been recommended by Clay MacLeish.

Our contractor, Duke Ellis, was working for cash at a significant discount, which was a tremendous help. We were meeting at least every other day to monitor the progress of the build-out. Having heard many construction horror stories from my school days, I was pleasantly surprised by how smoothly things were going as our kitchen and dining area took shape. When I mentioned this to Duke, he smiled and clapped me on the shoulder.

"It's my pleasure, kid. I owe Clay big time for helping one of my kids out of a major jam about ten years ago. He didn't charge me a nickel because, at the time, I was in the process of being nailed to the wall by my soon-to-be ex. He's never asked anything in return. So, when he calls me a few weeks ago and asks for me to look after you and Mizz Jenny, well I was more than happy." Rubbing his finger on the side of his nose and grinning, he added, "I love working with cash-only customers, too. That's always a bonus."

Our interior designer, Denis St.Onge, was also quite good. He was so exactly what you would expect from his name, it was almost impossible to keep a straight face around him, though, as he was so much to type as to almost be a caricature of the mincing decorator queen. To my discomfiture, he made no bones about being attracted to me, much to Mom's amusement. When it came to his work though, he was a total pro and had a sixth sense for exactly what Mom and I were looking for to establish the ambience of the restaurant. Even so, I tried to arrange for her to be around whenever we needed to meet. It seemed to keep his covetous glances and discrete pats of my ass to a minimum.

Mom had a field day with all of this the first time Denis came on to me, much to my embarrassment.

"Well, Ricky, if you ever wanted to try swinging both ways, this is your opportunity," she'd teased. "Denis looks like he'd love to just gobble you up."

"Holy crap, Mom. I think I just threw up a little bit in my mouth."

"What's the matter, son? I'll bet he gives good head. It might just be the best oral sex you'd ever get."

"Jesus," I shuddered. "Are you deliberately trying to get me to blow my lunch?"

"I know how much my boy loves a good hose job. I'll bet Denis swallows, too. Think of it as a novel life experience."

"Are you quite through, Mom? I feel like I need to take a shower now."

"Poor boy, can't take a little ribbing?"

"There are limits and lines you shouldn't cross, woman," I grumbled.

"Yes, my thoroughly heterosexual son," she giggled.

"Are you complaining, mother dear?"

"No, sweetie, just having a little fun."

"All right then, subject closed," I said firmly.

Eventually, we both were able to laugh about it. Mom had Denis' mannerisms and body language down pat and derived considerable amusement from teasing me about his attraction to me. She'd put her hand on her hip and cock her pelvis just so, tossing her hair off her forehead, speaking in a deep, gravelly voice, "Girlfriend, you really must share with Denis. He's just sooo delicious, I'd love a taste. You be sure to let that gorgeous boy know that Denis will be waiting, if he ever wants to take a walk on the wild side."

Then I'd reply with my best Curly imitation, "Oh, a wise guy, eh?" and we'd be off to the races, usually out of breath from laughter in just a few minutes.

Again, I digress. While we were making good progress with the construction and decoration, I got a little too full of myself, thinking that I had it all knocked, that it was no big deal to get a restaurant up and running in three months, that I was somehow getting it all done myself, taking Mom's extra efforts and help for granted. I guess, in a way, I was throwing my weight around, exerting my authority as chef-owner, because deep down I was still VERY nervous about failing. In a nutshell, for while I was a dick and an insecure fucktard.

This led directly to a big blow up one cold, wet evening in December. I can't even remember exactly how things started, it was actually that trivial. I think we were having a spirited discussion about table placement, Mom emphasizing diner experience and me trying to maximize revenue-generating floor space. In the end I made some very rude and cutting remarks and grabbed my jacket, stomping out the front door, leaving Mom standing in the middle of the floor, her mouth hanging open in surprise and hurt at my outburst. As I argued with her, there was a little voice in the back of my mind telling me to cool my jets, that I was crossing the line, really hurting Mom's feelings, but it was drowned out by my ego and insecurity.

I slammed the door behind me and got no more than five steps down the street when what I had just done hit me, literally hit me. I felt like I had been punched in the stomach and I couldn't catch my breath. I stood in the middle of the sidewalk, rain cascading off the awning of the restaurant, running down my neck, as the enormity of what I had done dawned on me.

I had just verbally savaged the love of my life over an absolutely inconsequential disagreement. It was unforgivable.

Dashing back into the building, I searched frantically for Mom in the dining area, but she was nowhere to be found. I walked back to the kitchen, a hard knot of nausea in the pit of my stomach as I came to the back office.

The door was closed. Behind it, I could hear Mom, quietly crying. Opening the door as quietly as possible, I could see her seated at the desk, her head buried in her arms. I moved behind her without speaking and put my hand on her shoulder. She shrugged it away angrily, her sobbing increasing, burrowing her head more tightly into her arms.

I was at a loss, trying to navigate completely uncharted waters. It had never occurred to me that loving Mom so much, that I could ever do anything intentionally to hurt or upset her. Yet here I was, having done the unthinkable. I don't think I have ever felt as much guilt or self-loathing as I did at that very moment. I wanted to slit my wrists.

"I'm so sorry, Mom," I said, my voice cracking. "I'm so sorry. I was a total jerk. Please forgive me."

Raising her head, she turned towards me, cheeks wet and eyes reddened. "Jerk?" she spat. "You were a complete asshole!"

I moved to squat next to her, eyes level. "And a fucking idiot, to boot. You didn't deserve any of that. I can't believe what I just did. How can I be such a bastard to my own mother, my lover? I'm such a shit," I said dejectedly.

Wiping her tears with the palm of her hand, she swiveled in the chair to face me. "What's gotten into you, son? What's the problem here? Is it..is it us, Ricky?" she asked softly, her lower lip trembling.

Groaning, I buried my face in her lap, arms encircling her waist. "Oh, God, no Mom. Not now, not ever. I'll never stop loving you. It's just that, well, I'm so worried about making everything work for the restaurant. I'm still afraid I'll mess it all up. You're always bailing me out when I'm about to screw something up and you're working so hard all the time. And...and...I feel like such a dick for saying

this, but sometimes I resent that I need so much help from you," I said, my voice trailing off in shame.

It was then I felt her fingers running through my hair, lightly stroking. She sniffed a couple of times and spoke reassuringly, "It's okay Ricky, I understand now. Never forget, we're a couple. We're a team. We enjoy the good and work through the bad together."

She sighed and her hand strayed down to touch my cheek. "Remember son, sometimes it gets, well, it gets complicated and all knotted up. You've been thinking like a boy trying to untangle mom's apron strings. I know how much you want to make this your achievement, to prove that you're a successful man, but you don't have anything to prove to your Mom...or to your lover. Just relax and roll with it. Ultimately, we're going to succeed or fail on the basis of your talent."

Squeezing her tightly, I mumbled into her skirt, "I don't deserve you, Mom. You're so smart, you know me so well. I don't know if I could forgive you as quickly," I sighed.

Pulling me up to meet her eyes, she lightly kissed me, cheeks, lips and forehead. "You don't need to hide anything from me, sweetheart. I'm here for you. If something's on your mind, please share it, okay?"

"Okay Mom. I'm sorry. I feel awful right now. No way you deserve what I did. I never want that to happen again, ever."

"I know, Ricky. You're still my guy, okay?"

I kissed her, slowly, thoroughly, trying to put as much tenderness into it as I could muster.

"And you're still and always going to be my lady. I love you so much, Mom...so much."

I pulled her up out of the chair and hugged her long and tight. Settling back into the chair, I drew her on to my lap. Holding her tight, I showered her with smooches.

Gradually, almost without noticing, our kisses became longer and longer and soon, her tongue found mine. We continued our embrace for some time, content to share ourselves simply, reforging our bond. Finally, I couldn't take any more. I stood up, placing Mom on the edge of the desk. Reaching under her skirt, I slowly pulled her panties down. Kneeling in front of my place of worship, I tossed her underwear aside and gently parted her legs, showering the softness of her upper, inner thighs with licks and kisses.

"Mmmm, what are you up to down there, young man?"

"I'm finishing my apology, Mom," I replied, my tongue finding her special place. As I consumed her nectar, I felt like a man lost in the desert, tumbling into a life-saving oasis. I licked, I slurped and kissed her everywhere while her hands gently clenched and unclenched in my hair. I delved into her from stem to stern, tongue lightly vibrating her nubbin, trailing down to her portal, diving in and then continuing to her little pucker, her most secret place, where I laved and probed wetly.

As she arched her back and pressed herself to my face, I lost myself in the task at hand. I wanted to totally lavish my attention on her, totally love her. I wasn't the least concerned with my own needs. I wanted Mom to feel special again, and especially well loved by her adoring son. I continued until my neck was stiff and my lips and chin were raw with my exertions. I must have eaten her for at least an hour, bringing her to a half dozen climaxes, each more intense than the last.

Finally, she pushed me away with a sigh. "Oh God, baby. No more. No more, please. I can't take it, you sweet, adorable boy. Jesus..."

I sat back on my haunches and grinned. "Sometimes, it's not enough just to say 'I'm sorry,' Mom. Sometimes you need to do more. I am sorry, you know," I continued softly, head down.

Putting her hands around the back of my neck, she drew me up for a kiss.

"Your apology is accepted, you wonderful man. A good son knows exactly how to set things right with his Mom when there's a problem and you did just that, darling."

Smiling gently, she pecked me again on the lips. "Let's go to upstairs and get into bed together, you gorgeous hunk. I could wish for an argument every day if this is how we're going to apologize to each other. I guess the old clichés about 'make-up' sex are true."

Taking my hands, she pulled me to my feet. "C'mon lover, lets go make up some more."

Eventually, after months of preparation, many sleepless nights and several false starts, "Casa di Mia Nonna" finally opened. I had sunk essentially every penny I inherited from Gramps and Nana into the place, but it was worth the risk. It was fully mine, not the bank's.

Mom and I were ecstatic about how the final appearance turned out. Duke's work managed to showcase the charming older features of the space while stripping the lines and structures down to an elegant, clean modernism. Denis and Mom came up with absolutely stunning, up to the minute Italian designs for all of the fabrics and furniture. Denis also was a genius with indirect lighting and muting of sound. Between the old fashioned bones of the building, the high ceilings, contemporary furnishings and illumination, we had a space that was intimate, just slightly decadent, but open and airy at the same time. You could have a conversation with your dining companion without shouting, but also didn't have to worry about

hearing the business going on at an adjacent table. The feel was very relaxed and informal, but at the same time sensual and stimulating to the senses.

Mom explained it this way, telling Denis she was looking for an ambience where "if you take your date here for a meal, by the time the evening is over, you'll be taking him or her to bed afterwards, guaranteed."

Mom had gone on to tell me about the fantasies she'd had about me actually fucking her in the booth at Sorvino's, as though no one was there. This had been the initial inspiration for her idea of a very private booth for "really intimate" dining, a place where "if I wanted, I could suck your cock or even ride you and no one would know."

This got me thinking (and also got me hard) about what was needed, and I came to the conclusion that the special booth lacked only one thing – the ability to have uninterrupted time with your companion. So I asked Mom, "What if you could get your waiter only when you wanted them?"

That was how we came up with the idea of a buzzer – summon your waiter only when needed. "You need enough time to be able to put your dick away or pull up your panties," Mom agreed. Thus, the *private dining booth* was born.

Of course, all the atmosphere in the world doesn't work if the food sucks. There, we excelled, all modesty aside. The heart of the menu was built around a number of Nana's best recipes, brought over originally from her mother's native Liguria and father's Emilia Romagna. Some I updated and modernized to reflect current tastes, others were so damn good, I left well enough alone, letting them stand on their own.

Nana was never one to drown it in marinara, smother in mozzarella and bake the shit out of it. Her idea of "home cooking" was quite a bit more advanced, managing to be both comforting and sophisticated at the same time. She didn't exactly deconstruct classics, but somehow managed to capture that elusive combination of simplicity, familiarity and a twist of surprising originality, which made all of her dishes memorable. These items comprised about half of the menu. The other

half was my baby, a constantly changing, market-based series of recipes, some based on ideas of Nana's, some entirely my own creations, but all emphasizing local seasonal products that were available at the peak of freshness only, with an Italian sensibility. One day might feature Fraser River King Salmon, served poached sous vide in saffron butter, over a bed of house-made linguine and baby vegetables or perhaps flash-seared, fresh halibut paired with risotto, made with local wild morels. There was never a shortage of fabulous ingredients to experiment with. Creatively and professionally, I was in hog heaven.

On the down side, I had learned the hard way just how green I truly was when it came to the actual business aspects of running a place, but fools rush in and all that. I would have failed miserably without Mom's acumen. At least once a week, she discovered some potentially fatal flaw in my plans. After our only argument about launching the business, I learned to trust her judgment and her uncanny ability to spot the right hires for key positions among the wait staff and kitchen. I learned more about bookkeeping, accounts receivable and cash flow management in the 5 months leading up to the opening than I ever thought possible.

Throughout the whole process of my very painful apprenticeship in business, Mom was incredible. She was essentially working 2 full time jobs while pregnant with twins, putting in 14 to 16 hour days between her new practice and helping me get the restaurant ready to open. Many nights we were too tired for anything but a little cuddle and fall asleep in each other's arms, but I wouldn't have traded it for the world. I couldn't believe how lucky I was to have her with me through the whole process and at the same time, I felt terrible about how hard she was working.

I recall bringing it up with her the day we opened for business. She was actually probably more excited than I was about our first day, but as always, she noticed my pensive mood, almost before I was aware of it myself.

We stood in the doorway of the back office, surveying the bustle of cleanup at closing time. There was an air of excitement and purposeful energy in the kitchen as our motely group went through the process of shutting down for the evening, our wait staff clustered around one prep counter dividing up the evening's tips

and the line crew helping the dishwashers square away the last of the pots, pans and utensils.

Slipping her arm around my waist, she drew me close, her baby bump pushing against my hip, kissing my ear.

"Congratulations, son," she whispered. "I knew you could do it."

Heaving a sigh, I squeezed her back. "Thanks Mom. Without you, it wouldn't have even gotten off the ground. You worked even harder than I did and saved my bacon more times than I can count. All I did was to yell at you and be a dickhead about stuff."

"Bullshit, Ricky!" she scolded. "This was just as much a labor of love for me as it was for you. And don't you ever bring up that stupid argument again, you hear me?"

She turned my head and kissed me thoroughly, speaking softly and seriously. "I don't expect perfection, my darling. I know you do your best to make me happy every day, and I'm blessed for that. Besides, I could almost wish for another argument. I'm not likely to forget your 'apology' any time soon," she giggled. "That was some of the hottest, best sex I've ever had and that's saying a lot, given the standard you'd set before, hotshot."

I turned fully to face her and drew her close, giving her a proper thank you kiss. As we melted together and our tongues became reacquainted, her arms slipped around my shoulders and she moaned into my mouth. Our kiss intensified and the world receded for a time, until our clinch was interrupted by a smattering of applause and a couple of cheerful catcalls.

"Someone get a bucket of water!"

"Cut down on those oysters, Chef!"

Blushing, we broke apart, holding hands.

I am very businesslike about how we run our establishment, but I like to maintain an atmosphere of informality and mutual respect amongst the staff, so the teasing didn't bother me at all. While no one suspected our secret, we never made any bones about our affection or passion for one another, so this was not the first time we were seen snogging away in the scullery.

Smiling softly and pinching my butt, Mom propelled me gently back towards the sinks, whispering in my ear as I went.

"Get out there and help your people, Ricky. The sooner you get them out the door, the sooner we get to go upstairs. Mother needs your nice, hard cock again tonight."

I always listen to what my Mom says.

We started to generate a little buzz on Yelp and Zagat after the first couple of weeks, but were still just a little better than breaking even after our first month, with no major reviews forthcoming.

I was starting to wonder if we were going to sink without a trace, not even leaving a ripple behind us as my future disappeared. It was a huge struggle to maintain a positive outlook. Our fortunes changed about 7 or 8 weeks after opening, hinging as these things often do, upon an unexpected crisis. We were just beginning to ramp up for Saturday dinner when Mom came into the kitchen, her face grim. "Alicia (our best hostess) just called off. She broke her wrist this morning, poor girl. She's having surgery right now and is going to be out for at least a week. I've tried calling Brendan and Meghan also, but neither are picking up. What are we going to do?"

"If we could call Alain back to work a double, then he could take over." The most senior member of our wait staff, Alain was a 30-year veteran of the restaurant scene who had recently fallen on hard times because of difficulties in his personal life, which he would not elaborate on. He had been one of Mom's "intuition hires" and had been an enormous help to me in getting the place running properly. Having received a second chance from us, he was fiercely loyal to the restaurant. "Mom, do you think you could fill in until he gets here?"

"Ricky! I'm 6 months pregnant, my feet are killing me and I have zero experience!" she exclaimed. "Are you out of your mind?"

"Trust me on this, Mom. You've got great people skills and your attention to detail is ferocious. You'll do fine until Alain gets in. It shouldn't be more than an hour or so. I took her hand and squeezed it - I trust you and your intuition. It'll be fine."

Heaving a sigh and squaring her shoulders, Mom went back out to the front desk and got to work. She came back ten or fifteen minutes later, an odd look on her face. "Can you step out for just a minute, Rick?"

Discretely guiding me to a vantage point where I could see the entrance, Mom pointed out a couple who appeared to be walk-ins. There was an obvious family resemblance between the woman and young man who accompanied her. She was about 5' 6", with an ample, yet curvaceous figure, which was shown to excellent advantage by a colorful, off-the shoulder peasant blouse and matching scarf along with a hip hugging, wine colored leather skirt.

Her companion was a somewhat stocky, but well-developed young man who stood about 5'9", dressed casually in a pair of Levis, a plain white polo shirt and a black leather bomber jacket. Both had straight, jet-black hair, his worn in a long pony tail, hers in a retro-looking 50's style pageboy. I couldn't see her face well, as her back was turned to me, appearing to be engaged in a lively conversation with her young escort.

After watching their interactions, I could see why Mom wanted me to take a look. Answering the unasked question, I said, "They sure look like a couple, don't they?"

"I'd stake my reputation on it. I'm thinking, Ricky. Should we offer them the private table?"

"Your intuition strikes again Mom. If there are no reservations, go for it."

Remaining discretely in the background, I watched Mom approach them. A brief discussion ensued, which I could not hear clearly, but judging by the way the young man's face lit up, Mom had hit yet another home run.

I caught some of the conversation as Mom led them to the cunningly hidden, enclosed alcove where the private booth was located. "Our private table can be waited upon traditionally, of course, but if you are willing to be a little less orthodox, we can provide a more discrete level of service to you. If you wish, all you need to do is to press the button on the table when you need something. I can attend you personally this evening, if you would like. My name is Jennifer."

"Thank you so much, Jennifer," the woman replied. "We're really looking forward to the meal. I've heard a lot of good things about your place."

"Not at all. A mother's time with her son is very precious and not to be wasted. I hope you enjoy your dinner."

With that, Mom escorted them out of sight and we resumed our regular activities. I went back into the kitchen to talk to the line crew. "We have a special couple at the private table, guys, so I want you to pull out all the stops tonight, okay?"

About a half hour later, Mom came back into the kitchen, her face flushed. Taking me into the meat locker, she kissed me passionately and groped my crotch. "You'd better be ready to fuck me royally after we close up, buster. I'm so turned on right now, I can't stand it. I know for sure that the private table woman sucked her son

off between courses. When I brought out the entrees, I'm pretty sure he had been fingering her, too."

"I have to say Mom, when I first heard your idea for the private table, I wasn't sure, but now, it seems like a stroke of genius," I groaned, kissing her feverishly. As she responded, her mouth opening to tangle tongues, I slipped my hand up her dress to cup her pussy through her panties, which were absolutely sopping.

Struggling to regain her composure, she removed my hand with a shiver. "We've got people to feed, Ricky. You can make it up to me later."

About 45 minutes later, Mom came back to the kitchen. "Alain is here now, so I'll be handing off to him. Also, the couple in the private room would like to talk with me." Mom's brow furrowed in confusion. "I have no idea what that's about."

Taking her hand, I pulled her towards the kitchen door. "Shall I come with you?" Mom nodded and I took her hand on the way out the door.

Entering the private room, I thought I could detect very faintly the aroma of fresh semen and female musk. I wasn't sure that it was real, or a figment of my imagination, fueled and influenced by Mom's earlier comments. To all appearances, though, the couple at the table seemed relaxed and composed. I was very surprised, however, when the woman got up to introduce herself.

"My name is Molly O'Donnell and this is my son, Mitch. We'd like to thank you for an extraordinary evening. The service was exemplary, the food was delicious and the overall attention to detail was superb. You have a winner here, in my opinion."

"Not THE Molly O'Donnell?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," she said self deprecatingly.

Turning to Mom I began to explain "Ms. O'Donnell-"

"Please, call me Molly. I insist."

"Okay, thanks." Turning again to Mom, I explained, "Molly is the lead restaurant critic for the Times-Herald and also the food and dining editor for "City Today" magazine."

Mom's eyes widened briefly in surprise. "We're delighted you enjoyed your evening with us. We hope to see you again."

I produced my business card and wrote on the back. "These are our personal cell numbers. Please call one of us directly the next time you'd like to drop by. We'll make every effort to see that the private room is available."

Glancing at the card, she started in surprise. "You're the executive chef?" she exclaimed. "How old are you, Rick?"

"I'll be 26 in a couple of months," I lied, padding my age a little bit.

"Amazing. You are a prodigious talent, young man. I will be following your career with great interest from now on."

Turning to Mom, she asked "Jennifer, you don't strike me as the typical hostess type. What is your connection with the restaurant?"

Glancing at Mom, I arched an eyebrow in question. Once again on the same wavelength, she gave an imperceptible affirmative nod. "Rick is my son. We own the place."

Suddenly, the silence was deafening. Molly's jaw dropped in surprise as she took in the information. As she glanced at Mom, a distinct flush appeared on her throat

and upper chest, but not, I thought, from embarrassment. "Extraordinary...absolutely extraordinary."

Moving closer to Mom, I put my arm possessively around her waist, bringing it up so it rested just below her breast. "We're expecting twins in 3 months."

Mitch spoke for the first time as he also rose from behind the table, his crotch slightly bulging with the beginnings of an erection. "Too fucking cool," he said, coming to his mother's side. He cupped her ass cheek with calm familiarity.

Molly cast a smoldering glance at her son, suddenly a bit unstable on her feet. "Unbelievable, simply unbelievable," she whispered.

Appearing to come to a decision, Mom spoke. "Molly, would it be out of line if I offered you a favor, one mother to another?"

Molly appeared to be having difficulty concentrating. She was unconsciously mirroring her son's actions, kneading his ass with intensity. The aroma of aroused female was suddenly quite evident within the room. "W...w...what's that, Jennifer?"

Producing her keychain from a dress pocket, Mom peeled off our apartment key. "Next to the restroom alcove there's a locked door. Go up the stairs and you'll be in our flat. The master suite is the second door on the left, off the main hallway. Sheets are fresh," she said with a wink. "I don't want to worry about you two making it home safely."

"That's extremely generous, Jennifer, but you hardly know us."

"Please, I insist. If I do say so, I'm an excellent judge of people. I have a strong feeling we're going to end up being good friends." She pushed the key into Molly's hand and repeated what she had said earlier in the evening. "A mother's time with her son is very precious."

"Rick, Jennifer, you are without a doubt the most extraordinary couple I've ever met. Thank you so much for your generosity."

"Rick is going to need to get back to the kitchen, but when you're ready to leave, I'll be in the back office. Do please come by. I always love a chance for girl talk with kindred souls very often."

"We'll see you later," I said, taking my leave.

About 3 hours later, as we were closing the kitchen, Molly and Mitch reappeared, looking refreshed and relaxed. Molly had that "I've just been fucked REALLY well" glow about her. I took them to the back office to chat with Mom, explaining that I was needed to help with cleanup.

Molly was very surprised when I left. "You do clean up? You've got to be kidding."

"It's a leadership function, Molly. You complemented us on our attention to detail. Part of getting the troops to care about ALL the little things is being willing to roll up your own sleeves and help the team. Look, I know I'm a pretty good cook, but I would be nowhere if my crew didn't care about doing their jobs as best they can."

Turning to Mom, Molly shook her head. "You've raised a wonderful, wise son and a good man, Jennifer."

"Please, Molly. My friends call me Jen. Yes, that's why I love him so much, and in so many ways."

Glancing at Mitch, Mom said "You don't need to hang with us old ladies, Mitch. You can go out and talk with Rick if you want."

"Thanks, Jen, but a son's time with his Mom is precious," he replied with a smile. "I never get tired of being with her. Besides, what man in his right mind would not want to spend time with a couple of beautiful women, who, by the way, are very far from old."

"You haven't done too badly yourself in the son department, Molly," Mom observed with a smile.

"Thanks again for your kindness and generosity, Jen. I'll treasure this evening always."

"Nonsense. Kindred spirits have to look out for each other. Just don't be a stranger, okay?"

"We won't. Listen, I've been thinking. My review for the paper will come out in 4 days. You'll want to check it out and get prepared."

"Get prepared, Molly?"

"Yes. Though I say it who shouldn't, when the review hits the presses and then my blog and Facebook page, you're going to be really busy. With all due modesty, I've got a lot of pull in this town. You should know that you are going to be the first new restaurant in my 15 years on the beat that I've given 5 stars to out of the gate - and it's NOT because of your personal interest in Mitch and me. Rick is that good. He's going to take this town by storm, especially after City Today does a feature article on him and Casa di Mia Nonna. We'll shoot for the March issue on that. I'll be talking to my editor tomorrow - and don't worry, no personal information that you don't approve. I'll do the interview myself. After that though, I'll have to recuse myself from further reviews. I'd much rather be your friend." She gave Mom a hug.

"C'mon Mitch. I need to get home and write my review. After that, I need some more of your good lovin'."

Clean up seemed to be progressing quickly. I went out front to personally thank Alain for bailing us out for the evening. "It was my plaisir, Monsieur Rick. Am I correct zat Madame O'Donnell dined with us this evening?"

"Indeed. Il a été un grand succès, Alain."

"Magnifique! I am very much delighted for you and Madame Jenny. You both have worked so hard for this. I am touched in my heart for both of you, that two such kind people should have a good reward. But I am thinking, you should celebrate. Please allow me to close up tonight. Take your lovely woman upstairs and leave everything else to me. I insist."

"Merci beaucoup, Alain. I will do that. See you in the morning."

"Bonsoir, young Master Chef."

I saw Alain and the last stragglers of the kitchen crew out the door and locked up. Moving quickly to the back office, I entered and closed the door behind me. Mom looked up from the desk as I came through the door. In one glance to each other, our mutual purpose was instantly clear and in three seconds she was in my arms. There would be no wait to get upstairs to our bed. As we broke our kiss to catch our breath, Mom moaned in my ear. "God, Ricky, I'm soooo hot! My panties were soaking all evening. I was practically sticking to the chair!"

Gliding my hand up the back of her thigh, I cupped her ass cheek and then slid my hand inside the back of her gusset, slipping my finger into her wetness. She immediately began to thrust herself against my probing digit. "Ohhh, God, Ricky. I need you inside me NOW!" she moaned, fumbling for my zipper.

"Jesus Mom! You're on fire...so wet!"

Mom was pulling me back towards the desk as she unbuckled my pants, her hand shoving down past the waistband of my boxers to grasp my cock, urgently stroking it. As her knees touched the back of the desk, she leaned back, hitching her skirt up to her waist. Pulling me towards her by my prick, she spread her legs, pulling her panties to one side as she guided me into her dripping pussy.

"Fuck me hard, sweetie. Fuck your mother hard, son."

Mom's passion was incendiary; she was as aroused as I've ever seen her. Something about that other incestuous couple, combined with her already heightened pregnancy-related baseline horniness had wound her up into a cyclone of desire. Grabbing my buttocks, nails digging sharply into my skin, she urged me inwards. "Come on lover, give me ALL of that wonderful cock. I need every inch, baby!"

As I began stroking in earnest, Mom arched her back slightly and pushed her pelvis out to meet me, bracing her hands out to her sides to better thrust, her head thrown back, eyes closed and mouth open. We quickly settled into a fast, take no prisoners rhythm, cock and cunt squishing, flesh slapping loudly - a truly lusty, hard fuck with a single mutual goal - explosive orgasm as quickly as possible.

"Ahhh, that's it baby, take care of Mommy. Your cock feels so good inside me," she crooned, her baby bump pushing against my abdomen.

"Fuck, Mom, you feel so hot, so tight," I moaned.

Circling my hands around to the small of her back, I slid her forward to the very edge of the desk to increase our contact, rooting myself as deeply as I could inside her, grinding and alternately pushing myself in to the last possible millimeter, occasionally pulling all the way out of her dripping sheath, only to slam back in as hard as I could. With the first full withdrawal and slam back into her honey pot, she moaned, throwing her arms around my neck, leaning forward to bury her face in my shoulder. With each cycle of out, push, grind and out, Mom moaned louder and louder, each one followed by a low grunt as I slammed back into her depths. As I picked up the pace her moans became almost continuous and her response to

my invasion becoming less coordinated and more jerky as she crept closer to her release. Very shortly, her legs came up around my waist in a fleshy vise grip and she bit my shoulder, hard, as she tried to muffle her climax.

When she flooded my prick with her juice, that sent me over the edge as well and I thrust back to her womb with a growl, crushing her ass cheeks in my grip as I pushed with all my might, as if to try to return in whole body to my point of origin.

As I shot off inside my mother lover, the feel of my semen detonated another miniorgasm for her and she shuddered and spasmed against me yet again.

As we slowly and haltingly returned from our personal nirvana, Mom linked her arms around my neck and drew me in for a long, tender kiss.

"Holy shit, Ricky," she breathed. "You better call 911. I got run over by that goddamn truck again. I don't think I can move."

"Me either," I rasped, out of breath. "That was two counties beyond intense."

Heaving a large sigh of contentment, I kissed her back. "I suppose that's to be expected when you get to fuck the sexiest woman on the planet."

"Hmmp. Almost seven months pregnant, with flat feet and swelling legs – I don't think so," Mom grumbled. "It's unfortunate that you're going blind at such a young age."

"I'm entitled to my opinion and I stand by it. Pregnancy agrees with you, Mom; you absolutely glow, and when you come, you make the Mona Lisa look like Leon Spinks."

"You're demented. A sweetheart, but demented. Definitely a lost cause."

"Shut up and kiss me, momma love."

She did and I did back. After a few more minutes of bliss, we inspected the damages and straightened things up a bit.

Mom finished putting the pencil cup, stapler, scattered papers, assorted writing implements and folder organizer back into place, retrieving them from the floor, casualties of our romp. Inspecting the desktop with her hands on her hips, Mom shook her head in disgust.

"Damn. Guess I'll have to go to Staples tomorrow. Look what you did to the desk blotter, Ricky. It's soaked with cum."

"Now hold on just a minute! What I did? That looks like a joint effort to me, Miss Niagara Falls!"

"Okay, okay, I'll concede I was just a little wet myself. Tell you what – we'll go halvesies on the damages, all right?"

"Hmmp. I don't think so. It wasn't me who couldn't wait to get upstairs."

"Speaking of upstairs, I'm not through with you yet, my sexy son. It's time to take you mother to bed."

I always obey my Mom – I'm a good son, I am.

Molly was as good as her word. Within a week of the review, we were fully booked 4 weeks in advance. After the magazine article, which was so complimentary it made my ears burn, we stayed booked three months ahead. Eight months after opening, I bought out the building and tripled our capacity, including a half dozen special private dining areas. Working them into the floor plan was a big challenge,

but we made it happen in the end. Those usually were booked at least 4 or 5 months in advance, but we kept one open for our best customers and for Mitch and Molly.

A year and a half after startup, we opened a downtown branch, catering to the executive lunch crowd. Even though I was busier than ever, we were very happy. Perhaps the best part of our early success was that it allowed Mom to disengage from the day-to-day grind of the restaurant and to fully concentrate on building her legal practice again, also resting up in the later stages of her second pregnancy with our son, Jason. More on that later; right now I want to mention something that happened at the end of Mom's first pregnancy.

I had been making preparations in secret for some time, with Mitch and Molly as my co-conspirators. I knew the timing was close, with Mom's due date only about a week away, but I was determined to get everything done properly. In addition to the usual fees, I had to provide some significant extra inducements to find someone who would be specifically free on Mother's Day, but in the end I was successful. After some significant cajoling, Molly was able to convince Mom to come out so we could celebrate Mother's Day as a foursome. I had snuck out earlier in the week to our safety deposit box to get Mom's passport and made sure I had my "official" Canadian ID on hand, so the preparations were complete.

Molly and Mitch arrived on time to pick us up and we headed down Hastings Street, cutting across on Burrard and down to Cornwall Avenue. As we passed through Kitsilano, Mom turned to me with a questioning look. "Just where are we going, Ricky? I don't know of any restaurants out this way."

"It's a Mother's Day surprise. You'll know in just a few more minutes."

"My, my, aren't we smug and mysterious. Just remember hotshot, my back aches, my feet are swollen and I'm feeling pretty ornery," Mom growled. "You mess with me at your own peril today."

"We're going to Point Grey," I smiled, patting her knee. "I promise you will be happy when we get there."

After about 10 more minutes of driving, we pulled onto a shady, tree-lined street, stopping in front of a neat, compact, white clapboard cottage. I helped Mom out of the car, escorting her up the flagstone path of the cottage. As we walked up to the porch, Mom dug her elbow into my side.

"What's going on here, Ricky? You got some 'splainin' to...d...Oh my God." Mom clutched my arm as we arrived on the threshold. An elegant, understated brass plate etched in Spenserian script announced "Lena Ornesby, Marriage Commissioner."

"Ricky...?"

"Happy Mother's Day," I whispered, taking her hand in mine. "It's time to make an honest woman out of you."

I rang the doorbell. It was answered shortly by an elderly lady. Although slightly slowed by age, she maintained a regal bearing. Her silver hair was stylishly coiffed and she was elegantly dressed in an old-fashioned embroidered front blouse and gray wool skirt. Even though lined with the passage of many years, her face could only be described as patrician. One could tell at a glance that in her younger days, she must have been a woman of considerable grace and beauty.

"Welcome, please come in. I'm Lena Ornesby." Turning to address Molly and Mitch, she asked "Richard and Jennifer?"

"That would be us," I corrected, putting my arm around Mom's waist, pulling her close.

Our Commissioner arched an eyebrow briefly in surprise, but quickly regained her composure. "Excellent. Let's step into the parlor. It looks like we shouldn't waste any time," she added drily, glancing at Mom's abdomen.

As we stood in the sunlit parlor, surrounded by antique furniture and old paintings, Eyes wide with surprise, Mom slipped her arm around my waist and murmured in my ear. "I love you, my son. But I'm still going to absolutely kill you after this. Shame on you for sneaking up on me like that!"

"Happy Mother's Day," I whispered back, grinning evilly.

Mrs. Ornesby cleared her throat to gain our attention. Gathering her thoughts, she slipped into her official mode. "Very well. We'll take care of the bureaucratic nonsense first. Mr. Lewis, you have the marriage license? Good. I'll need to see some identification. Miss Lindermann - I see you're an American citizen. I'll need to see some additional identification besides your passport. Ah, let's see here...New Jersey driver's license and...your work visa papers. Excellent. Mr. Lewis - Canadian identification card and provincial driving license? Excellent. And your two witnesses are here? Everything appears to be in order. I think we can begin."

"Are you going to exchange rings as well as vows today?"

Mitch stepped forward, producing two small cases. "I have them here."

Turning to Mom, I took both of her hands in mine. "I think we already know what we're going to say to each other, don't we?"

I began. "Jennifer Marie, my love, my best friend, will you consent to take me, Richard Alan as your husband? I promise to stand by you through all times and trials, always faithful and always doing only that which will bring you happiness and joy, for as long as I shall live." Taking her ring from Mitch, I placed the simple, solid gold band on her finger.

Still in a state of shock over my well-sprung surprise, Mom was clearly overwhelmed. Tears running down her face, lips slightly quivering, she spoke her part, recalling her original private vows as clearly as I did mine. "Oh, Ricky, my love...I take you as my beloved husband, also promising faith, joy and happiness for all our lives. I will always be at your side, in the best of times and the worst of times. I will never leave you, as long as I shall live." She placed the companion ring on my finger, hands slightly trembling as she did so.

Mrs. Ornesby spoke again. "That was quite moving. Short, but heartfelt and sweet. I can tell you will uphold those vows." Pausing to revert to her Official Persona, she pronounced "Very well. By the powers and responsibilities vested in me by the Government of the Province of British Columbia, it is my duty and pleasure to now pronounce you man and wife. Congratulations - you may kiss the bride."

Oh boy, did I kiss my bride. Mom just melted in my arms and our kiss went on for a good minute, with much tongue tangling and more than one moan from each of us. I think we scandalized Mrs. Ornesby just a little bit. Finally we stepped back from one another to regain our breaths. I gazed at my new wife adoringly and she returned my look in spades.

I pulled her back to me for a second, gentle kiss on the lips, gazing into her beautiful blue eyes. As the kiss continued, Mom's eyes widened slightly and she broke away, whispering "Oh shit." I felt dampness on my pants leg and looked down to see fluid running down the inside of both of Mom's thighs, dampening the rug beneath our feet. Her water had broken.

Turning to Mrs. Ornesby, I began to apologize, but her attention was directed at Mom's feet. She was speechless for a moment and then managed to muster a faint "Oh my goodness."

"I'm terribly sorry, but we need to leave right now. Please send me a bill for the carpet cleaning," I added as we hustled Mom out the door.

As we semi-ran down the sidewalk, I glanced back over my shoulder. Mrs. Ornesby was standing on the threshold. Shaking her head as she closed the door, I heard her clipped Oxonian accent one last time.

"Well, I'll be fucked."

As we got into Mitch and Molly's car, I hit the speed dial on my cell phone. I spoke with our OB's answering service and began a nervous wait for the call back. Within a few minutes, she returned the call, directing us to St. Paul's.

I was in a state of maximum stress as we made our way to the hospital. Mom was calm and serene, holding my hand. "Don't worry darling, everything's going to be fine. It's not as though I haven't been down this road before."

I was very glad at least one of us was holding it together. To be very honest, I was so anxious during the whole process, I can barely remember any of the details leading up to the delivery, a typical new father reaction, I suppose.

One thing I do recall clearly though, is filling out Mom's admission paperwork and checking the "married" box under marital status. It seems silly how important that little detail was, the result of a simple 5-minute civil ceremony. Mom and I said our most important vows to each other 9 months earlier, and yet I was very, very happy that we had done the deed, so to speak. I guess it was my way of saying "I love my Mother" to the whole world, even if it was done obliquely and indirectly.

Mom's labor was mercifully short, only lasting about an hour. Except for a couple times when she called me a 'bad motherfucker,' to the amusement of the labor and delivery team, it was blessedly uneventful. I'm sure they attributed Mom's remarks to the stresses of childbirth. Deirdre Lynn made her way into our lives at about 2:36 pm, followed by her sister, Anna Marie about five minutes later, each as beautiful as their mom. Of course, both were actually red, wrinkled and squalling lumps of vulnerable protoplasm, but they were also the love I had for my mother, made flesh.

Our daughters were whisked off to the newborn nursery all too quickly while the team got Mom cleaned up and comfortable. I gave her a tender kiss and I excused myself and headed to the nursery to see our daughters. As I stood in the viewing window, looking at the new lives I was responsible for, all of a sudden it hit me like a meteor strike.

It's not too much of a stretch to come to the realization that you can be a good husband to someone, but when you first fully comprehend the responsibilities of being a father, it makes you weak in the knees. The sheer open-endedness of everything is enough to make you shit your pants. So, I ended up doing something I had rarely thought about in the past. I went to the hospital chapel and offered up a heartfelt prayer of thanks for my many blessings and a plea for strength and wisdom.

After some flailing around with the hospital admissions folks, I found Mom's room. She was propped up in bed, Deirdre in the crook of her right arm, Anna on the left. She looked a bit wan and fatigued, but radiantly happy as well. I sat on the edge of the bed and kissed all three of my ladies. Brushing Mom's hair back over her ears, I choked up a little. "They're as gorgeous as their mother. You done really, really good, Mom."

A small tear ran down Mom's cheek. "If they're beautiful, it's because of what we have between us, son. I can only think of one time in my entire life when I've been so happy."

I grinned at Mom. "The two sort of go together, don't they?"

Our nurse showed up to return the girls to the nursery. After she departed, I sat on the bed next to Mom, holding her in my arms, sharing tender kisses. Reaching for her left hand, I pulled the wedding ring from her finger and then removed mine. Mom looked at me questioningly. I put both rings in her palm and gestured for her to look inside each one. My inscription was "Loving Son." Hers was "Beloved Mother."

Mom shed a few more tears and squeezed my hand. She slipped my ring back on and I did the same. "Thank you, Ricky. Thank you for everything today, my wonderful husband-son."

"You're welcome, wife-mom." I held her for a while, stroking her hair and cheeks, until she fell asleep, a small smile on her lips.

In May, when we were blessed with Deirdre Lynn and Anna Marie, our lives were forever changed and enriched. Eighteen months later, Jason Michael was born, followed not quite two years later by Emily Jeanne. Carrying little Emmy was very tough on Mom, requiring her to be on bed rest the last two months of her pregnancy.

Seeing Mom struggle through her third trimester had me feeling a bit guilty for my part in the proceedings and I offered to get cut to simplify things in the future, but Mom wasn't having any of it.

"Ricky, I don't want you to burn any bridges. You're still young. What if something happened to me? Suppose you remarried and wanted more children? I don't want you to lose that possibility."

"That's a bunch of bull, Mom," I retorted. "First, I don't want any more kids, under any circumstance, especially with anyone else, period. Second, if anything happened to you, I don't think I'd get over it in the way you're thinking. There's not a single girl in the world who can compare to you, Mom. You 'ruined' me a long time ago for all other women. It wouldn't be the same and anyone I theoretically would be with would always be compared to you, to everyone's loss. That just ain't gonna happen."

"It's this simple, Mom, you're it for me," I said, taking her hand and kissing it.

"You still say the nicest things to your mother, Ricky."

"Tell you what, hot chick, we'll compromise. We'll both do some snipping and clipping after you deliver. That way we'll be double sure. How's that?"

"I'm still not sure that you should do this, Ricky."

"What are you worried about, Mom? Is there anything else you're not telling me, pretty lady?"

Smiling slightly and shaking her head, Mom said, "No, sweetheart, just being a worrywart mother, I guess."

"Are you worried I'll taste different if I do this?" I asked slyly.

"Ricky! You are so bad!" Mom exclaimed, blushing furiously. "That is most definitely NOT what I'm worried about. You almost always taste yummy," she added with a smile.

"Almost always?" I retorted, pretending to be hurt.

"Well, there was that time last April when I did you in the meat locker downstairs. I seem to recall that you had eaten a lot of fresh asparagus that day. That wasn't quite as nice as usual. Other than that, I have no complaints."

"I really don't care for asparagus all that much anyway. I can live without it."

"Such a sacrifice!"

"Anything for my Queen."

Up to the point of Emily's delivery, our lives had been nearly idyllic, filled with professional success, wonderful children and an abiding romance, which left us feeling lucky every day. Day to day existence was pleasantly routine, filled with the normal events of any other marriage, including the barely contained chaos that comes with raising small children.

Life took an abrupt 180-degree turn when we greeted Emmy into our family. As Mom was delivering, the atmosphere in the birthing suite was different, strained and tense. During delivery, Emmy's vital signs were worrisomely weak. The delivery team spoke in hushed tones with one another, no one looking us in the eye as things progressed. Just as the baby was crowning, the obstetrician turned to me and said, "I don't like the look of this." She then spoke to the team, "Get the neonatologist on call and contact the NICU, we're going to need a bed STAT."

Following the delivery, the contrast with our previous babies couldn't have been more stark. The brief view of the limp form with weak cries and bluish-gray skin was totally outside my comprehension. Emmy was whisked to a procedure table at the side of the room and the air began to fill with terrifying, incomprehensible jargon. "Apgars are only 3-4 out of 8." "Spontaneous respirations, very weak." "Tachypnea, cyanosis and bradycardia, breath sounds poor." "Need to intubate now. We'll need a STAT echo in the NICU. Who's on call for Cardiology today?" Within 5 minutes, our newest child had disappeared into the intensive care unit and what should have been a joyous day turned into a waking nightmare.

About an hour later, the pediatric cardiologist came to see us in Mom's room. His demeanor was serious. He paused, seeming to want to choose his words carefully. Mom looked him in the eye and spoke clearly, eyes glistening with tears. "Just tell us how bad it is, just give us the straight truth."

"Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, I'm Dr. Sandoval. Emily has a serious cardiac problem. There is a large hole in her heart between two chambers. The bad news is that this is potentially life threatening. The good news is that it can be fixed, but it needs to happen now. With your permission, I would like to send your daughter by air ambulance over to Children's Hospital. The surgery can take place later this afternoon, if you agree."

I got up from Mom's side and gripped him by the arm. "Don't waste a minute Doc, get moving now."

Cheeks wet, lips trembling, Mom nodded in agreement. She held herself together until Dr. Sandoval departed and then lost it. I rushed to her side and held her in my arms as she buried her face in my chest and sobbed. After a long while, she quieted. "We've got to be positive, Mom. There's nothing we can do except hope and pray. Right now I'm thinking about my four blessings," I said softly, stroking her hair. "They are: Anna, Deirdre, Jason and Jennifer. Whatever else happens, I'm not going to lose sight of that."

Mom wiped her tears with the palm of her hand and smiled weakly. "You're right, sweetheart. She hugged me and whispered "Thank you for being so strong, son. You're my rock. I love you."

"Love you too, Mom, and more every day." I got up and rummaged in her purse, extracting her Blackberry. "Keep this with you. I'm going down to the NICU to see how things are going with the transfer. I'll head over to Children's as soon as I know."

The afternoon of Emmy's transfer and the four hours of her surgery were the longest day of my life. I wore holes in the carpet between the chapel and the SICU waiting room. I drank and peed enough coffee to float a battleship.

When I heard the surgery was finished and Emmy's surgeon called me into the consultation room next to the waiting area, I feared the worst. Gesturing me to a seat, she apologized. "Hi, I'm Dr. Prieto. Sorry to drag you in here Mr. Lewis, but we have to obey privacy rules whenever we discuss patients. Okay, bottom line - little Emily did great. I expect her to make a full recovery. The repair went as well as any case of its type I have ever done. Barring any post-op complications, I believe we can think in terms of her going in home in about a week."

I was glad I was sitting down, because the release of tension was so great, my knees probably would have given out. I was so happy, so relieved I wanted to shout at the top of my lungs. I think Dr. Prieto was a bit alarmed by the manic gleam in my eyes, but I did just barely manage to resist the temptation to give her a big bear hug. I was also so relieved that I almost slipped up in a big way. I nearly said "I'm going back to St. Paul's to tell Mom," but I managed to catch myself and simply said "I need to get back to tell my wife. When will we be able to see her?"

Dr. Prieto smiled and slid her surgical cap off and then gripped my arm reassuringly. "If things go well, tomorrow afternoon should be possible."

I left my cell number at the nursing station as I bolted out the door. I wanted to tell Mom the good news in person. When I walked in the door unannounced, she showed a split second of panic, which immediately transformed to a radiant smile as she saw me grinning from ear to ear.

"Our little girl did great, Mom. Emmy's going to be okay. She's going to be on a number of medications for quite a while, maybe even one or two for life, but she's coming home, baby, she's gonna come home." At that point I choked up and lost it for a little bit myself and it was Mom's turn to hold me. After I calmed down, I gave her the rest of the news. "Her surgeon says we can probably see her tomorrow. I'm going to stay with you until we both can go together."

Mom smiled and squeezed my hand. I could practically see the stress flow out of her body as she relaxed. She closed her eyes and fell immediately asleep, the small smile I love so well playing across her lips as she snored lightly. I flopped into the chair next to her bed, too wired from coffee to rest. I simply sat and watched her sleep, again counting my blessings.

We had a bit of difficulty getting out the next day, mom's OB concerned about being up and about so quickly after the delivery, but in the end I promised to personally ferry her everywhere in a wheelchair for the next several days, so the doc relented.

When we finally got to actually hold Emily after her surgery it was a red-letter day. That first time is always a magical moment, but this time, it was absolutely overflowing with emotion. I have never felt such a powerfully protective feeling or a deeper appreciation of the fragility of life.

A couple months after Emmy joined us, I was approached by a major resort chain about opening a named restaurant at their flagship property in Whistler. With Mom handling the negotiations, the hotel executives never knew what hit them. Over four months we hammered out the details and came to an agreement. Four months after that, preparations for the new restaurant began. So, at the tender age of 28, our financial security assured, I began to take stock. As exhilarating as the ride had been, I was tired.

Supervisory and quality assurance headaches go up with the square of the number of properties, so I felt stretched to the breaking point. It all came to a head as the Whistler deal became operational, when I was away from home for over 3 weeks without a break. Even though I was less than two hours away and we phoned each other at least twice a day, it felt like ten thousand miles. I was so busy I barely had time to go to the bathroom. I missed my kids. I missed the relatively simple process of running a single restaurant. Most of all, I missed Mom's loving embrace.

With these thoughts in mind, I figuratively limped home to our digs after the opening. We were still living above the original Casa di Mia Nonna, but had substantially expanded and remodeled when I bought the building. There were separate bedrooms for Jase and the twins and we each had our own offices. We certainly weren't hurting for space, but I was around so little that I rarely got to enjoy it.

Before the Whistler deal, I'd be up at 5 am to work out, check on Emmy and give her first doses of medication, then downstairs to get on the phone with the downtown branch, making sure the day would run smoothly. Even with much more delegating and leaving most of the day-to-day operational issues for downtown to Alain, who we had promoted to manager, I was still usually not back

home much before 9 or 10 each evening. I always made sure to take a break though, when it was time to put the little meatloaves to bed.

I let myself in the back entrance to the kitchen and made sure to say hi to all of the crew before I made my way to the stairs to our flat. Trudging upwards, I began to detect a familiar smell as I entered the foyer. I smiled to myself. There was nothing like returning to a home cooked meal made by your mate and your Mom!

Entering the kitchen quietly, I could see Mom at the counter, back to me as she worked at the stove. I just stood there for a moment, savoring the sight of the sway of her hips as she stirred, marveling for the umpteenth time at the perfection of her ass. Then it hit me all at once. She was wearing a snug pair of old blue jeans, a man's white oxford shirt, tied off above her midriff, in her bare feet. Bach was again playing in the background, Mom humming along as she worked. The smell...Nana's original Bolognese sauce recipe! Suddenly I was fifteen again.

"Ahhhh, Mom - it's so wonderful to be home!"

She spun from the stove and was in my arms in a second.

"Oh, darling! I missed you so much!" she said, showering me with kisses.

"God, I missed you too, Mom! The last week or ten days, I was aching to see you. I could hardly stand it." It was the longest we had ever been apart, before or after we became lovers.

Arm around her hip, I drew her into my lap as I sat down at the kitchen table. Burying my face in the crook of her neck, I inhaled her scent, once again buoyed by the clean smell of soap and sandalwood. Kissing her neck and shoulder softly, I asked, "Does this remind you of anything, Mom?"

"Not particularly. Should it?"

"For me, it's a real blast from the past. Do you remember when you were teaching me how to use knives properly? We were cooking the same recipe, listening to the same music and you were wearing nearly identical clothes."

"I remember now, Ricky."

"That was the first time realized I had fallen in love with you. It was the beginning of everything for me. So, to come home to this, today, well, just wow - it's perfect. I love you so much, Mom."

"I love you too, my sweet son. I didn't plan it this way, but I'm very happy to have resurrected a good memory for you."

"Of course the big difference is I couldn't do then what I can now," I said giving her a long kiss, my hands trailing down her sides to cup both of her sweet cheeks.

"Ohhhh, it's sooo nice to have you back in my arms, Ricky."

Our kiss intensified. Lips parting in unison, our tongues entwined. Bringing my hand up, I cupped Mom's breast through her shirt, surprised to find she wasn't wearing a bra. Rubbing her nipple with my fingertip, I began unbuttoning her shirt with my other hand.

"Mmmmmm. Not wasting any time, are you, my son?"

"I've missed every square inch of you, Mom. These magnificent nipples, mmm, so delicious... and my favorite navel, so tasty-"

"Ricky! Stop that - it tickles! Besides, you need to give the little 'uns a kiss, and Emmy needs her meds. I had a devil of a time getting them to bed, knowing you'd be home tonight."

"Okay, babe. But don't you dare button up, Mom. I'll be claiming my appetizer when I get back."

"Just as long as you clean up after yourself, I'm starting to drip already. Hurry back, love."

We had just finished some predawn lovemaking, snuggling and kissing in our mutual afterglow. I was pleasantly spent, still marveling at the intensity of our coupling, seemingly undiminished from our first day together. There was no doubt in my mind. I absolutely loved my mother for the wonderful, talented woman she was, but there was no denying that the undercurrent of fucking my mom was still and likely always going to be a huge, permanent turn on for me. I could never get enough of her, never tired of our special closeness, our one-mind-two-bodies connection. I still felt like the luckiest guy alive. I enjoyed and reveled in all of my professional success, but there was still nothing in the world I liked better than being with Mom, and now our children as well. They were living, breathing proof of our love and passion for each other. As I reflected on these gifts which had been bestowed on me, I became somewhat pensive. As ever, Mom noticed my change in mood almost before I did.

"A penny for your thoughts, lover boy."

"Just thinking about how blessed we are, how lucky I've been in particular, Mom. If you had laid this all out before me four years ago, I would have described it as a particularly unlikely fantasy, and yet..."

"Yet here we are, seemingly living our dreams," Mom finished my sentence for me. "I couldn't be happier, darling. I have four wonderful children with my handsome man and the career I always wanted," she sighed contentedly. "And...my big-dicked son fucks the shit out of me almost every day and makes me come like a freight train every time he puts his gorgeous cock in me," she grinned wickedly. "What's not to like?"

"Golly Mom, you really should loosen up a little and say what's really on your mind. Don't beat around the bush so much."

"I don't need to beat around the bush, Ricky. You handle that chore particularly well," she retorted smugly.

"You pussy has always been the tastiest dish on my menu Mom, with or without son-cream. I don't think I'll ever get tired of licking you. Speaking of which..."

"Mmm, much as I'd love it, duty calls, sweetheart. The twins will be up any minute now. I'd rather not have to explain why Mommy is sitting on Daddy's face and moaning so much. Too complicated."

I chuckled at the mental picture. "You owe me, woman. I expect you to conduct your household business sans panties today. I intend to get my taste at some point, come hell or high water."

"Damn it, Ricky, you cut it out! Now I'll be dripping all day thinking about your tongue, you bad boy."

"My function in life, dear mother."

Later, we actually found a little time for a cup of coffee together, a minor miracle of calm in the chaos of our usual working day. It was then that I began sounding Mom out about an idea that had been slowly coalescing in my mind since I had been in Whistler.

"Mom, what would you say if I were to sell the restaurants in a few years?"

"I'd ask if you were completely losing your marbles and inquire if you had a particular view that you wanted from your padded cell."

"It's just that I've had an idea for a new direction, something a little different, perhaps easier to run, more intimate and slower paced."

"What's the concept?"

"Well, as you know Clay is a big fan of Nonna's downtown. He lunches there every Friday, has a standing reservation." Seamus MacLeish was Archibald's elder brother and the emeritus partner in Mom's new law practice, a very well connected barrister with numerous ties to the provincial government.

"I had occasion to chat with him about a week before I left for the Whistler project. It seems likely very soon, some provincial land along the coast road west of Victoria is going to be opened for purchase and development. The province will build out electrical and water as part of the deal and there may also be broadband thrown in as well. I'm visualizing a restaurant with a view of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, with a B&B attached, possibly expanding to a small inn if things take off. Alain has some connections that might pan out for managing the lodging side of things."

"What I'm really thinking about is an extension of our private booth concept, a special couple-oriented destination. The other thing I'm interested in is taking our little shop downstairs on line." After we had expanded our original location, we began offering small quantities of the output of some of our local suppliers of specialty items. We were regularly selling out of jamon, smoked salmon, cheeses, coffees, teas and various and sundry local preserves and the like. It only made a modest profit for us, but our patrons loved to be able to purchase some of the materials that ended up on our daily menus.

Mom was uncharacteristically silent and I could hear the wheels spinning as she examined the possibilities. "It sounds really intriguing, sweetheart. I definitely need to think about this some more. I certainly can't argue against slowing down some. A mother's time with her son is precious."

"My thoughts exactly. As much as I love what I do, I need more time with my woman and children. Otherwise, what's the point?"

About four months after that conversation, I found myself in our flat on a Sunday morning after church. I was on the floor in the middle of the family room, surrounded by many toys and buffeted by the streaking blurs of Jason and the twins as they played with me. I was in the middle of the usual three-against-one wrestling match (gracefully and tactfully losing as always) when Mom came out of her office in a state of high excitement.

"Ricky, you need to see this!"

Disengaging myself from the onslaught, I struggled into the office, with Dee Dee , Anna and Jase clamped, barnacle-like, to one of my legs. After waving me to her side, she gestured at the screen of her iMac.

"It's a little complicated, but bear with me, Ricky. First, I got this email from Molly today."

Jen - The two of you should check out this link. Don't ask me how I got it, because right now I can't tell you. If you like what you see, use the first security code to enter the site and the second to fill out an application. They'll get back in touch with you within a few hours. Please delete this as soon as you finish.

Love, Molly

P.S. Mitch and I are going to be celebrating our 3rd anniversary next Thursday. Is our booth available?

The link was a simple IP address, no domain name given. Mom clicked on it. A page opened, appearing to be an anonymous offshore FTP site. A dialogue box appeared, asking for the access code, which Mom cut and pasted from Molly's

email. The screen flashed a message. "Please wait. Engaging 2048 bit encryption. This may take a few minutes."

I turned to look at Mom, intrigued and mystified all at once. When I started to ask her a question, she held up her hand to stop me, saying only, Just a few more seconds, Ricky. Please be patient."

After about 45 seconds, a new screen appeared. It simply said "The Mother and Son Site." A message then appeared. "Please enter access code immediately. You have 30 seconds. Please type carefully. You may only attempt access once." Mom carefully entered the second code and hit return. The screen remained static for almost 30 seconds. During this time, I could see that our browser thought that the IP address of the web page was constantly changing. Then a new screen appeared. It said, "Welcome new recruit. Please fill out the following questionnaire. A response will be generated within 2 hours."

Mom said, "I went ahead and answered the questions for us. It's anonymous. You make your own usernames. We're "lawmom" and "chefson" The site appears to be entirely devoted to promoting communication and interactions between mother-son couples."

Minimizing the browser, Mom reopened her email. "This came about 5 minutes ago." She opened an email from "Webmistress@MSSite.____"

Dear lawmom and chefson. A confidential message is waiting on our secure server. Please access the following IP address and use the encryption key below to retrieve your message."

Mom accessed the new secure page and input the key. A new message appeared from the webmistress.

"Is that you, Jen? Love, Marsh"

"Mom, I can't believe it!"

"I sent back a one line reply with my cell number."

As if on cue, Mom's phone began chirping with the ringtone she used for blocked calls. She picked up.

"Hello? Marsh? Is it really you? This is absolutely unbelievable! How on earth...? No wait, let's back up. How ARE you? It's been ages. Hold on, let me put this on speaker for Ricky."

"Marsh? It's Rick. How are you guys? This is simply amazing! You have this habit of surprising the hell out of us! First, that night in our kitchen almost four years ago, and now this. This is too cool for words!"

"Hi Rick. I'm so glad you found Shawn and me. We've been so bad about staying in touch, and there's so much to catch up on! Who should go first?"

"We can start, Marsh, if you like," Mom said.

"Please go ahead, I'm all ears!"

"When Rick and I left for Vancouver, you may remember I was pregnant."

"Indeed, I do. At the time, I was very happy for you and not a little jealous."

"Well, that following May we had twins."

"My God, Jen! How wonderful! Details! I need details!"

"Deirdre Lynn and Anna Marie are doing very well and will be celebrating their fourth birthdays in a few months. Also, there's Jason Michael, who just turned two a short while ago. And, there's little Emily Jeanne - she's 9 months old now and already saying a few words! We love them all to death!"

"You guys didn't waste any time, did you? That's just splendid. I love people who take a big bite out of life!"

"We have been busy, for sure Marsh. Rick has some things to tell you also."

"Hi Marsh. Things have been pretty good. Have you heard of 'Casa di Mia Nonna'?"

"I have indeed. There was an article about it in Travel and Leisure a few months ago. It's run by some young guy named Rick Lewis...Uh, Ricky, do you mean to say..."

"Yup, Marsh. It's our place. My 'official' Canadian ID is 'Rick Lewis.' We actually have a second downtown location and I'm a minority shareholder in the version that the Transpacific Resort Group opened in Whistler a while back."

"Oh Rick! I'm soooo happy for you guys. It's just the most wonderful news I could think of, and with four no doubt-wonderful children to boot!"

"I still can't believe how lucky Mom and I have been, Marsh. I have to pinch myself regularly these days. Enough though, how about you guys? Shawn is well?"

"We're wonderful. I have tons of news for you guys also. Jen, when you guys put a bun in the oven right away, it really got Shawn and me thinking. We decided to wait until Shawn graduated, but we've got a little 'un too! Fiona Michelle was born nearly the same time as Jason. She's the center of our universe."

"That's simply fantastic, Marsh. Is there anything better in the world than having a child with your son?"

"Only one thing I can think of Jen, and you can't do the kid thing without it!"

Mom laughed and blushed a little. "Damn, straight, Marsh, damn straight. The best thing about taking your son into your bed is that every Mom who does it gets the best lover in the whole world."

I voiced the question on Mom's and my mind. "Marsh, about the web site?"

"It's a little complicated, Rick, but the gist of it is that I'm still a neighborhood queen bee - I've just gone on to being the social organizer for a very special, very exclusive virtual community. You may remember that Shawn was doing a double major in electrical engineering and computer science? Well, he's been big into security and encryption, on both the building and breaking end of things. He started a consulting company right after he graduated and landed a number of very lucrative, hush-hush projects with Homeland Security and TSA, which put us in very good shape."

"I got to thinking about how we became close to you guys, which was essentially by chance. I thought how wonderful it would be for like-minded couples to be able to get in touch with one another without having to worry about their secrets being exposed. If you may remember' that day when we chatted by your pool, when you and Rick had just become lovers, I said that I would love to be able to find a way to bring more mothers and sons together. Well, Shawn helped flesh out the idea and made the hardware side a reality, so here we are. I really love what I'm doing. The site pays for itself and then some, which is wonderful. In any event, Shawn is also doing very well, so no worries there."

"So, Marsh - when and how can we get together?" Mom asked.

"I don't know exactly, Jen. I do think we're a bit more portable than you guys right now, so I'd lean towards us coming up to you. Because of the government work, Shawn needs to have a base of operations near DC, so we've been living in a place called Great Falls for the last year or so. Right now though, we're kind of fed up with the Beltway madness. We're definitely looking to relocate. In any event, our calendar is pretty clear and most of our work can follow us wherever we go.

"It's settled then," Mom declared. "We've got loads of room - we still live right above our original location. We have a wonderful guest room and lots of kiddie infrastructure. You just tell us when you can come and we'll be ready. I'm so excited, Marsh, I can't wait to see you!"

"Marsh," I inquired, "How nimble are you? If you could be here by the middle of next week, we could have a celebration. Molly and Mitch O'Donnell are celebrating their 3rd anniversary. They're good people. They are also the ones who pointed us to your site."

"I know, Rick. She contacted me last week to request your invite to the site. I personally screen all those requests from existing members. Based on her information, it seemed like a no-brainer, but I had no idea she was talking about you!"

"Well skin-sister, I hope we can make this work," Mom said.

"It's a bit short notice, but what the heck. I'll discuss it with Shawn when he gets back from work. I find I'm really looking forward to this. Thanks for the invite - sister," Marsh concluded softly.

It came to pass that Marsh and Shawn were able to come the following week, so we appropriated the original private booth for our soiree. In the lead up to the celebration, Mom took to privately referring to our impending gathering as the "fucking mothers and mother fucking convention," which totally cracked me up. One of the things I loved most about Mom was her unpredictably ribald sense of

humor. I never knew when she might surprise me with an incredibly sexy or just plain crude remark. It certainly kept me on my toes.

The meal was a wonderful event. Alain took time out from his managerial duties downtown to personally take care of us, and it was because of this that I learned something very interesting and developed an even greater appreciation of Mom's understanding of people and her intuition.

The meal began with champagne and some wonderful steamed mussels and local oysters on the half-shell. We were all getting along famously. Being able to share our special situations with one another in such an open way was a marvelous experience. We had to guard our conversations a bit when Alain was present, but otherwise, we did let our hair down pretty well. It was during one of the service interludes that I noticed that Alain seemed a bit melancholy.

"Alain, are you okay? You seem a bit down this evening. Are you uncomfortable serving us?" I inquired.

"Oh, non Monsieur Rick. I am just recalling a few things. Seeing zee ladies and their handsome sons together has brought back some of my own memories as well. I also loved my mother very much and I miss her more than I can say."

"Alain, I had no idea you knew about us..."

"Oui, Monsieur Rick. I deduced your special bond with Madame Jenny some time ago. It is always clear to one with ze same life experience, non? Zat is how you knew about Madame Molly and her son so quickly. One who has been there can always tell, non?"

He sighed and smiled sadly. "As you both know, I had ze job difficulties a few years ago, before I came to work with you and Madame Jenny. It was tres difficile

to adjust after maman was diagnosed with ze cancer... we had so little time together after zat. It makes me happy to see all of you together, very happy."

I brought Alain over to stand in front of the table and gave him a flute of champagne and refilled everybody's glasses. "A toast," I declared. "To the wonderful ladies present here this evening, and to the memory of another who cannot be with us," I said, nodding to Alain.

I think I surprised even Mom with my oblique inclusion of Alain in our company, but it served to put the remainder of the evening on a much better footing. Alain again became his usual charming self and everyone was able to fully relax in his presence. Many stories and reminiscences were shared and we all enjoyed ourselves tremendously. Of course, after champagne, a couple of bottles of grand cru Bordeaux and a Chateau d'Yquem with dessert we were all pretty well lit up. We packed Mitch and Molly into a cab and promised to drive their car back to them in the morning. Mom, Shawn, Marsh and myself staggered upstairs to the flat to sleep off the evening's exertions.

After seeing to the little ones, we more or less crawled into bed. Just as we were nodding off, we were startled back awake by noise from the adjacent guest room. We could hear the familiar squeaking of a bed frame and low murmurs of pleasure. Mom looked at me and grinned, an aroused flush already evident on her chest and neck.

The voices became louder. "Ohhh, Shawn baby, do me. Eat your mommy! Ohhh, God! Yes! Yes! Yesssssss! Cumming! I'm cumming, honey!"

There was a brief interlude of silence and the rhythmic creaks of the bed frame renewed. They gradually built in intensity, the headboard now obviously thumping the shared wall as Shawn put some serious meat into his mother. I felt Mom's hand on my thigh, searching out Willie. "So, Mother dear, is this going to be 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em,' or is it 'keeping up with the Joneses?'" I teased.

"I don't know and I don't care, darling," she replied as she stroked me. "What I do know is that Marsha and Shawn fucking away has got me dripping. I need you so bad, baby, I can't stand it!"

"So my lady lover is hot to trot, eh? How shall the hosts entertain their guests?"

"I'm feeling very naughty again, Ricky. What I want is this," she said, pushing a nearly empty bottle of Astroglide into my hand. "Mommy needs you to fuck her in the ass, darling son," she whispered. She rolled into a doggy position in front of me, wiggling her hips seductively.

Moving behind her, I said, "Ah, now I know the game, Mom. It's not 'beating or joining' and it's not 'keeping up' - it's one-upsmanship!"

"I know you're already 'up,' you horny young man. What I need is for you to put that thing 'up' somewhere right now."

"Let the games begin, Mom." I bent to whisper in her ear. "I'm going to do you so good, even the East German judge will have to give me a 9.5"

"Less talk and more cock, baby."

I'm not entirely sure how we managed to stay awake and excited as long as we did, considering the amount of wine that was consumed at the meal. Mom was as revved up as I have ever seen her, and her arousal in turn set me off as well. For Mom, I think there was something about knowing that another mother and son were one wall away from us, making passionate love. After we finished, we shared a warm, slow and tender shower together. As I soaped Mom's back, I teased her a little.

"You certainly played the hostess extraordinaire tonight Mom. I believe our guests were well-entertained."

"Ricky! You're embarrassing me, you brat."

"I think my proper, conventional and correct mother has a hidden exhibitionist streak."

Snorting with laughter, Mom leaned back against me, bringing my hands up to cup her breasts as she twisted her head around to kiss me.

"Oh yes, I'm very conventional and dull as ditchwater, if you forget those inconvenient details of being married to my son and having children with him. You are probably terribly disappointed with how humdrum our lives have turned out."

"I must have a will of iron, to be able to trudge through the bleak days of my existence, chained to this boring woman," I teased back, rubbing her nipples between my fingertips.

"Ooohhh, baby, I love it when you do that. I adore your magic hands." Reaching behind her, Mom began to gently fondle my balls and shaft.

"Hmmm, I see the wine we drank hasn't diminished your recuperative powers, son of mine."

"I can't help it, Mom. You're always going to be the sexiest woman on the planet," I growled, burying my face in the nape of her neck.

Purring with pleasure as I caressed her soapy breasts, Mom thrust her ass against my newly resurgent cock, rubbing me between her cheeks.

"I don't understand what it is about you, you bad boy. I can never get enough of your wonderful cock. Do you think you can run me over with that truck again, Ricky?"

I groaned, thrusting myself between the slippery globes of her ass, dropping one hand from her breasts to her belly. Slowly sliding southward, I reveled in the wiry texture of her thick thatch as I ran my fingers through her pubes, seeking her center. As my middle finger slid into her moistening slit, mom moaned and arched back, thrusting her pelvis forward to capture my invading digit.

"Ahhh, so good, Ricky. Let's go back to the bed. I need you in me right now."

We quickly dried each other and Mom led me by the hand back to our room. She saw me glancing at the alarm clock as we settled down side by side on the bed.

"I forgot to tell you sweetie, Alain told me to let you know he would go to the market for fresh produce tomorrow morning, so you can sleep in."

"Thank God for Alain, Mom. I love that guy. Of all the people you helped hire, he's the gem of the lot. I was not looking forward to working tomorrow on five hours of sleep."

"Mmmmm," she murmured, "I never seem to have enough time with my wonderful son. It will be a nice change to wake up with you in bed next to me tomorrow morning, darling."

It was quiet as we lay together, softly touching and kissing, Shawn and Marsh finally seeming to have fucked themselves out while we were in the shower. Mom rolled me on to my back and straddled my thighs, smiling warmly. Grasping my cock, she ran the head through her wet lips several times and then slowly settled her full weight on my shaft, taking me all the way to paradise in one slick, fluid motion.

"Ahhh, that's better, Ricky. Fuck your momma now, sweet boy," she murmured tenderly. "Show her how much you love her."

As we coupled unhurriedly, I ran my hands up and down Mom's flanks, traversing her belly to return to her breasts, which I cupped and squeezed, flicking her nipples with my fingertips. Humming with approval, she bent slightly at the waist to bring her teats closer to my hungry mouth,

Always beautiful in their proportion and form, Mom's breasts had only improved with time and four children. Noticeably more full and pendulous than before her pregnancies, I particularly adored her nipples, which had become quite thick with the effects of nursing our babies. When erect, they stood out pink and proud from her areolae, nearly as big around and long as the first joint of my thumb. They remained marvelously sensitive to touch and tongue, so much so that a well timed suckle or light nip with my teeth could usually send her into orgasm whenever we made love. I sometimes referred to them jokingly as her "chest clitties."

As Mom moved languorously up and down on my penis, I devoted my attentions to her wonderful nubs, alternating between, vigorous sucking, tongue flicking and light nipping, occasionally pausing to suck as much of her entire breast as I could into my mouth.

Whispering soft encouragements interspersed with an occasional sharp intake of breath, Mom made her pleasure clear as I avidly suckled, gradually increasing the pace of her ride, rising up until the tip of my cock was barely within her hot tunnel, letting her weight then fall suddenly and then rising again, clasp me with her muscles as she rose to the apex of our joining. The sensation of the slow, rising squeeze followed by the abrupt drop of her ass on to my thighs was exquisite. Although the timing of her movements was quite slow, designed to prolong our mutual pleasure, it was simultaneously incredibly intense. I found myself picking up the pace as Mom continued to milk me with each upward stroke.

Halting at the top of her rise on my shaft, Mom reached down and gave the base of my cock a firm squeeze.

"Easy there, tiger. Let's make this last. You feel so good inside me, I don't want it to end."

I acknowledged by pulling her head down for a kiss, relaxing and letting her reestablish the rhythm of her choosing. We continued our movement for some time, enjoying the moist, warm contact of our pelvic waltz, taking in the sensations of our fuck in leisurely fashion. Gradually, Mom began to drop herself back on to me with more force, a small grunt accompanying each slap as her buttocks bounced on my thighs. I responded by pushing back strongly at the end of each of her down strokes, rooting myself as firmly as I could in her clutching sheath each time, raising her off the bed.

Very gradually, our speed increased as we ground strongly against each other, our breathing now ragged and rapid. As I saw Mom's eyes beginning to roll back in her head, I squeezed her nipples very firmly between my fingers and that was it.

"Ohhh God, Ricky! Making me cum! Making Mommy cum! Oh yes! Yes! Oh FUCK!!!! Yes!"

As Mom shouted out her release, that sent me over the edge as well and I gave her my own wet, slippery declaration of love. Collapsing on my torso, chest heaving and breasts jiggling, Mom looked at me with wild eyes and kissed me hard.

"Now that's how a son should fuck his mom. Damn, you are such a stud, you devil."

"Now you're making me blush, Mom. I just have a lot of inspiration."

"You're my darling boy," she declared, giving me a big, juicy kiss. "Do you suppose I woke Shawn and Marsh?"

I cocked my head to listen briefly. "I don't think so. I know if I heard Marsh coming like that, I'd have been pounding you myself in about thirty seconds."

With a few more whispered endearments and kisses, we quickly drifted off into a deep, heavy sleep, waking only when the twins flung themselves into our bed around eight the next morning, followed shortly by the pediatric ballistic missile that was Jason. Mom shooed the kids out while she put her pajamas back on and threw on a housecoat. Propped against our pillows, I sat back in the bed, still naked under the sheets, smiling, with fingers laced behind my head as I watched Mom get dressed.

"What're you looking at, goofball?" Mom complained, trying to be severe, but failing. "Wipe that grin off you face and get moving, Ricky. I've got to feed the tribe and get them dressed before Marsh and Shawn get up."

"Just enjoying my favorite view, pretty lady. It's a fine way to start the day, you know."

"You're impossible, but very sweet. When you're done ogling you mother, get dressed and help me in the kitchen."

"Yes ma'am. You da boss."

"Damn right I am. I've got you beat on two counts that you can't trump. You have to obey your wife like any other husband, but you've got to listen to your Mom as well, sport."

"Well, they say the two most important words in the English language are 'yes, dear'," I replied, conceding defeat.

"Jase needs changed and it's time for Emmy's meds, oh and start the coffee also, please. I'll get some fruit and granola for Jase and the twins."

"Yes, mother dear."

"You're right, Ricky. Those words are music to my ears. Now get your cute naked butt out of bed and get cracking."

"I love you too, Mom."

Eventually, the munchkins were squared away and we found a moment for ourselves, sitting in the breakfast nook, sipping our coffee. Mom put her hand on mine, intertwining our fingers and giving me a squeeze.

"I'm sorry I roused you so early, sweetheart. You don't get many chances to sleep in, but I'm working from home today and have a videoconference in about half and hour."

"No biggie, Mom. I got nearly three extra hours this morning, so I'm sleeping in by definition. Besides," I continued, pulling her on to my lap, "Just being able to get up at the same time as my favorite lady is a luxury."

"It would be nice if we could do it more often, wouldn't it?" Mom acknowledged.

"Just give me my good morning kiss and I'll be a happy guy."

Giving me a quick peck on the cheek, Mom made to get up, but I grabbed her by the waist, preventing her departure.

"Hey, just a sec there. You call that a kiss? I've had warmer handshakes, Mom," I pouted theatrically, putting a whine in my voice.

"You'll need to earn anything more, son of mine."

"Fixing your coffee wasn't enough?"

"That's what got you your first kiss just now."

"God, you're a cold hearted mercenary, woman. Can I have an advance on my payoff?"

"I'd have to think about that. I don't extend credit lightly, especially to ne'er-dowells like you. I'd need some collateral."

"How about this?" I asked, taking her hand and bringing it to my lips. "You're beautiful, Mom, you're the light of my life. You're the peanut butter to my jelly, the peas to my carrots, the garlic to my olive oil, the Lennon to my McCartney, the Marge to my Homer..."

"Enough, sweet rascal," she smiled, running her fingers through my hair. "Your credit application has been accepted," she said, bending her head to meet me.

Our lips met and I drew her in closer to me, rubbing my hands on her back. Mom sighed and slipped her hands around my head, toying with the hair at the nape of my neck. Her lips parted slightly and in a blink our tongues were intertwined, our simple good morning to each other rapidly turning into something else.

"Well, well, good morning indeed," Marsh teased as she walked into the kitchen.

Reluctantly breaking our embrace, I turned to Marsh, keeping Mom in my lap.

"Just starting our day off properly, Marsh," I explained. "I'm usually long gone by this time, so I need to make the most of my opportunities."

"Did you guys sleep well?" Mom inquired.

"Probably about as well as you two," Marsh replied, a twinkle in her eye. By way of an indirect apology, she added, "Shawn moved the headboard away from the wall this morning."

"No big deal, Marsh," I replied. Casually running my hand across Mom's thigh, I continued, "Mom kind of liked it."

Blushing furiously, Mom punched my arm. "Ricky! Be quiet, for God's sake!"

Marsh laughed delightedly. "Beats the hell out of Letterman, doesn't it? Personally, I have to say that I've always been turned on by a little eavesdropping. Knowing I'm hearing another mother and her son together is a huge turn on - it's so erotic."

Still blushing, Mom stood and smoothed her robe. "Coffee's fresh and hot, Marsh. Please help yourself to anything you need. I've got to clean up and get ready for my videoconference. And you, Ricky, please try for once to behave yourself for more than 2 minutes."

"Pull up a rock and sit with Mom's millstone," I directed to Marsh. "I'll try not to embarrass you too much, mother love," I shot at Mom's departing back.

Marsh helped herself to a mug of coffee and planted an affectionate peck on my cheek, sitting across the table from me.

"How's Shawn doing?" I asked.

"Right now he's changing Fiona. He should be out in a few minutes."

We chatted for a few minutes, recalling the events of our dinner and sharing a few reminiscences from our New Jersey days until Marsh changed the subject.

"So, Rick - Jen tells me you're looking at a new direction for your work."

"Yeah, Marsh. I'm still kicking around a couple of ideas, but I haven't really come to any firm decisions, except that I'd really like to have more mornings like this one in my day to day life."

"I'd love to hear what you have in mind."

"Well, in a nutshell, there may be an opportunity soon to purchase some land on Vancouver Island, not too far from Victoria. I'm thinking about an inn with attached restaurant, overlooking the ocean, sort of a destination location." I went on to describe how I was interested in a more ambitious extension of the "private booth" concept as we executed it in Casa di Mia Nonna, directed primarily at special couples. As I recounted how we came to meet Mitch and Molly, Marsh became more and more animated, peppering me with questions about how we incorporated the booths into the normal operations of the restaurant and other sundry details.

When Shawn joined us, I poured him a cup of java and Marsh recounted our discussion. I also told him about my desire to develop an online presence for various products we were currently selling to our dining patrons in our attached shop.

Marsh and Shawn kept casting significant glances at each other as I fleshed out my vision, sharing some mysterious, silent mom-son short hand communication. By the time I finished, I had run out of time, so I excused myself to get changed and head downstairs to start prepping for our lunch opening. As I left, Shawn spoke.

"Rick, when you get a break later today, or tonight after closing, I'd like to talk with you some more about this. I have a couple of ideas you might be interested in."

In typical fashion, once I hit the kitchen, I moved from crisis to crisis all day until closing. I made it upstairs briefly to help tuck the munchkins in for bed, but

beyond that, it was like being tossed in a blanket while riding on a 100 mph roller coaster for the whole day. When I finally got back upstairs around 10:30, I hadn't even had time for my own dinner. Everyone took pity on me when I returned, Shawn pouring me a glass of wine, Mom and Marsh making me a sandwich and small salad. As I sat at the kitchen table and recuperated, Mom sat next to me, arm around my shoulder as I wolfed down my meal.

When I finished, she cleared my dishes away and came back to the kitchen table, taking her usual seat in my lap.

"We've been talking all evening, Ricky," she said, kissing my cheek.

"So, a secret conspiracy has been developing in my absence?"

"Not so much a conspiracy as an alignment of future interests," Marsh explained.

"How would you feel about working with Marsh and Shawn, as business partners?" Mom asked.

"What do you guys have in mind?"

Shawn cleared his throat and spoke up. "Well Rick, as you know, I do a lot of classified consulting work for HSA and some other alphabetic agencies I can't tell you about. I'm so damn busy that I've actually been subcontracting out a lot of the less interesting work. I've got the business running well enough at this point that I can afford to pick and choose what I want to tackle, but more importantly, I can be location independent now – you see, I've developed a new highly secure protocol for video conferencing. I've patented the technology and I lease the rights to Uncle Sam exclusively. It means I can continue my classified work wherever I want to be. Right now, that means the hell away from the D.C. cesspool."

"That sounds great, Shawn, but how does it fit in with what we're talking about?"

"I understand you would like to take some of the things you're selling in the restaurant shop online. Want me to set that up for you? I think the concept has real legs and could be developed into something pretty big without too much effort. I see you guys in a nice little niche between Dean and Deluca on one end and ZIngberman's on the other. I think sticking to an Italian focus is also a great idea. Your local and regional outreach is all ready to build on the name recognition of the restaurants and I think we can get you fully into the North American market within a year or two, if all goes well. I'm very confident we can make this go. The one thing we should start thinking about is warehouse space. If I'm right about how this will grow, we're going to need significant space in maybe as little as eight or nine months."

Pausing to catch his breath, Shawn went on, "All I'd need from you and Jen is the willingness to spend time as buyers and scouts to keep the inventory high quality, unique and exclusive. Also, I've got the contacts on the tech side to have a really slick fulfillment system set up. You'd leave all of that to Mom and me – you'd just have to find the goodies and nail down the deals. My only condition is that if you end up going to Italy for buying trips, that Mom and I get to come along too. "

"It sounds great, Shawn," I concluded. "You got it, bro."

Turning to Mom, I asked, "Partnership?"

"Equal shares among the four of us, financed equally, set up as a Delaware or Nevada LLC, Ricky. Between us, we have enough liquidity to set up the capitalization very easily. We can keep the burn rate down as we build up inventory by running some of the initial purchases through the restaurant corporation. I've got all of that covered, it'll be a piece of cake. If you're agreeable, I can start drawing up the papers tomorrow."

"What I like best about this though," she went on, "Is that there's no rush. We can grow as quick or as slow as we want. Talking it through with Shawn and going over our books, I think we could be profitable on a small scale in as little as 3 or 4 months."

Marsh broke in at this point. "That's half of the deal, Rick. The other half is the important one for us, not because it's larger, but because it will have a big impact on how we'll be living for the foreseeable future. It's going to cost more at the start, and it may generate as much or more profit ultimately than the online business."

Mom left the room and came back with a large, artist-sized sketchpad. "Marsh has been working all day on the concept for the Inn. You remember she went back to school to get her degree in Architecture and Design? Well, when you see these, I think you'll agree she done good."

When Mom and Marsh laid the rough sketches out on the kitchen table, I was floored. It was almost as though someone had opened a door in the back of my head and had taken a peek.

The main building was a graceful arc of glass, local stone and wood set above a cove with stony beach. The style was a distinctive amalgam of native design motifs and modernism, with clean, extremely elegant lines. It was apparent from the siting that every one of the seventy or so rooms would have a marvelous view of the ocean. Smaller outbuildings were present, numbering around eight, each situated for maximal privacy from the main building and one another, small villas in essence. Each had a completely enclosed, central private courtyard with a small pool.

Mom pointed them out to me, saying, "These will be our 'private tables,' Ricky. Marsh says she can keep these booked 365 days a year though her site, at any rate we care to name."

Marsh then brought out the final sketches, showing a smaller, completely isolated compound close to the main structure of the Inn, with two residences, sharing a common courtyard, both overlooking a smaller rocky cove. Sketched into the setting was a series of gardens and greenhouses as well as open pastureland.

"Marsh went on to explain. "I hope you would like to have us as next-door neighbors, Ricky. This is how I see us living. We'll run Shawn's consulting and the online store from here and it's walking distance to the Inn and restaurant. You can grow your own produce for the Inn on site. If you want, there's even enough room for free range whatever."

"Wow. Marsh, Shawn, Mom...I hardly know what to say. It would be a dream come true if we could pull it off. What about the actual parcels though? What Marsh has sketched almost seems too good to be real."

Mom answered smugly. "I've been on the phone this morning with Shay MacLeish. The sites are real and available. We had to guesstimate a few things, but there was enough detail on Google Earth to make these drawings. It's very real and very possible, sweetheart."

"What about money? This is a big project. Even if all four of us sink most of our money into this, it's still probably not enough. The economy being the way it is right now, I doubt any bank loans would be forthcoming either. I really hate the idea of owing the bank, anyway."

"I have some ideas, Rick," Marsh replied. "It would be a bit unconventional, but I think I have a potential partner for us, through my site."

"We're talking deep pockets here, Marsh," I warned.

"Let me make a call, Rick. I'll know more after that."

Marsh excused herself and went into Mom's study to talk, closing the door behind her. She emerged about twenty minutes later, an uncertain look on her face.

She sat somewhat heavily at the table, apparently uncertain on how to begin. "Well, we may have a chance, but there are some conditions which are unusual. I

can tell you a little bit right now, but I need to know if you're all going to be comfortable with how we have to handle things."

Taking a deep breath, Marsh began. "The potential investors are another mother and son with considerable resources. They are also public figures, the mother more so. Their relationship is obviously very secret and before they make any commitments, they want to do some background, then perhaps meet us. Any initial meeting would have to be indirect, inasmuch as they would still be incognito. If you're willing to agree to these terms, we can have a sit down in a week. That's the soonest their business will allow them to meet."

I looked at Mom, who was clearly still turning things over in her mind, as yet not convinced. "I've got an idea, Mom. We can close down the restaurant next Monday evening, say we're having a private party. We normally have open seating on that night anyway, so there are no reservations to displace. They can come in the back entrance and we'll use one of the private booths for the meet. They can leave the way they came. That should be discreet enough for them, I hope."

Marsh excused herself again and returned just a few minutes later, smiling widely. "We've got a meeting. They ask only for two Mondays away, not next. Is that okay?"

Mom looked at me and nodded. "Let do it, Ricky."

It was with a lot of anticipation and not a little apprehension that we waited for word from our potential investors. Shawn, Marsh and Fiona stayed with us, as nervous as we were. A week before the meeting, Marsh announced that the meeting was on for 7 pm, so we went into action, setting up the Monday closure. The day of the meeting, we closed up after lunch and sent the staff home. Marsh stayed glued to her Blackberry, awaiting news of the arrival of our mystery partners. Mom and I put a simple meal together in the kitchen and we sat back to wait.

At seven o'clock sharp, a burly man in dark glasses knocked on the delivery door. When I answered, he simply asked, "Rick Lewis?"

"Yes?"

"My name is Mr. Mahoney. If I may, I'd like to check the premises."

I escorted him inside and he took in all of the surroundings with a practiced eye, checking everything thoroughly. When I showed him where we would meet, he took a couple of small electronic boxes from his suit pocket and walked around the booth, consulting illuminated meters on their faces. After several minutes, he seemed satisfied and excused himself. Shortly thereafter, he escorted a man and woman into the booth.

"Everything looks clean, ma'am. I'll be in the kitchen if you need me."

Perfunctory handshakes were exchanged all around, but no names given. The couple before us was an interesting pair. The woman appeared to be in her late thirties and was tall, easily five foot nine or ten in height. She wore a scarf, which mostly concealed a rich auburn head of hair. Her large dark glasses covered much of her face, concealing her expression, but she had finely sculpted high cheekbones, a delicate, elegant jawline and full red lips, almost stereotypically bee stung in their appearance. She wore plain blue jeans and a baggy old flannel shirt, mostly covered by a hoodie sweatshirt. It was a deliberately drab, unflattering, very anonymous wardrobe, but it only partially succeeded in concealing what was a lush, statuesque figure. Her bust line was easily at least thirty-eight inches and her breasts stood high and proud on her chest. Her waist was narrow and flared out to voluptuous hips that spectacularly filled her pants. Although concealed by her jeans, I inferred that her legs must be almost as pretty as Mom's. She wore plain sneakers over small, almost delicate feet. If there ever was a woman whose appearance shouted 'MILF!', this was the lady.

Her companion was slightly taller than her, probably a hair under six feet in height. His long hair was dark brown and fairly straight, drawn into a ponytail. Like me, he sported a well-trimmed moustache and goatee with a small soul patch. His cheeks echoed those of his lady, but the mouth was less full. He smiled briefly during the introduction, revealing brilliant white, straight teeth. His physique was slim, but he obviously worked out, judging by the size of his biceps and the inverted triangle formed by his waist and broad chest. He was also dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt, wearing a cowboy hat and Ray Bans.

Before we began, Mom quickly excused herself, saying she wanted to make sure that Mr. Mahoney had something to eat while he waited. The woman looked up as Mom left, smiling to herself briefly and then turned to her beau, a flicker of silent communication and a slight nod signaling some kind of agreement between them. Mom returned a few minutes later with a tray holding several beers and a bottle of red and white wine.

"Would anyone like something to drink?"

The young man spoke, his voice soft, words slightly drawled. "P'raps after we talk a little bit."

At this point, Marsh cleared her throat and called us to order.

Nodding to our guests, she began by saying, "I have a lot of responsibility running the Site and have become (I hope) good at keeping confidences. One thing we all share is a need to keep our private lives concealed except from those we absolutely trust. Terrible things can happen if we have our secrets revealed, so I hope you understand that I brought us together with more than a little anxiety. I would not have presumed on my acquaintance with you both had I not believed that it was possible to make something unique happen with your help. I also thought that there was something for you to gain also, which might not happen otherwise. I'm going to give you some of the details now of how we hope to make our dream work."

Marsh went on to describe our collective vision and also for the first time let us see her larger vision for our project. The scope of her idea was bold and unprecedented. She saw our Inn as the focal point of an actual enclave of special families, mothers, sons, brothers, sisters, cousins, everything. It would begin with the hiring of staff for the restaurant and lodge and hopefully grow into a self-sufficient community over time, coordinated through the auspices of the website.

I could see that Marsh's idea had captured the imagination of our visitors, the couple before frequently glancing to each other as Marsh described our collective hopes.

There was a brief, tension-filled silence after Marsh finished and then the mystery woman spoke. Her voice was almost melodious, softened by a Deep South drawl that betrayed her origins.

"I'm very interested. I hope y'all will forgive the cloak and dagger stuff, but my son and I can't be too careful. Y'all have no idea how bad the paparazzi can be. We've got a lot to lose and don't generally get involved in things that might jeopardize our life together. I'm sure y'all can understand why we're very cautious. The business aspect of things is pretty straightforward, but that's not the issue. The issue is, can we trust y'all to work with us and protect our privacy? I hope I'm not bein' too blunt, but my son and our relationship comes first. If I have any doubts, it ain't gonna happen."

Mom spoke next, addressing herself directly to the woman. "I think I understand very well what you're saying. I'm sure you already know that I'm an attorney with a prominent local firm. If Rick and I were exposed, it would be devastating, particularly because there are children involved. Anything you chose to share with us, I would guard it as carefully as my own secret. In fact..." Mom's voice trailed off and she stood abruptly.

"I'll be right back."

She left the table quickly and I heard her head upstairs. While we waited for her return, small talk was made around the table, with me taking the lead, describing our restaurants and Vancouver in general. After ten minutes, Mom returned with several sheets of paper. She handed one document to me, Marsh and Shawn and another to our visitors.

"The documents I have here are an employment agreement, with my son, Marsh and Shawn agreeing to work for me as consultants in this deal. Your paper is an agreement for me to act as your attorney in this matter of the investment in the restaurant and lodge. As your lawyer, I'll be bound by attorney-client privilege, as will my consultants. We can draw up additional non-disclosure agreements for my son, Marsh and Shawn if you like, but I think these papers cover things pretty well."

"I also promise to you, mother to mother, that your secrets will always be protected by us."

The woman spoke again, with obvious admiration, her posture noticeably relaxing as she slightly slumped in her seat. "Y'all are one sharp lady. I think we can let our hair down just a bit now." She turned to her son and named him for the first time. "Paul, can you and the other fellas give us ladies a few minutes together for a little hen party? I'm thinkin' that we may have got ourselves some new friends here."

"Sure, Mom. Shall we go into the kitchen?"

I escorted Paul and Shawn into the back and gathered some chairs for us to sit in. Mr. Mahoney came up to Paul as we sat down, inquiring "Everything okay?"

"Better than we hoped for, John. You can wait with the car now, if you like," Paul replied. "We'll call when we need you."

"Very good sir, until later then."

About ten minutes later, Marsh came back and fetched us. I could tell by her smile that things were going well. "Come on back guys. We've got business to discuss."

When we arrived back at the private booth, Mom and the lady were in animated discussion, talking about Paul and me. The woman noticed her son first. "Paul, baby, I'm just braggin' on y'all a little bit here with Jen, hope you don't mind."

"It's cool, Mom. You don't get to talk about us very much with anyone, now that Aunt Louise is gone."

She turned to Mom, her face briefly clouded with sorrow. "We lost Lou two years ago to ovarian cancer. It was a tough time."

Mom reached out to cover her hand, giving it a squeeze. "I'm sorry to hear that. It's awful when you lose family like that. Rick and I know only too well."

Composing herself, our guest took in a deep breath and spoke to her son. "Paul, I'm okay with this. Jen, Marsh and their sons are good people. I think we can trust them."

As she spoke, she began removing her scarf and dark glasses, turning to address Mom. "This is a bit tough, sugar, so I hope you'll bear with me. You folks are going to be the only people who know our secret now."

After removing her concealing items, the woman appeared to be as beautiful as I expected, with gorgeous, long auburn hair. She looked vaguely familiar to me, but Mitch recognized her immediately.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed, his jaw dropping in surprise.

"Since y'all seem to know us, Mitch, why don't y'all make the introductions," the woman drawled with a smile.

Almost stuttering with nervousness, Mitch gulped once and began, "Mom, Jen, Rick – this is Gina Broussard. I knew Paul was your guitarist and song writing partner, but I had no idea he was your son."

"That's the way we try and keep it, Mitch honey. I don't know what I'd do without my sweet boy by my side."

Mom said, "The name is familiar to me, but I must confess that's about all. I hope you're not offended."

Gina laughed delightedly, "Not at all, sugar. It's refreshing to be a bit anonymous. It's good to be reminded that Nashville ain't the center of the universe."

Mitch chimed back in, awe still evident in his voice. "Gina is just one of the queens of country crossover music. She's only won three Grammys and a double fistful of CMA awards. I happen to be a big fan," he blushed. "It's a thrill to meet you."

Mom sat back, nodding her head. "I can see why you've been so cautious, Gina. I was put off a little bit at first, but I understand now," she smiled, taking Gina's hand in hers. "I can't imagine how difficult it must be to keep up appearances. I don't know if I could survive, not being able to show any affection to Rick in public. I admire your strength very much."

"It's the hand we're dealt, Jen," Paul interjected. "I love our career and that we can perform and compose together, but there are times when I wish we could be more free, more open. I love Mom very much and it sometimes drives me crazy not to be able to show it."

Squeezing Mom's hand back, Gina smiled her thanks, but immediately became more serious. "That's so sweet of you, Jen, but don't forget that all the crap we put up with has a way of rolling downhill to affect everyone who knows us. We are super careful to shield our friends from the vultures that are always followin' us

around, but if we become partners, y'all are gonna have some risks too. Other folks we know, their privacy could be a bit compromised by knowin' us, but you and Rick, Marsh and Shawn especially can't afford them tabloid assholes pokin' 'round your lives either. We need to think about the kids, most of all."

Gina took in a deep breath, her voice tight with emotion. "If we do this, you folks are takin' nearly as big a risk as me and Paul. Someone discoverin' your secrets is just as bad, if not worse than us bein' found out. We're all takin' on a LOT of responsibility for each other's lives if we go through with this little project."

Mom sat up straight and looked intently at Gina, clearly thinking her thoughts out before speaking. "Gina, do you believe that your life with Paul is going to get worse or better for knowing us? If you have any worries, I'd just as soon we stop right this minute. You two shouldn't take on any additional burdens you don't want. Anyway, speaking for Ricky and myself, I think we're willing to do what we have to, to make this work. The risks are acceptable to us."

Mom glanced around the table to Shawn and Marsh who also nodded their agreement. The mood around the table was tense, all of us finally realizing the enormity of our joint decision.

Gina broke the mood when she got up and settled herself into Paul's lap, kissing him soundly, stroking his cheek. "God, it feels good to be able to do that," she sighed.

Pausing for a moment, she spoke seriously, "I think the idea of building a special community around the Inn is wonderful, and we'll support it fully. We need to do this. It's not something I want to walk away from. My one condition would be that we would want y'all to do one of those little outbuildings for us too. Paulie and I so much need a place to escape to, where we can be ourselves for a while, be with folks like us."

Marsh smiled, taking Gina's hand in hers. "Girlfriend, any time you want to get away, or any time you need a friend to just talk to, you just give me or Jen a call. We'll look out for each other. I hope with time, you'll come to see us as new sisters."

Gina's eyes glistened and her voice caught just a little. "Y'all are too kind. It's been mighty tough since Lou passed on. Sometimes I feel like it's me and Paulie against the whole world."

Mom rummaged in her purse for a business card and wrote our numbers on the back. "Any time, anything you need, Gina, give us a call."

Sighing, Gina got up and began to put her disguise back on. "I'd love to stay and set a spell, but we're runnin' out of time here. I'll have my investment advisor and our accountants get with y'all tomorrow. Unfortunately, we've got a concert tonight in Seattle, so we've got to scoot. I can't tell y'all how much this means to us, finding folks like you. Late tomorrow, we'll be goin' on to Tokyo and Osaka to finish our tour. After that, we'll be in touch."

"Gina, do you have any commitments after that?" I asked. "We'd love to have you visit for a few days if you could manage it. There's plenty of room upstairs if you don't mind a few rug rats under foot."

"Thanks so much, Rick. It's real tempting. I'll talk with our manager and see what might be arranged. I'd love a couple of down home days with y'all. Besides, I hear y'all are one hellaciously fine chef. I'm lookin' forward to seein' what ya got."

With that, hugs and handshakes were exchanged all around and Paul phoned for the limo to return. Ten minutes later, they were gone and we were left shaking our heads with wonder.

"You'd never be able to sell that script in Hollywood," Mom observed drily. "It's too unrealistic."

"Well, be careful what you wish for," Marsh observed wryly. "We've got our work cut out for us now. We're going to have to deliver big time on this one. I don't know whether to be terrified or ecstatic."

Paul and Gina did end up returning to visit us about ten days later. They stayed in our guest room, Marsh and Shawn having already returned to the bedlam of Washington to make preparations for moving west. Getting them to our place from the airport was an exercise in duplicity and crazy logistics right out of an old Marx Brothers movie. After deplaning from their G5, they immediately got into the limo that was idling on the tarmac.

If you knew where to look, there were sleazy characters with expensive cameras and 800 mm telephoto lenses, some obvious, others trying to be invisible. It was then that I realized how truly difficult it must have been for them, having to watch every single move made in public, never knowing when someone might be spying on them. Long story short, after three car changes and some interminable doubling back and circling, they made their way to the packing warehouse of our meat wholesaler and came to the restaurant in the back of the delivery truck, along with the day's supply of bacon and sausage. We snuck them up the inside stairs from the dining area, with hugs and high fives exchanged at our successful deception.

Of course, it wasn't really as simple as sneaking around circuitously in the back of a panel truck. Five days previously, Mr. Mahoney had arrived in advance of Paul and Gina, accompanied by enough anodized aluminum suitcases to outfit an entire Mission Impossible movie. Setting to work immediately under the guise of installing a security system for the restaurant and our apartment, he spent four twelve hour days working his magic with all kinds of active and passive electronic devices, finally pronouncing himself satisfied only a few hours before Gina and Paul's scheduled arrival.

Once we drew the blinds and curtains, you could see the tension drain from them as they were able to finally drop their working masks and concealing tradecraft. We spent the first hour with them in our living room, as Gina regaled us with tales

of the final leg of their tour. She sat in Paul's lap the whole time, holding his hand, his arm around her waist, cupping her ass, while she kissing him at least once a minute for the entire time. It made Mom and me feel really good to see them able to let their hair down and just be Mother and Son and simply lovers. It seemed incredibly unfair that it was so hard for them to get any time for themselves and I felt very lucky that Mom and I had been able to establish our own anonymous life together.

Later that evening, Mom and I prepared Nana's own gnocchi recipe and grilled some eggplant and zucchini for our dinner. Both Gina and Paul were immensely appreciative of a home-cooked meal after the better part of four months on the road. We had a wonderful dinner and got to know one another as the evening progressed. The kids took an immediate shine to both of them and they were immediately anointed as Auntie Gina and Uncle Paulie. I could tell they were touched by the unconditional acceptance of our children and this further served to cement our growing closeness. There was a certain wistfulness in their interactions with the twins, Jase and Emmy that I couldn't put my finger on at first, but which became clear later that evening, when Gina complimented us on our family.

Mom brought things out into the open at that point, asking, "I don't want to presume, Gina, but it seems to me that you and Paul would be wonderful parents. I know that combining touring with kids would be incredibly challenging, but have you two thought about it?"

"Thanks so much for that compliment, sugar," Gina replied softly. "Unfortunately, that's not in the cards for the two of us. You see, we looked into it some time ago. We're both cystic fibrosis carriers."

Mom was immediately stricken with remorse, tears springing up quickly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Gina! I should have kept my big mouth shut and not have been so damn nosey. Please forgive me!"

"It's all right, sugar. We've got each other and we've had plenty of time to come to grips with it. We're already so blessed, anything more would seem downright greedy."

Later, as we cleaned up from dinner, Paul took me aside, somewhat apprehensive and embarrassed.

"Rick, I happened to notice that the guest bedroom shares a wall with yours. It's kinda embarrassing, but I'm a little worried about tonight. When Mom and I are together, well, uhh, she can be a bit loud, if y'all know what I mean. I have a feelin', bein' here with y'all, she's like to really let her hair down, knowin' there's no pryin' eyes or ears. I hope y'all won't be offended or anything."

Grinning widely, I slapped Paul on the back and laughed.

"Thanks for the heads up, man. I'll let you in on a little secret: I may just owe you both a big thank you for that. You see, my mom is not exactly a shrinking violet herself. I know for a fact that there's nothing in the world that gets her motor running like hearing another mother and son making love, so please, feel free to pull out all the stops tonight. She'll love it and so will I."

It turned out that Paul wasn't kidding about Gina. It wasn't that she was simply a moaner or screamer, she was vocal. Man, we had an almost running play by play as Paul gave her his son cock throughout the evening. Mom was so turned on, she could hardly stand it. I can hardly remember a time together when she was as aggressive or loud on her own part. I'm sure Gina and Paul got just as much an earful as we did. Mom was so much on fire, that for the first time since we were together, I worried about being able to keep up with her.

Around eleven pm, things finally quieted down for around an hour or so and I was glad of the respite. I was sticky with sweat and mix of son cream and mommy juice and definitely in need of a breather. Mom's loving had been especially liquid, this particular evening having produced some absolutely epic squirting. Even though we had laid down towels as a precaution, the sheets were clearly going to

have to be changed if we were to get any sleep. We quietly showered together and changed the bedding, slipping back under the sheets around midnight. Just as I was starting to slip into some well-deserved sleep, we heard something through the wall again.

The noise we heard this time was entirely different from anything we encountered earlier during the evening's festivities. It started as a low-pitched groan, punctuated by guttural grunting and outright growls. It was absolutely feral and animalistic in its quality. Mom immediately divined the significance of what we were hearing, gripping my arm and hissing in my ear.

"He's fucking her in the ass, I just know it. That nasty boy is shoving his cock up his mother's tight little asshole! "

"Well if he is, he's doing a good job of it," I observed.

As if to confirm my opinion, we heard Gina again clearly.

"Ohhh, yeah baby, Momma loves it when you do her ass. Fuck my ass, baby! Harder, Paulie, harder!" we heard her cry. Within moments, Gina had been reduced to incoherent moans and growls and we could clearly hear the loud slap of flesh on flesh as her ardent son sodomized her.

Mom always went into erotic orbit whenever she heard Shawn and Marsh going at it in the guest room, but there was something particular about mom-son butt fucking that absolutely threw gasoline on her fires of arousal. Before I knew it, Mom was furiously sucking my cock, trying to bring me back to hardness, but I was fucked out and down for the count. Nothing she did seemed to be able to rouse me from dormancy and she whimpered in frustration.

Her need for release radiated like a small sun and I knew at that moment I had to do something to put out those fires. Rolling Mom onto her back, I pushed her knees onto her chest, spreading her thighs wide and dove into my rescue mission,

tongue wagging. Within a minute, her legs were scissored around my head and her hands anchored almost painfully in my hair, as she thrust her sex onto my greedy mouth, rubbing her pussy over my entire face as she gyrated beneath me.

Wetting my fingers in her copious honey, I found her little pucker with my middle finger as I lapped up her flow like a thirsty dog. The moment my fingertip slipped into her backside, she went wild.

"Oh yes, baby! Push it in! Put your finger in my ass, honey! Yes! Yessss! Put in another!"

Obliging her desires, I quickly added a second digit to my probing of her rectum, which only served to inflame her even further. Abandoning her hold on my hair, she grasped the backs of her thighs and spread herself wide open, arching up her pelvis to completely expose her brown eye to me.

"Oh, God Ricky! Yes! That's it baby! Yes, more, more, more!" she moaned.

Adding a third finger, I began thrusting into her back channel with even more force than before, mesmerized as Mom totally gave into the lewd sensations emanating from her ass. Completely overtaken by the moment, she began to thrust back at me, meeting every forward lunge of my hand with her own grunting counterthrust. By now, her juices were visibly flowing, running down her perineum and coating my hand, adding a nasty, wet squelch to the background of her moans and grunts.

Rarely, if ever had I seen Mom so completely abandon herself to her desires. Her entire being seemed focused on the sensations emanating from her abused bottom. As I watched her consumed by the forbidden feelings from my hand, the sights and sounds accomplished what her lips and tongue were unable to do a few minutes before. I got hard again.

Before long, Mom noticed my resurgence and grinned wickedly.

"You know what to do, Ricky. You know what I need. C'mon baby, put that thing in Mommy's asshole," she commanded.

As I turned towards the nightstand, searching for our lube, Mom grasped my thigh and pulled me back towards her.

"Put it in me now," she hissed. "Put your cock in my ass now, baby."

"But Mom, I don't want to hurt you..."

"Just fuck me, baby. Stick it up my butt, honey," she pleaded.

As I moved back between her legs, Mom cocked her pelvis up and moved her legs onto my shoulders. Taking my bull by the horn, she ran the head of my cock between her lips several times to wet it and then firmly guided me to her rosebud.

"I want to watch you while you do me, sweetie," she smiled, eyes glinting with lust and love.

As I pressed myself into her sphincter, Mom groaned and rose up to meet me, arms reaching around my shoulders, pulling me to her. As I lay on her, slowly working into her scalding hole, she whispered hoarsely in my ear, "That's it, Ricky. Put it all the way in. Fuck your mommy in her ass."

With only her natural lubrication, the sensations of heat and tightness from her ass were magnified to an almost unbearable degree. I slowly sank into her, intently watching her face for any signs of discomfort. When I bottomed out (pardon the pun), she groaned, fingers digging into my shoulders.

"Ahhh, so good son, sooo good," she crooned.

I began moving myself slowly and carefully, always watching her face for any evidence of pain, but Mom wasn't having any of that.

Whispering hoarsely in my ear, she made her wants clear.

"You're not going to hurt me, baby. I want it this way. It feels so good, honey, so good." She paused, sliding her hands off my shoulders to grip my arms. "Let's go, now. C'mon Ricky. Fuck me. Fuck my ass. Fuck it hard."

As I picked up my tempo, Mom urged me on with hoarse, lusty whispers, which gradually increased in volume and vehemence, until she was practically shouting.

"Harder, Ricky! Come ON, baby! Harder! Fuck me harder! Do my ass, baby, DO IT!"

By now, I was so consumed with passion, all semblance of control was gone. You would think that after the evening's previous efforts and my delayed return to excitement, that I would have had the stamina of a bull, but it wasn't so. Perhaps it was the especially intense stimulation of Mom's minimally lubricated ass, or maybe her complete and total surrender to lust and her response to my ass fucking, or maybe both, but in any event, I found myself approaching orgasm with completely unexpected speed and intensity, as I pounded Mom's ass for all I was worth.

The lewd, loud smack of flesh on flesh, the stretch and distension of her asshole as I stroked in and out and her animalistic moans pushed me over the edge and I speared myself into her rectum with all my strength, rooting into place as I hosed my entire being into her ass. As I squirted uncontrollably, Mom's fingernails ran red furrows down my back and her eyes rolled back into her head.

"Oh God, yes! Oh yes, baby! In my ass!" she shrieked, shuddering into limpness beneath me.

As I carefully rolled off her, my deflating cock slid out of her ass with an obscene plop, a small amount of my cream dribbling down her crack as her pulsing orifice slowly closed itself.

I gently turned her inert form onto her side and spooned up against her abused behind, putting my arms round her. She gave a small sigh and settled against me and was soon softly snoring. I barely had time to register an awed "wow" in my head before I plunged off my own ebon cliff and into comforting darkness.

I awoke to streaming sunlight and gentle kisses on my eyes and lips, Mom regarding me with a warm smile as she brushed my hair off my forehead.

"Hello there, lover boy. Sleep well?"

I stretched until my joints practically popped and yawned hugely.

"I'm not sure if it was sleep, or more of a coma. You fucked me under the table last night, Mom," I smiled, pulling her under my arm.

Blushing, she snuggled up close to me and whispered in a confessional voice, "I don't know what it is about a son doing his mom in the ass, but whenever I think about it, I start burning up. It's so...so out there, so nasty and forbidden. I guess I must be some kind of perv, but I just love it – the whole idea, the taboo, everything. Plus, Gina just sounded sooo sexy while Paul was doing her."

"Me too, Mom," I agreed, brushing her hair back over her ear. "But, there's a lot more to it, at least from where I sit."

"Really?"

"Oh yeah. Imagine how much a mother must love her son just to sleep with him in the first place, then, to totally commit her body to him, to be willing to give him...that... her special, secret place. Wow. That's real trust, real love, giving everything like that."

Pulling her close for a big hug, I whispered, "That's how a son really knows how lucky he is, how much his mom truly loves him, when she gives him her ass. It's a beautiful, sexy, loving gift."

"I never thought of it that way, Ricky. It almost seems like an oxymoron, calling butt fucking romantic," she said with a laugh.

"Well, that's how I feel, mom. But I like the nasty, sexy part of it too," I affirmed, grinning wickedly.

Stirring and stretching, Mom extricated herself from my embrace.

"Okay, Prince Charming, I've gotta get up and pee, plus I'm still leaking cum. I need to clean up."

"You feel okay, Mom? I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Pausing to peck my cheek, she smiled reassuringly, "No sweetie, I'm just a little sore, but in a really nice way. It might be a couple days before I'm ready to try that again, but nothing's broke."

As she walked to the bathroom, hips swaying, she added over her shoulder, "I'm a big girl Ricky and I can take a good pounding when I want it, so don't worry, okay?"

"Love you, Mom," I called out as she closed the bathroom door.

Heaving myself out of bed, I put on a pair of sweats and a ratty tee shirt and headed to the kitchen to get coffee going. Emmy needed her meds and everyone needed breakfast. I cut up some fruit and doled out some of Mom's homemade granola into bowls and went to rouse the band of little hellions. By the time I had everyone dressed and fed, Mom arrived, fresh from her shower, hair still damp.

Smiling an unspoken "thank you," she settled into her seat and made the usual motherly adjustments to the kid's wardrobes, making sure everyone finished their breakfasts.

When she finished, I filled her mug and put it in front of her. "Coffee for my queen," I quipped.

As the kids filed downstairs to wait for the school bus, Mom peered over the rim of her mug, smiling wistfully.

"You spoil me rotten, lover."

Lowering my voice, I teased, "Nothing's too good for my favorite butt slut."

"Ricky! Be quiet! Someone might hear!" she scolded, blushing furiously.

"The kids are all downstairs, Mom. Gina and Paul are still asleep," I countered. "In any event, do you really think that they don't know that I was balls deep in your gorgeous ass last night?" I added, nodding towards the guest bedroom. "You weren't exactly shy and retiring, you know."

"For God's sake, Ricky, you hush up now, d'you hear me?"

I got up and stood next to her, putting my arm over her shoulder. Bending to her ear, I whispered, "Okay, hot ass. I'll cut you some slack."

Laughing and rolling her eyes, Mom swatted my ass and gave me a shove towards the bathroom. "Behave yourself, hotshot. Now, get out of my hair and go get cleaned up. You've got a restaurant to run and I have contracts to go over."

Pausing in the doorway, I turned back to her one last time.

"I do, you know."

"What's that?"

"Love you, Mother mine."

"I know, sweet boy, I know. Now, get going."

"Yes'm"

During their stay, Gina and Mom's relationship blossomed into a very deep friendship, in some ways even more close than the bond she already shared with Marsh, but very clearly different. One thing I noticed right from the get go with Mom and Gina was how tactile they were with each other. There was fairly constant touching of hands and arms when they were talking and when they were in the kitchen together, they seemed to brush up against each other more than the closeness of quarters or the task at hand seemed to call for. I thought I was imagining things at first, but as the week progressed, I thought I could sense a certain tension when the two of them were together.

To say the least, I was surprised by what I thought I was seeing in the interactions between Mom and Gina, and I wasn't alone.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, when I had a little down time between the end of lunch service and beginning mis en place for dinner. Mom and Gina were out

shopping, so I came back upstairs to the apartment to see how Paul was faring. Over coffee, we discussed how quickly Mom and Gina seemed to be bonding with each other.

"I think it's great how close they've become since you guys came to visit," I began. "They've really taken a shine to one another. I'm really happy for Mom, she doesn't have many close friends and she really can only open up to Gina or Marsh."

"Mom's been really lonely since Aunt Lou passed away," Paul agreed. "I'm very glad she's found a real friend. Your Mom is a great lady. If you don't mind my sayin' so, I think she's smart and very attractive."

"Thanks, bro. I could say the same. If I wasn't already with the sexiest woman on earth, you'd have to beat me with a stick to keep me away from Gina. She's beautiful, inside and out."

Paul smiled widely and nodded sagely in assent, then his expression turned more serious and somewhat uncertain.

"Rick, I'm wonderin' about something I've noticed since we came to visit. I think we're gettin' to be pretty good friends, but I want to ask you somethin' kinda personal. Is that okay?"

"Sure, man. I'll let you know if I think you're out of bounds, but I promise I won't get mad," I assured him.

"Well, it's about Mom and Jen. I'm not sure if it's my imagination, but I think I see somethin' a little different about how they get along, y'know? All the touchin', some glances, things like that. I haven't known my mom to be that way, but I'm startin' to think they might, uh, you know...ummm...be attracted to one another?"

I felt like I had been smacked on the side of the head with a two-by-four. I think I had subliminally registered some of the things Paul was talking about, but sort of

thrust them to the back of my mind without further thought. Now considering things in full daylight though, it seemed ridiculously obvious.

"Wow. Holy shit. Wow," I croaked, in an epic display of verbal expressiveness. "You may be right, Paul."

"How do you feel about it? Do you think it's a problem?"

"Wow again. I'm not sure what to think. I never, ever considered that Mom might, uhm, be...you know, uhm...bi. Until now, I never saw anything to make me think so."

"Me either, Rick. It's all kinda weird and unexpected, but to be honest, it sort of turns me on, the thought of them together."

"Are you going to talk with Gina about this?"

"Man, I just don't know. I'm not sure how to approach it. I trust Mom absolutely and I know we're forever, but geez, I never thought something like this would ever come up. What about you?"

"We have no secrets," I said simply. "I just need to figure out the right timing. It's so weird to talk about it, but I think I'm okay with the whole idea, that is if they decide they want to, you know, uhm, get together. What I do think is that I'll give Mom all the room and privacy she needs to sort things out. Are you going to be okay with that, Paul?"

Letting out a gusty sigh, Paul absently rubbed his jaw, lost in thought. After a minute, he spoke, choosing his words carefully.

"Well, Rick, I guess when it comes down to the nub, I'm good. I love her to death and if this turns out to be part of who she really is, then I can accept that."

"I feel exactly the same. When we do talk, I'm going to tell Mom that this is her own business. If she and Gina decide to share with us, that's would be really cool, but in the end, what matters is what she's going to be comfortable with."

"I'm with you, Rick. I just want Mom to be happy. I guess if I'm going to share her, there's no one else I'd rather see her with," he conceded. "Isn't this just the strangest shit?"

Serendipitously, Mom and Gina returned from their shopping expedition about five minutes later, walking into the flat together arm in arm, chatting like the oldest of friends, each carrying a large bag in their free hands.

"We're back, sugar!" Gina called out to Paul.

"Hey, Mom," Paul acknowledged. "Successful trip?"

"We had a wonderful afternoon, Paulie. It's so nice to shop with someone who understands you, who can walk a mile in your shoes, y'know? Plus, Jen took me to lunch at the downtown Nonna's. My God, it was scrumptious. Alain treated us like royalty and made sure we weren't bothered at all."

"So, when do we get to see the fruits of your labors?" I asked Mom.

"All in good time, handsome, all in good time," she teased.

When we retired for the evening, our guests and brood all settled, Mom decided that she wanted some son sausage for dessert. I was ready, willing and wanting to do more, but she was in a take-charge sort of mood. Pushing me gently back on our bed, she carefully pulled off my jeans and boxers; setting to work with all the skill and concentration she could muster. Pausing only to strip down to her underwear, she lavished attention on my pole, totally focused on curling my toes, which she did with masterful ease. She teased me to the edge of explosion so many

times, I lost count. Eventually, she granted my release from her ecstatic prison and I gave her an epic load of my love, none of which was wasted.

"Mmmm, Ricky. That was wonderful. You taste so good. Sometimes I forget just how delicious your cum is. I guess I'm usually in too much of a hurry to get fucked," she laughed. "It's hard to decide if I like feeling your cum inside me more or eating it all up, my gorgeous boy."

"Either way, I'm still the luckiest guy alive, Mom."

"You're so sweet. You make your Mom feel very good."

Pulling her up to my side, I gave her a tender kiss. "I hope to make you feel even better in a couple minutes."

"You don't need to, sweetheart. I just wanted to show you how much I love you, Ricky."

"And you did. But you have to realize that in my universe, the stars and planets fall out of alignment if I don't give my beautiful Mom her own orgasm at least once a day," I explained, slipping my hand under her bra.

Mom sighed and settled in closer to me as I rolled her nipple between my fingers. Our lips found each other as I cradled her heavy softness in my hand, tongues twining. She tasted sweet, her own flavor alloyed with the mint of her toothpaste.

My other hand found its way to her damp furrow, fingers gliding lightly over the dew-slicked fabric of her gusset. Breaking our kiss, I slid to her hips, taking the waistband of her cotton panties into both hands. Smiling, she lifted her pelvis and I pulled them to her feet. Hooking the fabric with one of her toes, she pulled them over her other foot and onto the floor, opening herself to me.

There's something about that moment that always gets to me, makes my heart stutter a bit and my breath catch in my throat. When her thighs part and I see her gorgeous cleft, those succulent, dewy lips and amazing, full ginger bush, everything is renewed and it's like my first time with her all over again. When I see her like that, smiling, with a look of passion and expectation, I get a shiver, knowing it's my mother, waiting for me, her son, to love her. Not if I had her ten times a day, every day for the rest of my life, would I get ever tired of that sight.

Slipping my hands under her calves, I drew them up to the softness behind her knees, gently pushing them up and apart. Trailing lips and tongue along the inside of her thigh, I slowly worked my way to her center. As I found her slick lips, tongue delving deeply, her hands came to my head, lightly touching my hair.

"Oh yes, Ricky. That's it. So good, baby. So good, so niiiccce," she said, her voice trailing to a sibilant whisper.

I continued my oral obeisance to Mom, alternating between deep, coiling explorations of her channel with broad-tongued, canine licks, extending from her perineum to near her nubbin, taking care that I did not actually touch her there.

Between licks, I teased her with words as well as tongue.

"Mmmm, you taste so good, Mom. Do you like it when your son eats your pussy?"

"Ohhh, God, yes, baby."

"Do you like it when I push my tongue up all the way inside...like this?"

"Ahhh, baby so good. You eat Momma's cunt so good," she moaned, fingers around the back of my head, pulling me close.

I bent to my task with a will, using all of my accumulated knowledge of Mom's lovely flower, doing my very best to push her to the brink. As her hands gripped my head more tightly and her thrusts against my tongue became more urgent, an idea came to me.

A sneaky, naughty, very, very sexy idea.

I focused my attention on her clit, encompassing her nub with my lips, vibrating my tongue as quickly as possible. Just as I felt her reach the edge of orgasm, I stopped for a brief moment.

Lifting my head up, I looked into her pleading, hooded eyes and said, "This is Gina's tongue."

Mom's eyes flew open wide with shock and then I dove back in, sticking my tongue as far as I could up her vagina, rubbing her clit with my thumb.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD!" she shrieked at the top of her lungs.

"OH MY GOD! OH! OH, SHIT! OH! OOOH! OOOH! OOOOOHHHH!" she wailed.

Her face was screwed into an expression of incredulous ecstasy, bordering on a grimace of pain, as she crushed my face into her sex, nearly pulling my hair out by the roots, boxing my ears as she roared through her climax.

And she squirted. Sweet Jesus, how she squirted. I couldn't even come close to keeping up with the flow of liquid fountaining from her center. It ran down my chin. It went up my nose. It splashed in my eyes, practically blinding me. She kept coming and it kept coming until I almost choked on her flood.

Finally, Mom laid back on the duvet, breasts heaving, thighs sheened with her own release. She struggled to catch her breath, totally consumed by her delirious pleasure. As she lay inert in my arms, slightly slick with the sweat of her release, she slowly stirred and looked at me with a strange combination of contentment and anxiety, confusion furrowing her brow.

"Ricky...when you were licking me, when you said...when you said that...about...about, um, uh...Gina," she paused, blushing heavily, too embarrassed to continue. Visibly gathering herself, she took a deep breath and asked, "Why did you do that?"

Hugging her tightly for reassurance, I kissed her gently, looking at her with love.

"I'm sorry Mom, did I upset you? It sounded to me like it really set you off. That was an epic orgasm."

"It sure was, but somehow, I feel...I feel like I'm being unfaithful, having that reaction," she said in a miserable rush. "What must you think of me, having those...those thoughts?"

"That I love you just as much now as I did five minutes ago, silly lady."

"It doesn't bother you? Because it does bother me. I've never had those feelings before, about any woman. It don't know what it means - what it means about me and even more, what it might mean about us," she confessed in a plaintive whisper, eyes welling. "It scares me, Ricky, it scares me a lot - almost as much as when I was thinking about us, before we were together."

"Do you think that Gina ever could or would come between us, Mom? Because I don't. You're mine and I'm yours, for always."

Propping myself on one elbow, I took her hand in mine and kissed it. "I've seen the way you and Gina get along with each other, Mom. There's real electricity

there, a real sexual connection. Paul and I have both noticed it and we're not exactly the sharpest knives in the drawer when it comes to stuff like that. It's real. And it's okay, love, its okay if you feel that way."

"I don't feel like you're being unfaithful, Mom," I added gently. "We're true to each other because that's how we want to be - it completes us. We don't own each other, we love each other."

"Would it bother you if Gina and I...if we were to be together?"

"No, Mom. It might be a teensy bit jealous about sharing my queen with someone else, but I've thought it through already, and so has Paul. We're both cool with it, if that's where you two want things to go."

"Would...would you want to watch?"

"I think it would be incredibly hot to see the two most beautiful women I know make love, "I said with a lecherous smile, "But this isn't about me, it's about you and Gina, Mom. I think this is something really personal and private, so you should have the space you need to figure things out. If you both decide later on that you want to share with me and Paul, it would be our thrill and privilege."

"Wow, how did you get so wise so young?" Mom asked, anxiety temporarily erased with a small smile.

"I'm no genius Mom. Anyway, it's actually very simple. All I need to do is think about what's best for my girl, what's going to make her happy, and how much I love her."

"You make me feel very lucky and very loved, my sweet son," she whispered, a tear rolling down her cheek.

Drying her cheek with my thumb, I kissed her slowly, gently. "I totally believe in us, Mom. You should relax and go with the flow, see what happens. Just do what feels good and right for you."

"Okay, Ricky, I will. Right now though, can you just hold me? I need to be held."

"Of course, mamma-love," I assured her. I gathered her to me, spooning up against her and lacing my fingers with hers. "Always," I whispered, as we both drifted off.

The next morning, Mom was already up when I rolled out of bed to start my day. I was greeted with a warm kiss and a perfect mug of coffee when I found my way into the kitchen.

"Sleep well, Mom?"

"I woke up around 5 am," she said tiredly. "I was thinking about last night, what you did and said," she said softly, her voice trailing off as a blush rose on her cheeks.

Taking in the uncertain look on her face, I gathered her in for a hug and a big smooch.

"News flash," I said in a gently teasing voice. "I love you more every day I'm with you, Mom. That's never going to change. Just relax, pretty one. Nothing you do is going to upset me," I said reassuringly.

"But what if what happens, changes me?" she asked plaintively, her lower lip trembling.

"Are you afraid you'll fall in love with Gina and not love me anymore, Mom?"

She stood stock still, like a doe trapped in a clearing, face wide with fear. Slowly nodding once, her eyes began to glisten. Burying her face in my shoulder, she cried, clinging to me, "I'd rather die than hurt you, Ricky, I'd rather die!"

"Shhhh," I soothed, squeezing her tightly. "Shhhh. It's okay. It's okay," I whispered, stroking her hair. "That's why I know everything will be all right, Mom. Trust yourself, pretty lady, you'll be fine, I'll be fine. We'll be fine."

After a while she finally relaxed against me, simply snuggling. Gradually, I let my arms trail down from her shoulders to her arms, holding her away from me, kissing her forehead.

"This is my last word on the subject, momma-love," I said gently. "You are the most loving, generous and giving person I've ever known. You are and always have been the best mother to me and to our children. I think your heart is big enough to hold more than one person in it, without pushing out the other one. Because I know you, my goddess, I know you."

"If you do this, it'll be because you love Gina. I think you ARE going to fall in love with her if you make love, Mom. The beauty of it is that it won't cost you anything – it will be something totally different from you and me. It will just add something to your life you didn't have before. It will make you happy. My girl deserves all the happiness she can grab hold of."

Finally, I felt and saw the tension melt out of her; her face relaxing and a small, shy smile appearing on her lips.

"Okay, Ricky. Okay. I believe you, you incredible, amazing man. I hope we're both up for this. It's going to be a hell of a ride, I think."

Clearly gathering herself, Mom took in a deep breath and stood up straight, her eyes boring into mine. She gave me a kiss that singed my eyebrows and then spoke resolutely.

"I need you to do me a favor, Ricky. I think if I don't do something right now, I'll lose my nerve. Do you think you can give me a few hours today? Be out of the house for awhile?"

"That's the woman I love talking," I smiled. "Strong, decisive and very courageous."

"I always thought I was too timid and cautious for my own good," she sighed.

"This from a woman who fucks her son every night, who let him finger her butt to orgasm on a public dance floor, who let her son get her pregnant not once, but THREE times? Sheesh, Mom, go take a look in the mirror, willya?"

"You're embarrassing me again, Ricky!" she blushed.

"Here's what I'm going to do today, Mom. Paul has wanted to see the Whistler operation for some time now. We'll drive up there as soon as he's ready. Give me a text when you're ready for us to come back."

"Oh God, Ricky! I must be crazy doing this!" she shuddered.

"Just roll with it, Mom. Be relaxed, see what happens." I reminded her.

"Oh, and one other thing, momma-love," I teased, leaning to whisper in her ear. "Let me know if I need to stop on the way home to get a strap-on."

"Jesus CHRIST, Ricky!" Mom exploded in embarrassment. "You are such a fucking brat! Now, get out of here before I kill you!" she growled, exasperated, blushing, and affectionate all at the same time.

I pecked her cheek and headed out the door. "Have fun, pretty lady."

As you might imagine, during the two hours when Paul and I made our way up the Sea-To-Sky Highway, there was really only one topic of conversation. We talked about our Moms. It was a little awkward at first, as both of us were thinking very much about what might be happening at home, but eventually, we relaxed and then the floodgates opened. It was startling to realize how much I wanted to share what I had with Mom, to let somebody other than her know how I felt, how much I loved her and how much she excited me.

I asked Paul, "What do you like the most about being with Gina, I mean seriously?"

Paul looked at me in surprise, his expression saying, "C'mon dude, are you kidding?"

"Seriously, man," I repeated. "Not just the bedroom stuff. Mom and I know all about that already," I teased. After the better part of a week together, between our shared bedroom wall and Gina's very verbal passion, I had a pretty good idea of what she and Paul got up to between the sheets.

Paul flushed for a moment and then smiled, nodding. He stared out the window for a few moments, lost in thought.

"It's the music," he said quietly. "It's real hard to describe to somebody who doesn't do it, but there's this certain somethin' that happens when you make music with someone. Doesn't matter who it is on one level. There's this feeling of..of linkage with your partner, especially when you get something completely new or unexpected to appear from out of nowhere. When you do that with someone who you are in love with, who means everything to you, well...wow. It's almost like makin' a baby. Now there's somethin' out there that wouldn't exist but for the two of you. When Mom and I make love, we feel so close, so linked. When we do it after we make a song together, well, it's...that closeness is beyond anything I know how to describe."

"Some days she shows up in our studio with a notepad full of ideas and we just fool around with stuff, y'know, figuring out chords and melodies, playin' with the lyrics. It's incredibly fun, just such a rush as we make somethin' out of nothin'. Other times, we can just be sittin' around, fiddlin' with our guitars and something pops up. She looks at me, I look at her and we just know, y'know? The song just kind of happens. We've had hits doin' it both ways, but when it happens the second way, it's magic."

"You familiar with 'Green Bayou, Blue Heart?'" Paul went on.

"That was your first number one, wasn't it?"

"Sure was. That got written the second way. We got the first two verses done in about ten minutes and they were fuckin' perfect: It was like we knew what the other was thinkin' even before we got anything down on paper. The connection was, is, amazing. And hot. It's like...like, uhm, foreplay in the mind and heart."

"Mom's always incredible in bed," Paul said, coloring slightly.

"We noticed," I interrupted drily.

"Absolutely incredible, but I'm tellin' you, after we finished those first two verses, we were on fire for each other. We made love for two hours straight and it was, next to our first time, probably the best we ever were with each other. Five minutes after we were done in bed, we were back writing and we knocked down the chorus and the third and fourth verses in another half hour. Then we spent the rest of the day between the sheets. We couldn't stop, we felt so close, so connected."

"So," he continued, drawing a deep breath to calm himself, "Less than an hour's worth of work and a half day lovin' each other to death made us rich and famous. And to this day, it's still some of our best writin' and composin'."

By then, we had arrived at the resort and I took Paul on a literal "cook's tour." We had lunch in the restaurant, probably knocking back a few more beers than we should have. Our "momversation" continued, tongues somewhat loosened by the alcohol. We didn't tell each other any tales out of school, but it was great to be able to talk about the incredible women in our lives with someone who "got it."

About three o'clock, Paul and I got nearly simultaneous texts. The message from Mom had me hard as cast ferroconcrete in ten seconds and I could tell that Gina's shout out to her son was having a similar effect.

My text read "Rcky, lv. Cum home now, b4 Gina licks ur Mom 2 death.Xoxoxoxox,M"

Glancing at me, Paul raised an eyebrow and I knew. We traded phones without a word. His text message said, "Hurry bak, P. Jenny 2 tasty, tongue 2 tired now. LuvU2pieces, M."

"Rick," Paul drawled, a smile on his face, "We done created a monster, I think."

"Sounds like a happy monster, though," I agreed.

"Rick, are we the two luckiest sunzabitches in the world, or what?"

"Word, bro, word."

We passed most of the return trip in silence, each of us probably thinking about what new direction our lives might be turning in now.

When we got back home, Gina and Mom were sitting in the kitchen, sipping coffee, the very picture of decorous suburban motherhood. When I Paul and I entered the room, they glanced at each other and rose from their chairs simultaneously. Mom walked up to me, put her arms around my neck and kissed me passionately. I then

had one of the most erotic experiences of my life. When Mom's tongue found mine, I noticed a strange, tangy and salty taste, somehow familiar but at the same time, mysterious. Then it bowled over me like a runaway freight train.

For the first time in my life, I was tasting another woman on my mother's lips.

As our kiss continued, and the realization hit home, I found myself incredibly aroused. My cock became erect at lightning speed and suddenly, there was nothing in the universe but Mom, me and my burning need for her. My hands drifted down to cup her ass and she moaned into my mouth, her right leg hooking around my hips as she ground her mound against my crotch.

Realizing we were standing in the middle of the kitchen, I opened my eyes to find Paul and Gina already gone. The soft click of the guest bedroom door closing confirmed my impression that we were now alone.

"God, Ricky," Mom panted in my ear. "I'm so bad. I've been cumming my brains out all day long and I still can't get enough. I'm such a slut," she sighed, burying her head in my shoulder.

"You're my beautiful, loving mother," I murmured reassuringly into her ear. "You're my gorgeous, hot, wife-mom," I whispered. "You're my sexy, fearless lady, who's not afraid to be herself."

Mom gradually relaxed in my embrace; slowly rubbing herself against my groin, leg still wrapped around my hip. She was flowing so much that her honey was beginning to dampen the front of my pants

"Are you going to take me to bed now, Ricky?" she asked in a throaty whisper. "Mommy needs to be with her son. Momma's had enough pussy for one day and now she needs some of her boy's sweet cock," she breathed in my ear. "Your mother needs to get fucked now, son. What are you going to do about it?"

Gathering her into my arms, I hurried to our bedroom, "I'm going to do whatever my momma asks," I said, lips locking with hers.

Laying her on the bed, I stepped back, hands going to my belt buckle. Mom pulled her skirt up around her hips and quickly jerked her panties down, slowly spreading her thighs, cocking her hips up towards me in an undulating motion. Reaching up, she pulled my pants and boxers quickly to my knees, grabbing my ass with one hand, drawing me in. Her legs now spread widely, panties wetly dangling from one ankle, she grabbed my cock and brought it to her sopping pussy.

"I need you in me now, sweet boy," she murmured. "Momma needs you. Hurry, baby."

As I slid home into her moist, slick vise, I groaned.

"Oh Mom, you always feel so good to me. So tight, so wet!"

"Ah, yes, Ricky," she exhaled. "That's it baby. So good. So hard for your momma. Fuck me, baby. Make me cum."

I continued to stroke into her, my hands clutching her ass as she wrapped her arms around my back, whispering sweet sounds into my ear, nuzzling my neck. Abruptly, Mom rolled us into our sides and then put me on my back, never losing our connection. It was incredibly erotic, being buried to the hilt in Mom, her blouse still buttoned, our joining hidden by the flowing fabric of her skirt draped over our hips. She remained fully seated on my hardness, simply rocking her pelvis back and forth as she rubbed her clit against my pubic bone, hands resting on my chest. I couldn't see under her skirt, but the partially hidden rocking of her pelvis against me was somehow especially arousing for its concealment. I opened my eyes and savored Mom's uninhibited rocking against me, watching her face as she concentrated fully on getting off.

Slowly, Mom's hands began to clench and unclench against my shirt and her motions became more jerky. Her lips parted and she threw her head back with a keening sigh.

"Oh! Oh! Ricky! Yes, baby! Ohh! OOHHH!"

Her eyes rolled back into her head and her thighs clenched and I could feel her contractions around my cock. That was it for me and I went off the cliff, spurting like mad for what seemed like forever.

"Oh God, Mom! MOM! Mooommmmmm..." my voice trailed off to a whimper.

Mom collapsed onto me with a groan, chest heaving, her breath coming in almost painful gasps. I held her close, stroking her hair and back. As she reclaimed herself, Mom gradually snuggled against me, running her hands over my chest, stroking my cheeks, giving me small, nibbling kisses.

"That's my good son," she sighed contentedly, settling under my arm. "Just what your momma needed to make it a perfect day."

After our nearly fully clothed fuck, we were both a bit sweaty, so we stripped down and got back on top of the comforter, simply relaxing. Mom was particularly affectionate, constantly touching me, running her hands over my chest, lightly kissing me everywhere. I could tell she was probably working herself up to talk, so I stayed silent, waiting. Eventually, she propped herself up on an elbow, looking at me with a small smile on her lips, eyes dancing.

"Well, aren't you going to ask me? I'm sure you're dying to know, you horny boy," she teased.

"Only if you want to tell me, Mom. It's your call. If you want to share, I'm all ears," I smiled.

Mom grinned back and blushed slightly, staring off into space as she collected her thoughts. I moved my legs apart, pulling her into the vee of my thighs, my head resting on her back, arms encircling her waist.

"Take your time, Mom. No rush. Just tell me what you're comfortable with."

Resting her hands on my forearms, lightly squeezing, she began.

"After you left, I was so nervous I could barely walk. The only time I've been more anxious was when I gave you that first kiss, back on the 4th of July. I was scared, Ricky, really scared."

"But I was wet, too," she confessed with a whisper. "My panties were absolutely sopping. I was squishing with every step I took and my poor clitty was throbbing so much, one touch would have made me explode."

"I just about died from suspense, waiting for you and Paul to get out the door. I deliberately avoided Gina until you were gone. Then I went to the kitchen and found her."

Mom took in a deep breath, steeling herself to continue. I squeezed her reassuringly.

"We sat and had some coffee, just chatting for a while. The tension was unbelievable. Finally, we just sort of looked at each other and Gina said, 'I guess we've got some things to talk about, sugar.'"

"I said that we should take our little talk into the living room and sit down. God, I was so nervous, Ricky, so excited, I felt like I was going mad. My heart was pounding right out of my chest and I felt sure Gina could hear my pulse, it was so loud in my ears."

"We sat on the sofa and our hands sort of found each other. Gina's palms were perspiring and somehow, that comforted me, knowing she was probably as nervous as I was."

"I could barely talk above a whisper, I was so wound up. I said, 'Gina, I don't know any easy way to say this, so I'm just going to say it – I've never felt this way before, but I'm very attracted to you.'"

"Gina let out a big sigh and squeezed my hands. She said, 'I know, sugar. I feel the same thing. I've never, ever felt this way about another woman. It don't know where it comes from or why, but I feel it, for sure. It's been makin' me crazy. I'm walkin' around all day with wet panties. Either I'm thinkin' about Paulie and me fuckin' or...us, uhm, touchin' each other...kissin'...and...other things..."

"She was licking her lips at that point, was having trouble sitting still, and God help me Ricky, I could smell her. Jesus, it was unbelievable. Her musk, God I had no idea something like that could get me so hot, just the scent. I felt like if I moved just one muscle, one twitch, I would cum just from the thought of her being wet, her smell..."

"I asked her, 'What are we going to do about it?'"

"She said that she knew that you and Paul had talked about us and were okay, so that it was up to just the two of us."

"I said that I thought I wanted us to get closer, but I really didn't know the first thing about pleasing another woman, but that I wanted to make her feel good."

"Gina smiled at that point and said, 'I guess this is our first date, then. I reckon kissin' is a good place to start.'"

Mom paused at that point, shivering slightly in my arms as she recalled the events. I gave her another hug and kissed the top of her head. "Remember, Mom, only what you want to share, nothing more."

Leaning back into my arms, Mom twisted her head to give me a kiss. "Thanks, darling. I do want to tell you everything. It's just...God, this is embarrassing, but I'm getting all turned on again talking about it. You just better be ready to drive that truck over me, as soon as I'm done."

"Okay, here goes," she exhaled sharply.

"We sort of leaned into each other and we, uhm, we... kissed. It was very nice. It's not like it was better than when you kiss me, Ricky," she said quickly, trying to reassure me. "It was really different. It was so soft, gentle, caring and warm, but at the same time, it was, uhm, really hot. I was very excited. By then my panties were completely soaked."

"We just kissed for a long time, lips, neck, shoulders, earlobes, it was all very slow, very sensuous. We sort of got lost in it, just going with the mood and the flow. I'm not sure how long we just necked, maybe fifteen or twenty minutes," she sighed, remembering.

"It was then that Gina touched my breast and I put my tongue in her mouth," Mom shuddered, remembering. "I didn't think I could get any more wound up than I was, but that just raised things to a whole new level. I was burning up. Suddenly we were just all over each other. She took my blouse off and began sucking on my nipples, and you know how hot that gets me, Ricky. I put my hands under her bra and was pinching hers, which she really liked and then somehow our tops were all the way off and we were feeling each other's breasts," she sighed, breath quickening.

"We kissed some more and then she put her hand under my skirt and rubbed me through my panties," she exhaled, remembering.

"I climaxed the minute her fingers went over my clit, Ricky. God! I came so hard, it was unbelievable. By then, I was just completely around the bend; I was so turned on I was shaking."

"I returned the favor, but I didn't mess around, I got my fingers into her pussy right away and she just went ballistic when I started to finger fuck her. I didn't know anything about what she liked, but I just tried to do what I knew helped get me off."

"She came almost as fast as I did, almost broke my hand when she climaxed, her thighs were so tight."

By now, I was at full staff again, absolutely throbbing with anticipation as Mom recalled her first lesbian encounter. She immediately noticed my hardness against her back as I held her.

"Well, well," she chuckled lasciviously, "Someone is enjoying this little story, isn't he, you naughty boy."

"Jesus, Mom," I groaned. "It's the Goddamn hottest thing I've ever heard. I'm going out of my mind, listening to all this. Don't stop!"

"After that," Mom continued softly, flushing, "We just sort of laid together on the couch and kissed some more, mashing our titties together and tweaking each other's nipples. I was even more excited by then. It was like cumming once just made me want to do it again even more."

"Then, Gina pulled off my skirt and panties and said in the sexy southern belle voice of hers, 'Let me look at you, sugar.'"

"I started leaking like a faucet when she said that. My juice was literally running down my thighs, I was so far gone."

Mom paused for a moment, shuddering and clenching her legs together as she remembered.

"She put her head between my legs and kissed and licked me everywhere, behind my knees, my thighs...and when...when she licked my pussy the first time, God, Ricky, it was amazing! I came again the first time her tongue hit my little button and I squirted like a hose," she whispered hoarsely.

"Did that surprise her, Mom?"

"Yes, a little. I was kind of embarrassed; that it happened and that I didn't warn her, but it didn't matter. She seemed to love it, though. It made her lick me all the harder, trying to get me to do it again, and when she started to finger me too, well, you know how I get, son," she blushed sweetly.

"Oh yeah, Mom, I sure do. I love it when you grab my hair and hump my face," I grinned. "And I'll bet Gina did too."

"Ricky!" she scolded, flushing furiously. "Do you have to be so...so graphic?"

"Just calling it like I see it, pretty lady."

"Hush now, or I won't finish the story," she threatened.

"God forbid. My lips are sealed, Mom," I replied hastily, suitably chastised.

"Anyway, from then on, Gina couldn't get enough, she went totally nuts. She gave me two or three more big cums and then just sat back, stroking me with her fingertips. She said, 'You definitely are my sugar girl now, Jennifer Marie. You taste like honey. I could munch on your sweet slit all day.'"

"You're blushing again, Mom," I teased gently.

"Well, what did you expect?" she asked archly. "I'm just admitting for the first time that I let another woman touch me and eat me and that I loved it!"

"What happened next, momma-love?"

Mom sat silent for some time, clearly gathering her courage and thoughts and then she took in a deep breath and began again, snuggling in tightly against me.

"Next? Well, next I took off her jeans and panties and...and I...I...I, uhm, ate pussy for the first time," she finished in a rush, words tumbling over each other.

Lost in recollection for a moment, Mom sighed and then began again. "It was amazing. I looked at her just before I started and she smiled and said, 'Just do what you'd like yourself, sugar pie. I'm sure I'll love it.'"

"So...so I started. She's shaved down there, Ricky. I could see everything. Her lips were really full and dark, almost the color of an iris. Her clit is pretty big, actually. When it came out from its hood, it was as big as the tip of my pinky. She was wet, creamy wet. She tasted...she tasted wonderful. Different from me, more, uhm, tangy, more musky but very nice."

"I really liked it, Ricky," she whispered, coloring up crimson again. "I loved eating her pussy. Now I understand why you like getting your head up my skirt so much."

"It's always been one of my favorite things," I agreed, kissing the back of her neck.

"You know something else, Ricky? One of the things I was worried about was how it would feel when she went down on me. I was afraid that I'd like it better than the way you do me. I was assuming that as a woman, Gina would know how to please me more than my own son."

"I was wrong, lover," she said softly, turning her head to kiss me tenderly. "You're every bit as good, if not better, and I think I know why."

"It's because of the way you love me, my beautiful boy. That can't be duplicated, when a son loves his mom like you do," she said tenderly. "So don't you fret, big guy. You have no worries. You're still my love."

"You say the nicest things to your son."

"Just the truth, Ricky, nothing more," she murmured, turning her head to kiss my cheek.

"Anything more you want to talk about, Mom?" I inquired, nuzzling her ear.

"After I licked her to another cum, we just dozed for a while, catching our breath. After we rested, we decided to try sixty-nine with each other. We went into the guest bedroom and I laid flat on my back and she got up and straddled my face with her hips," Mom paused. Her face was flushed again, extending to her upper chest, not from embarrassment, I thought, but fierce arousal.

"And?" I prompted.

"We went nuts. Neither of us could stop. I lost count of the times I came and made her cum," she said hoarsely. "I spurted so much, I felt dehydrated. Had to take a break after about an hour and get a big glass of water. My knees were so weak, I could barely make it to the kitchen and back."

"After that, I did do something that was very exciting though," she confessed.

"Which was what?" I asked breathlessly. I could hardly imagine anything sexier than what Mom had already described and was almost comatose with excitement. Precum was practically flowing out of the tip of my cock like a small spring.

"After we rested and rehydrated for a few minutes, we did one more sixty-nine. This time I found Gina's G-spot. I rubbed her there, sucked on her clit and put a finger up her butt. I made her squirt, Ricky! Not anything huge, but I did it!" she said proudly.

"God, it was such a turn on! When she let go on my mouth and chin, I came too, it was so exciting!"

"How did Gina feel, afterwards?" I asked with bated breath.

"I think she passed out for a couple of minutes. When she came around she hugged me so tight and kissed me so hard, I almost suffocated. She was a little teary-eyed, thanking me so much."

"It was a wonderful feeling, making her cum so hard. I felt...very sexy...very sensual and...powerful," she said quietly, struggling to find words for the feelings. "It's an amazing thing to be able to give someone so much pleasure, such intense release. It's a very liberating feeling."

"I'm glad it was such a good experience for you, Mom," I whispered into her ear, nuzzling her neck. "I told you it would be great. And I was right, wasn't I? It didn't take anything away from you and me, did it? We're still 'us' and you're still my gorgeous Mom, plus a little something extra special now."

"Well, son, your mother is now a confirmed cunt lapper," Mom sighed, settling back into my arms. "I like pussy, at least Gina's. I don't think I want to give it up. Can you live with that, Ricky?"

"Gee, Mom, I need think about that. Let's see. My mother has taken the second most beautiful woman I know to bed and has become even more sexy, sensuous and loving than ever before."

"Nope. Can't deal with it," I grinned. "Too exciting – it'll give me a heart attack. Sorry, you'll have to cease clit licking immediately for your son's health."

Mom reached behind me and found my shaft, squeezing me – hard. "Okay! Okay!" I yelped. "You can be Gina's lover. Just let me keep my dick attached, please?" I pleaded.

"I knew I could get you to see reason," Mom said sweetly. "That's my boy."

"And that's my beautiful, sexy mother, switch hitter extraordinaire."

"You always say such nice things to your Mom," she giggled, converting her vise grip on my prick to a gentle caress.

Turning around, she straddled my lap, fitting me into her tight crevice, kissing me wetly and passionately.

"Fuck Mommy again, sweetheart?" she whispered.

"I thought you'd never ask," I murmured back, pulling her back onto my hardness.

As Mom and Gina cemented their new relationship as lovers and friends, we began to put the plans together for the Inn and new restaurant. Within a month, Marsh, Shawn and Fiona had left the Beltway madness behind and took up temporary residence in a small condo a short walk from the original Nonna's. Using Clay MacLeish' contacts, we were able to secure the services of a commercial

architectural and construction firm to work with Marsh on the final design of the facility. During this time, Marsh greatly expanded the scope and reach of her special site, opening it to other couples, including brothers, sisters, cousins, fathers and daughters. As word of our project spread throughout her special community, we began to get inquiries almost immediately. When we broke ground two months later, we already had reservations for the private villas for fourteen months out from opening, with bookings for the regular Inn rooms putting us at nearly sixty percent occupancy for the first year. At that time, Marsh was about halfway through the process of vetting and verifying the influx of new Site members. On paper, we were almost breaking even without having put even two bricks together. It was a heady experience.

Shawn and I worked hard to refine the online Nonna's concept and had good results, with slow steady growth beginning after being online for less than three months. At that point, I felt comfortable selling out my interest in the Whistler operation and began looking for a buyer for the original Nonna's and the downtown branch. Within a few weeks, I had arranged a sale to a local group that owned six other establishments in the metro area, agreeing to stay on as a transitional manager for six months at a hefty consulting fee. Everything was coming together.

Somewhat to our surprise, Alain turned down an opportunity to become a managing partner for the new owners of Nonna's downtown and elected to join our motley crew, explaining, "I have not ze need for too much money, Monsieur Rick. You, Shawn and your beautiful ladies are all I have now zat is close to family. Besides, I'm sure Madame Jenny will appreciate it if I can help you not to 'screw ze pooch' with the new place," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," I said drily. "Between you and Mom, I guess it will be more difficult to get into trouble and that's a good thing."

"But of course, my friend, zat is my function, to prevent ze merde from hitting ze fan, non?"

"I think you're crazy leaving Nonna's, Alain, but I'm damn glad to have you on board," I said, gripping his arm. "We can only be better by having you here."

"As always, you are too kind, Monsieur Rick. As long as you seem to have lost ze judgment," he joked, "May I ask a favor?"

"Of course, Alain. What can I do?"

"Before I start, I wish to go back to school for a little bit. Ze University of Selkirk, zey have ze very good hotel management program. Before ze Inn opens, I should like to take some courses."

"That's a fantastic idea, Alain! Sign up for whatever you need and have them bill the Inn for the tuition."

"Zat will not be necessary, Monsieur Rick, I have saved enough..."

"It 's not open to negotiation, Alain," I interrupted, cutting him off. "What you're doing will directly benefit the operation. It's only right that we support your efforts. I'm afraid I'll have to insist," I said, grinning.

"Okay, Boss," Alain capitulated, a small smile slowly forming.

So it worked out that Alain got his certificate and became the overall manager of the Inn and restaurant. Marsh made her own significant contribution to our staffing when she was able to convince her old web friend Linda, who was a bookkeeper, to pull up stakes in San Antonio and join us to manage our finances.

One advantage of my previous success with Nonna's was that when Marsh and I got the word out about hiring for the Inn's restaurant, we were deluged with applications from all over the country. Hopefuls were applying from as far away as Uppsala, Marathon Key and the Phillipines. I wanted to stay true to Marsh'

original vision for our little community, so with her cross referencing help and some deft online research by Shawn, we actually found some very talented staff for our kitchen.

Our line chef Barry and his pastry chef sister, Lisa were among our earliest recruits. Already a couple for over ten years, the fraternal twins had become lovers while in college, when they shared an apartment to save money. They were now looking for an opportunity for a life together as man and wife, having already made the wrenching decision to leave family and friends behind them. Of course all of our prospective hires had to make it through interviews with Mom and Marsh, as well as Alain and myself. I deliberately limited my input to matters of professional training and competency, having grown to implicitly trust both Mom and Marsh' considerable people skills and intuition.

Through the Site, we also found Gloria and Luis, a mother and son from Manila, who took on the roles of heads of housekeeping and maintenance. In similar fashion, we lucked into a pair of incredibly talented cousin gardeners from California, Hiroshi and Yukari, who took on the tasks of running the restaurant's organic garden and all of the landscaping for the compound.

In this fashion, by bits and pieces, we slowly built our special enclave, until we had a core of around twenty couples providing the lion's share of our personnel. Surprisingly, almost a quarter of our couples had already started families and at least again as many had professed an interest in joining the ranks of parents if they decided to stay.

Given the number of future school age children we had acquired, it became apparent that we might even need to consider starting up a small school in a few years. As rewarding as my professional success with Nonna's had been, I found that Marsh' vision had captured my imagination fully, and that I took as much pleasure from helping to build our special community as I did from any award I every received in the past.

The first year of operation proved to be incredibly successful. We met or exceeded all our budget goals for the Inn, provided a unique vacation opportunity for kindred couples, successfully established the reputation of the restaurant and saw our online gourmet business grow by leaps and bounds. We worked our collective butts off to make it happen, but it was all truly a labor of love, in more ways than one.

Best of all, every single day I got to go to sleep and wake up at the same time as Mom, sharing meals and spending time with our wonderful brood. I knew how fortunate we were and thanked my lucky stars every day for how things had turned out.

It's funny how major changes in your life seem to hinge on the smallest of decisions. Sometimes, big problems can be seen barreling down the road from a mile away. The economy's bad, you owe more than you make, you have legal troubles. This kind of stuff usually has deep, slowly developing roots, so when it hits the fan, it's usually an inevitable outcome you almost come to expect.

I had always felt that Mom and I had lived a charmed life, that we were truly fated to be together, happily ever after and all that, but about three years after we opened the Inn, the universe struck back at us with terrible, cruel randomness, nearly destroying our family. The chain of events that led to disaster began innocuously enough, with Mom being delayed by a late meeting at her office. She called to say she was going to stay in Vancouver overnight, planning to meet us at the ferry for our visit to Dr. Prieto's office for one of Emmy's many follow up visits since her surgery. We would finish the checkup and then have lunch together in the city before heading home in the afternoon. We promised Emmy ice cream at the Granville Market as part of the deal. Marsh and Shawn agreed to look after the twins and Jason after they got back from school.

I rose early that morning and was gathering everything together for our trip when Mitch knocked on our door. He and Molly had just spent a long weekend together with us, taking an unused room at the Inn for some quality time together. "Hey,

Rick buddy, Mom says you're going into town with Emmy. Why don't you come with us? Alain is going to drive us to the ferry with the van. It's always nice to have some company for the trip back and Mom just loves Emmy to pieces. Whattaya say?"

"Sounds good. When are you leaving?"

"Ten minutes too soon?"

"Not a problem." I was originally planning to leave on my own in about an hour, but I figured if we arrived early, it was that much more time I could spend with Mom. A son's time with his mother is precious, after all.

We got Emmy settled in her booster seat without difficulty, her always-sunny disposition a welcome antidote to the painfully early hour of our departure. Molly and I settled in next to her on either side, immediately playing silly face games, with predictably giggle-ous results. Mitch sat shotgun with Alain and we hit the road. We made good time down Route 14, the weather clear and unusually dry for the time of year. We had just put Saseenos in our rear view mirror and I was fully engaged, watching Molly and Emmy having a tickling match as we rounded a long, sweeping turn in the highway. I saw Molly's eyes go wide and she exclaimed "Dear God!" Simultaneously, as I began to turn back around, Alain cursed "Mere de Dieu" and jerked the steering wheel. It was then I saw the logging truck headed towards us, halfway across the centerline.

I barely had time to register the thought, "We're all dead."

Somehow, Alain managed to avoid a direct impact with the 18-wheeler, but we went into a slide and the rear of the truck clipped the back of the van on the driver's side. We bounced into the guardrail and then everything went topsy-turvy as we flipped over the barrier. I saw the ground and trees rushing and spinning towards us through the windows and there was a thunderous noise, a hugely painful flash of light, followed by blackness.

When my awareness returned, someone was holding my hand, stroking my forehead. I could barely see and I had a headache that felt like a red-hot iron spike in my skull. Every breath was agony. I felt like a mule had kicked me in my right side I couldn't seem to move or feel my left arm. I could hear the beeps and chirps of medical devices all around me. I tried to focus, but my eyes did not want to obey. Something bad happened, that I was sure of. What had I been doing? I couldn't remember anything. It was then I heard a familiar voice. I knew that voice! This was someone I cared about, somebody I...loved? Somebody who loved...me? "I'm here, Ricky. It's okay. Mom's here. You're going to be okay."

Ricky? Ricky...Yeah! That's me! Mom? Mom. My mother. Jennifer...my...lover? My mother, yes, my wife, yes, our children. Yeah! Anna Marie, Deirdre Lynn, Jason Michael...Emily. Oh dear God. Sweet merciful Jesus, we were going to Vancouver - a truck? Me, Alain, Molly, Mitch and Emmy. No. It can't be. It's not possible. Dear Lord, no, don't let it be true. I sat bolt upright, oblivious to my headache, the screaming pain in my right chest. The room lurched into painfully sharp focus.

My left arm was in a cast, hooked up to a maze of ropes and pulleys, suspended from a metal frame which hung over the bed. There were two large, clear plastic tubes in the right side of my chest, hooked up to plastic boxes on the floor, which bubbled and spluttered as I breathed. I could see a long line of metallic staples running down the middle of my belly, beginning just below my breastbone and extending below my belly button. That hurt too. I was a mess.

Mom was sitting on the edge of the bed, holding my right hand. Her hair was scraggly and disheveled as though she had just gotten out of bed. Dark circles were evident around her eyes, which were red from crying. Her skirt and blouse were badly wrinkled, clearly having been slept in. She squeezed my fingers tightly, a wan smile on her lips, eyes swimming.

"Hello darling. It's good to have you back, husband-son," she whispered.

"Hi Mom," I croaked.

Mom was still crying, in spite of her smile. She was obviously overjoyed to see me awake, but there was a terrible sadness in her eyes. I could tell then that the news was not going to be good.

"I need to know, Mom - how bad?"

She took in a shuddering breath, steeling herself before beginning. "You've been sedated for four days. You broke your left arm. They're going to have to do surgery on that in a day or two to fix it properly. Most of the ribs on the right were broken and your lung was collapsed. You had lacerations of your left kidney and spleen that they were able to repair, thank God. Mitch is going to be okay. He dislocated his shoulder and mangled his left leg very badly. They're not sure if it's salvageable, but they are trying to keep from amputating. He went up to the rehab floor yesterday. Molly had a fractured pelvis and dislocated hip." Mom's voice broke then and I knew. "Ricky...Emmy's...our little baby...she's....she's ...very sick. The doctors don't know if she's going to make it."

I didn't think it was possible to feel any more pain than I was already in, but Mom's words were like a physical blow. Everything suddenly hurt twice as much and I felt like the life was being squeezed out of me. It was all I could do to simply nod, tears running down my cheeks. It was some minutes before I could speak. "What happened?"

"The police said it was a miracle that Alain avoided a head-on collision. The back of the truck clipped the car and it flipped over the guardrail and cartwheeled down an embankment. Your side of the car hit a big tree, right by Alain's door. Ricky...Alain...he died instantly."

Mom broke down and was unable to continue. We held onto each other's hands desperately, each trying to draw strength from the other. Eventually Mom found her voice. "Both of Emmy's legs were broken and her liver was badly damaged. They did surgery, but the liver is still not working right. If things don't begin to

turn around in the next 24 hours...we may lose her," she sobbed, completely losing her voice.

"Not again," I whispered. My daughter, at death's door, my good friend and mentor Alain, gone, just like Gramps and Nana, it was more than I could take. As I lay in the bed, tears streaming down my face, I got angry. "Fuck this. I need to see Emmy." I began pulling out my IV and reached for my chest tubes. Mom was at my side in an instant, grasping my hands with surprising strength.

"For God's sake, Ricky, settle down. There's nothing you can do. Please. Please sweetheart." She was weeping as she held me back in the bed, pinning my hands as I cursed and struggled weakly. A nurse appeared with a syringe in hand, but Mom waved her off. "Please, Ricky," she whispered, "Please don't do this. I need you. I need you to get better. If I lose you too, I don't know what I'll do," she sobbed.

Looking at Mom crying, I finally came to my senses. I relaxed and laid back, touching her cheek with my good hand. "I'm sorry, Mom," I whispered. "I won't leave you, I promise. I'll get better, I will. Please don't cry. I'll be here for you."

Mom smiled wanly and hiccuped a couple of times, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand, smearing her makeup. "I told your doctors that if..." her voice caught and she corrected herself. "When you woke up that wild horses wouldn't keep you away from Emmy, so they'd better figure out how they were going to accommodate you, so I guess we'll have to have that discussion with them now."

Mom gestured to the nurse who was hovering outside my room. "Dana, could you please see if Doctor Sykes is available to talk with us?"

"I'll page him right now, Mrs. Lewis. He wanted to know right away when your husband woke up. If he's not in surgery, he should be over shortly."

About 10 minutes later Dr. Sykes showed up. He was almost the medical cliché of a trauma surgeon, sandy-haired, muscular, athletic, straight talking and with a decidedly no-nonsense manner. He looked as though he was probably born wearing a pair of scrubs. He stood in the doorway to the room, perusing my chart, pulling thoughtfully at his lower lip as he digested my latest vital signs and lab results. He then strode quickly to the side of my bed and took my hand. "Howdy, I'm your surgeon, Brendan Sykes. I'm very glad you're awake. We've been rather worried about you for the last few days. How do you feel?"

"About how I look- five pounds of crap in a three pound bag. Happy to be alive."

"You are one tough hombre, my friend. When you came in, I told your wife it was maybe one in four or one in five that you would make it. Our entire crew is very glad you're still with us."

"I have a lot to live for," I replied, nodding towards Mom.

"I think your wife willed you to stay with us. Except for a couple visits to the PICU to see your daughter, she hasn't left your side since you came out of surgery. We got the word from on high early on that we'd better not tangle with her," he added drily.

"From on high?"

"Seamus MacLeish is on the board of directors of the hospital. He's the one who laid down the law. A formidable, man, Mr. MacLeish is. May I ask how you two know him?"

"I'm a partner in his firm, Dr. Sykes," Mom replied.

"No kidding. That explains quite a lot, I guess."

"About our daughter, Dr. Sykes..."

"Well, I'm not technically part of the pediatric trauma team, but I've been keeping an eye on things. I think it's safe to say that there were a few encouraging signs in her latest labs, but I don't want to speak definitively at this point. What I can do is have Dr. Krishnamurthi stop by to give you an update later this afternoon. He was her surgeon."

"I need to see her, doc."

"I understand," Dr. Sykes commiserated, "But that's just not possible right now. Believe me, if I was in your shoes, I'd be champing at the bit myself, but it's just not safe yet. I've gotten you this far, and I'll be damned if I'll let all of that work go to waste. You know, while you were in surgery, your heart stopped - twice."

Mom gasped as she heard this, clutching my hand in painfully tight grip; it was apparently news to her as well. Dr. Sykes turned to her and spoke apologetically. "I'm not going to say I'm sorry we didn't tell you Mrs. Lewis. Under the circumstances, I felt that level of detail was not going to help you get through this. You were here for your husband, and that's what is most important. I hope you understand that we also have an indirect responsibility for your well-being."

Mom nodded, "I appreciate your concern for my feelings, Dr. Sykes, but from this point forward, I hope you let everyone know that both of us want to be fully in the loop," she said firmly. "I've been through this once before, you know. I lost both of my parents in an accident some time ago."

"I'm so sorry to hear that. I can't imagine what the last four days have been like for you. We will definitely keep the lines of communication open. Now, let's get down to what I came here for."

Dr. Sykes pulled out his stethoscope and gave me a thorough going over. "Ah, very good - I can hear a few bowel sounds now. Perhaps we'll start some clear

liquids tomorrow. Your right lung sounds much better today also. We'll check a chest x-ray in the morning. If there's no evidence of residual lung collapse, we'll get those tubes out of your side as well."

Dana handed my chart to Dr. Sykes and he made some notes. "I'll make sure the team taking care of little Emily knows that they are to keep you informed. I think it will help your stress level and hopefully let you worry less, which will be good for your recovery."

Dr. Sykes again came back to the bedside and shook my good hand. "I'm so very pleased to see you on the mend, Mr. Lewis," he said sincerely. "Let's not do anything to jeopardize our progress. I promise, I will do everything in my power to get you in shape to see Emily at the earliest possible moment."

Mom came to the side of the bed and gripped my good hand. "He'll behave himself, Dr. Sykes - I'll see to it." She smiled, kissed me and then glared at me balefully. "Won't you, Ricky?" she inquired with steel in her voice.

"God, you're a hard woman. Yes, I'll be good," I capitulated.

Keeping her hand in my grip, I waited for the nurse and Dr. Sykes to depart. "You okay, Mom?" I whispered hoarsely.

"Now I am, son. I was so worried..." Her tears started afresh.

"Don't cry, Mom. I'm here. I'm not going anywhere except home with you and Emmy. I promise. I promise."

Just then, Mom's Blackberry began chirping. Rummaging in her purse, she finally found it after several frantic seconds. Glancing at the screen, she said "It's Marcia."

"Go ahead and take it, Mom - it may be important."

"Hi, Marsh. Yes. Yes...he's awake. Everything's fine. Yes, thank God. No, still no word on Emmy. We should know more tomorrow. Yes - I'll talk to them now. Put it on speaker? I'll do the same."

I heard Marsh call Anna and Dee Dee to the phone. "Hey girls - want to talk with Daddy?"

There were sounds of a mad scramble in the background and then breathless voices, completing each other's sentences. "Daddy! You woke up! Are you okay? Do you boo-boos still hurt? When are you coming home? We miss you!"

"Hi girls," I croaked. "I'm doing good. Mommy's here with me. She's making sure I'm going to get all better. Guess what - if my doctor says it's okay, you can see me tomorrow."

"Goody! Hooray!" was the chorus. "Guess what Daddy - Fiona, Uncle Shawn and Auntie Marsh are taking us out for pizza! She says we can celebrate!"

"That's great! Maybe you two can do me a favor - will you each eat a slice for me?"

"Of course, Daddy," Dee Dee replied indignantly. "I'm going to have pepperoni and Anna's going to eat a slice of sausage n' shrooms."

"That sounds fantastic. But, I was kind of hoping you'd have a slice of banana and tuna fish, or maybe peanut butter and tofu," I teased.

"Daddy - you are sooo bad!" Anna scolded.

"You make sure you have a good time, both of you. Don't give Auntie Marsh and Uncle Shawn a hard time, you hear?"

"Yes, Daddy. Auntie Marsh wants to talk to you some more. 'bye."

"Bye, girls. See you tomorrow."

Marsh got back on the line. "Thank God you're back with us, Rick. It's so good to hear your voice. I don't want to tire you out, but there's one more thing I wanted to tell you both. I put on my queen bee hat day before yesterday and put the word out on my street. Someone will be by to check on you and Jen in a little while. She's a member of our community, as it were. I don't want to say anything more specific over the phone, but you'll know her when you meet her. 'Kay?"

"Thanks, so much Marsh," Mom replied. We'll wait for her. And thanks for looking after the munchkins - I don't know what we would have done without you."

"Anything for my skin sister, you know that Jen."

"Let me know when you're ready to tuck the girls in tonight, so I can say goodnight to them."

"Will do. Bye."

I was suddenly terribly tired. The simple phone call taxed me to my limits and I found myself slipping off to sleep. I vaguely remember mumbling my apologies to Mom and was then out like a light.

I woke some undetermined time later when someone came into my room. The lady I saw at the foot of my bed was dressed in freshly pressed black scrubs, impeccably clean and crisp. Her nametag read "Carrie Hamilton - Trauma Nursing Supervisor." She was of medium height, with straight, glossy black, shoulder length hair, containing a few wisps of gray. Her bosomy figure was full and curvaceous, but not overtly plump. She appeared consummately professional, radiating an aura of calm competence. She strode up to Mom and introduced

herself. "Hello, I'm the head of nursing here on the trauma unit. My name is Carrie. I'm so glad to see Rick is doing well. Our sons are entirely precious, aren't they?"

Mom did a double take at her words, but then recovered. "Marcia told us to expect someone, but we didn't know who."

"When I heard about your situation on the Site, I got back to Marcia immediately. It's always a pleasure to meet a member of our special club, even though I deplore how this has happened. I don't know what I'd do if anything happened to my John. We both lit candles for the two of you at Mass yesterday."

"That's very kind of you, Carrie. It means a lot to both Rick and me that you're willing to help us out right now."

"Believe me, it's my pleasure."

Carrie cast an appraising eye over Mom and spoke briskly. "Jennifer, if I may be so bold, you look like hell. I want you to come with me. We'll go over to the call room and get you a shower and I'll scare up some scrubs for you. I took the liberty of coordinating with Marcia and someone will be by with some of your things later tonight."

"Thank you so much, Carrie, I don't know what to say, you're being so kind to us."

"It's not a big deal, believe me. Now, one other thing: This is strictly off the books, as it were, but I've made arrangements for a cot. You can stay in the room if you'd like," Carrie murmured, lowering her voice so no one else could hear.

Mom smiled and stepped up to Carrie and gave her a hug. "Thanks. I'm very much in your debt."

"Nonsense. I won't hear of it. Moms like us have to look out for one another. I'm sure you'd feel the same way if our positions were reversed."

Turning to me, Carrie smiled warmly. "You rest up some more now, Rick. I'll have your Mom back in a jiffy."

"Thanks, Carrie. I think I'll doze a little bit while you get Mom squared away."

With that, Carrie escorted Mom out of the room and I closed my eyes. When I came around again, Mom was seated in her chair next to me, a small smile on her face. Her hair was slightly damp and her cheeks were rosy. She actually looked great in her borrowed, light green scrubs, nicely filling them out in all the right places. "You look much better, Mom."

"Carrie is a lifesaver. I feel whole for the first time in days. Mostly though, it's knowing you're okay, Ricky. I have my wonderful son back."

"I'm glad to be back, Mom. You know, those scrubs suit you. They're very fetching."

Mom got up and sat next to me on the edge of the bed, holding my hand. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, Ricky! At death's door for days, awake for less than 8 hours and you're already ogling your Mom? I guess you really must be on the mend," she said as she slapped my wrist.

"You know, I am going to need lots of TLC as I recover, Mom," I replied slyly.

"Behave yourself, you bad boy! Keep your comments to yourself or I'll give that catheter down there a jerk. That'll settle your hash, but good."

"Yes ma'am."

At the risk of stating the obvious, being in the ICU is no fun. When you are deathly ill, you don't notice a lot of what is going on around you, but when you recover enough to be awake, but not enough to be put on a regular floor, you really see how damn busy the place is. Nurses and aides, phlebotomists, radiology techs, doctors, residents and students are all constantly buzzing in and out of your room. Between the ceaseless interruptions and the never-ending background noise of EKG monitors, IV pumps and mechanical ventilators, you get very little rest. Getting your life saved is tiring. I also had a lot of time to think, which had its own downside.

I thought back to the day we brought newborn Emmy home from the hospital. From the very beginning, she had more personality than quite a few adults I knew. It seemed as though she knew her life began as a second chance and that it was essential to enjoy every minute of it. In contrast to Jason, who was so colicky as an infant that Mom and I felt like we needed antipsychotic medications to get from day to day, Emmy began sleeping through the night within three months. She walked a full 2 months sooner than our other children and we heard "mama" and "dada" when she was only five months old. At sixteen months, she brought tears to our eyes with her first sentence: "Lub you mama." She had as sweet a disposition as I've ever encountered in a child and never had tantrums. Her older sisters loved her to pieces and Emmy gave back as good as she got. Her mere presence in a room was enough to elevate the mood of everyone there.

No parent ever wants to admit it, but we all have our favorite children, even though we unreservedly love every one of them. Emily Jeanne is our special child that way, seeming to express our best characteristics without our weaknesses, fully embodying the love Mom and I had for each other. And then she was nearly taken from us in the blink of an uncaring eye. As I sit here in the lanai, telling my story over 50 years later, my own life gnawed to a ragged stump by time, those memories still bring tears to my eyes. It is a most terrible thing to see your child's life hang in the balance.

Seeing Deirdre, Anna and Jase for the first time since the accident did more to accelerate my recovery than any wonder drug. My kids needed me. Mom needed

me. There wasn't time to be sitting around feeling sorry for myself. After about another week, I left the ICU. Once on a regular floor, I started my rehab like a man possessed, pushing myself to the point where I was alarming even the most sadistic of my various and sundry therapists. About a week later, I was sent to a rehab facility for another 10 days. It was very difficult to accept that I could only walk about 20 feet with assistance at first, me who was used to going on a 10K run 3 or 4 times a week. I think I set some kind of record for getting out the door of rehab. I pushed myself to the limit every single day and I think they let me go simply so they wouldn't be responsible for me crashing and burning while in their care. Whenever I thought I couldn't do any more on a particular exercise or treatment, all I had to do was pull out a snapshot of my family and I then found a way to get things done.

On my second day out of the ICU, I had an unexpected guest. I had been resting after a physical therapy session when I heard a hushed commotion outside my door, followed by the somewhat breathless entry of my day shift nurse, Della. "Ohmygod, Mr. Lewis, You have Visitors," she exclaimed, eyes wide as saucers. "I had no idea..."

"Hello, sugar. How are y'all?"

The voice was instantly recognizable, a slow, melodious, molasses-sweet drawl, right off the bayou. The owner of the voice was an auburn-haired vision of mature pulchritude, probably the second-most beautiful woman I knew.

"Gina! What on earth are you doing here? I thought you and Paul were on tour."

"That's not important, sugar. What is important is friends and family. You, Jen, Marsh, Shawn and the kids are just about the only people who are close to Paul and me. How could we not come, once we heard from Marsh about what happened?"

"Where is Paul?"

"'Uncle' Paul is visiting with Jen and the kids right now and 'Aunt' Gina is gonna join him just as soon as I'm satisfied that the folks here are takin' good care of y'all. We'll be stayin' with Jen for a short spell and helpin' out Marsh. That poor girl has been runnin' herself into the ground lookin' after everything since the accident. Besides, as one of your business partners, I need to do my part to protect our investment," she said, smiling as she sat next to my bed.

Turning more serious for a moment, she took my hand and kissed my cheek. "Praise the Lord you're all right, Rick. When we heard about you and little Emmy, it was like gettin' punched in the stomach. I just about died when I first heard the news. I feel much better now, seein' for myself that you're okay."

Taking her hand, I gave it a long squeeze. "Thanks for coming by, Gina. Thanks for caring."

"How could I do anything else, Rick? I swear Jen is my long-lost sister and you, you're practically another son to me."

"I should be so lucky, Gina," I chuckled.

"Now you hush, you heah? Y'all are embarrassin' me. Your momma is right, you are silver tongued devil, in more ways than one."

It was my turn to blush. "You're the second most beautiful woman I know, Gina," I said sincerely.

"Thank you, sugar," she said quietly. From y'all, that's high praise, high praise indeed."

Pressing a piece of paper into my palm, Gina said, "Here's my number and Paul's. Anything you need, sugar, anything, y'all just give us a call."

"Thanks, Gina. Thanks very much. I'm in pretty good shape right now, so I don't really need much, except to get out of this joint," I replied.

Taking her hand back, I looked at her intently. "The only favor I have to ask for you to look in on Mom. I think she could use a little comfort and TLC right about now. Everything's been very hard on her. I think she could use a hug or two."

Gina blushed endearingly, taking my meaning. I always found it a bit amusing that even though Paul and I were perfectly cool with Mom and her being sometime lovers, they both still found it difficult to talk about.

"You're good for each other, Gina. There's no one I'd rather have around her right now," I stated flatly and matter-of-factly.

Smiling hesitantly, Gina squeezed my hand back. "You're a wonderful son, Rick, caring about your momma so much."

"That I do, Gina. That's why I'm counting on you to deliver my kisses to her, exactly the way I would."

"Okay, big guy. I'll see to your very sweet momma. You concentrate on getting better, heah?"

"I'm highly motivated, Ms. Broussard, highly motivated."

Around a month into my recovery and a couple days before my discharge, I got a surprise. Mom, Jase, Dee Dee and Anna were coming to see me almost every day during visiting hours, but this time they came with an unexpected guest. When the family procession arrived at my room, it was led by Anna and Deirdre, pushing a wheelchair with Emily in it. Her legs stuck straight out from her casts

and she looked terribly thin and little bit listless, but when she saw me, I got the smile I had been missing for many dark days. Mom picked her up and set her in my lap and it was all I could do to keep from breaking down completely. I gave her a gentle hug and kissed her forehead. "Howzit goin, punkin'?"

She hugged me and gave me a big grin. "I'm almost all betterer, now Daddy. The nice doctors said my leg boo-boos are fixed and guess what, I get my casts off tomorrow and you'll never guess what else because it's real neat and a big surprise," she huffed, finally running out of breath.

"I can't wait to hear, Emmy. Are you sure it's okay to tell me? I wouldn't want to get into any trouble, and you know how easy that is for me to do."

She leaned into me and put her lips to my ear. "It's prolly okay if I whisper so no one else can hear, Daddy. Are you ready?" she inquired seriously.

"I think so, but only if you're really sure, punkin'"

"I'm going to come back on Friday and take you home, Daddy. Then I'll help you get all better so we can go on walks and play in the cove like before the crash. I promise."

I lost it for real at that point, but that was short lived after the big group hug I got. Emmy looked at me with concern and asked "Why are you and Mommy crying, Daddy? Did I say something wrong?"

"No you didn't punkin'. Sometimes when grown ups are really, really happy, they cry. I know it's sort of silly, but that's what happens sometimes. Mommy and I are very, very happy right now. " I held up my hand and crooked my little finger. "I promise I'll be ready - pinky swear."

Emmy hooked her finger with mine solemnly. "I pinky swear too, Daddy."

On the way back to the Inn, I did nothing but sit in the back seat of our minivan, Mom on one side holding one hand, Emmy on the other, leaning up against me, my arm around her shoulder. I relished every moment of their closeness, serenaded by an unending litany from Dee Dee, Jason and Anna, describing everything that happened since the accident in minute, moment-by-moment detail. The weather outside was gray, clammy, wet and blustery, a leaden, overcast sky stretching from horizon to horizon as a winter storm gathered itself in from the Gulf of Alaska and prepared to inundate us.

It was an absolutely beautiful day.

When we arrived home around noon, Mom parked me in front of the fireplace and set the logs ablaze, settling in next to me, head on my shoulder. Her hand toyed idly with the hair at the nape of my neck, twining, untwining and stroking. One by one, Emmy, Jason, Anna and Deirdre made their way onto the couch with us, Emmy in my lap, Jason on Mom's with the twins flanking both of us. The trip back must have taken more out of me than I thought, because I fell deeply asleep after about 5 minutes, feeling whole for the first time in many weeks.

"Daddy, wake up. Wake up Daddy, it's dinnertime."

"Mnnpphh. Hi Emmy. Sorry, I think I dozed off."

Emily climbed carefully into my lap and called to the kitchen. "Daddy's not sawing logs anymore, Mommy! Can we eat now?"

"Wait just a minute, young lady. It can't be dinner time yet."

"Why's that, Daddy?"

"I distinctly remember that stuffed and roasted little girl with root vegetables was on the menu for tonight. You need to put an apple in your mouth and hop into the oven right this minute."

"Daddy!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "Mommy - Daddy's being bad again!"

I gathered her into my arms and mouthed her neck with a slobber. "Mmmmmm! I know you'll be extraspecialdelicious and tender and I'm soooooo hungry. Maybe I'll just have to settle for Emmy tartare, 'cause I don' t think I can wait another minute!" I growled.

Emmy jumped off my lap and ran shrieking with laughter into the kitchen. A minute later, Mom appeared in the doorway, smiling gently. Emmy was peeking out from behind her legs, eyes wide, giggling. Mom walked slowly to the sofa, wiping her hands on her apron and sat next to me. Without warning, Jase appeared from behind the sofa and flung himself across my lap. Anna and Dee Dee appeared next, grabbing both of my arms. Laughing wickedly, Emmy produced an apple from behind her back and shoved it in my mouth.

"Turn on the big oven!" she shouted.

God, it was good to be home.

Getting home finally restored some semblance of order to my universe and my first sit down meal with our family was purely and simply wonderful. The children all practically waited on me hand and foot, to the point where I had to start teasing them. After Emmy opened my napkin for me, Anna poured me a glass of wine and then Deirdre and Jason served me from the bowls in the center of the table, I had to chuckle. Mom got her digs in as well, as always bringing me back to earth in her inimitable way.

"Don't get used to any of this, hotshot. Part of your home rehab is going to be a very long 'honey-do' list. There's a lot that hasn't been taken care of around here for the last month and a half."

I smiled my sweetest smile at her and wiggled my eyebrows, opening my mouth with an audible "tock," doing my best impression of a fledgling in the nest. My exaggerated parody and cinematic reference were not lost on Mom.

"Ricky, this is not 'A Clockwork Orange' and you don't look the least bit like Malcolm McDowell, so put a sock on it and feed yourself, you impossible man."

"You better listen to Mom," Deirdre warned seriously. "You'll be in big trouble if you don't clean up your act."

"I guess you're right, Dee Dee. If your Mom got mad at me, I'd hate to think what kind of punishment I might get."

"Mommy, is Daddy too big to spank?" Emmy asked with a petulant smile.

""Yes, sweetie. That's just too much work for Mommy. Besides, I don't think it would work anyway."

"Uh, Mommy, do you want to borrow my baseball bat?" Jason asked.

"That's very sweet of you, Jase, always trying to help Mommy out. You know keeping Daddy in line is a full time job. But no thanks, his head is too hard. I wouldn't want to break the bat."

I leaned across the table and gave Mom a big, wet kiss.

"I promise to be good, dear. I wouldn't want the kids to have to see you beat me up. That would be traumatic."

The reaction around the table to our kiss was the universal, near simultaneous chorus of "Ewwwwwwwwww! Mush!"

"Okay, okay!" I conceded. "Your mother and I will save the mush for later," I added, cocking an eyebrow as I looked at her. Once I was sure the kids were involved with their plates, I turned to Mom again with a smile, running my tongue over my lips. She blushed as I pursed my lips and whispered, "You're being naughty again. Don't make me get up and smack you, bad man."

"Yes ma'am."

The remainder of our meal was blissfully ordinary, as I caught up with the vicissitudes of preschool, first and third grades and then got the latest scoop on goings on at MacLeish, MacLeish and Dunsmuir. Mom's meal was, as usual, delicious. We had Nana's old Bolognese sauce over rigatoni and steamed vegetables and the munchkins had a rare non-weekend treat of ice cream for dessert.

Objectively, I know I am a better cook than Mom – after all, I'm an award-winning professional, but I would rather eat something cooked by her hand than anything from one of my menus or from any other restaurant, for that matter. There's something elemental and universal about "Mom's home cooking" and I'm no different than any other son in that regard, chef or not. In any event, I pushed myself away from the table, replete with pasta and rattled the dishes with a major league belch, to giggles all around the table.

"Ricky! Manners at the table!" Mom scolded.

"Sorry my sweet, but that was just so good, I made a pig of myself, I'm afraid. Your effort in the kitchen is very, very appreciated. I feel fully welcomed home now."

Somewhat mollified, Mom smiled to soften her remarks. "I know you're basically a lost cause, but just occasionally try to set a good example, okay?"

"All right kids, what should I say here?" I asked. "What is the correct way to handle this?"

The chorus from around the table was nearly instantaneous. "Rule number one - When in doubt, say 'Yes Dear!'" was the shouted reply.

Blowing Mom a kiss, I said softly, "Yes, my dearest. I love you too."

After we cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher, it was time to get Emmy ready for bed. Pure adrenaline and the happiness of having Daddy back had kept her going to that point, but she was still recuperating herself and fairly suddenly hit the wall, practically falling asleep on her feet after we cleaned up the remains of dinner.

We got Anna and Deirdre started on their homework and allowed Jason the special treat of extra Nintendo time. Gathering Emmy into my arms, I took her into her bedroom and tucked her in, Mom joining me as I sat at her bedside. The usual goodnight kisses were exchanged and Emmy was asleep in seconds. We sat together, holding hands as we watched our youngest sleep, a contented smile on her lips. Nothing needed to be said, because we both knew exactly what the other was thinking. We sat quietly with our daughter for at least a half hour, luxuriating in the sensations of the restoration of our family.

We had finally gotten the twins and Jason off to bed, a difficult task given how wired they were by Emmy's and my return home. Many kisses and two good night stories for Jason were necessary before the brood was parked in cloud cuckoo land. I made the downstairs rounds, turning off lights and locking the doors while Mom went upstairs.

When I got to our bedroom, a treat awaited me. Mom had again dressed in the outfit she wore on our first night together, looking even better to my eyes than ever before. The increased heft, very slight sag of her wonderful breasts and increased size of her nipples only added to her appeal. As always, her magnificent thatch captured my eyes immediately, as full, luxuriously thick and bushy as I

could remember. The desire and love reflected in her eyes was as strong as I could recall, rivaling what I remembered from our first time as lovers. Surprisingly, she seemed a bit nervous as I stood in our doorway, drinking in the sight of her with my hungry eyes.

"Ricky, I hope you don't mind. I feel as though we're beginning our lives again. For a while, I didn't know if you were going to come home to us, she whispered," a tear trickling down her cheek. "I just wanted things to be a little special. Also, if you're too tired tonight, I understand. I'm just so happy to have you home again."

I peeled off my shirt, closed the door behind me and strode to her quickly, taking her into my arms. Leaning my forehead onto hers, I felt my own eyes swimming a bit.

"I'm so happy to be home Mom, so happy I can't put it in words how good it feels. And no, I'm not too tired. I have been looking forward to making love with you for weeks. I've been going crazy not being able to be with you, my goddess."

I bent to kiss her, capturing her lips with an ecstatic sigh as our tongues found each other. We must have stood there and kissed for five minutes, immersing ourselves in our reunion, not even touching one another, simply holding hands and trying to convey all our thoughts and emotions through the one act. As we broke for air, Mom sighed and smiled.

"You haven't forgotten how to kiss, son of mine. You still make my toes tingle."

Running her hands up and down my arms and around my shoulders, she asked, "Are you sure you weren't staying in practice in the hospital and at rehab? There were a lot of pretty young nurses and therapists flitting around you as I recall."

"Now, Mom," I teased back. "You know what happens at the hospital stays at the hospital. Anything that might have occurred was purely for therapeutic purposes, I'm sure."

"You're still my impossible brat. Now shut up and kiss me, lover."

"Yes, momma dearest."

Where our previous kiss was a tender reminder of our union and vows to each other, as Mom pulled me close, she made her declaration of passion and lust with the next, pulling me with her on to our marital bed, hands fumbling with my belt buckle and zipper as we laid beside each other. Once she opened me up, she sighed, hand seeking my cock gently, almost tentatively, stroking lightly.

I smiled and cupped her face with my hands, kissing her on both cheeks. "I'm all right Mom, truly. That's probably the one part of me that wasn't broken in the accident."

Eyes filling with tears, Mom hugged me tightly, burying her face in my shoulder.

"I know, darling...it's just...it was such a close call, nearly losing you. I thought I'd never hold you in my arms again," she sobbed.

Hugging her close, I stroked her hair and back.

"Shhhhhh. It's okay, Mom. I'm here. I'll always be here for my beautiful mother. My beautiful, gorgeous mother."

My hands wandered down her back, gliding over her marvelous, firm ass.

"My beautiful, gorgeous, sexy mom."

Pulling her close, I kissed her, tongue seeking hers.

"My beautiful, gorgeous, sexy, mom, who makes me so hard," I breathed.

I slid my hand down the crease between her cheeks, lightly scraping over her rosy pucker, continuing on to her slick folds.

"My sweet, sexy Mom, who I love to fuck so much."

Mom groaned and buried her head in my shoulder as my fingers eased into her moistness, slightly bucking her hips against my touch.

"My wonderful loving mother, who has the tightest, wettest, best pussy in the whole world," I murmured, laying her back on the bed.

Sliding her damp panties off her hips, I bent to take her in my mouth, licking her slowly and firmly from perineum to pearl, savoring her sweetness. When I moved up over her, she shifted her hips and parted her thighs with a sigh as I trailed my tongue up her abdomen, pausing at each nipple. Kissing her tenderly, I found her center and eased into her silky vise, each of us groaning as we connected. It felt as good as any time I could ever remember taking her, the amazing tightness and warmth as familiar and comforting as always, but at the same time, almost new again. I was almost as excited, as close to the edge as I was our very first time. It seemed as though if I moved one millimeter within her sheath, I would detonate like a thousand pounds of napalm, completely incinerating us both in my climax.

Mom seemed to be walking at the edge of the same cliff as me, her eyes screwed tightly shut, biting her lower lip as small beads of perspiration bloomed on her brow. I could feel her practically vibrating beneath me, her abdomen beginning to twitch and clench as she approached her point of no return.

I was good for no more than a half dozen strokes and then it all fell wonderfully apart, spraying myself into her, hands clutching her ass, head buried in her shoulder as I moaned out my spending. "Oh God! Mom! Mom! Ahhhh," I cried.

As she felt the first of my ropes bathing her insides, Mom snapped her head back, cords straining under the taut skin of her neck, her legs completely hooked around my waist as she literally pulled herself up off the mattress to grind herself against me, calling out ecstatically as she bathed us in her creamy release.

"Oh God! Ricky! Yes! Yes! Mommy's cumming! Yessssssssss!" she cried, her last exhortation slowly fading to a sibilant whisper.

Collapsing against each other, we struggled to breath, feeling more as though we had run ten miles at a sprint, rather than coupling for a few short minutes. As we gradually reclaimed control of ourselves, I showered Mom with kisses; face, forehead, lips, chest, nipples, every square inch of skin I could reach without breaking my contact with her.

"My beautiful girl, my mother-love, my wife-mom" I murmured, nuzzling her cheek.

Toying with the hair at the nape of my neck, she whispered back, "Everything's all right. Momma has her boy back now, back where he belongs, between her legs, loving her. Don't ever leave me, Ricky. Always be with me, husband-son."

"Back where I belong," I affirmed quietly, "Back inside you, Mom, back in the sweetest pussy there ever was, back home."

I began to notice that my first orgasm had done little to relieve my excitement. I was still stiff inside her and only getting harder as we reclaimed each other. I started to move again.

"That's my boy," Mom cooed. "My dear, sweet, hard-cocked son is fucking his momma again. Oh yes, Ricky, that's so good. You feel so good in me, love. Don't stop. Don't stop loving me, son. Never stop," she sighed.

"Never, Mom. Not ever. You're all mine, all I'll ever need. My sweet Mom," I whispered gently.

I think we were both a little surprised by how quickly we came that first time, but it did have the advantage of taking the edge off of things and allowed us to lovingly prolong our subsequent joining. Neither of us were in a hurry at that point, simply wanting to savor and draw out our lovemaking for as long as possible, reestablishing our special connection, showing each other our appreciation of our second chance.

There was nothing particularly lustful or electrifying about how we kissed, caressed and coupled. For all the basic, uncomplicated things we did, those simple, sweet moments as we pleased each other were as special as any time we had ever been together and remain among my fondest memories. It was truly a rebirth of sorts and helped us keep our life and our love in perspective for the rest of our days.

When we finished, Mom pulled me close, head on her breasts, stroking my hair. "Rest now, sweet boy," she whispered. "Rest now. Stay here in my arms. Rest now, darling."

I was asleep in moments, Mom's loving words cushioning my fall as I plummeted into soft darkness.

I was home.

When I woke up, Mom was on her side, her head propped on her hand and elbow, smiling softly. She leaned over and gave me a gentle, lingering kiss. "Good morning, love. Did you sleep well?"

"The best, Mom," I grinned. "Everything's right with the world when I'm with you."

"You say the sweetest things to your mom."

"Well, it's true," I replied seriously. "I'm double lucky – lucky to be alive, lucky to have such a loving mom. I'm never going to forget that."

Bringing us back to earth, Mom said, "I had a long conversation earlier this week with Dr. Sykes. He says that knowing you, you're going to try and hit the ground running now and that will only serve to make you crash and burn, because you still have a lot of healing to do. You may not feel it, but you're still pretty weak."

"I seemed to have enough energy last night, sweet lady."

"Don't go confusing the issue, you bad boy. Just in case you didn't notice, you slept over twelve hours since we did the nasty."

"That long?"

"That long. Here's the deal – this week, you can spend an hour and a half each morning at the kitchen. That will be enough time to make important decisions about the menu and ordering supplies, but that's it. If I hear you've been in front of a hot stove, I'm going to take a belt to your cute ass. In the afternoon, you can take a walk with the kids for twenty or thirty minutes. Next week, we'll add an hour to your kitchen time and another fifteen or twenty minutes to the walks. Week three, you can start doing a half day at the restaurant, provided you're only spending an hour or so actually cooking. You can walk as much as you want with the kids then. Week four, you're going back to Vancouver for a follow up visit with Dr. Sykes. He'll decide then if you can get back to things full time."

Mom kissed me gently then and looked at me intently. "I'll be watching you like a hawk, Ricky. I'm not going to have you screw up your recovery by overdoing things. My spies are everywhere. If you push it, I'll have to conclude that you're going to need extra rest. That'll mean no momma-nookie for you."

"Mom!" I protested.

"Do I have your attention now, my wayward son?"

Grumbling and sighing, I conceded defeat. "That's unprincipled, low down, underhanded, dirty blackmail...but, yes ma'am."

Smiling she gave me another hug and kiss to take the sting out. "Good. Now that we've got that out of the way, it's time to get our lives back to normal. Let's get some brunch and then I'm going to my study to get some work done. The Jason and the twins will be back from classes at 3:30. You can take your first walk then."

"Oh, one more thing, Ricky."

"Mom?"

"I love you very much, husband-son."

Under Mom's watchful eye, I slowly progressed. Dr. Sykes was right about my stamina. After my short stint in the kitchen and a walk to the cove with the little 'uns, I was whacked. I dragged myself through dinner and getting the kids squared away for bed and then trudged upstairs. In the back of my mind, and in the thoughts of my little head, I was looking forward to making love again with Mom. After all, we had a LOT of catching up to do.

I fell asleep in my clothes on top of the bed.

Mom took my shoes and socks off while I was asleep and covered me with the comforter. I slept until 10 am the next day. So much for youthful stamina.

Mom had gotten up early to go into Vancouver for a big meeting at her practice, leaving me alone for the day with Emmy while Jason, Deirdre and Anna were at school. I felt a little bit at loose ends, a slightly jangled mental itch of unremembered, unfinished business. I had been so focused on getting well, getting out of the hospital and being with my family that I had spent little, if any time thinking about the accident. Dr. Sykes had warned us that the process of working through the trauma might take some strange twists and turns, but so far life had seemed pretty normal, except for the occasional nightmare. I had those with some frequency while I was in rehab and it was tough to wake up alone in a strange place when they hit, but since my arrival home, I'd been doing pretty well. Mostly, my main problem was a mental itch I just couldn't seem to scratch.

I finally figured out that what I needed to do was to say my goodbye to Alain. Having missed his funeral and memorial service, it was gnawing a hole in my conscience, which I felt all the more acutely because of my previous experience when Gramps and Nana passed. I gave Mom a call and arranged to meet her at the cemetery in Victoria where Alain was buried. I coordinated with the front desk of the Inn to have someone drive us there, with Mom to bring us back. I hated my driving restrictions, but had to admit I probably was not up to doing the trip myself.

Surprisingly, when I got Emmy ready to go across the courtyard to stay with Marsh and Shawn, she objected strenuously. "I want to stay with you, Daddy! Please let me come with you, please!"

What's a dad to do? I spend most of my waking hours outside of the kitchen with the kids and I was loathe to spend any time away from Emmy, but I wasn't sure about going to the cemetery with our four year old. I made another consultation by phone with Mom and we agreed that Emmy could come along.

I remember very clearly standing at the graveside, scrunched under a too-small umbrella, Mom and Emmy flanking me as a heavy rain sluiced off the edges of our covering, splashing down to dampen our feet and ankles.

My melancholy was evident even to Emmy, who squeezed my hand as I contemplated the headstone. Emmy then profoundly surprised us both when she spoke.

"It's okay daddy, don't be sad. Uncle Alain is very happy now. He doesn't want you to cry."

"How do you know this, Emmy?" Mom asked.

"Uncle Alain kept me company when the bad thing happened and we got hurt."

Kneeling down carefully next to her, I looked into Emmy's eyes.

"Can you tell me about it, punkin'?" I asked gently.

"When the car crashed, I went to sleep. I woke up in a nice park with squirrels and birds and stuff. Uncle Alain was there with me, 'cept he looked way different. He looked a little like you, Daddy, you know, not old or fat or bald, but I knew he was still Uncle Alain too."

Pausing for a breath, Emmy went on. "Uncle Alain told me that he was going to stay with me for a bit before he had to go. He said he was waiting for somebody and then I would have to go back to be with you and Mommy, 'cause you needed me."

"We sat on a bench and watched the squirrels and birds and had a good time. Uncle Alain told me lots of silly jokes and made me laugh a bunch. After a while a really nice lady with long black hair came up to us. She was really pretty Mommy, almost as pretty as you. Uncle Alain jumped up and hugged her for a long time and they kissed real mushy, just like you and Daddy do, 'cept they cried some too. She kept on saying somethin' like 'juh temm, mon feece, juh temm'."

"After a while, the nice lady sat next to me and said that she was Alain's Mommy and that he was going to stay with her, because he had missed her so much, but I had to go back to you and Daddy so you wouldn't miss me like Uncle Alain missed her. She told me I would have lots of boo-boos to fix and it would hurt a lot, so I had to be real brave. She said she knew I was going to be a good, big girl and in the end, everything would be okay and you and Daddy would be very happy, so I came back."

"That's why Uncle Alain wants you to be happy, Daddy, 'cause he's happy now too, being with his Mommy."

Mom and I stared at each other in wonderment, hardly able to comprehend what our daughter had just revealed to us. The calm, matter-of-fact way in which Emmy related the events, as though she was relaying a description of a trip to the corner store, left us breathless with surprise. I suddenly had so many questions running through my head that I could hardly sort my thoughts out. As Mom and I looked at each other, a silent understanding seeming to pass between us as we tried to come to grips with what had just happened. In the end, we said nothing, simply taking Emmy in hand and walking back to Mom's car without a word.

The trip home was quiet, both of us left alone with our thoughts as we made our way back though the wind and rain, the only sound the squeaky metronome of the windshield wipers, as we made our way back to the Inn.

Our lovemaking that evening was exquisitely drawn out and silently intense, neither of us speaking, trying to convey all of our thoughts and emotions through touch and gesture alone as we strove to prolong our coupling together as long as we could. Each of us seemed intent on giving the other as much pleasure as was possible, with many pauses in our rhythm as we kissed, caressed and simply held each other, profoundly affected by our visit to the cemetery.

Later, as we lay spent in each other's arms, I whispered, "My beautiful mother-love" and Mom replied, "My wonderful son."

We fell quickly asleep, not stirring until late the next morning. As it was Saturday, we planned an afternoon walk together with the kids after I spent my rationed time in the kitchen.

We got up and fed the kids some of Marsh's homemade granola with fruit and while Mom got the coffee ready, I quickly whipped up an omelet for the two of us. Done in short order, we pushed our plates to the center of the table and both sighed contentedly.

Reaching across the table, Mom squeezed my hand and smiled.

"How are you feeling today, Ricky?"

"Damn fine. I'm alive, back home with the woman of my dreams and our wonderful kids. Life is good."

"That it is, darling, that it is. Do you think you have the energy for a picnic this afternoon? Emmy wants to take you to the cove."

"A hot date with a couple of my favorite girls? You bet. What should I fix?"

"Nothing, Ricky. Get over to the Inn and make sure they're set for the evening meal and I'll put something together. The kids are playing Mousetrap and will be occupied for at least an hour. We'll head out when you get back."

"As my lady commands," I acknowledged, heading to the door. Grabbing a gore tex shell, I headed out into the omnipresent drizzle and across the compound to my tasks. The walk across the compound was not very fun. I had acquired my own personal barometer after the accident. Cold, wet weather had a way of making me ache that never seemed to go completely away. To this day, I pick up a little limp and twinge when the cool and damp comes along.

By the time I returned, the weather had improved somewhat, the rain replaced by an enveloping, damp fog. My aches and pains had faded a bit, so I knew that the weather was likely to turn for the better soon. The fog was quite thick and cocooned us in near-complete silence as we made our way down the well-worn trail to the coast.

When we reached the junction of the trail to our cove, we paused, taking in the faint break of waves on the rocky shore and the slow drip of moisture off the evergreen branches that canopied the path. A breeze was stirring, slowly driving the wisps and tendrils of fog away from us.

Anna spoke up, asking, "Daddy, is it okay if we go around the point today? There's a little beach there we haven't been to before."

"That's okay by me, if mommy has no objections," I said, turning to Mom.

"I'm really not dressed for rock-hopping, honey. Besides, one of us has to carry the basket also," she said.

Glancing at my watch, I came to a decision. "It's also coming up on high tide. I don't think that's going to work, but tell you what, Anna - lets just cut across on top and see if we can find a way down once we get to the other side."

Fortuitously, we were able to find an old deer track that took us almost exactly where we wanted to be. After a brief reconnaissance, we found a safe path down to the beach. The fog was thick down by the water, with visibility reduced to no more than twenty or thirty yards, but the rocky shoreline was chockablock with all manner of interesting driftwood and there were tide pools galore for the kids to poke in. The beach was bathed with just a bit of surf, gentled by a shore break of larger rocks about a hundred yards off, so we let the kids run loose. Mom and I found a large log to sit on and sat watching the kids play.

Gradually, the breeze picked up, with a few fitful gusts that blew our hair into disarray. I sat with my head on Mom's shoulder, slightly winded from our little trek and closed my eyes.

I must have dozed off, because I was awakened with a start by the screeching of gulls directly overhead. The fog had broken up and the sun was now making a most welcome appearance, just warm enough to counteract the stiffening breeze. As I awoke, Mom kissed my cheek and opened the basket, handing me a sandwich and a Labatt's Blue.

It hit me suddenly, giving me enough of a jolt that I nearly dropped my beer.

Mom looked at me with immediate concern, asking, "Are you okay Ricky? Did you overdo it?"

Shivering slightly, I replied, "No, Mom. I'm fine. It's just...well, I don't know how to say it, but...this place...it's my dream beach, Mom. For sure, absolutely for sure."

Snuggling up next to me, Mom squeezed my hand tightly and kissed me passionately.

"My God, Ricky, My God. That's unbelievable. How on earth...?"

"I don't know, Mom. Life is just amazing and scary sometimes, isn't it? Remember our first night together? I memorized that quotation from Euripides. I think that old Greek dude was right."

"Not that I ever had any concerns about us, son of mine, but after this, if I had any doubts, they'd be gone as of this minute, blown to dust."

Trembling slightly, she pressed close to me, gently rubbing my thigh, scratching her fingernails lightly on the fabric of my jeans.

"The love of my life," she whispered to herself.

"What's that, Mom?"

"The love of my life," she said firmly and clearly, taking my head in her hands and kissing my lips firmly, as though putting a stamp on me.

Releasing me from her declaration of ownership, she smiled radiantly and then laughed, tossing her head back to move her hair from her eyes.

"Momma's going to fix you raw oysters for dinner tonight," she giggled.

"I'm getting hungry already, pretty girl."

"Two dozen should do the trick, I think."

"Two dozen? Jesus, Mom what would Dr. Sykes say?"

"Dr. Sykes be damned," she said curtly. "Tonight Mom is going to love her son for as long as he can stand it."

"I'm ready to accept my fate, momma-love. If ya gotta go, then what better way?"

"I'm only going to fuck you within and inch of you life, my son-lover, and no farther," she whispered lustily. "Don't worry. Mommy's always going to take care of you."

"Goody."

We had established a new tradition when Emmy turned six years old. When we folded Uncle Paulie and Auntie Gina into our extended family, we came to find out that Gina and Emmy's birthdays were only two days apart. It became a regular occurrence for our youngest to celebrate her birthday with her favorite aunt, an event she never missed, arranging her and Paul's schedule so that she was close at hand, even if touring. They both became regular visitors, initially dividing their down time evenly between Nashville and the Inn, eventually spending most of it with us, after Paul built an addition on their bungalow for a small recording studio. It became a rare treat and privilege to watch them work together as new songs and albums came together.

It was against this backdrop that we celebrated another pair of birthdays when Emmy turned nine. I had done my usual duties in the kitchen, making Emmy's best-loved food - a wood-fired pepperoni pizza and Gina's favorite as well, my Pacific Northwestern take on Bouillabaisse with crusty fresh baked bread from the Inn's kitchen. As we pushed ourselves back from the table, savoring the last of our wine, Emmy got up and took her favorite seat in my lap, arms around my neck.

"You make the best pizza in the whole world, Daddy," she burped contentedly. "I think I'm gonna 'splode."

"Well, be careful, punkin," I cautioned, bussing the top of her head. "I don't know if I have the strength for that big of a cleanup. There's already a boatload of dishes waiting to be cleaned in the kitchen."

"I'll try," she replied seriously. "Could I stay on your lap? I think that's safest."

"As long as you like, sweetbread."

Gina smiled as I enfolded our youngest in my arms. "Rick, honey, that was simply scrumptious. Y'all did some serious damage to my waistline with that meal. It was the perfect way to end three months on the road."

"Amen to that," Paul echoed.

"What are your plans now?" Mom inquired.

"Well, sugar, we thought we would set here for a spell. Besides, don't y'all have an anniversary coming up in about a week?"

"It's true," I affirmed. "Will you be able to stay?"

"Wouldn't miss it, Rick. I think we should get together and kick out the jams a little bit, don't y'all think?"

"That would be great, Gina. Have anything particular in mind?"

"I got me a few ideas, sugar," she grinned, casting a sidelong glance at Mom. "But first, I think me and Jen have to have a little hen party to discuss the details. I've already bounced a couple notions off her."

Turning to Mom, I arched an eyebrow in silent query. Smiling mischievously, she said, "You just sit back and leave this to me and Aunt Gina, Ricky."

"Oh God," I muttered theatrically. "It's a female conspiracy."

"Best stay out of the way of that particular freight train," Paul advised with a wry grin. "When those two get going on a project, you should just duck and cover," he concluded, mixing his metaphors.

"All y'all boys have to do is stay out of our way and everything will be just peachy," Gina replied silkily. "Speakin' of which, why don't y'all make your handsome selves scarce for a bit and do some cleanin' up? Little Em can sit with her Aunt Gina while you two are busy."

Paul grinned as he stood. "I b'lieve we done been dismissed, Rick."

"Gotta do what the bosses say," I agreed, as we headed to the kitchen.

At one point later, we heard Mom exclaim "Ohmygod, Gina! For real?"

Standing in the doorway, I called out to the dining room, "What's up, ladies?"

Grinning evilly, Mom answered quickly, "Nothing, sweetheart."

"Nothing, my ... uh, left foot," I shot back.

Gina immediately weighed in as well, replying, "Rick, y'all are my second favorite man in the whole wide world, but y'all need to butt out and M.Y.O.B. now, heah?"

Paul put his arm around my shoulder, drawing me back into the kitchen.

"Don't do anything foolish, Rick. That pair has the bit between their teeth now, I can tell. Just sit back and enjoy the ride."

"Guess you're right, bro. I sure would like to know what they have up their sleeves, though."

"We'll know soon enough. Let's finish up here. I've written a new lullaby that I promised Emmy I would play for her - a special present just for her."

The next morning all we settled into our daily routines and I lost track of Mom and Gina's machinations. Paul settled into the studio to work on several new songs and the ladies spent an inordinate amount of time in Mom's office. A couple of times, I also saw them talking with kitchen staff at the Inn, quickly leaving when

they saw me approaching. Clearly, the "female conspiracy" was becoming an extensive and far-reaching endeavor.

On the day before our anniversary, Mom sent Paul and I on multiple errands, which I was sure were all manufactured to get us out of the house. When we returned to the Inn a half-day later, nothing seemed amiss, except for the smug glances our beautiful mothers kept exchanging with one another. Later that evening, after Mom and I made love, I attempted to sweet talk some information out of her. She wasn't having any of that, laughing as she extricated herself from my interrogating embrace, simply saying, "All in due course, my nosy boy, all in due course. You'll find out tomorrow."

"But Mom, I need to know now," I wheedled.

"No way, Ricky."

"Not even a hint?" I cajoled.

"Long overdue payback," she said enigmatically.

"Oh God, I surely don't like the sound of that," I groaned.

With that, Mom gave me a quick peck and rolled over, presenting her back to me in dismissal. "Sweet dreams, sweet man," she chuckled.

The next morning came at least a couple of hours too early, Mom delightfully kissing me awake at 7 am.

"Happy anniversary, my love," she murmured softly, stroking my cheek gently.

I responded with the best kiss I could muster. "Happy anniversary, Mom. And happy Mother's Day. Love you."

"Love you too, sweet son," she sighed.

Reaching up to undo the bodice on her nightgown, I sought her breasts, only to have my hands gently pushed away.

Smiling apologetically, Mom took my wrists and pulled me up to a sitting position. "There's time for that later, big boy. Right now you need to get your lazy, cute butt out of bed and make us some coffee. We've got a big day ahead of us."

Grumbling, I pulled on a pair of sweatpants and a tee shirt and stumbled my way to the kitchen. I was surprised to find Gina there, the coffee already made. Slowly sipping the brew, she peered over the rim the mug at me, looking inordinately pleased with herself.

"It's about time, sugar," she drawled. "Y'all better get a shower. We're outta here in fifteen minutes."

"Good God, Gina. Do you know what time it is?"

"Indeed I do. It's nearly time to get going," she said cheerily.

Filling our mugs, I grumped my way back out of the kitchen and upstairs.

"Bah. Women!"

"Ah heard that, Ricky," Gina admonished me. "Y'all get yourself together. There's a lot to do today."

Mom was already rousting the kids from their blankets; they were just as bewildered as I was by our early rising. Gently quelling their questions, she rounded them up and down to the kitchen, where Gina fed them. I hopped in the shower quickly and shaved. When I got out, Mom was dressed and waiting.

Taking me by the hand, she led me downstairs. By the miracle of logistics that only mothers seem capable of accomplishing, the kitchen was empty and the dishwasher loaded and running. Mom pulled me along in her wake and out the front door, where the Inn's van was waiting.

Propelling me inside, she gently short circuited my questions with a finger on my lips, saying "Just a little longer, okay, Ricky?"

Rolling with the program, I said nothing as the van made its way into Victoria. By the time we arrived at the general aviation terminal at the airport, I was bursting with questions.

Gina took one of my arms and Mom the other, leading me to a cavernous hangar. Inside was a gleaming white Gulfstream, door open, with a small rolling gangway pulled up next to it.

I stopped dead in my tracks, absolutely stunned. Turning to Mom, I worked my mouth like a beached salmon, unable to manufacture any words. Eventually, I stuttered out a semi coherent question. "Uh...Gina, what, um...what's happening here? Where are you taking us? What about the Inn?"

Squeezing my arm reassuringly, Mom spoke. "The Inn's taken care of, Ricky. It practically runs itself these days anyway. Marsh and Shawn will keep an eye on things and the kitchen is in good hands with Barry and Lisa. Just relax, okay?"

"So where are we headed?"

"Rick, why don't y'all and Jen get the kids settled and then we'll get going."

I turned to Mom and then Gina, still in a state of shock.

"My God, what is all this? Where are we going? I can't imagine how much this cost!"

Gina came up to me and slipped her arm through mine, gently guiding me towards the gleaming jet.

"Relax and enjoy, sugar. Your momma wanted to do something special for your anniversary and we were in a position to help. You let 'Aunt Gina' worry about the details. Paulie and I are long overdue for a vacation as well, so just consider yourselves to be hitchin' a ride with your friends, sweet pea."

Paul caught my eye and nodded his agreement, saying, "It's already paid for, Rick. This is a fractional lease deal. We've still got about 20 hours of flying time in the bank and the contract renews in just 3 weeks, so we've gotta use it or lose it anyhow."

More seriously, he added, "Y'all are the closest thing we've got to family, so we'd take it as a favor from y'all if you'd let us do this little somethin', okay?"

Trying to concede defeat as gracefully as possible, I nodded as we reached the gangway. Gina disengaged herself and Mom took her place, sliding her arm around my waist as we climbed the stairway.

Leaning over to whisper in her ear, I murmured, "Love you, Mom. Thanks."

Grinning, she bussed my cheek tenderly, whispering back, "Stick with me, my son. Momma knows how to spoil her boy toy, eh?"

"That's a fact, ma'am, that's a fact."

The interior of the Gulfstream was elegant to the nines, with eight luxurious, swiveling seats, a small dining nook and a couple of leather-clad sofas which

looked comfortable enough to sleep in. There was exotic wood paneling everywhere and all of the carpeting and fabrics were nothing less than sumptuous.

"My God, Gina, it's incredible!" Mom exclaimed.

"When you're on the road over two hundred days a year, you've got to do what you can to bring your home with you," Gina explained. "We use the bus whenever we can, but often it's not practical for some legs of any given tour. So, we do this."

Pulling us both close, she directed our attention to the back of the cabin, whispering, "There's a small bedroom back there, if y'all want to take a "nap" durin' the flight."

Mom flushed and shivered slightly, scolding, "Gina! You're almost as bad as Ricky!"

We let the kids run riot through the cabin for a few minutes, allowing them to thoroughly bounce-check the seating arrangements and then got everyone settled in for departure. Mom and I took the last two seats before the "bedroom," holding hands across the aisle as we taxied to the runway.

Getting airborne was nothing like the experience of a commercial airliner. The acceleration was more fighter jet than 737, with the transition to wheels-up occurring in a ridiculously short period of time. We rocketed up at an impossibly steep angle, to the delight of the children, Anna and Dee Dee laughing giddily and Jason whooping like an Indian. Even little Emmy enjoyed the ride, squealing in excitement as we zoomed upwards. In a little more than ten minutes, we reached our cruising altitude and leveled off, heading southwest, with the Washington coast below us on the left and the wide, blue expanse of the North Pacific to our right.

As we settled in, I turned to Mom, the main question plain on my face. She unbuckled her seatbelt and reached across to me, putting her finger on my lips.

"All in good time, Ricky. Be patient, please," she entreated me.

Standing, she made her way to the front of the cabin and spoke quietly to Gina. As she made her way back to our seats, she appeared to be blushing slightly. Paul swiveled in his chair, looking at me with a grin on his face as Mom knelt to speak with the kids, "Mommy and Daddy are very tired, so we're going to take a little nap and rest up for a while. Would you guys like to watch Harry Potter with Auntie Gina and Uncle Paul?"

Of course the answer to that question was a resounding "Yaaay!", so Paul and Gina set about getting the DVDs ready to roll. Mom reached my seat and drew me up to my feet, a purposeful gleam in her eyes.

Pulling me into the sleeping chamber, she asked, "Do you remember our first flight to Vancouver, Ricky?"

"I sure do, Mom," I affirmed.

"Remember teasing me about joining the mile high club?" she whispered wickedly. "Well, we're going to cross that off our sexual bucket list right now, hotshot. Are you ready to get that big dick of yours inside Mommy?"

"Any time, any place, any hole, my beautiful mom-slut," I murmured back.

My cock was already hardening at the thought, reaching its own cruising altitude even faster than the G Five. Mom had the door closed and locked and was in my arms, her tongue devouring me in a flash. Her hands cupped my ass, drawing me close as she ground her crotch against me, her sundress riding up over her hips. Tongues dancing in my favorite waltz, my own hands found her sweet cheeks, pulling her even tighter. Slipping my hands inside her panties, I kneaded her ass cheeks, pulling them apart as I slowly slid a probing finger towards her anus.

When I scraped my fingertip across her tight pucker, she moaned into my mouth, breaking our kiss.

Dropping to my knees, I hooked my fingers at her hips and quickly drew her boyshorts down past her knees and to the floor. I was immediately overwhelmed by her scent, dipping my head to her crotch. Wasting no time, my tongue found her drooling opening and with no fanfare, I rooted in as deeply as I could, as quickly and forcefully as possible. Arching her back and thrusting herself forward onto my mouth, Mom groaned, anchoring her fingers in my hair.

"Ohhh, yesssss, baby, that's it," she hissed. "Lick your momma. Lick my pussy, Ricky. Oh yes, that's so good, baby!"

Slowly and deliberately, I worked my way back out to her fleshy lips, sliding back and forth, up and down, pausing occasionally to again bury my tongue as deeply as I could back into her moist center. Gradually, I teased her little pearl out from its fleshy protection, lavishing attention on the sensitive nubbin as it peeked out of hiding. As I teased her clit, Mom grabbed my hair more firmly, rocking her pelvis against my eager lips, sighing in pleasure.

"Oh, yeah, Ricky. So good, baby, yes that's it. Yes, more, baby. Momma loves it when you suck on her clit. Oooh, yeah."

By now, Mom was thrusting herself quickly against my face, her hands circling to the back of my head, pulling me in so tightly I could barely breath. I could tell she was close. Slowly, I eased two fingers into her weeping passage, applying firm pressure as I sought out her sweet spot. Mom increased her rocking motion, groaning as she raced towards her peak.

"Ahhh, God, you're so good baby, that's so good, honey. Oh yesssss..."

When my fingers found the familiar little area and I applied pressure, she went over the edge, arching her pelvis and locking her thighs as she spasmed in ecstasy.

"Ahhh! Ahhhh! Coming baby! Momma's coming! Coming!" she moaned, eyes tightly shut, her throat constricted in pleasure. As she descended from her personal Olympus, I slowly eased her back onto the adjacent bed, crawling up to her side, raining kisses on her face.

Opening her eyes, she smiled and kissed me passionately, brushing my hair off my face.

"Mmmmm, that was wonderful, sweetheart. You lick a mean pussy, young man," she sighed contentedly.

"Now that's what I call an in-flight meal, Mom. You always taste delicious, sweet lady."

Running her hand over the bulge in the front of my jeans, she smiled lasciviously. Deftly unbuckling my belt, she popped the buttons on my fly with expert quickness and reached under the waistband of my briefs to grasp my shaft, stroking gently, but insistently. As she ran her thumb over the top of my glans, I shuddered.

"Mmmm, momma's son got all hard eating her hot cunt, didn't he? We'll need to do something about that, you poor boy," she cooed. "Let your mom take care of you, sweetie," she breathed, taking me into her mouth.

Staring me straight in the face, the skin around her eyes crinkled and I knew if she didn't have a mouthful of dick, she'd be smiling happily. I gave myself over to her motherly ministrations as she worshipped my pillar. Raining kisses up and down my shaft, she licked me from base to crown, pausing to run her tongue over my head, flicking lightly and then licking sensuously, like an ice cream cone, all the time cupping my balls and lightly stroking my taint. Knowing exactly which of my buttons to push and just when, she quickly had me clawing the sheets as she coaxed my fleshy little volcano towards eruption.

In short order, she had me right on the edge of the precipice and as I tensed, she again locked eyes with me and gave me The Look.

Although we didn't speak a word (not counting my moans of exquisite pleasure), when she cast her gaze on me, her unspoken message was clear as a hundred mile view from a mountain peak. I knew exactly what she was thinking as she spurred me to fill her waiting mouth.

If she could've spoken at that moment, she'd have said, "Yes Ricky, I'm your Mom and I'm sucking your cock. Your cock belongs to me and only me. Only my lips touch it. Only my pussy surrounds it. I love your dick and how it feels on my tongue. Nothing tastes better than my son's sperm. Your Mom loves you and wants you to come in her mouth, baby. Give Momma your come and she'll swallow all of it, because she loves you. She'll always love you and will always love eating your come, so give it all to her, bad boy."

As my sac contracted and my cock pulsed out its essence, Mom's eyes remained on me as she held my glans in her mouth, swirling her tongue and swallowing as I gave myself up to her. She didn't stop until every drop was gone and the slightest touch of her tongue on my sensitive head was almost too pleasurable to bear.

Running my fingers through her tresses, I gently pulled her up for kiss, mingling our tastes with each other.

"My God," I croaked.

"You liked?" she whispered with a grin.

"My God, Mom. Nobody sucks dick like a mother can. You give the best head in the universe."

"Glad you liked it, lover boy. A good mom always looks out for her son's needs."

"I'm definitely well-looking after, you gorgeous woman. Nothing says 'I love my son' like a great blow job," I murmured, drawing her under my arm, toying with her hair.

"At the risk of wearing it out, I love you Mom. I love you very much."

"No more than I love you, sweet son. You make me ridiculously happy, you know."

"It's nothing less than the sexiest woman on the planet deserves."

"Mmmm. still a sweet-talking rascal, aren't you?"

We lay quietly for a while, touching lightly and kissing slowly, finding ourselves immersed in the hour that stretches.

Before long, Mom's caresses gradually centered again on my cock as she gently coaxed me back to life. As I regained full hardness, Mom slid down to my waist and took me into her mouth again.

"Mmmm. Yum-yum-yum," she giggled. "My boy has such a tasty penis. I never seem to get enough of it. I wonder why that is?" she mused.

"Comes with the territory of being a cum slut, I guess," I teased.

"Is that any way to speak to you sainted mother?" she scolded.

"Sainted? Well, I suppose. For my part, you should be canonized for your cock sucking, Mom. Yeah, definitely – Saint Jennifer of the Fellating Mouth."

"Well," she laughed, somewhat mollified. "I guess that's as close as I'll come to getting an apology. Anyway, now that you're good and hard again, we should do something nice with that slab of meat."

"What's your pleasure, pretty lady?"

Throwing her leg over my hips, she settled herself onto my pelvis, rubbing her slit up and down my hardness, coating me with her nectar. Kissing me passionately, she cocked her pelvis just so, sliding me home.

"Be inside me, my sweet boy. Be inside you mamma and love her. Show me how you love me," she said tenderly.

Groaning as I became fully buried in her slick tightness, I kissed her back, enfolding her in my arms as we began to move together.

"Like this, Mom? Like this?"

"Oh yes, baby, just like that. You fill me so nicely. Just like that. Yesss. Wonderful," she murmured. "You fit inside me perfectly, lover."

Voice thick with emotion, I answered, "It's perfect because I was made for you, Mom, only for you. You're my love, Mom, my only love."

"Mmmm. My sweet boy," she husked, kissing me back.

After that, there were no more words as Mom rode me, our dialogue consisting solely of touch, caress and embrace. As she worked herself on my shaft, she would rise slowly to the apex of her movement, leaving only the head of my cock lodged within her clasp walls and then drop her full weight back onto my hips, grinding and rotating her hips as she stimulated her clit.

Gradually, her motions became quicker, her breath coming in shallow gasps as she ground herself onto my pubic bone, quicker and quicker as she began to peak. Suddenly, her thighs spasmed and she threw her head back, fingernails scrabbling on my chest as she gave a small plaintive cry, like a wounded animal. Just as quickly, she collapsed forward on to my chest, drawing great, sobbing breaths, twitching randomly as her climax dwindled.

Eventually catching her breath, she rasped, "You should be ashamed of yourself, Ricky, driving that dump truck over your mother again. Have you no decency?"

"Not the least shred," I grinned. "A good son always fucks his mother to the best of his ability. She deserves nothing less."

"Well, as long as you're spoiling Momma rotten, how about some doggie action?" she asked, rolling onto he knees.

Moving quickly behind her, I slid myself home into her wetness. With my first stroke, I bent to her neck and lightly nipped the nape.

"Woof."

As I began slamming her, she cocked her ass to me, pushing back in concert with my thrusts and the room filled with the sweet, timeless slap of flesh on flesh. Having spent myself recently, I had endurance to spare, so I concentrated on giving Mom my best, varying the pace and depth of my strokes, pausing occasionally, grinding and thrusting unpredictably, drawing gasps of surprise and pleasure as I worked to bring her off again. I felt like I wanted to do her for hours, but the combination of her sounds, the impact of my thighs against her buttocks and the sight of her ass jiggling with the impact of my fucking soon had me rocketing out of control. More quickly than I would have liked, I lost myself in pleasure and unleashed a fusillade of thrusts against her ass, finally locking myself closely against her as my passion burst inside her tightness.

As I released myself, I heard her sigh, "My lovely boy," as she crested over her own peak.

Collapsing onto my side, I drew her down with me, still connected. As she spooned against me with a contented wiggle, I closed my eyes and dozed fitfully, celestial harmony reasserted in my universe, all of the cosmos in sublime alignment.

I awoke with a slight start some unknown time later, Mom gently cleaning my cock with a warm washcloth. Favoring me with a gentle smile, she kissed my tip lightly and handed me my boxers.

"Time to get dressed, sweetheart. We're on final approach."

"Final approach to where, Mom?"

"You'll know in five minutes, hotshot, so practice some patience."

"I swear to God, Mom, you're driving me batshit with this secrecy. I think that you hauled my ashes just to keep me distracted!"

"Don't be ungracious, Ricky," she scolded. "As I recall, someone was holding out on his lover about a secret nine years ago to the day. After that wonderful stunt, you're in no position to complain – ever. Besides," she added, "I happen to be enjoying this nice, cold, refreshing dish of revenge very much at the moment. So, tough titties!" she concluded defiantly, smiling widely.

Nodding meekly in defeat, I pulled my shorts and t shirt on and took Mom's hand, leading her back to our seats. Checking my watch, still on BC time, I saw it was about 1 pm. We'd been airborne about four and a half hours. I tried for a quick look out of the window and caught a brief glimpse of water, but Mom pulled the shade down, grinning. Taking her hand and lacing our fingers together, I smiled reassuringly.

"I won't try to peek, Mom. I won't spoil the surprise."

After we touched down, we soon found ourselves in another spacious hangar. Stepping onto the waiting gangway, I could see out the wide expanse of the open door to a vista of a huge, ochre volcanic peak, towering over us from the distance. The air was subtropical, warm and moist, with a steady breeze blowing, adding just the right amount of cooling.

As we strolled to the opening of the hangar, Mom took my hand, gesturing with her free arm towards the mountain.

"Haleakala, Ricky. Happy anniversary and welcome to Maui."

Slipping my arm around her waist, I kissed her, murmuring, "Thanks, momma-love. It's a wonderful gift."

There's not much to say about our vacation/anniversary celebration. We did a lot of the things everybody enjoys, including a trip down the Road to Hana, hitting the beaches near Lahaina and going to the summit of Haleakala. We opted to avoid the touristy crush of the sunrise, instead going in the late afternoon for sundown. We were well rewarded for our efforts, sharing the summit with only a few dozen people. A sunset above the clouds is something everyone should have on their bucket list. I even learned to do a little windsurfing on Hookipa Bay.

In deference to Gina and Paul's privacy, we opted to stay away from the usual accommodations. Some time ago, Paul explained, they had purchased a small, secluded villa on the northern flank of Haleakala, overlooking the small town of Makawao, a charming little upcountry hamlet with many small shops, galleries and an honest-to-god, working western goods store on Baldwin Ave., catering to the local ranchers and paniolos. We frequented a number of the eateries favored by the locals. Gina and Paul were known here and the townsfolk guarded their privacy as fiercely as any phalanx of bodyguards.

Mom and I had an immediate reaction to the town and people. Have you ever gone someplace and felt like you just put on an old pair of slippers and put your feet up? That's what we felt like. There was an immediate sense of connection to the place, which only grew stronger as we stayed longer.

About 4 days into our stay, Mom and I took a walk up to the terminus of the dead-end access road that led to Gina and Paul's place. There, we stumbled upon a small adjacent, abandoned property. A diminutive, salmon-colored, stucco bungalow in local style was just visible from the road, overrun with bougainvillea, shuttered and definitely the worse for wear. There were a few obvious holes in the tile roof, which was protected by two enormous monkey pod trees. The house sat nestled in their shade, a small, flawed jewel.

Mom and I saw it at the same time, with the same reaction.

"What a wonderful little house," Mom sighed, squeezing my arm.

"It's a perfect setting," I agreed. "I wonder what the story behind it is."

Later that evening over dinner, I discretely asked Gina and Paul about it. Paul said that no one had lived there for at least ten years, the original owners having passed away with no heirs. It would probably go on the auction block for unpaid back taxes in a few months, he felt.

When I heard this, wheels started to turn and I began to formulate a plan. The next day, I left Mom and the kids with Gina and went with Paul to the county records office. A little research and a consultation with a local real estate agent confirmed that the county was already in possession of the fee simple deed, but that there had been no interest due to the relatively isolated location and dilapidated condition of the property. A few quick calls to our mainland bank and engagement of a local attorney produced the desired results and two days later I found myself in possession of a set of keys.

With Gina's help, we managed to keep Mom in the dark until I had the keys. That evening, after a sumptuous dinner of obscenely fresh ahi, I found Mom in the lanai of the villa, talking with Gina and Paul. Anna was plopped in Mom's lap, Dee Dee engaged in a ukulele duel with Paul and Emmy was nestled in Aunt Gina's arm, dozing off her dinner.

I caught Gina's eye and nodded.

"Well, sugar," Gina drawled, addressing herself to Mom, "I b'lieve your handsome fella has a surprise for y'all." She reached out and ran a finger across the back of Mom's hand, making her shiver just a little.

Mom smiled shyly and silently mouthed "Later," then immediately turned to me, her eyes glinting.

"Just what have you been up to, Ricky?" she inquired suspiciously. "I know you've been sneaking around the past few days, trying to keep something from me, I just know it."

"I do have a surprise for you, pretty lady, but you'll have to get up and come with me to see it."

"I'm in no mood for more of your shenanigans, buster," Mom warned.

"If you're a good sport, I'll sweeten the deal, boss lady. We'll go into Paia and I'll get you a coconut ice cream cone."

"Paulie and I will look after the munchkins, sugar," Gina added.

"Just what my waistline needed," Mom grumbled. "But okay. I consider myself bribed. Do your worst."

After leading Mom to the car, we buckled up and I produced a scarf. When I made to tie it around her head, she balked.

"For Pete's sake, Ricky, what's going on here? You already forced me to abandon our children and a perfectly comfortable lounge chair and now this? Enough is enough."

"C'mon, Mom," I wheedled. "I absolutely promise it'll be worth it, cross my heart and hope to never fuck you again," I laughed.

Settling, the scarf over her face, Mom sighed theatrically and settled into her seat, arms tightly folded on her chest.

"You better be right, buster, otherwise I'll hold you to the 'no momma-nookie' part of that promise."

"God forbid I would let my momma-love down. I'd die first."

"Enough theatrics, my erstwhile son. Let's get this show on the road."

Pulling slowly out of the driveway, I drove away from the house and towards town to obscure my final destination. With many turns and doublings back, I eventually got us back to the bungalow. Helping Mom from the car, I walked her to the padlocked gate and pressed the key into her hand, at the same time removing her scarf-blindfold with a flourish.

"Happy anniversary, Mom. Welcome to Lindermann's Folly."

"Oh. My. God. Ohmygod, Ricky! You didn't! You did! You did, you impossible, wonderful man, you did!" she cried, flinging herself into my arms.

"How did you know, you crazy boy? How did you know I fell in love with this the moment I saw it? I love it! I love you, my handsome, gorgeous, amazing husband-son! I love you!"

Kissing her soundly, I replied, "A good son always knows what his mom needs or wants. It's his job to make her feel happy and loved."

"You snuck up on me again, you brat! Just when I finally turn the tables on you, you turn around and pull a stunt like this. You're worse than impossible. You're incorrigible and irredeemable and I'll love you until my last breath!" she scolded me, her eyes brimming.

Pausing to take a breath, she wiped her eyes with the heel of her palm and smiled, "You made me cry again too, you bad man. Shame on you for getting your mother dehydrated!"

"We'll go into town now and fix that, if you like, Mom."

Smiling mischievously, Mom gently backed me to the fender of our car, her hands going to the waistband of my shorts. As the back of my thighs came into contact with the car, she said, "I'm thirsty for something else now."

Quickly looking up and down the road, then dropping to her knees, she pulled the shorts to my ankles and enveloped me without preamble, quickly raising me to complete hardness. She then proceeded to give me a blow job without mercy, lavishing wet, sloppy attention on me from balls to crown. She kept me at the toe-curling, ragged edge of release for at least ten minutes before she sucked me into a knee-buckling explosion that left her mouth overflowing with my spend and her cheeks and nose dripping with semen. I was so wobbly after her motherly attention that she helped me to the passenger seat and took over the driving duties. We did end up going into Paia, where Mom got her second load of more conventional, tasty, tropical cream, white coconut, of course.

Walking back to the car, holding hands, her head on my shoulder, I pulled her close.

"Love you, gorgeous."

"It's possible I still love you too, son. I'll need to think about it after this latest stunt of yours, though," she sniffed.

"So this means I'm sleeping on the couch?"

"It's a distinct possibility," Mom teased, tousling my hair affectionately.

"Well," I sighed theatrically. "I suppose I'll have to live with that."

"Anyway, I have the feeling that a certain country and western singer I know expects her face to be sat upon tonight," I continued, zinging her again. "I guess I'll just have to be second fiddle again...Owwww!"

"That hurt, Mom!" I yelped indignantly.

"Consider yourself lucky, sport," she retorted. "Would you rather I hit your arm or applied some more...intimate discipline?"

Slipping her hand down to squeeze my ass, she purred, "You know I always need my boy's wonderful cock after Gina eats me, so don't give me that second fiddle bullshit, my fine son."

"Yes ma'am."

"That's better, Ricky. Now let's get home. Gina's waiting for me."

"As my cum slut wishes."

We extended our trip a few extra days and were able to find a well-respected local architect and contractor to undertake the renovations of the bungalow. Eight months later we celebrated the first of many Christmas holidays at our island sanctuary.

As we approached our 19th anniversary, I was quite content, indeed happier than anyone has a right to be. Our lodge ran like clockwork, culinary reviews remained glowing and we were accorded the singular honor of two Michelin stars in the previous year, my proudest professional accomplishment. The joint "special project" with Marcia and Shawn remained an unqualified success, our most circumspect and private portion of the Inn now being fully booked up to 11 months in advance. Under Marcia's discerning eye, we continued to receive interior design and decorating accolades for the Inn and of course, her continued role as the ultra-discreet webmaster of her special website kept the lover's compound extensively booked. Shawn had worked his e-commerce magic with the online version of Mia Nonna Cucina and our internet-derived cash flow now actually exceeded the take of the Inn.

The children were doing great. Deirdre seemed to have inherited Mom's ferocious drive and academic prowess in spades. She was now going to school at McGill University in Toronto, majoring in mathematics, with a full merit scholarship. She was on track to graduate with honors a year early and was already thinking about graduate school.

Anna had blossomed into an even more talented chef than I was at her age. She was enrolled in cooking school in Vancouver and appeared poised to step in as the heir apparent to Casa di Mia Nonna. Almost half of the new additions to our menu in the past year had come from Anna's fertile imagination. It was a wonderful feeling to know that the Inn was going to be in such good hands, staying in the family.

Surprisingly, Jason had developed a real aptitude for business, having been taken under Marsh and Shawn's wing during his junior year in high school, learning the ins and outs of running our various enterprises. He had Mom's stubborn streak, but also her negotiating and people skills as well. He seemed to be able to sniff out a business opportunity over the horizon and was working on his business admin degree like a man possessed.

Now in high school, Emmy was as sweet and good natured as ever and perhaps the brightest of all our children, but blissfully unconcerned about anything beyond the next day. I fussed and fretted as dads always do about her future plans, friends and the legions of boys who came sniffing around the apple of my eye, but for the most part, Mom kept me in line, so I didn't completely ruin her social life.

I can remember one occasion in particular sitting in the kitchen after Emmy had gone to school, Mom scolding me about being overprotective. "Ricky, why are fathers so RETARDED about their daughters? She's got to grow up, to learn how to have normal relationships. Give her some credit, please. Let her make choices, even if they are occasionally bad. She's ten times as smart as I was at her age about boys and being careful, so lighten up, okay?"

I grumbled something about the world going to hell in a hand basket and teenage boys being the priapic spawn of the devil, but Mom held firm, laughing at my dour father-isms.

"Ricky! I never thought I'd live to see the day that my boy turned into an old fart!" she laughed.

"Me, an old fart?"

"Yes, you, my reactionary son."

Grabbing for her, I roughly pulled her into my lap, reaching under her blouse to cup her breasts, tweaking her nipples.

"I'll show you who's an old fart, mother dear!"

"Be careful what you wish for, hotshot. I can still fuck you under the table any day of the week."

"Is that a threat or a promise, momma-love?"

Eventually, I learned to let go a little and made some peace with the maturation of our final, best-loved child. After she departed for college at U.B.C., Emmy continued to surprise us in her usual quiet way, first by majoring in psychology and then by being accepted into the Yale Divinity School, where she took a Master's Degree in Divinity, followed by an additional year for her Master of Sacred Theology degree. The most amazing surprise though, was when she came back to our growing special community to found a church. Her ministry was, to say the least, unusual, attending to the unique spiritual needs of the families and relations of our special village. I sometimes wonder if she made up her mind about that after we had The Talk on her eighteenth birthday. If she did, she certainly held those cards close to her chest, because Mom and I never had an inkling. Nevertheless, it was a most wondrous and welcome surprise.

My beautiful wife-mother was a luminous, fit and eternally beautiful 58 years of age, her figure still trim. Her long-term commitment to healthy diet and vigorous exercise was reaping huge dividends-she easily looked a decade younger than her actual years. Hiking and sea kayaking had made her more fit than most women half her age. True, gravity and time had conspired for the eventual failure of the pencil test, but she remained a goddess to me. While there was some detectable sag, if anything her breasts had acquired a certain character and special charm through childbearing and nursing, with noticeably thickened and elongated nipples (hooray!) compared to her 39th year. Her marvelous ass and legs were almost undiminished by time, retaining much of their supple and taut majesty. If she was slightly thicker through the middle, it was minimally changed from our

beginning times. Laugh lines, some crow's feet and a spray of gray in her hair only added to her appeal, as far as I was concerned.

Of course, life has this funny way of throwing you flaming curveballs when you least expect it, and as everyone knows, real happiness consists of being able to appreciate those all-too-fleeting periods of time where the ointment is very briefly free of flies.

It was in one of those blessedly clear-ointment days that I came home to a great, big freaking horsefly in the oil.

I had just returned from a whirlwind trip to Kelowna and Summerland, trying to track down a rumor of a couple local fruit growers reputed to make the finest jams and preserves in the province, hoping to acquire their output for our catalogue, but without a definite deal. The twins, who had accompanied me, expressed an interest in shopping the Granville Market, so I left them with the car in Vancouver and cadged a floatplane flight to Victoria and had the Inn's shuttle pick me up there for the rest of my homeward journey. I called Mom when I landed in Victoria.

As I entered our kitchen, I had no more on my mind than a couple fingers of Armagnac and a cuddle with my woman by the fireplace, but all that changed when I saw the envelope on the counter of the breakfast bar. My name was on the front, in Mom's distinctive penmanship.

The message inside was, in usual Jennifer Marie fashion, succinct and to the point. "Jason is out fishing for the day. Get you cute ass and swinging dick upstairs immediately. Mommy needs a good, hard fucking RIGHT NOW."

Shedding layers as quickly as possible, strewing them behind me, I moved quickly towards our bedroom. (Note to self - it's much better to get your pants off all the way before trying to climb stairs.)

Willie preceding me by the usual 8 inches, I made my way through the door. The sight which awaited me was mesmerizing. Mom, naked, was on her knees in bed, ass upraised towards the door, looking back directly at me as I crossed the threshold. Her left hand was between her legs, the middle finger pistoning at her heaven's gate, her thumb rubbing her little pearl. With her right hand, she was rotating a finger in and out of her beautiful pucker, gliding between her cheeks. Everything I could see glistened with her juices.

"Get over here right now, lover," she husked. "I don't care where you stick that wonderful cock, just FUCK ME!"

I always follow good advice.

Crawling up behind her, I licked in a continuous motion from clit to rosebud. She moaned. "Dammit, I want your cock!"

Teasing her unmercifully, I rubbed my little soldier's head up and down her slit, toying at her vaginal opening, then dragging across her perineum to apply light pressure to her little hole. "Hmmmm," I teased. "Decisions, decisions." She pushed back wantonly, trying to capture my throbbing invader. "Mommy is being a real cum slut today, isn't she? She wants her little boy to fuck her sooooo bad. She wants to be real bad, doesn't she?"

"Yesssssss," she hissed. "Do me Ricky, I need your cock. Stick it up my nasty ass!"

Rising up onto the balls of my feet, I directed my helmet at her anus, pushing steadily and firmly. Already relaxed by her previous digital ministrations, I slid in easily with a slight pop. Normally, Mom adores a very slow, steady beginning to our ass fucking sessions, but this time, she immediately pushed herself back quickly and firmly, taking me immediately to the root, and then pulled forward with a jerk, leaving only my glans imbedded in her back channel. She then slammed back into my hips with a heavy grunt and growl. "Unnnnhhhhhh!"

Reaching over her back, I gently entwined my fingers in her hair and pulled her head back and around so she could see me. Leaning forward, I whispered to her. "Mommy's really horny today, isn't she? Mommy needs something really bad, and only her son can give it to her. But to get this, she's going to have to tell him what to do. What do you want Ricky to do, Mommy?" As I was whispering to her, I was withdrawing from her ass.

She slammed back against my hips again. "Unh! Mommy needs her son to fuck her nasty asshole real hard!" she whispered. She began to move her hips in earnest, now setting up a steady, heavy rhythm. "Unh! Unh! Harder! Fuck me harder!"

I moved over the crests of her buttocks, gripping the sides of both ass cheeks with my knees, settling fully into the saddle. With that, I began to move in earnest concert with her hip thrusts. With every cycle of movement, she issued a primeval grunt as her ass met my thighs. "Unh!" Slap. "Unh!" Slap. "Unh!" Slap. As our pace accelerated, I could tell she was going to crest soon. Her left hand was busy over her clit, rubbing furiously as she sought release. Presently, she stiffened and thrust her ass upwards and back, practically lifting me off the bed. Straining, maintaining this position, she rolled into her orgasm like a tsunami. "Oh god oh God oh God, Ricky! RICKY! CUMMING! MOMMY'S CUUUUMMINNNGGGGGGGGGGG!" As her ass contracted in huge spasms around my meat, it was all I could do to hold myself back. Straining until my neck muscles bulged and veins stood out, I concentrated, actually biting the inside of my cheek to distract myself. I already could tell that one cum was not going to take care of Mom's need today and I needed to be ready for a much longer ride.

As she collapsed, I gently lowered her by her hips to the bed, where she lay prostrate, beads of sweat rolling off my forehead and chest onto her still twitching buttocks. Breath still coming in ragged gasps, I contemplated my strategy.

Careful to maintain my position in her wondrously gripping back channel, I maneuvered us around so she was now facing towards the foot of the bed. While she was still moaning and mumbling gibberish, I reached towards her nightstand, finding the drawer by touch and quietly sliding it open. Stealthily exploring with my fingertips, I eventually found her favorite vibrator, a 9-inch behemoth with pulsating head and realistic anatomy. Placing it within easy reach, I carefully

hauled Mom up by her hips and began to slowly move again, in and out, with a slight corkscrewing motion, one of her favorites. As she slowly returned from bliss, I increased my pace in concert with her increasing awareness. I began caressing her back and buttocks, moving my hands smoothly and without interruption from spine to cheeks to flank and around the front to her breasts which I cupped and squeezed, followed by light pinching of her nipples, then repeating the cycle.

"God, what you do to me, Ricky! You feel so damn good!"

"So, my bitch goddess Mommy is ready for some more?"

"Ooh, yes, lover."

I slowly reestablished my stroke, lengthening as much as I could without actually popping back out of her little pink crinkle. As our coupling gained more momentum, her thrusts again became stronger, more demanding. She began to moan again.

"Oh, honey, you feel so good in Mommy's ass. You fuck me so well this way. Mmmmmmmmm. Yes, nice and hard, that's what your Momma wants. Give it all to me, baby."

Taking care not to disturb our rhythm, I groped at my side for mother's not-so-little helper. Timing my movements, I slowly withdrew until only my tip was submerged in Mom's gripping rectum. Holding this position, I refused to let her reengage me. She was now making little mewling sounds of frustration. In one integrated motion, I then eased again into her velvet ass, at the same time bringing the vibrator to her pussy, pushing it gently but firmly into it's full length as I bottomed out in her entrails.

Her head shot up from the mattress as though jerked by a rope. She turned to look at me an expression of complete surprise and unsurpassed carnality on her face. I flicked the switch to maximum power.

"Oh, SHIT! Oh God! What are you doing to me Ricky? Sweet Jesus, Mommy's coming again! Ahhh!"

If her last orgasm was intense, this one was absolutely seismic. She was transformed into a gyrating, vibrating thrusting and gibbering wild animal, completely immersed in her waves of pleasure.

Her response, combined with the incredible transmission of vibration through the thin membrane separating front from back had me ascending my own ladder of delirium. As she peaked, her contractions were so strong they forced the vibrator out from her vagina and she squirted, flooding her thighs and the bed sheets.

I lost it completely at that point. I jackhammered as hard and fast as I could, the impact of my thighs on her buttocks causing her whole body to vibrate. As though in slow motion, I could see the shockwaves of my impact on her divine ass spread upwards along her flank and belly, culminating in a whiplash of movement in her breasts. My own spending was so intense, it felt as though my ropes of cum had ballistic velocity. It felt like I had a quart of semen to give up.

"Oh, Mom! Cumming! Cumming in your beautiful asshole!"

I fell away from her onto my back, feeling like a pithed frog. Mom was totally out, ass still raised in the air, her entire body intermittently twitching. I could see my cum slowly oozing out of her sweetly abused, reddened pucker. Her breathing was deep, irregular and shuddering. She slowly collapsed onto her stomach.

Somehow, I managed to reestablish communication with my higher centers and slowly crawled up to her head. I sat next to her, cross-legged and carefully moved her head into my lap, stroking her hair from her forehead, brushing her cheeks.

Her eyes, previously closed tightly, fluttered and then opened fully to regard me. The look of love and contentment I saw there was timeless. I bent to kiss her gently.

"Oh, Mom," I exhaled in exhausted ecstasy. I don't know how, I don't know why, but I am blown away. That was beyond amazing. I don't understand how you still turn me on so much."

"It's mutual, gorgeous man. You're my lover and my son, I'm your lover and your mother – it's always going to be that way," she said, sighing contentedly. "Nothing can compare to my boy's fine cock, nothing."

"Soooo, to what do I owe this moment?" I inquired.

"Ricky, I...I don't quite know where to begin..."

I was immediately alert, my post-orgasmic haze completely dispersed, as though by a cold winter's gale. A feeling of dread coalesced in the pit of my stomach. I knew my mother-love far too well to miss the signs of something serious bothering her.

"Mom! What is it? Are you OK? Are you sick? What's wrong?" My voice escalated into a pitch of high anxiety.

She smiled and pulled me back down for a long, loving kiss. "I'm perfectly fine, sweetheart. It's just that something's come up today and I'm not sure how to handle it. It could really affect us both in a major way, and I'm a bit worried about it, about how you'll react when I tell you.

"No secrets, Mom. You can tell me anything. There's nothing you could do or say that will change how I feel about you."

Adopting a teasing tone I asked, "So, you have a boy toy you want to tell me about?"

She suddenly pushed me on my back, straddling my abdomen with her thighs. Her look became more serious. I began to laugh.

"Ricky! Don't be a brat!"

"Sorry," I giggled. "I'm sorry Mom. It's just hard to be serious when I can feel my come dripping out of your ass and into my belly button."

"You're absolutely irredeemable. Maybe I should just suffocate you with a pillow and end my headaches once and for all."

"If you're going to suffocate me, I'd rather you do it by sitting on my face."

"I rest my case, you bad man." She again became serious. "Your remark about a boy toy is potentially close to the mark."

"Mom?"

"It's easier to show rather than tell. Look at this."

As she was speaking, she reached under her pillow, pulling out a pair of panties. It was a pair of Aubade boyshorts, in transparent black with a floral pattern, which I had purchased for her as a Christmas gift a year ago. She opened them up, showing me the gusset. There was an obvious cum stain, still aromatic and damp.

"I found these in the hamper this morning," she said with some gravity.

Her emphasis on the timing of the discovery was not lost on me.

"No shit - it was Jase?"

"Yup."

"What's the big deal? I'm sure you can handle the situation, and it would probably be much better for his teenage ego if I stayed out of it."

"Jason's little valentine to me makes his feelings perfectly clear. Did you pause to consider how I might feel about all this?"

"I don't understand."

Mom looked at me like a first grader who had added two plus two and gotten six for the answer. "Ricky," she intoned sternly.

I thought for a moment and my eyes went wide, as I did my sums correctly.

"Holy. Fucking. Shit."

She moved off my belly and slid down next to me, curling up tightly under my arm. I held her tight.

"What ever am I going to do, Ricky?" She was now crying softly. "I've only felt this conflicted once before in my entire life!"

"You mean..."

"Yes! Yes!! Do you know how hard it was for me, back when you were 16 and cooked that birthday meal for me? When you kissed me? Do you know how close I came to giving in right then? I loved and desired you at least as much as you

needed me! When I said I would also try to be strong, I didn't mean to help you, I meant to resist my own overwhelming temptations. I wanted you so bad I could taste it. That night I had to bring myself off three times just to fall asleep. She held up her fingers under my nose, millimeters apart. "I came that close to coming into your room that night. It took every molecule of self-control I had to keep my hands off you. As much as we both wanted it, I could sense that it wasn't...the right time. I needed to wait to see what kind of man you would grow into. As much as I ached for you, I knew it would ruin you and we wouldn't last if I gave in then."

I was stunned. "Mom, I had no idea. I thought you were being the stern, upright parent, trying to rein in her wayward son."

"Well, now you know. While you were falling in love with me, I had also fallen deeply and romantically in love with you too. It was hell."

I laughed ruefully. "All those years until I graduated from college..."

"Yes. I thought at times I would go absolutely mad. I was and remained terribly conflicted, even as we began to become intimate. I was so afraid of what it would do to us, especially to you, as a young man, if it didn't work out. It wasn't until I got back from that fateful trip to Vancouver that I finally accepted and embraced what had and was going to happen between us."

"No regrets, no guilt, Mom. We promised that to each other on our first night together. I think we were blessed that events took the course they did. I wouldn't change a thing. I'm very glad you told me this, though," I said softly, nuzzling her ear.

Squeezing her tightly, I said, "I know exactly what to do, and what's more I know it's exactly the right thing to do."

Mom looked at me, an eyebrow arched in silent query.

"Absolutely nothing."

Mom made a disgusted noise. "You're no help."

"Listen, light of my life. I'm taking this just as seriously as you are. But you have to understand, I'm going to do nothing because I love you. I trust you absolutely and I'll be fine with whatever you decide."

"Ricky! You can't be serious!"

"I can and I am."

Stroking her hair, I explained myself. "Point one. You have a fundamentally different relationship with Jason than you had with me at that age. If you decided to go to bed with him, it would still be different than what we have together. Point two. I know our son, just as I think you do. If you go forward with this, I think he'll be okay. I think it's very likely that Fiona is going to be the one for him, even now. They look like they love each other to death. Point three. After almost 19 years together, I know you would never do anything to hurt him, me or us. I have total, and I mean absolute confidence, that we are going to be together always. Point four. When you and Gina became lovers, did it harm us or me in any way? It never bothered me for a moment and it allowed you to complete yourself, to fully get in touch with all aspects of your real self, you essence. I think it made you a more whole person. Finally.... finally, I'm surprising myself very much here, but I find the idea to be somehow appropriate and preordained. I mean, sharing with our son what you also gave to me is a...a...a sublime gift. It's a statement of absolute, unconditional love and trust and will bind him closer to you than anyone but me. I kind of like that. It would also be an indirect gift from me to him as well, trusting and allowing him to share the most precious thing on earth to me."

"My god, Ricky. My god."

"I trust my gut on this one, Mom. I know and love both of you. It'll be fine. I do think, though, that it should be handled slowly and carefully. It's probably best if he feels that he's making the moves, at least for now. I trust your instincts to set the pace here. You probably shouldn't tell him about our conversation, at least just yet. You decide the speed of things and the ground rules. We should work out some sort of short hand communication though. I'd like to know when to make myself scarce." I took a deep breath. "There's one other thing. You can decide how much you want to tell me."

"I love you, Ricky. I didn't think I could love you any more than I already do, but how I feel right now, about you, about us - it's staggering. You have no idea how much I treasure what you just told me, my beloved husband-son."

"You're my lady," I said simply.

"As for sharing, lover, I intend, to tell you everything." She reached for my cock, fondling it lazily. "Besides, I think you'd enjoy it," she teased."

"God help me, I think you're right, woman. What have we gotten ourselves into here?"

"More love."

I got out of bed and pulled Mom to her feet. "Grab the comforter, Mom. Let's go downstairs. I'll light a fire and we'll watch the waves roll in and drink some Armagnac and be naked together."

"You always knew how to show a lady a good time."

I grabbed her by those magnificent cheeks and pulled her to me, kissing her soundly.

"Mmmmmmmmm. Are you sure all you want to do is to snuggle and sit by the fire, son?"

I put her hand back on my rapidly hardening member. "Actually, there are a couple of places Willie hasn't visited yet today. Maybe you could show him."

"You're a selfish beast, concerned only for your own carnal pleasure."

"And you're an insatiable harlot, thinking only with where the next rigid Johnson is. Come to think of it, I NEED Jason's help with you. You'll wear me down to frazzled nubbin and cast me aside callously."

She broke our embrace, walking out the door with an exaggerated sway to her hips, dragging the comforter behind her. She cast a smoldering look over her shoulder. "Come downstairs to the fires, husband-son."

A few days later, I asked Mom how things were with Jason. She told me that they had necked a little and talked a lot about where things were going. Jase was very excited but also very nervous, very worried about what my reaction was going to be, in spite of Mom's assurances.

"He needs to hear it from you, Ricky. My sweet, virgin boy is so afraid he'll break your heart if he does anything but he's so hot for his Momma, he doesn't know whether to shit or go blind. He needs to know everything now, I think."

"You're right as always, Mom. I'll take a walk with him after school today. We'll have The Talk."

Having already had the discussion about Mom's and my relationship with Dee Dee and Anna, I felt reasonably prepared to have the conversation with my son, but the wrinkle of his desire for our mother made it difficult to predict what his

reaction might be. I resolved to take the situation in hand immediately and grabbed him when he got home from hockey practice.

"Let's take a walk, Jase. I've got a couple things I want to talk with you about," I said, accosting him in the hallway.

"What's up, Dad?" he asked nervously. "Is there something wrong?"

"Nope, I'm not going to lower the boom on you. You're not in any trouble," I assured him.

Once we got away from the compound, I came straight to the point.

"Son, I want to talk about what's going on with you and your mother."

Looking like a deer in the headlights, Jason stood stock still, staring at me, more than a little fear in his eyes. Continuing quickly, I spoke quietly, not giving him any time to react.

"Your mom has told me that you and she are thinking about taking your relationship in a new, more intimate direction, but you're afraid of what I may do if that happens. Is that right?"

Jason gulped and nodded, trying vainly to clear his throat. Finally, he managed to rasp out a single word, dry as dust.

"Yes."

"Do you think that your old dad has slipped a cam? That maybe there's something missing in his relationship with his wife, or maybe that he can't provide what she needs any more? That he might be angry and jealous to be replaced by his own virile, young son?"

"Well, yeah."

He looked like he was about to lose his lunch, so I put my arm around his shoulder and gave him a squeeze.

"Here's a little life lesson for you, Jason. It very much applies to your mother and me. When you really, truly love someone, there's no sense of ownership, no concept of property or entitlement. The only thing you care about is making that person happy. There's an amazing feeling of trust and openness that's hard to describe. There's also a real sense of faith and optimism, that any changes or challenges are faced together and that one will always be there for the other. So, when someone I love very much wants to be with someone else who I also love very much and who I also trust, who am I to stand in the way of that? At the end of the day, they end up closer, loving each other even more and I haven't lost anything, because I know that both of them will always be there for me."

We resumed walking, Jason still in somewhat of a daze, looking at me like I was a three-headed alien.

"You should also know that I have a very good idea of some of the emotions you're experiencing right now, because I have felt them myself."

"Dad! You mean...you mean that, umm, that you wanted your mom too?"

"Wanted her, had her and married her, Jason." He stood stock still for a moment, in complete shock. He swallowed hard several times as he digested the news, fully at a loss for words.

Jason was awestruck, clearly not fully comprehending what I had just confessed to him. I could fairly see the thoughts whirling in his head as we walked down the trail towards our cove. Finally, the last of the circuits closed and he gasped, jaw hanging open.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed, promptly tripping over his own feet, sprawling onto his face at my feet.

Smiling, I helped him to his feet, brushing the dust and pine needles off his clothes as he stood, shivering.

"It's a lot to swallow, isn't it, son?"

"My God, Dad. My God. I don't know what to say. I truly don't."

"You don't have to say anything right now, if you don't want to. Take some time. Mull things over. I promise Mom and I will answer any questions you have."

"Thanks, Dad. I'm...well, I'm in shock. I never had any idea. I don't know what to think."

"Whatever you and Mom decide is up to both of you. If you want to be with her, I'm sure it will be a wonderful experience. Your mother is a warm, loving and passionate woman, as well as a patient teacher. You could do a lot worse for a lover, believe me."

"There's only one more thing I want to say, Jason. It's not for me to set the parameters of a new relationship with you mother. You two have to work those things out together. The only thing I'm going to tell you is to treat her with respect. Respect as a woman, respect as a bed partner, but most of all, respect as your mom. Never, ever forget she's your mother. That's it."

"Let's go back now. We'll have a beer and you can talk with Mom."

"A beer, Dad? Really?"

"Yup. You're taking on a man's responsibilities now, son. Two people are letting you into their hearts, totally trusting you. You now have the power to cause a lot of hurt and heartache, to wreck a whole family, if you aren't careful and mature about how you handle yourself."

We were silent the rest of the way back to the lodge. When we got back, Jason went immediately to Mom and they excused themselves, going into the family room to talk. After about an hour, Jason went to his room alone and Mom came out to the kitchen, where I was sitting at the table.

Setting herself in my lap, she kissed me soundly, eyes glistening.

"Have I told you I love you, Ricky?"

"Not in the last fifteen minutes."

"I do. You're a wonderful, wise person with a great, magnificent heart. I don't know how I ever got so lucky. "

"I'm the lucky one, Mom. I married the most beautiful woman on the planet."

"You were perfect with Jason, sweetie. He told me everything. You've got him thinking with his heart and head and not his cock. That's a major miracle for an *eighteen* year old."

"He's a good kid."

"That he is, husband-son. He wants to sleep on it, doesn't want to rush things. He's patient and thoughtful, just like his father."

Shortly after, Jason came down to the kitchen. He surprised us both with ferocious hugs, announcing, "You guys are the most incredible, amazing people I know. I'm so glad I'm your son, you make me feel so lucky and proud."

"Need the car keys again?" I teased.

"Nah, thanks Dad. I'm gonna go hang with Fiona for a while. Got some things I want to talk with her about. We'll probably eat over at the lodge. Barry and Lisa said they'd make us some pizza."

Mom smiled and squeezed my hand.

"Your staff spoils those kids more than we do."

"Terrible, isn't it?"

I didn't see Jason until the next day, near noontime, and then only briefly. He paused in the kitchen long enough for a glass of milk and a toasted bagel and then left to see Fiona. He moved dreamily and slowly, a small smile on his lips, seeming oblivious to my presence.

About ten minutes later, Mom joined me for lunch, a wistful smile on her face.

"I had a long talk with Jase this early morning," she announced.

"Did you come to any arrangement?" I asked.

"Jason lost his virginity last night...to Fiona," she explained.

"Wow. That young buck has a lot going on in his life now,"

"As sweet as it would have been to be his first, I think it's better this way," Mom confessed.

"We talked for a couple hours while you were still sleeping. He told me everything, how it was for them, what it was like. He asked me a lot of questions about how he could be a better lover for her. I guess it was a bit awkward and unsatisfying for both of them on one level, but they are happy to be together now."

"Our son is so sweet, Ricky. I'm really proud of him, how he's handling things. He told me that as much as he has the hots for me and as much as he loves me, what he feels with Fiona is different. He doesn't feel right being with me for that reason, as much as he thinks it would be (these are his words) 'totally, fucking mind-blowingly hot.'"

"He wants to be exclusive with Fiona, see where that leads. But he warned me that if things end up not working out for them, I'd better not bend over around him," she giggled.

It ended up that Mom and Jason never did get together. Fiona captured our son, hook, line and sinker and they were and still are deliriously happy with each other. We rejoiced that Jason seemed to experience the same love and lust that we had and still have for each other, Mom perhaps slightly more wistfully than me.

I'm sure that Jason told Fiona at some point about his stillborn affair with Mom, because in years to come, I would occasionally see Jase cop a friendly butt squeeze or titty grope on Mom in Fiona's presence, much to her merriment. I never complained, since things never went anywhere and it seemed to usually get Mom's engine well-revved up for me. No harm, no foul, right?

I can remember a particular day with great clarity. We had just celebrated our 44th year together. We took the day to make a slow, leisurely tour of the island, winding through some of our favorite places, stopping in Tofino, Campbell River, Nanaimo and several other small towns along the Salish Sea. A wonderful picnic lunch prepared for us by Anna, Jason and Fiona was consumed with relish as we enjoyed the views of Cowichan Lake. We had cold roast squab, a fresh baguette, late

harvest cherries, some Camembert and a marvelous Pouilly Fume, chilled in the lake waters.

Early evening found us near home, outside Victoria, with an ethereal sunset in front of us, the palette a pastel fusion of shades of apricot, rose and violet. We sat on a bench-like rock overlooking our small, nameless cove, watching the waves break on the boulder-strewn shore and the sky slowly darkening. Mom leaned against me, wrapping her arm around my waist as we sat and I pulled her close, once again savoring her scent, of soap and sandalwood.

She snuggled in a little closer, a small sigh escaping from her lips as I tightened my embrace.

"What are you thinking, Mom?"

"I'm feeling a little maudlin and sentimental, Ricky. Just reliving a few memories and thinking about how many more sunsets we have together."

"I want as many as I can get, Mom."

"There's a price to be paid for everything, Ricky," she had chided me gently. "Even for great love and great happiness, there is a cost."

"I've been thankful for every day I've had with you, Mom - I have no regrets. I guess I'm just selfish."

"When we said our vows to each other, man to woman, husband to wife and mother to son, even though we never spoke about it openly, we knew a day of parting would come, and that I would most likely be the one who left you behind, Ricky. That's the price, son. You have to stay behind and live without me."

She then took my head in both hands and kissed me passionately. Looking me in the eyes fiercely, she said, "You can mourn me and miss me, lover - I expect that. But if you mope around, stop being a father and grandfather, I swear I will come back from the grave and absolutely kick your ass from here to hell and back."

"Je comprends, mon général, ma mère," I laughed.

Two weeks later, our time was over. Mercifully, things happened fairly quickly. We were eating breakfast together, going over our plans to open up the Maui house for the winter when Mom gasped and dropped her cup of tea, her face ashen.

"Mom! What is it? Are you okay?"

Her lips were faintly blue, a rictus of pain on her face.

"Something's wrong, Ricky. I...I feel like I'm going to throw up and I can't...I can't...catch...my...breath.."

She then slumped in her chair and my world descended into utter chaos. I vaguely remember screaming for Jason and Fiona, the frantic call to 911 and the agony of waiting for EMS and the subsequent life flight to Vancouver General. Hours later, we finally arrived in the CCU. The cardiologist on call was kind but blunt. Yes, the heart attack was massive. No, there were no viable options to salvage the situation. Mom was awake and lucid, but terribly weak. Her nurse came out of the room, beckoning to me.

"She wants to speak to you, alone," she stated. I stood, rooted to the spot, unable to process the enormity of the situation. The nurse took me by my elbow, gently guiding me to the doorway. "There's probably not a lot of time, so you better not waste any," she stated sympathetically.

She looked startlingly peaceful, slightly pale, still with a blue tint to her lips. She toyed with her oxygen cannula, adjusting its fit in her nostrils. I lowered the railings and sat at the side of the bed, taking her hands in mine. They were cold, very cold and I detected a faint tremor to them I had never before felt.

She took a deep breath and began to speak, going forward in fits and starts as she quickly ran out of breath, only able to say a few words at a time.

"I've already... told them...told them I don't want anything done. This is my time and I know it in my heart. Remember...remember what I told you, my son...my love. You need... your family and they need you, now more than ever. Be each other's strength. Never stop...never stop being... the good father and grandfather you already are."

"There's one more thing. After I'm gone, Deirdre is going to be staying with you, to make sure you're okay. She'll tell you about our agreement. Don't turn her away. Promise me. It's important."

I was somewhat baffled by Mom's request, not having any idea what she was driving at. We had gone over things like estate planning in the past and I had thought that we were pretty much on the same page. Perhaps I wasn't thinking clearly, watching my love slip away from me, but she was insistent in a way I had never seen before, so eventually I agreed, still perplexed.

"Good. Remember Ricky, no regrets. I've been blessed as few women are ever blessed. I've been able to live to the end with the love of my life. It's all I could ever have dreamed of. I am content."

I choked back a sob.

"I'll see the others...see the others now."

The details of calling hours, the funeral and the memorial service still remain a disjointed mosaic of fragmentary impressions and searing pain. Jason, Fiona and Anna Marie handled all of the arrangements. Deirdre spent nearly every waking hour at my side and was a pillar of strength for me.

Gradually, the sharp agony of loss faded into a dull, relentless heartache. Those times when I was with family were good, keeping my darker moods at bay, but I often found myself standing alone with my recollections, overlooking our cove, remembering my first prescient dream of our time there. Most of the time, I felt entirely outside myself, as though watching life unfolding like a distant performance, seen from a far away balcony.

I knew that everyone was looking out for me, making sure to keep me busy and engaged, hoping to keep me looking forward. There were times when I felt grateful for their concern, but just as often, I almost resented the relentless efforts to cheer me up, wanting to be left alone with my thoughts and memories.

It was there, at the shore in "one of those moods," that Dee Dee found me, lost in brown study.

"Daddy! I've been looking everywhere for you!" she exclaimed with a mixture of reproach and relief. "We've been worried - you never came home for lunch."

"Sorry kiddo. I was lost in thought, I guess."

"You've been out here for over 3 hours, you know."

"That long?"

She sighed as she took my hand and led me back up the path. "I think you're beset by memory here, poppa. Why don't you take a break and go to Maui for a while? I'll come with you."

"You've been away long enough from your own work, Dee Dee. Lord knows how I would have survived these past 2 months without you, but really, I'll be okay."

"Actually, it's already too late," she said with a sly grin. "I booked 2 first class tickets to Kahului this morning. The flight is at 9 am, day after tomorrow. We'll open up the cottage together. There's a ton of stuff to do and with two, it'll be much more pleasant. As for my work, rank hath its privileges. What good is it being Chairman of your department if you can't take some time off? I've been officially on compassionate leave, but last week I put in for a 6-month sabbatical. The dean has been after me for some time to do it - he knows that I've got 2 books that need finishing, so I can do that while you get settled."

I threw my hands up in mock surrender. "Okay, daughter of mine. You've painted me into a corner, but you may be right about the change of scene. We'll go home and pack now."

As we sat around the table at dinner, Dee Dee announced our plans, to much general approval. I left the table in a rather curious frame of mind, however. I caught a number of veiled, significant glances exchanged between Jason, Fiona, Dee Dee and Anna. I had the distinct impression of a behind the scenes conspiracy of sorts and I felt distinctly managed, but went with the flow anyway.

Our flight from Vancouver was very enjoyable. We chatted at length about Dee Dee's trials and tribulations as the first female chair of the Mathematics Department at her university and I found myself pleasantly diverted the entire time. I was struck by how much Deirdre was her mother's daughter, both in mannerisms, personality and appearance. She had the same strawberry blonde hair, high cheekbones and jawline, but had my taller, slimmer and more athletic frame. She certainly had Mom's drive and tenacity in spades and I was very impressed as she recounted the details of her rise in academia, something she had never really shared with us in any detail.

In due course, we landed and then arrived at the cottage. Getting everything ship shape took us the better part of five consecutive twelve-hour days and I noticed

that the labor and long hours were tiring in a good way. It had been years since I had spent so much time with any of our children in such a fashion and I found the experience to be most pleasant.

It was at this juncture that I found myself sitting with Dee Dee in the lanai, watching the sunset and sharing a bottle of Pinot Grigio. We were buzzed from fatigue and the wine, slightly sleepy from our dinner.

"Do you mind if I ask you a personal question, Dee Dee?"

"As long as you don't mind if I decline to answer, depending on the substance," she replied.

"Fair enough. Mom and I always stayed out of your personal life, but I find myself wondering more and more these days. How is it that someone as talented, beautiful and intelligent as you has never found a...ahem, life partner?"

"That was very deftly phrased, Daddy," she replied with a wry smile.

"I'm sincerely curious. It has become very evident to me over the past weeks that there's no good reason why you should be lacking in companionship. It's a bit of mystery to your old, stick-in-the-mud dad."

"I've had a few serious relationships over the years, Daddy. Mostly with men, but several with women as well," she said easily. "Does it shock you that I'm bisexual?"

"Hardly, Dee. Like mother, like daughter," I chuckled wryly.

"Daddy! Um...really?"

"Yup. I'm surprised she never told you. The two of you were always pretty close, especially as you grew up more. Anyway, it wasn't a huge deal – it was only with one person."

"Wow, Dad. I really had no idea, not the least inkling. Who was it – no wait, let me think about this for a minute."

As she sat back in her chair, Dee stared intently into her wine glass, swirling the dregs absently as she concentrated, clearly processing some old memories. After a few minutes, she sat bolt upright, eyes opening widely in shock.

"My God. It was Aunt Gina, wasn't it?"

"You always were a pretty good detective, daughter mine."

"I should have figured that out ages ago. And Gina was the only one?"

"Yes. I don't think Mom was, um, intrinsically attracted to women, it was more who Gina was. In a way, it was more about the person and not the gender, if that makes any sense. Gina and Mom had a spiritual connection, which led to uhh, physical things as well."

"In any event, love is where you find it. Real, heart-stopping he-or-she's The One kind of love is always worth looking for. Love is the one thing you should never, ever settle on. I was incredibly lucky that way," I said wistfully.

"That's why I've never married. I'm still looking, waiting," she said seriously.

"Do you have any hope? You're going to be 45 in a few months."

She smiled enigmatically. "I have some real hopes, Daddy. Perhaps soon, actually. I hope you don't mind if I defer any more comment on that. I'll tell you more, gladly, when I know for sure."

She shifted in her chair to look directly at me. "Not to change the subject too much, but do you remember my 18th birthday?"

"I'm not likely to ever forget it. It's when we told you and Anna the true nature of Mom's and my relationship. I was amazed at how well you handled it."

"We had a lot of time to think about it. You see, I knew the truth already for over 2 years."

I was thunderstruck. "How...what...you kept that secret?"

"Well, obviously I told Anna. We never had any secrets from each other. Jase was pretty much clueless, of course, and I didn't see any need to muddy the waters that way."

"How did you come to know?"

"Christmas Eve when I was 16."

"Ahhhhhh..."

"Yes, I woke up around 1 am and went to the kitchen for a snack. I thought I heard something in the den."

"Yeah, Mom and I were doing some last minute gift wrapping and we, well, uh, we got a little sidetracked, as I recall," I said with a slight blush.

"I remember it like it was yesterday, Daddy. That night was probably the biggest emotional rollercoaster of my entire life. When I first saw you together, it was embarrassing and yucky. Kids usually can't and don't see their parents as sexual creatures."

"At first, it was sort of like driving by a highway accident. I really didn't want to see, but I couldn't stop looking, either. After a little while, I sort of got drawn in. I could see the pleasure you gave each other, the hotness and the tenderness and playfulness, too. It was strangely compelling."

"But then, there was one point where everything changed. Mom was, uhm, kneeling in front of you, uhm, you know, uhm, sucking you," DeeDee blushed deeply, pausing for a moment, unable to continue as she remembered.

"And..." I prompted.

"And then you spoke to her. Something like, 'God Mom, you suck my cock so good...'" DeeDee colored up again and swallowed, letting out a long sigh.

"I almost threw up at that moment. As much as I wanted to be sick, though, I was even more angry. How could you guys keep a secret like that from us? If you were mother and son, what did that make me, or Anna, or Jase? I wanted to stomp down those stairs and pull you apart. I wanted to smack both of you senseless for doing something so horrible to each other...and to me."

"God, Daddy," she whispered, her eyes brimming as she recalled the scene. "I lived and died a thousand deaths in the first few minutes after I heard what you said to Mom. I just sat there on the steps and quietly cried my eyes out. Everything I thought I knew about my world went up in smoke. I didn't know who or what I was, if you or Mom loved me still, or even ever loved me at all. I wanted to die."

"But still, I couldn't tear my eyes away from the two of you. There was something about the way you were together, it was...somehow compelling in a very strange,

unexpected way. And then...as I watched more, then...I started to get turned on. God, if I felt bad before, now it was a hundred times worse. I thought I was going to go mad. How could I be so repelled, so drawn in, so angry, guilty and turned on, all at the same time? I felt like I was ready to scream, cry, die of shame and cum all at the same time."

"We never sensed that you were there, Dee. Not for a moment," I said quietly.

"That doesn't surprise me, Daddy," she chuckled drily. "You were flat on your back, sucking Mom's breasts while she rode you. Her head was thrown back and both of you were totally in the moment."

"It was then that I felt Anna's hand on my shoulder. She had gotten up to see where I was and found me on the stairs. She'd been there almost as long as I had."

"She said to leave you two alone, just to be quiet and watch. You see, neither of us had ever seen anyone having sex before."

"We sat at the top of the stairs and watched the two of you make love for at least another half hour. I remember gradually becoming more and more excited to watch it, sneakily touching myself just a little, not feeling guilty any more, with Anna squeezing my other hand, keeping me in place. But mostly what I remember now was how you gave yourselves to each other. Looking back on it now, it's one of the most beautiful, joyous things I've ever seen. And when you called out to each other as you came together, as mother and son...it was, finally, a revelation. It put a stamp on my heart forever."

Tears sprang to my eyes as Deirdre revealed her thoughts to me. "Sweetheart, I had no idea. All those years, by yourself, waiting...because of us?"

"I don't feel the least bit deprived, Daddy. I've lived my life on my terms. I've taken more than a few wonderful men and women into my bed and enjoyed every minute of it, so don't you get all guilty on me, thinking that seeing you and Mom

make love warped or ruined me somehow. I won't stand for it," she concluded defiantly.

"Okay, D, you win," I grimaced, waving my napkin in mock surrender. "I'm curious, though. It must have been a lot to digest, what you two saw that night. How did you work through it?"

"It was very confusing at first. I guess I came to accept the truth of you and Mom, but I was extremely uncomfortable with the responsibility that came with knowing what I did, and for a while I was very angry that I had to carry that burden. I was sure that if I let something slip somehow, it would end up ruining our entire family. I blamed the both of you a bit, for allowing me to see you together. While I had somewhat come to terms with you and Mom being together, I was gradually starting to get more and more pissed off. I was working myself up to confront both of you, but Sis came to the rescue. It was Anna who got my thinking turned around." She smiled and sighed. "Good old practical sister. She was unbelievably serene about all of it, except for the initial shock, which I think she was over in a few minutes."

"What was it that she did?"

"Well, she could tell after a few days that it was really eating at me, so she sort of cornered me for a chat. She started out asking me who I knew among all of our friends who had the best parents with the happiest marriage. Of course, I had to admit, it was you and Mom. At that point she asked me "How can anyone argue against that? We should be so lucky in our own lives to find someone we love as much as they love each other. What Mom and Dad have together is nobody else's damn business."

Then she said it was a privilege to have the knowledge and not a cross to bear, as far as she was concerned. It was like she helped me flip a switch mentally, and from that point forward, I was cool with all of it. It was then that I swore two things to myself. I promised myself that I would not settle for any less love than that in my own life, and I also vowed that I would accept wherever and from whoever

that love came from, if I was lucky enough to find it... and that I would never, ever have any regrets."

"I'm glad you're sharing this with me, D. We always worried a lot about how to cope with the dangers that were inherent in our relationship. We wanted to be as honest as possible with the three of you, but didn't want to disclose anything before we thought you were ready."

Deirdre smiled and hitched her chair closer to me and we sat in comfortable silence, watching downslope as night gradually and stealthily claimed the lands below us. The lights of Paia and Kahalui slowly bloomed into the dusk as we sat sipping the dregs of our wine. Dee Dee placed her hand on mine and gave it a gentle squeeze, intertwining our fingers, leaning her head on my shoulder.

"Love you, Daddy."

Once again I was struck by how much she reminded me of Mom, both in mannerisms and appearance. As these perceptions percolated their way into my subconscious, they triggered a rush of recollections, which cascaded through my mind like the flowing stream of a flash flood, scouring the dry riverbed of my grief. Snatches of sepia memory replayed themselves behind my eyes like a flickering silent film as I recalled my mother to life again.

I'm not sure exactly how the memories were resurrected, possibly by the presence of her surrogate, my daughter, but their clarity was breathtaking. They ran the gamut from us painting the soon-to-be bedroom of Dee Dee and Anna, daubing paint on each other and giggling like kids to the time we were on vacation together in Italy, just the two of us. I'll never forget the nearly moonless evening as we were walking in the Pantera Contrada of Siena, on the western edge of that fabled city. It was less than a week after Il Palio and the town seemed practically empty by comparison with the preceding week. Cutting through a darkened alley, Mom stopped suddenly and pushed me into a doorway, completely shrouded in shadow. With no fanfare, she unbuckled my pants and proceeded to give me a toe-curling blow job.

Afterwards she said, simply, "Just because I can and just because I love my son," then taking my hand and then leading me back to our pensione on wobbly knees.

Later that night, Deirdre came to me, slipping under the covers, naked.

"Daddy," she said, "I've wanted you since forever, but I knew Momma was your one and only. She knew how I felt, because I told her when I was eighteen. I promised her that I would never do anything to hurt her or you, but I couldn't help what I felt and that nothing was going to change that."

She paused, her head on my shoulder and I could feel her tears, hot on my skin. I was struck speechless by the suddenness of events, unable to move a single muscle.

"Do you remember what Momma said, at the end? What she made you promise?"

"I do Dee Dee, I do, but what has that got to do with anything and why, why are you doing this?"

"That was my agreement with momma, Daddy, that I would take care of you after she was gone, loving you and looking after you, making sure that you were happy. She said nothing in the world mattered more to her than that."

Running her hands on my chest, she kissed my cheek, her chin trembling.

"Daddy, please don't turn me away. I'm here for you, for the rest of your life, if you'll have me. Please, Daddy, please."

Her hands traveled southward and my body betrayed me.

I'm very sleepy now. These recollections have taken more of my strength than I imagined. The things that happened between Deirdre and me, I'm not going to speak of. Not because I'm ashamed, because I'm not. Those chapters of my life have been lived honestly and openly and all I'll say at this point is that I came to understand how difficult it was for Mom, at the beginning of our time together.

In any event, that's not my story to tell, it's Deirdre's. What, if anything, is said about us and the life we shared after that night is for her to decide. Soon, I'll be ashes scattered on the water of Hookipa Bay and it won't matter at all to me, but Dee Dee still has years ahead of her and she should be the one who decides how the rest of this story unfolds.

I'm tired. It's not the fatigue that comes with overexertion or sleep deprivation, but an ache, a strain deep in the core of my soul. I feel that in telling my tale, I have squeezed the last drops of vitality from my spirit and all that's left now is the waiting.

The rest of the family should be arriving tomorrow afternoon, undoubtedly notified by my doctors that time is short and that this old buzzard is not long for this life. I don't think I'll sleep tonight, as I feel that would be wasted time. All I'll do is dream of Mom anyway, something likely to put me in a melancholy humor on the morrow. I would like to be calm and as cheerful as may be, since I will be seeing my first great-grandchild for the first time.

Jason and Fiona's eldest, Marie is only twenty and has been a bit of a trial for her parents, but what can you do? Kids these days...In the end, I guess that one last appearance before the gathered tribes is in order. I'll do my best to present myself agreeably.

The sunshine in the lanai feels wonderful today, warming my aching bones and loosening stiff joints. The up country air of Makawao agrees with me. I hear our children and grandchildren close at hand and I can smell the scent of plumeria and hibiscus from our gardens, lifted on the breeze. A cooling flow of air is rolling off

the north slopes of Haleakala, mixing with the omnipresent trade winds, a balm for my parched skin.

I stopped eating and drinking 2 days ago, but curiously, there is no hunger or thirst. Perhaps more strangely, my pain is no longer a concern. I cannot tell if I actually hurt less or now just ignore what my body tries to tell me. Even more startling today is the absence of the ache in my heart that has been present every day for the past two decades. For the first time since that day, I am at peace. I am immersed in my environment, feeling, hearing, seeing and smelling everything around me, alert to the smallest detail, the subtlest nuance or variation in my surroundings. The afternoon sunlight seems lambent on my face as I close my eyes, suffused with a sensation of wholeness and almost breathless anticipation.

It is then I become aware of the scent of simple soap and sandalwood in the air. I feel her soft, smooth hand on mine.

"I'm here, Ricky, my love. I've been waiting for you. It's time to come home to Mom."

The End