

Curve Ball

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Just when I thought things were running in a straight line, life threw me a curve ball that would forever alter how I viewed my world. But please don't feel sorry for me, because the curve ball life threw me that fateful morning gave me something I had never even thought about before. It gave me Mom. Maybe I should explain.

My name is Brandon Peterson, I'm twenty-one years old and in my junior year of college. I stand just shy of six feet and weigh around one-seventy. I have black hair and blue-green eyes. I guess I'm in average shape for someone my age, and I've been told that I was handsome. Of course, since it was my mother that had told me that, I'm pretty sure it doesn't count. Currently I live in a one-bedroom apartment above my parent's garage. It has everything someone my age needed. There's a small efficiency kitchen with a bar/counter that doubles as a dining spot separating it from my formal living area, and a master bedroom complete with a rather large bathroom. The bathroom is large to accommodate the huge walk-in shower that for some unknown reason my father had insisted upon installing. Originally the apartment had been added above the garage for my dad's parents so they would

have a place to live close to family in their old age. Unfortunately they both perished in a pile-up on I-5 before the place was even finished. Now my father refused to even step foot in the place.

As for my parents, my father's name is Edward. He's forty-five years old and looks like an older version of me. He is an investment banker, and about three times a year he has to go out of town for business. Most times his trips last around a week, which doesn't make mom very happy. When he is home he works long hours, often times bringing his work home with him. For hours on end he'd lock himself into his den leaving mom and I to spend time together. Now don't get me wrong, I love my father, but sometimes I resent him for not spending more time with us. When we did spend time together as a family unit it was fun. The only thing is, those times were far and few between. I think that was the reason mom and I grew so close. By the time I was eighteen it was more like we were best friends than mother and son, we had no trouble talking about anything. During the times dad was away mom would sometimes visit with me in my tiny apartment just to have someone to talk to.

Now, about my mother. Her name is Linda. She's forty-two years old and is an elementary teacher for the local school district. If I had to guess I'd say she stands about five-seven and couldn't weigh more than one twenty-five at best. She is long and slender with small breasts and fantastic legs that went on forever. I know this because I have seen her in her swimsuit on many occasions. One of her favorite activities is to spend a lot of time in the back-yard pool. She still has jet-black hair that's cut short to accent her long graceful neck, and deep blue eyes that twinkle when she is feeling mischievous. Something I haven't seen in quite a while. Until life pitched me this curve ball I never gave much thought as to whether mom was pretty or not, I just thought of her as Mom. Let me tell you, that changed in a hurry.

Normally, since I was on summer break, I worked on Mondays, but the sandwich shop called and said the meat freezer had died sometime over the weekend causing all the meat to go bad. They told me to take a few days off while it was repaired and re-stocked. With nothing better to do I decided to go over to the main house and see if my mother

wanted to do anything. Since it was nearly noon I was fairly sure that I'd find her either swimming or working on her already bronzed tan. Being a teacher she had summers off too. Heading down the steep staircase on the outside of my place, the only drawback to living there, I sauntered over and let myself in. Since we live out in the country our doors were hardly ever locked.

At first I wasn't even sure mom was home. The house was eerily quiet for some reason; usually the radio or the television was on. I walked across the living room into the dining room and glanced out the sliding glass doors toward the pool and patio. No one was there. I began to wonder if mom had slept in so I headed up the stairs to the second floor. As I climbed the stairs the eerie quiet started to get to me, making me start to wonder if mom was okay. By the time I reached the top landing my mind had swam through a myriad of scenarios that all ended badly. Stopping, I glanced down the hallway looking for any signs of something being wrong. At the end of the hall on the right-hand side was my parent's master suite, the door stood wide open. Slowly I began to sneak forward, all manner of evil shit racing through

my brain. I didn't know why I was so apprehensive, it might have something to do with that horror flick I'd watched last night, but everything looked just fine so I continued on. About halfway down the hall I began to hear the subtle sounds of moaning. I stopped in my tracks and listened. There it was again; a slight moan. It wasn't the kind of moan one would associate with bad things. Quite the contrary; it had a sexual undertone to it. Did mom have someone in her bedroom, a male someone I wondered as I began to creep forward again.

The moans grew louder the closer I got to her bedroom door. For reasons I couldn't understand, her moans seemed to have a mixture of both pleasure and the hint of frustration in them. Reaching the door I slipped against the wall and debated whether I should look or not. If she had someone in there she would surely get pissed if I interrupted them. But as the old saying goes, curiosity killed the cat; but satisfaction brought him back. Peeking around the doorframe with one eye I almost pissed my pants. Instantly my cock swelled and my breath caught in my throat. I just couldn't believe what I was seeing.

Lying on the bed was my mother, my very naked mother. She had her head and shoulders propped up on some pillows with her knees up and her long legs opened. In her hands was a flesh colored rubber cock that she was swiftly slipping in and out of her fur-covered pussy. The rubber dick must have been at least twelve inches long, but not very thick. She was only inserting about four or five inches into her obviously wet cunt, I could see her juices glisten on the shaft each time she pulled it out. I was in awe at what I was witnessing. Mom's face was scrunched up in total concentration, her eyes tightly closed and her lips slightly parted as she rammed the rubber cock inside.

"Come on, damnit!" she groaned.

Faster and faster she plunged the dildo into her pussy, the sound of her wetness reaching my ears. My cock became painfully erect as I watched her. I could see her small breasts jiggle from her efforts, the dark-brown areolas in sharp contrast to the snow-white skin of her untanned tits. Her skin was the color of bronze except where her swimsuit had been. Desperately I wanted to tear myself away from there and give

her the privacy that she deserved, but I couldn't. I was rooted to this spot, unable to move or breathe. When I saw her eyes start to flutter open and her head start to go back toward the pillows I finally moved. I yanked my head back out of sight and stood there in total disbelief. For the very first time in my life I wasn't thinking of her as just Mom. I was thinking of her as one of the sexiest women I've ever seen. My thoughts were interrupted when I heard her growl, "God damnit!"

The next thing I knew something came flying out her door and slammed forcefully against the hall wall, then fell silently onto the carpeted floor. I stood there transfixed as I stared at the glistening rubber cock lying limp on the floor, the sound of my mother's angry words echoing in the stillness.

"Damnit! Damnit! Damnit," the sound of frustration clearly evident in her voice.

Now, if I were a good son I would've just hauled my ass out of there and let her be. But apparently I'm not a good son judging by what I did next. I stepped over and picked up the

rubber cock, amazed by its size, weight and flexibility. Without thinking I turned and stepped inside mom's bedroom, stopping at the foot of her bed and openly staring at her naked beauty. She didn't even notice; her hands were covering her face as she leaned against the stack of pillows behind her. She also still had her legs parted giving me a perfect view of her glistening pinkness beneath the dark black curls of her pussy hair.

"Well, it looks like your little friend here is falling down on the job," I said, my voice a little raspy.

Mom yanked her hands away from her face and stared at me, her complexion going from ghostly white to a deep dark crimson.

"What the fuck!" she screamed as she frantically tried to cover herself with the sheets.

"I don't mean to intrude Mom, but it looks like you need to fire Mister Wiener here," I told her, wiggling the rubber cock to emphasize my point.

She finally managed to cover herself, at least the parts my eyes wanted to see more of, and then her face went from embarrassed to down right angry.

"Brandon, what the fuck do you think you're doing? Get out! Get the fuck out right now!" she screamed.

"Okay, okay Mom. I'll just leave this here with you," I said, laying the rubber cock on the foot of her bed before turning and rushing out.

I heard her scream, "Damnit!" once more before I could get all the way down the stairs.

Once I was safely back in my place I grabbed a soda out of the fridge then sat at one of the two bar stools at the counter and

let my mind review what I had seen. God, all these years of growing up around her and I'd had no clue as to how lovely she truly was. How could I have been so blind? Of course I had no reason to notice things like that. As I stated earlier she was just Mom. I knew that was going to change. There was definitely no going back now. I knew that every time I looked at her from now on I would be thinking about her naked. A light tapping on the door interrupted my musings. Before I could get up to answer, the door swung open and mom popped her head around it.

"Can I come in, honey?" she asked, a look of embarrassment on her face.

"Yeah, sure Mom," I answered, my own embarrassment written all across my face as well.

She came in and shut the door before hesitantly walking over and taking the other stool.

"I want to apologize for yelling at you, Brandon," she started, before adding, "You just caught me by surprise is all."

"I honestly didn't mean to invade your privacy Mom." I could hear the nervousness in my voice.

"And I certainly wouldn't have been doing...well, you know, if I'd known you were still home. I thought you had to work today?"

I explained the problem at work, and then asked if she'd like a soda or maybe some coffee. When she said coffee I got up and went around the counter into the tiny kitchen and began to set up the Keurig machine. I got a k-pod of French vanilla and kept my back to her as I waited for it to brew. The tension in the air was thick. When her cup finished I brought it around and handed it to her before sitting back down. She held the cup with both hands and absently blew on the liquid for a while before saying anything.

"Listen, I hope you aren't thinking bad of me. I know it must have been a shock to see what you saw." All the time she was talking she kept her eyes on the brown liquid in her cup.

I on the other hand couldn't tear my eyes off her. She was wearing a silky full-length maroon gown that hugged her figure nicely, accentuating both her upper body and her slim hips. Glancing at her chest my mind visualized her small breasts, the dark brown areolas with eraser-sized nipples that seemed to turn upwards a little. As my eyes roamed lower I couldn't help but recall the dark lush bush on her pubic mound standing out starkly against the pale white of her flawless skin. It was at that precise moment that I knew I had to have her.

Turning my head to look at her I began to put into action the plan that was rapidly forming in my brain. "Mom, can I ask you something personal?"

She stopped staring at her coffee and glanced up at me. "How personal?"

"It's pretty personal Mom. You don't have to answer if you don't want to."

"Okay, go ahead and ask. I'm not saying I'll answer, but, I'm not saying I won't either," she replied, curiosity in her eyes.

"Are you sexually frustrated Mom?" I asked.

"W-What..." she stuttered. Obviously I had caught her completely off-guard.

"Are you sexually frustrated?" I repeated.

"Yeah, yeah, I heard you. Wow, you weren't kidding about being personal," she said, setting her cup down on the counter with shaky hands.

"The reason I'm asking is because, based on what I saw, it looked as if you weren't having any luck in your...endeavor."

Her eyes went wide and she asked nervously, "Just how long were you standing there?"

"Long enough to know you weren't able to achieve orgasm," I answered calmly.

Mom sprang up and stood there staring at me for a few seconds before responding.

"Uh...I think this conversation is getting out of hand. Maybe I should go," she said, starting to turn.

Grabbing her hand lightly I held her there and said, "Please don't go Mom. I'm not trying to offend you, or embarrass you any. I just want to help."

Slowly she sat back down, her eyes locked onto me, her hand still in mine.

"Help me with what?" she asked, her voice shaky.

I laid a bombshell on her. "To achieve orgasm."

"Brandon Lee Peterson, are you suggesting that you and I have sex?" she asked so forcefully that she almost fell off her stool.

"No Mom, not at all. At least not in the conventional way," I told her.

"What the hell are you talking about? What other way is there?"

"Well, for starters, there's visual stimulation, and then there's clitoral stimulation. And if that doesn't do the trick, there's always cunnilingus. That, I'm sure would push you over the

edge," I told her as steadily as I could. Inside I was shaking like a leaf in a windstorm.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! This conversation is really getting out of hand here. Where are you going with this Bandon?"

"Before I answer, can I ask you something else?" I asked.

"Such as?" she shot back.

I knew I was pushing the boundaries of her tolerance, but I proceeded anyway.

"How long has it been since you've had an orgasm? I'm not talking about a minor twinge of satisfaction, but an honest to goodness, toe curling one. One that just drains your very soul and leaves you feeling better than you ever have. How long has it been, Mom?"

Mom jumped up and wrenched her hand from mine.

"I'm not going to sit here and have this kind of conversation with my Son. I mean seriously Brandon, what are you thinking asking me things like that. I'm your Mother for Christ's sake," she exclaimed.

"I wasn't thinking anything Mom. It just kills me inside knowing that you aren't as happy as you should be. I just wanted to help."

"How? By suggesting that you and I have sex?"

"That's not what I was suggesting Mom. What I was going to suggest, is that you tell Dad to help you out. I mean seriously Mom, let him know that he's dropping the ball," I replied.

"Oh. Okay. I really thought you were offering to help personally." I could see her face relax a little.

"Well in all honesty Mom, if Dad doesn't get his act together..."
I snickered.

"Brandon Lee! You're awful!" mom shrieked, her eyes twinkling.

"Just saying, Mom," I laughed.

"Well, if your Dad continues to drop the ball, I might just have to take you up on that," she jokingly said, then headed for the door. Just as she was about to step out she turned and said that she was going to go lay out by the pool and that I was welcome to join her if I wanted. I told her that sounded good and then she was gone, leaving me wondering if my plan to seduce her had any chance of success.

I hung around my place for nearly an hour to give her time to swim a few laps and get comfortable. Rummaging through my dresser I found what I was looking for to kick off the first phase of my plan. Visual stimulation. The dark blue speedo was tighter than I remember when I had worn it in high

school while on the water polo team. Stepping into the bathroom to survey how it looked in the bathroom mirror, I came to the conclusion that it was perfect for the job. The fabric hugged my ass and after a little adjustment showed off my cock quite nicely. With the head of my cock pointing toward my hip I knew that mom wouldn't be able to miss it, especially after I got erect, a fact that I was sure would happen as soon as I saw her in her swimsuit. Smiling at my reflection, I grabbed a towel and headed for the pool, the thought of mom lying out there already giving me a slight hard-on.

When I stepped out the sliding door onto the patio I didn't see mom. Walking closer to the pool I caught movement under the water and stepped up to the edge to get a better look. Mom was under the surface headed toward the shallow end, her arms stretched out in front of her while she used her legs to propel herself forward using a scissor kick. I marveled at the graceful way her long legs opened and closed, and how the copper color of her modest bikini blended with her tanned skin. It almost looked like she wasn't wearing one. As she drew near the end I stepped over and stood where the stairs were and waited, my towel out and ready for her to use. While

climbing up the stairs she was wiping the water off her face and failed to notice me standing there, until she ran into me. Startled she involuntarily jumped backwards. Yeah, I know, I should have gotten out of her way, but I didn't. Instead I wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her toward me to prevent her from falling back onto the stairs.

"Shit Brandon, you scared the hell out of me," she cried, making no effort to disengage herself from me.

"Sorry Mom," I said, stepping back and letting the hand that was around her waist gently slide along her hip, while offering her my towel with the other one.

"Thanks," she said, drying her face as she headed to where the lounge chairs were.

"I was beginning to think you weren't going to join me," she said as soon as she stretched out on one of the chairs.

"I had a couple things to do first," I told her, making sure I was standing facing her.

"I haven't seen you wear those in quite some time. Don't you think they're a little too small?" she asked, referring to my speedo.

The way her eyes narrowed when her gaze roamed over the front of my speedo caused my cock to twitch a little, a fact that didn't go unnoticed by her. I saw her face blush.

"They're a little snug," I admitted, then added, "But hey, it's just you and I here, so no harm no foul right."

"I suppose," she replied as she placed a large pair of sunglasses on blocking my view of her eyes.

"I'm gonna swim a lap or two, would you like me to put some sunscreen on you when I get through?" I asked innocently. I'd

done it plenty of times in the past so I didn't think she'd think anything of it now.

"That'd be nice, thanks sweetie," she replied, her face still pointed at my crotch.

I spent about five minutes swimming around the pool before climbing out and walking over to where she lay face-up. The only reason I'd even got in the pool was because I knew what would happen when my speedo got wet. It did exactly what I thought it would. The fabric seemed to shrink and hug me even tighter than before, causing the outline of my cock to really become visible. Something I prided myself on was, although my cock wasn't much longer than seven inches fully hard, it was really thick. It was thicker than the rubber cock mom had been using.

As I stepped up to where mom was reclining I wasn't sure whether or not she was watching because of her sunglasses. But when I heard her sharp intake of air and saw her lips form an O I knew phase one was working perfectly.

"Well, you ready Mom?" I asked, desperately trying not to grin.

"Huh? What?" she stammered.

Picking up the tube of sunscreen from the patio table next to her chair, I held it up and said, "For me to put sunscreen on you."

"Oh...uh...yeah, sure," came her reply. With a little trouble she rolled onto her stomach and used her arms for pillows.

Sitting on the edge of her lounge, my right ass cheek making contact with her hip, I began to smear the lotion on her shoulders and upper back. Never before had touching her skin caused the kind of sensations that were now running through my body. In a matter of seconds my cock began to swell, the head of it pushing outward toward my left hip. Trying to keep my hands from shaking I steadily rubbed in the sunscreen. When I started putting it on her lower back mom began to softly moan. These weren't the same kind of

moans I'd heard earlier though; these were more of the moans you'd hear when someone is truly enjoying what's happening.

"That feel good Mom?"

"Oh God yes," she softly answered.

"I'm glad. I'll get your legs now," I said, sliding down so I could reach both of them.

As I worked the lotion into her calves I heard what sounded like little purring noises coming from her. They grew louder as I worked my way up past her knees and onto her thighs. I stayed mainly to the outside of them until I noticed her legs part a little. Cautiously I began to gently spread the lotion to the inside of her thighs, my eyes glued to the round swell of her ass the whole time. With each passing second my cock grew harder until I was sporting a full blown hard-on. Once I accidentally went too high up and my thumb grazed one of

her cheeks. I was sure she would put an end to my rubdown, but she didn't. She just continued to purr.

"Okay Mom, flip over and I'll get your front," I told her as I stood up to give her room.

"That's okay honey, I can reach that," she murmured, making no effort to move.

"Don't be silly Mom, my hands are already greasy," I said trying to make my offer sound logical.

When she groaned and said okay I felt my heart skip a beat, not to mention what I felt in my cock. Slowly she began to roll over, but halfway through she stopped. She had removed her sunglasses and it wasn't until I noticed where her eyes were looking did I understand why she'd stopped. Her gaze was centered squarely on my raging hard-on, the outline of it under my speedo vividly on display. As I watched mom stare at my cock the temptation to flex it became over bearing, so I did. Mom let out an involuntary groan and I saw her shudder

briefly before she climbed off the chair and dove into the pool without saying a word. I pondered whether to join her but thought better of it, so I just laid face down on the other lounge and waited to see if I'd gone too far.

It was about five or so minutes when I heard the pitter-patter of her bare feet approaching. Turning my head I watched her slowly walk toward me, her nipples clearly defined in the top of her suit. She had a look on her face that was hard to read. I continued to watch as she went over and picked up the tube of sunscreen then came over and sat on my lounge much the same as I had done to hers. The feel of her wet hip and ass cheek pressing against my hip sent shivers running up and down my spine. When she spoke her voice had an unfamiliar tone to it.

"My turn to do you," she said, and then started rubbing lotion on my back.

"Thanks Mom," I mumbled, the feel of her hands running over my skin causing my already painfully erect cock to start throbbing.

After a few minutes she said, "Honey, can I ask you something?"

"Sure Mom, anything," I replied.

"Baby, why do you have an erection?"

Sputtering at first, her question catching me off guard, I struggled and turned over on my back so I could look into her eyes.

"That happens when I touch a beautiful woman, Mom," I replied, my eyes locked on to hers.

"Beautiful huh? Yeah right," she shot back.

Lifting my hand I gently stroked the side of her face and said,
"Yes, beautiful, Mom."

"Well I'm glad you think so. But are you sure you're not just saying that because of what you saw this morning?"

"You want to know what I saw this morning, Mom?"

"Oh please, enlighten me," she said, a slight chuckle in her voice.

"I'll tell you what I saw. I saw the most beautiful sight I've ever seen in my life. I saw a gorgeous woman reaching for what truly belongs to her," I told her.

"And what is it you think belongs to her?" she asked, placing her palms on my chest and softly, absently, rubbing in what little lotion was left on them.

"Happiness Mom. I'm talking pure, unadulterated happiness," I replied, my fingertips lightly stroking the side of her face.

For several minutes she didn't say anything, she just kept rubbing my chest lightly with a blank look on her face.

"I've been thinking about what you asked me earlier. The answer to your question is, yes, I am sexually frustrated," she whispered.

"Please don't get upset by what I'm about to ask, okay?"

"Well, we've gone this far, so ask away," she replied.

"I know that women your age are in the prime of their sexual drive. So my question to you is, how often do you have to pleasure yourself? Also, how long has Dad been dropping the ball?"

She sat straight up and stared at me for a few seconds, a look of sadness in her eyes. I honestly didn't think she was going to answer.

"The answer to the first part is once, sometimes twice a day. As to the second part, your father hasn't even picked up the ball, let alone ran with it for some time now."

"You've got to be kidding me!"

"I'm afraid not," she replied, and then added, "God, I can't believe I'm sitting here discussing my sex life with my Son. I mean seriously, how pathetic is that?"

"We're both adults here Mom. If it helps, don't think of me as your son, think of me as a really good friend that you can say anything to. So feel free to tell me anything you want, regardless of how intimate it is."

"That's not as easy as you make it sound, but I really do need to get some things off my chest, so here goes. I've been responsible for my own orgasms for quite some time now. Hell, even when your Father does run with the ball anymore, the outcome is usually less than desired."

I couldn't think of anything to say except, "Wow!"

"Yeah, exactly," she moaned.

"If things have been this bad for so long I'm really surprised that you aren't having an affair. You're not are you?"

"God no! The thought of having a sexual relationship with a stranger just isn't something I could bring myself to do, no matter how horny I got. Besides, I have my little rubber friend, that's usually enough."

"It sure didn't seem like it was enough this morning," I chuckled, hoping to lighten the mood.

"My God, you really did get an eyeful this morning, didn't you," she laughed, obviously feeling better about talking about her sex life with me.

"Oh yeah," I grinned.

"I'm so embarrassed," she said, hiding her face with her hands.

I sat up and gently pried her hands away, then told her, "Don't be Mom. As I said, I thought it was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. And the fact that it was my Mother doing it made it so much more special."

She cocked her head to the side and whispered, "Sons aren't suppose to see their Mothers doing things like that."

"Yeah, but if more Sons saw what I saw they would have a whole better understanding of their Mothers. They'd be able

to see them as humans, with real human needs, and not just as Mom."

'Is that how you saw me before today?'"

"I'm afraid I'm guilty of doing just that. But now my eyes are open. Now I see you not just as my lovely Mother, but also as a gorgeous woman who deserves to be happy."

"But I am happy Brandon. I have a husband I love and whom I know loves me, and a Son who is more like my best friend than my best friends are. A Son who means the world to me. Other than having a lousy sex life I couldn't be happier."

"So obviously you've been taking care of your needs, but now you can't seem to close the deal. Is that about right?" I asked.

"Something like that. I don't know why. Usually I have no problems, but for the last few months nothing I try seems to work," she said, lowering her eyes and staring at the ground.

"I know what the problem is Mom," I stated.

Her head came up and she fixed those beautiful blue eyes on mine and asked, "How could you possibly know?"

"It's simple really. You're not getting enough stimulation before you jump to the main course. You need to get yourself worked up first," I stated flatly.

"That's not as easy as you make it sound either," she remarked.

"Here, lets try this. Tell me something that gets you aroused, something visually stimulating, like watching porn flicks, or maybe voyeurism. It all starts with something visual doesn't it?"

"I guess. As for porn, I can't stand watching that, it's all too phony. And voyeurism is out of the question, who would I spy on around here, myself?" she replied nonchalantly.

"Then tell me something that does visually stimulate you," I implored.

Cocking her head to the side she gazed at me, her eyes sparkling with that familiar look of mischief.

"Well...oh God, I can't believe I'm telling you this. I do like to watch a man play with himself while I rub my...you know," she whispered, her face turning red.

"Well there you go then. Just have Dad play with himself while you watch," I told her.

"If only it were that easy. I've been after him to do just that for years," she remarked.

"Damn, he won't even do that for you?" I exclaimed.

"No. For some reason your Father isn't very creative when it comes to sex I'm afraid," came her answer.

"Well hell, that blows that idea," I remarked, adding a touch of sadness to my voice.

"Yeah. It would've been nice though," she replied with equal sadness.

"You know Mom, I can fix this," I stated matter of factly.

"And how do you propose to do that? Are you going to tell your Father to play with his penis so I can watch," she laughed.

"Actually, I have something else in mind. Could you stand up please," I told her.

"Okay," she said, uncertainty in her voice.

After she stood I rose and went over to her lounge. First I raised the back portion of it so she could sit upright in it. Next I went over and took her hand and led her to the chair where I instructed her to sit down. I could see she was skeptical but she did as I asked anyway. Once she was settled I went over and pulled my lounge so it was facing hers and did the same thing to it as I had done to hers. Mom watched the whole time, uncertainty written all over her face. She didn't speak until I was satisfied with the positioning of the chairs.

"Honey, what are you doing?" she inquired.

I went over and stood next to her and placed a hand on her shoulder, I could feel her trembling just a little. I was fairly sure she knew what I was up to.

"Mom, I have an idea, and I'm pretty sure your gonna think it's weird, but at least hear me out," I told her as I watched her face.

"Okay," she muttered, her eyes drifting down to the outline of my semi-erect cock.

"My Mother, the one person in this world I love more than life itself, isn't as happy as she deserves to be so I'm going to fix that," I told her.

Lifting her eyes to mine, she nervously asked, "And how do you propose to do that honey?"

Stepping back I replied, "By doing what Dad should be doing for you."

With that said I yanked my speedo down past my hips. Mom sucked in her breath and her eyes grew wide as my semi-hard cock sprang out right there in front of her. As casually as possible I worked the speedo down until I was able to step out of it, mom making blubbering sounds the whole time. Only when I reached up and began to fondle my cock did she finally snap out of her trance.

"Oh my God! What in the hell do you think you're doing, Bandon?" she screamed, starting to rise from her chair.

Placing both hands on her shoulders I prevented her from getting up.

"Relax Mom," I said soothingly.

As she settled back down I realized that my cock was just inches away from her face. The knowledge that it was so close to my mother's lips caused it to twitch and begin to grow. Mom's eyes grew even wider as she stared at it.

"Oh honey, this is so wrong. So wrong in so many ways," she mumbled so low I barely heard her.

"It's not wrong, Mom. Not if it helps you get the release you desperately need," I said, taking a step back so my inflating cock wouldn't bounce up and touch her face.

"But...but honey, we can't have sex together. You're my Son, I'm your Mother," she said slowly, her eyes still glued to my now almost fully erect cock.

"We're not having sex Mom," I gently said as I went to my chair then sat down with my knees parted wide and my feet planted on the ground to each side of the lounge.

"Then what is this?" she managed to stammer, not once lifting her eyes from my swollen cock.

"It's visual stimulation Mom," I replied while grasping the shaft of my cock and slowly pumping up and down.

"We shouldn't be doing this sweetheart, someone might see us," she softly said without raising her eyes.

"No one can see us, the nearest neighbor is five hundred feet down the road," I quickly reassured her as I continued to stroke my cock.

"But this is still wrong," she insisted.

"It's not wrong if it helps you Mom," I said. A drop of pre-cum oozed from the head of my cock catching the rays of the sun causing it to glisten brightly.

"Oh my," Mom croaked, clutching a hand up near her throat.

"You don't have to stay if you don't want to Mom, but I hope you will. I hope you'll just sit back and relax and let nature take its course," I told her, increasing the speed of my pumping slightly.

As if a switch had been pulled I watched Mom's features visibly relax. Slowly, her eyes never wavering from my cock, she leaned back with one hand resting on her chest between

her breasts, while her other hand settled flatly upon her abdomen. Almost imperceptibly her upper hand crept closer and closer to her right tit until it slid into the cup of her suit top and palmed her tit. Her other hand slowly snaked down her abdomen until her fingertips dipped under the elastic waistband.

"Place your feet like mine are Mom," I encouraged her.

Trance-like she did what I said. Once her feet were on the ground her knees spread open giving me a clear line of sight up to her crotch. Fascinated I watched as her hand slipped deeper into the bottom of her suit until she was clearly cupping her mound. I could see the outline of her fingers through the fabric as she gently began to rotate the tips of them in tiny circles above where her clit should be.

For the next ten minutes we continued to pleasure ourselves, our pace gradually increasing until I was rapidly stroking my throbbing cock, and moms fingers were moving extremely fast under her suit. The sound of our breathing grew louder

and louder, as did the squishy sounds coming from mom's pussy. Faster and faster I stroked, pre-cum pouring out the slit of my cock and dribbling down the side of my shaft causing my cock to become slippery. I couldn't tear my eyes off her. I was watching one of the most erotic sights I'd ever seen. She must have felt my eyes on her, because she looked up from watching me stroke my cock and gazed deeply into my eyes. I don't know what she saw in mine, probably the same thing I saw in hers, pure, animalistic lust.

"Oh shit, Mom," I groaned, the pressure building to the boiling point in my balls.

"Yes baby, yes baby," mom chanted over and over as she began to tremble.

The sight of her body starting to shake was too much for me. As if a water main had broke my cock began to shot geysers of thick white cum out the tip, the first shot almost making it to Mom's chair.

"Uuuuggggggghhhhhhhh," I groaned as I came harder than I'd ever come before.

Completely drained I slumped back in my chair and watched wide-eyed as Mom's face began to contort, her fingers in her suit sliding deeper until it was obvious she'd just stuffed them inside her pussy. For several minutes I watched as her fingers moved rapidly under her suit. When she raised her legs and put them straight out in front of her I couldn't see her crotch anymore, so I just concentrated on watching her face. Suddenly her face went pale and she clamped her thighs together trapping her fingers inside her pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhh shit baby...I'mmmm...I'mmmm...I'm going to cummmmm," Mom wailed.

"Yes! Yes! Do it Mom!" I shouted, leaning forward for a better view.

"Brandon, I'm cummmmmiiiiinnnnnngggggggggg!" she screamed, her body wracked with convulsions.

As if in slow motion her upper body slumped back against the chair and her feet slid off the chair onto the ground, leaving her crotch in plain view. I could see the outline of her fingers still under the fabric, and tiny wisps of pubic hairs poking out the sides of the leg openings. Her eyes were closed, her face completely relaxed as her hand slipped out of the top of her suit and dangled over the side of the lounge. A fine sheen of sweat covered her chest and abdomen. I could smell her aroma. It was intoxicating.

Silently standing I went over to the side of her chair and just stared down at her, unable to believe what had just happened. Slowly her eyes opened and locked onto mine.

"I can't believe I did that in front of you. It was so wrong," she murmured.

"It wasn't wrong Mom, it was beautiful," I softly whispered.

"Beautiful or not, it was still wrong... and I want to thank you," she said just as softly.

"So, I assume you achieved what you needed?" I lightly chuckled.

"And then some. That was the most intense orgasm I've had in years. Hell, in decades. My God, I'm positively soaked down there," she told me.

Taking a quick breath, I whispered, "Show me."

She must've failed to grasp what I'd said, because all she did say was, "Huh?"

"I said show me," I gently repeated, but I didn't wait for a response. Instead I reached down and gently grabbed her wrist and pulled her hand out of her bottoms. She offered no resistance as I pulled her hand toward my face, her index and middle fingers dripping with her secretions. Slowly I leaned

forward and captured the two fingers in my mouth and gently sucked her juices from them. She watched silently, her eyes narrowed to slits, as I cleaned every last drop from them and then gently laid her hand back on her stomach. As I stepped back a shudder ran through her.

Smiling I gazed lovingly into her eyes and said, "I think I've found my all-time favorite flavor in the whole world. I'm going to call it, essence of Mom"

Shaking her head, she laughingly said, "How did I raise such a nasty little boy?"

"I guess it just runs in the family," I answered, and then picking up my speedo I wiped up the mess that I'd made.

"Well sweetie, I think it's time for you to put that away," she said, pointing at my dangling dick while standing.

"Are you sure, Mom?" I asked, doing an Elvis Presley hip bump to make my cock flop around.

"God you're horrible!" she giggled before saying, "I'm afraid I've had all the visual stimulation I can take for now."

"I'll make you a deal. I'll put it away if you can tag me," I said, and then dropping my dirty speedo I vaulted over her lounge chair and dashed to the pool, causing a huge plum of water as I cannonballed in.

I had barely kicked off the bottom when I felt a hand grasp my cock and give it a gentle tug. Surfacing I spotted mom's head appear above the water a few feet away from me. Her eyes twinkled brightly in the sunshine.

"Tag, you're it," she shrieked then dove back under the surface.

For several minutes we chased each other around the pool with mom swimming circles around me. I knew she was a

strong swimmer, but I had no idea until now just how good she really was. Each time I'd get close to tagging her she'd duck under the water and leave me empty-handed as she raced away. Twice I almost caught her but she deployed a tactic that left my cock aching for more. She'd drop under the surface then reach out to give my penis a quick tug, completely distracting me, then gracefully glide away. Each time she did that she'd surface a few feet away and laughingly shout, "Tag, you're still it!"

The third time she did it I was prepared. I had her timing down and when she began to swim away I sank under the water and followed. She surfaced a few feet away, but before she had a chance to turn around and say anything I surfaced directly behind her. Quickly I wrapped my left arm around her waist and pulled her back against me, while shoving my right hand down the front of her suit bottom. Cupping her mound I extended my middle finger until I could rub it over her clitoris. She squealed in surprise as I stood all the way up lifting her until she was on her tiptoes. Firmly I began to massage her bud while leaning in to whisper in her ear.

"Tag, you're it, Mom."

I thought for sure that she would spin out of my grasp and yell at me for doing what I was doing, but I was wrong. Instead I felt her push herself back against me until my cock was pressed snugly against her ass, then lean her head backwards until it rested on my shoulder. She raised both hands out of the water and cupped my head while pressing herself even tighter against me. I heard soft mewling sounds coming from her as I slowly rotated the tip of my finger against her clit just like I'd seen her do. More soft moans escaped her lips as I increased the pressure of my finger on her growing bud while speeding up the rotations slightly.

"Oh Brandon, what are you doing to me," she moaned, her ass pressing back even harder against my fully erect cock.

"Just making you feel good Mom," I answered softly, before leaning in and placing soft kisses on the side of her neck.

"This is so wrong baby, so very wrong," she whispered, her hands tightening on my head.

"Shhhh, shhhh," I whispered soothingly. "I've got you Mom."

I could feel her start to rotate her hips as my fingertip massaged her aroused clitoris. Faster and faster I rubbed her, causing squeals of delight to pour out of her mouth. Sliding my free hand upward I managed to push her top off one of her tits, it fit perfectly in my hand. Gently I began to knead the soft firm flesh, her nipple stiffening under my palm. Using my thumb and index finger I started to gently pinch and pull on her nipple while slipping the hand I had on her pussy lower. My middle finger slid effortlessly between the slick wet lips, the tip of it finding the entrance to her silken hole. With one firm upward push I sank almost my entire finger into her well-lubricated tunnel. Suddenly I felt her body grow taught, and her pussy constrict around my finger.

"Oh fuuuccckkkkk!" she moaned through clinched teeth.

I don't know if it was because she'd just came on my finger, or because my rock hard cock was sawing up and down between her butt cheeks, but something snapped her back to reality. Like a woman possessed she squirmed out of my grasp and turned to face me, disbelief clearly visible in her wide opened eyes.

"Oh God honey, we can't be doing this. It's so wrong," she croaked, her voice trembling.

"We haven't done anything wrong Mom." I stated.

"Oh Brandon," she breathed. "Everything we've done today is wrong. I shouldn't have allowed this to happen."

"Mom, the only thing you allowed to happen was physical happiness. We haven't done anything bad. It's not like we had sex or anything like that," I said.

Fixing me with an odd stare she asked, "So having your finger in my cunt isn't a form of sex?"

"Absolutely not. In order for us to be having sex, it would've had to have been my cock inside you instead of my finger," I told her.

Stepping up to me she cupped my face with her hands, stared deeply into my eyes and said, "Baby, you don't know how close we just came to having that be exactly what happened. If I hadn't returned to my senses when I did I would've ..."

Reaching up I stroked the side of her face and asked, "You would've what Mom?"

"Never mind," she answered, then turned and began walking to the stairs.

As she climbed out of the pool I got my first real good look at her ass. I was truly impressed. Her ass was small and round,

perfectly shaped for cupping in ones hands. As she strode over to where the loungers were I watched her buns jiggle and sway with each step she took, causing an involuntary groan to escape my lips. I watched her bend over and pick up my cum soaked speedo and wad it up into a ball.

Turning she looked at me and said, "I'll wash these for you."

Before I could say anything she quickly headed to the house and slipped out of sight, leaving me standing chest deep in the pool with one hell of a hard-on. Grudgingly I climbed out and went back to my place, fighting the urge to go into the bathroom and masturbate to images of her. Dressed I flipped on the television and settled down for what I knew was going to be a restless afternoon.

Around four-thirty my cell phone rang. I checked the caller I.D. and saw that it was mom. She wanted to know if I was going to join her and dad for diner. I politely declined, and we chatted briefly before she hung up. There was no mention as to what had happened between us. An hour later I fixed

myself a T. V. dinner. For the rest of the day I lounged on the couch just watching whatever came on the box, my mind constantly bombarding me with flashbacks of watching mom finger fucking herself in front of me. By bedtime I couldn't stand the pressure that had built up in my balls, so I went into the bathroom and whacked off. Even though I did manage to blast out a load, I still went to bed feeling less than satisfied.

The next morning the sound of the garage door opening and closing woke me earlier than usual. Normally I'd sleep through dad leaving for work, but for some reason this time it woke me. Getting out of bed I threw on my robe and headed for the bathroom. Once my bladder was satisfied I went to the kitchen and fixed a cup of coffee. When it was done I took it and sat at the counter and thought back to yesterday. As I pondered what had happened I suddenly began to feel a slight twinge of guilt for what I'd done.

I couldn't help but think that maybe I shouldn't have pushed mom into doing something that went against her beliefs. In truth, I really shouldn't even know that she was having problems in her sex life at all. I should have just walked away

when I came across her trying to pleasure herself in the first place. The only problem is I hadn't, and now I knew the truth about her frustration. Did I really want to have sex with my own mother? Hell yes. I couldn't deny that. But above all else, I wanted to see her as happy as she could possibly be. If that meant I shouldn't pursue my plan to seduce her then so be it. But on the other hand, if she gives me any indication that she enjoyed what we'd done, and perhaps wants to continue, then all bets were off. These thoughts kept tumbling over and over through my brain as I sat drinking my coffee. Thankfully the sound of someone coming up the stairs snapped me back to reality. Sitting my cup down I went over to see who was there. Just as I opened the door mom reached the landing. I think I startled her, because she almost dropped the cup of coffee she was carrying. In her other hand she had my speedo, it looked clean and was neatly folded.

"Oh," she squeaked.

"Good morning," I said, flashing her a big smile.

"I didn't think you'd be up yet. I was going to leave these by your door," she said, holding out the speedo.

Taking it from her I noticed her hand shaking a little. I also noticed that she was only wearing a black silk robe that barely reached mid-thigh and was held closed by a sash at the waist. The dark color of it set off the deep blue of her eyes quite nicely.

"Thanks Mom. You want to join me while I wake up?"

Hesitantly she replied, "I don't know, I'm not really dressed to visit."

"You look fine. I'm in my robe too," I said, tugging on the front of my robe for emphasis.

"Well, maybe for a minute or two," she said, then slid by me and headed over to the bar stools. The smell of her bath soap

lingered in my nostrils as I closed the door and joined her at the counter.

"Is everything okay, Mom? You seem preoccupied," I said, sitting the folded speedo on the counter.

Her shoulders slumped and she trembled a little as she spoke. "I feel so ashamed."

I reached over and rubbed her back.

"Because of what we did yesterday?" I inquired.

"Not so much that. No, I'm ashamed of what I did last night." A tiny sob escaped her lips.

"Tell me, Mom," I implored.

"Your Father finally picked up the ball last night, after several hours of me teasing him I might add," she started.

"That's great Mom," I told her, even though I was feeling a twinge of jealousy inside.

"Yeah, I thought so too," she replied, staring into her coffee cup.

"So what's the problem, you couldn't get off or something?" I asked.

"No, I got off. It's just the way I had to get off that makes me feel ashamed of myself," she answered.

"I don't understand," I told her.

"God, this is embarrassing," she said, briefly wiping her face with her hands.

"Tell me. I'm sure it's not as bad as you think," I encouraged her.

"Okay, she replied with a touch of resignation. "Everything was going fine, your Dad, bless his heart, was giving it his all, but for some reason I wasn't feeling it. So, I closed my eyes and tried to visualize something that would stimulate me."

"And?" I urged her on.

"The only thing I could visualize was you," she continued, wringing her hands together.

"You thought of me?" Joy flooded my heart at the thought of my mother thinking of me while she was having sex.

"Well not of you, per se..." she said with a catch in her voice.

"Uh, okay. If it wasn't me, then what exactly were you thinking of?" I really didn't need her to tell me, I knew exactly what she'd been visualizing.

Turning on her stool she reached out and took one of my hands. I could see the mist in her eyes.

"All I could think about was your cock," she whispered, and then mumbled under her breath, "Your big, fat, beautiful cock!"

I guess she didn't think I could hear that last part, but I had, and it sent shivers of delight coursing through me. Knowing that my mother thought my cock was beautiful thrilled me to no end. Laughing, I stood up and stepped forward then wrapped my arms around her. Instinctively she spread her knees apart so I could get all the way against her. Unknown to me the tie on my robe had come undone allowing my semi-hard cock to jut out. Another thing I wasn't aware of until it was too late, mom wasn't wearing panties. The head of my cock slid across the top of her stool and lodged itself against

the cleft of her pussy. When mom returned my hug, pulling me tighter against her, my cock slipped further underneath her. Now the head was nestled between her outer lips, her clit sitting directly on my shaft. If she was aware of where my cock was she gave no indication that she did, so I just kept talking.

"Is that all," I chuckled.

Keeping her hands around my neck she leaned her upper body back and stared into my eyes.

"Is that all? Didn't you hear what I said? I was picturing my Son's cock while my husband was fucking me," she exclaimed.

"Shit, Mom. There's nothing wrong with that. Hell, I jerked off three times last night picturing you naked," I told her as light-hearted as possible.

"Y-You did?" she stammered, her eyes boring into mine.

"I did. And you know what Mom, I'm not ashamed to admit it either, not one little bit."

"And you didn't feel even the tiniest bit guilty for thinking about me while you were doing it?" she asked softly.

"Nope. On the contrary, thinking of you only made it more exciting, more intense," I answered truthfully.

"I see." Was all she said.

"If thinking about you helped me, then my question to you is, did thinking about me help you. Were you able to climax?"

"Well, yeah. I did have an orgasm, but nothing like the one I had when we were at the pool."

"Nothing earth shaking huh? At least you were able to have one," I said, having trouble concentrating because the heat coming off her pussy was making my cock slowly expand.

"I guess that's one way of looking at it. Still, I can't help but feel it's wrong for me to be thinking about my Son's penis, period!" she replied.

"Mom, there's no reason to feel bad, I'm actually flattered to tell you the truth. It means that I was able to help you. You are allowed to use whatever means you need to achieve a happy ending," I told her, my lips stretching into a huge smile.

"You're enjoying my discomfort, aren't you," she asked, sounding a little flabbergasted.

"A little," I laughed.

Unfortunately my laughter caused my hips to move a little. Instantly I felt my cock slide even deeper into her slit. She felt

it too. I watched as she glanced down to where our crotches were. I glanced down too. I could see some of my shaft but the rest of it was swallowed up under her, the sight of her bush had me tingling, especially in my cock. We both looked up at the same time and gazed into each other's eyes. Slowly, very slowly, I pulled my hips back, savoring how wonderful it felt as her clit slid along my shaft and then the head. Judging by the way her eyes slowly closed, and the deep sigh that escaped her lips, I'd say that she enjoyed it too.

"Whoops, sorry about that Mom," I muttered, my face red as I hastily tied my robe closed. Unfortunately I wasn't able to do anything about the way my hard cock pushed the front of my robe out.

Mom stood and adjusted her robe then headed for the door without saying anything. After opening the door she turned to face me, quickly glancing at the front of my robe, before asking if I was coming down for dinner.

"Do you want me to?" I asked haltingly.

"It'd be nice if you did," she replied.

"Okay, I will," I said, feeling a little more relaxed.

She glanced once more at the front of my robe then started to turn away, but stopped.

"Before I forget it, I want you to do me a favor and never, ever wear those around me again," she almost whispered, pointing toward my speedo on the counter top.

Before I could think of an argument for my continuing to wear them she was gone. I went back and sat down, absently staring at the cup she'd left, while reliving how fantastic it had felt to have my cock touching my mother's pussy. Now I've had my cock touching quite a few pussies in my life, but the heat that had radiated from my own mother's pussy was unlike any I'd ever felt before. Some would probably say that

it was purely psychological, but to them I say screw you; they weren't the ones touching it.

Mom hadn't said anything about spending time at the pool, so for several hours I lazed around my place going so far as to do some actual housework. Around eleven I grew restless so I threw on some shorts and headed for a dip. Instead of going through mom's house to get to the pool I took the long way around. I had to jump the waist-high hedge that borders the backyard and acts like a fence because I went around the house in the wrong direction. If I'd gone the other way there was a break in the hedge that served as a gate. With hope in my heart that mom would be there I rounded the corner of the house, only to be sorely disappointed. Shrugging my sadness off I went and spent a couple of hours just lazing around the pool, taking an occasional dip, but mainly lying on my lounge chair praying that mom would eventually show up. She didn't. My mood went from slightly depressed to down right foul when I went back to my place and heard the message my boss had left on my phone. Apparently I would be working twelve-hour shifts for the next two weeks in order for the shop to catch up from the shutdown.

At six I went over and joined my parents for dinner. Surprisingly I had a good time. Dad was in a jovial mood and quite talkative, asking how school and the job I had was going. When I told him I was off school for the summer he glanced at me with an odd look on his face. I'd seen that look before, it was the look he got when he'd totally spaced something out. When I told him about my new work schedule he replied that hard work never killed anyone. I didn't know if it was my imagination or not, but when I was telling dad about work I happened to glance at mom and saw a look of disappointment cloud her face. After dinner we gathered in the front room and watched a movie, of what I really couldn't say. I spent more time sneaking peeks at mom than paying attention to what was playing. Every once and a while I'd catch her doing the same to me. As soon as the movie ended dad said goodnight and went off to bed. I stayed and helped mom tidy up the kitchen, all the while making small talk with her. Neither of us brought up the fact that my penis had touched her pussy, but there was an undercurrent of tension that made me wonder if perhaps she wanted to talk about it. When I made to leave mom walked out with me, flipping on the outside light before shutting the door behind her. Before I

could go she took hold of my arm and stopped me. We stood facing each other for what seemed like an hour, but in reality was only a few seconds. I wasn't sure what was going on until mom spoke.

"So you're going to be working long hours?"

"Yeah," I sadly replied.

"I know you won't have the time to join me for a swim for a while, so I was wondering if you'd do me a favor." There was something in her eyes that had me tingling. If I had to describe it, I'd say it was a look of longing.

"Sure Mom, anything," I responded.

Leaning in she whispered in my ear, "Could I see it once more? Just for inspiration you understand."

"Right here?" I asked, a quiver in my voice.

"Yes," she answered.

Stunned, yet completely overjoyed, I reached down and undid the snap on my jeans. When I started to pull the zipper down mom stepped to my side and put her arm around my waist pressing her mound against my hip. Her eyes slowly lowered as I struggled to work my cock and balls out of the tight jeans. Once they were free I heard her sharp intake of breath. Putting my arm around her shoulder I pulled her tighter against me and watched her face.

"I was hoping it would be a little stiffer," she mumbled.

Whispering in her ear I told her, "I'm sorry Mom, but much like you, it sometimes needs inspiration too."

What she did next shocked me. With her free hand she reached over and wrapped her fingers gingerly around the shaft of my flaccid penis. Her touch was electric, sending jolts

of pleasure coursing through my cock. At first her touch was like feathers floating against my sensitive skin, but as my cock began to grow her touch became more aggressive. Mom spread her legs a little and slowly ground her mound against my hip. The more my cock grew, the harder she pressed herself into me, her hand sliding up and down the shaft of my throbbing cock faster and faster. It wasn't long before my cock was rock hard, pre-cum freely oozing out of my slit. Mom rubbed her palm over the head of my cock and spread some of it down around my shaft allowing her stroking to be smoother.

"I love you so much Mom," I groaned, the feelings rushing through me more intense than any I'd ever felt before.

"I love you too baby," she moaned, grinding her mound faster and faster against my hip, her grip on my penis getting tighter and tighter.

Unable to resist I reached up with my free hand and cupped her tit, the one that wasn't mashed against my ribcage, delighted to find that she wasn't wearing a bra under her blouse. Instantly her nipple responded to my touch, rapidly

growing stiff under my palm. Using the tips of my fingers I began to gently tug on the stiffened bud, eliciting soft moans from mom.

"Oh God Mom, please don't stop," I groaned, the feel of my approaching orgasm growing stronger by the second.

Mom leaned her face in and gently nipped my earlobe, then whispered huskily, "Do it honey, cum for me."

That's all it took. Thick streams of cum exploded from my cock, the first stream landing almost three feet away, the rest landing only inches from where we stood. I had to place my face tightly against her shoulder to stifle the deep squeals of pleasure pouring from my mouth. Between moans I heard mom let out some moans of her own. I leaned against her for several minutes, my body trembling, my legs unsteady as the last waves of pleasure washed over me. When I was finally able to stand on my own I noticed that mom was still holding on to my penis. I glanced down and watched as she used the tip of her middle finger to capture the last glob of cum leaking

from the head of my cock. Slowly, as if in slow motion, my eyes followed her finger as she brought it up and put it in her mouth. As she sucked my cum from her finger our eyes locked.

"Mmmm, essence of Brandon," she purred, her eyes twinkling brighter than I'd ever seen them do before.

Before I could stuff myself back into my jeans mom stepped back and fixed me with a wicked grin.

"Thank you, sweetie. That should tide me over for a while." With that said she leaned in, cupped my face with her hands, and planted a soft kiss on my lips. Then she turned and went inside, leaving me standing there on wobbly legs, my lips tingling.

Work was hell. For twelve hours I did all manner of crap chores, dragging my tired ass home around nine at night. I slept in as late as possible each morning before heading back and doing the same thing for another twelve hours. By the

end of the third day it was beginning to feel like I had no life. Dinner consisted mainly of T.V. dinners cooked in the microwave. With working so long, and sleeping in until right before I had to go to work, I had no time to even go over and visit with my parents. The only bright spot of my days were the text messages my mom would leave on my phone. Messages such as, 'I love you sweetie' to 'hope you are having a great day'. I'd shoot her a brief text back each night right before going to bed.

When Friday rolled around my spirits lifted, at least briefly. My boss informed me that I'd have to work on Saturday. Inwardly I groaned; I'd been looking forward to the weekend a little more than I realized.

When I got home that night I read the text that mom had sent. It said, 'Hi honey, looking forward to spending some time with you on Saturday'. I wrote back and told her I couldn't due to work. Surprisingly she texted me right back to say she was disappointed. She asked if I had Sunday off and I told her as far as I knew I did. Once again she replied right away. She informed me that dad wanted the family to spend some time

together. He planned on us spending the day around the pool and grilling up some steaks. That actually sounded good. I didn't mind spending time around my father, it's just that with him working most of the time we never had the time. On the rare occasions that we did he went out of his way to make it as pleasant as possible.

Saturday night I dragged my ass home and flopped down on the couch so relieved that my boss agreed to give me Sunday off. I hadn't been sitting more than a couple of minutes when my phone chimed letting me know I had a message. Groaning from the effort to rise, I walked over to the counter area where I'd sat my phone down and plopped on top of one of the stools. As expected the message was from mom. This one read, 'Are we on for family time tomorrow'.

I replied yes and waited. I was pretty sure she was going to text me some more. I wasn't disappointed. Her next message read, 'Great. I got a new swimsuit just for the occasion. Would you like to see it?'

'Very much so,' I responded. Half a minute later her reply came. Her message read, 'You like?' but the attached photo took several minutes to load. When it finally did it was in gloriously rich high definition. It showed mom posing in front of the full-length mirror in her bedroom with her phone in one hand and her other one placed on her hip. Her legs were parted and she had the most mischievous grin on her face that I'd ever seen. As soon as I saw what she was wearing my jaw dropped and my eyes bulged out, as well as my cock. The suit she had on was baby blue in color and quite a bit smaller than her normal one. This one showed way more skin. I could see the creamy white skin her other suit had prevented from getting tanned. There wasn't anything indecent about this one; it still covered her in all the proper places. It was just this one had way smaller cups covering her breasts, and the bottom part barely rose above her pubic bone and was held on by strings that tied at her hips. I looked closer at the bottom half and couldn't see any pubic hair anywhere.

Hastily, my hands shaking, I typed in, 'Holy shit, Mom, you're hot'.

When her reply came I got a sinking feeling in my gut. It read, 'I'm glad you like. I had to do some shaving though, my pubs were sticking out everywhere'.

Rapidly I typed in, 'Please, please tell me you didn't shave it all off. I love your bush'.

She came back with, 'No, not all. I left some to play with. So you really like it honey'.

'Oh yeah!' I replied.

Her next text had my jaw dropping again. It read, 'Show me how much you like it'.

Quickly I shucked off my pants and boxers then stared at her photo until my cock jutted out in all its glory. And let me tell you, by staring at her picture it didn't take long, it didn't take long at all. I didn't type anything; I just snapped a photo of my raging hard-on and then hit send. It took a while before she

sent me another message. When she did it read, 'Thanks for the compliment sweetheart. I think I'll say goodnight now'.

I typed in, 'Goodnight Mom', hit send, then headed for the bathroom with my phone in one hand and my cock in the other.

Sometime in the middle of the night I awoke with a start and sat straight up in bed, something nagging at me from the deepest recesses of my brain. What if Dad looks through Mom's phone?

Shaking that thought from my brain I fell back to sleep, a very restless sleep. When I woke again I glanced over at the clock on my nightstand and saw that I had slept till almost three in the afternoon. As if to emphasize that fact I heard a knocking on my front door. It was too heavy of a knock to be mom. Throwing on my robe I went to answer it, my deepest fear bouncing around my head. As I feared it was my dad, but instead of killing me for sending pictures of my dick to his wife, aka Mom, all he wanted to know was whether or not I

was going to join them. Telling him to give me about half an hour I shut the door, breathed a deep sigh of relief, then went into the kitchen and started a much-needed cup of coffee brewing. While sipping it at the counter images of mom in her new swimsuit kept floating through my head, causing my other head to creep out the folds of my robe. A quick shower and a rub settled my nerves, as well as my hormones.

Dressed in the baggiest swim trunks I owned, a black tank top and flip-flops, I headed for the pool. When I got there mom was nowhere in sight but dad was. He was taking leisurely laps around the pool. I'd never noticed before, but as I watched him swim I realized that he really wasn't in bad shape. Sure, he wasn't Chippendale material, but neither was I. His arms and biceps looked strong, and his stomach was flat. Unlike mine though his lacked muscle definition. As he propelled himself forward I could make out strong looking muscles at his shoulders and on his back, making me wonder if he worked out. I just stood there thinking about how little I really knew about my father.

My musing was interrupted by the sound of bare feet on the concrete coming from behind me. Turning, my heart beating a little faster in my chest, I watched mom approach with what looked like a pitcher of margaritas in one hand and a tube of sunscreen in the other. My heart stopped racing because she had a large beach towel wrapped around her torso, completely covering everything from her armpits to the middle of her thighs. On her head she wore a wide brimmed straw hat. She placed both items on the table near the loungers then came over and asked if I would be a dear and get the glasses she left on the kitchen counter. Reluctantly I went inside and retrieved two of the three glasses she had setting out and headed back to the pool.

I returned just in time to see her standing at the edge of the pool with her back to me. Slowly she bent down and placed the hat on the ground then agonizingly slow she unwrapped the towel and let it fall at her feet. My breath caught in my throat and my heart began to palpitate. I was sure I was going to have a stroke or something, the sight before me was just too good to be true. Most of mom's back was bare save for where the tiny strap came around and fastened between her

shoulder blades. The strings that tied around her neck to hold the top up dangled down just below the nape of her neck. The thing that captivated me the most was the lower half of her suit. Basically the bottoms weren't much larger than a thong. It didn't ride in her crack or anything, but it didn't leave much to the imagination either. The triangle of thin fabric left most of her buns hanging out; her beautiful snow white buns. I almost dropped the glasses as my eyes tried to bore holes into her smooth firm cheeks. I was captivated by the abundance of white skin that this suit didn't cover. Thankfully mom gracefully dove into the pool before I shot a load in my trunks.

Regaining control of my senses, but not my raging hormones, I sat the glasses on the table. In a flash I stripped off my shirt and kicked off my flip-flops then rushed over and jumped into the pool. It wasn't long before dad challenged mom and I to a game of tag, something he seemed to like to do every time we were all in the pool. For what must have been a good thirty minutes or so we chased each other from one end of the pool to the other, as expected mom destroyed dad and I. Winded we made our way to the stairs with mom in the lead,

followed closely by dad, then me. When mom began climbing the stairs I stopped and waited with baited breath for what I knew I'd see. I wasn't disappointed. As her ass cleared the water I felt my cock lurch. The thin material of her suit's bottom was molded to her ass, the crack of it clearly discernable. It took all I had to keep from groaning out loud. When dad reached up and gave her a playful slap on her rear I did the only thing I could possibly do. I ducked down under the water and let out a big moan as images of mom's ass cheeks jiggling bombarded my senses. By the time I surfaced mom and dad were already out. I stayed another five minutes forcing thoughts of work to float through my brain in order to get my cock to go down.

With my cock under control I climbed out and went over to where mom and dad were laid back on the loungers, each sipping on a glass of margaritas. Dad asked if I wanted one, I told him I'd prefer a beer and he pointed at the metal cooler near the grill saying, "Got you covered Son." Since there were only two loungers I went to the patio and grabbed one of the folding canvas chairs there, along with a longneck corona. Once I got my chair set up I sat and took a long pull from the

bottle, remarking about the only thing that would make it better was if I had some lime wedges. Mom spoke up and said she had some limes, but before I could get up to go get some she rose, sat her glass down, and headed toward the house saying she'd get them. Dad and I both craned our heads around and watched as she walked away with a subtle sway to her hips.

As soon as she was out of sight dad sat back and let out a soft sigh before saying, "Damn, your Mom is a beautiful woman, don't you think so Son?"

"Uh...I suppose. I've never really thought about it before," I replied as casually as I possibly could.

"What do you think of her new bikini? And those tan lines, um, um, you gotta love those," he said, then reached over and refilled his glass.

God, I guess I'm more like Dad than I thought, I realized.

"I mean there's something about tan lines on a woman that just gets my motor going," dad continued.

"Geez, Dad, that's Mom we're talking about here," I groaned.

"Yeah, you're right, I'm sorry Son. But there's nothing wrong with appreciating what's right in front of you, now is there?"

"I guess not," I replied.

Dad turned to look at me and said somberly, "I want to thank you, Brandon."

"For what," I asked confused.

"For helping your Mother. She's been kind of moody for a while, but lately she seems a whole lot happier. She told me that you and her are spending a little more quality time

together. I think that's brightened her mood, so thank you. Her happiness means a lot to me."

"You know Dad, if you'd quit working so much and spend more time with her I think that would make her happier too," I said. I wanted to add that if he'd fuck her a little more regular she be real happy, but I couldn't bring myself to do it.

"I work like I do so we can be financially set. I plan on retiring as early as possible. I've almost reached my goal. Once I do that then your Mother and I can spend as much time together as she wants. Maybe do a little traveling. So you see, that's why I'm working so hard."

"I get it, Dad. It'd just be nice if you could spend more time with her, us, now," I told him.

"I know it would, but until then, that's where you come in Brandon. I know you have work, and in a couple of months school, but it would really make me happy if you could find a

way to work some time in your schedule for your Mother too."

"I'll do what I can, Dad," I promised.

"I knew I could count on you Son," he said, then draining his glass before refilling it once more.

I was thinking that he was going to get drunk as fuck if he didn't slow down when mom showed up. She handed me a small bowl of lime slices and held out another corona. Looking at the one I already had I was surprised to see that it was empty. I sat my empty down and took the fresh one, our hands touching in the process. Once again I felt an electric charge race through me. I glanced up at her face and saw the tiny little grin on her lips, as well as the twinkle in her eyes. After she sat down we spent the next thirty minutes talking about this and that. I got up once for another beer, while dad polished off another margarita. Mom just sipped hers. Halfway through his fourth drink dad stood and said it was time to fire up the grill.

Before he stepped away he glanced down at mom and said, "You really should put some sunscreen on hon."

Mom picked up the tube of sunscreen and held it up to him saying, "Here, I don't want to get my hands greasy."

"Well I can't, I've got to get the grill going," he said, and then turned to me. "Brandon, be a pal and help your Mother out."

"Uh, sure Dad," I said to his retreating back.

"Here you go honey," mom said holding out the sunscreen. When I took it she rolled onto her stomach and glanced back over her shoulder and said, "Make sure you cover everywhere that's white."

The way her lounge was sitting it allowed me to keep an eye on dad as I sat on the edge and began to apply the lotion onto her shoulders. Quickly I worked my way down making sure

to cover all of her exposed skin. Once her back was covered I slid further down and began spreading the sunscreen on her legs, only going to just above her knees. Clearing my throat I asked her if she really wanted me to go any higher. She told me yes, and also told me to make sure I got her cheeks real good. In order to reach both thighs sufficiently I told her I'd need to kneel between her legs. Without a moments hesitation she parted her legs and told me to have at it.

Sucking in a deep breath I knelt between her knees and ran a bead of sunscreen up the back of her right thigh and onto the bottom swell of her ass cheek. With one hand on the outside and the other on the inside, my thumbs touching on the back of her thigh, I began to rub the lotion in. I was as nervous as a Chihuahua knowing that dad was just a few feet away, so instead of watching where my hands were I kept a close eye on him. Making long up and down strokes the length of her thigh it wasn't long before the hand on the inside bumped against her crotch. I looked down to see if I'd gone too far, but all mom did was crane her head around enough to smile at me. "Game on," I thought. The next time my hand bumped her crotch I wiggled the finger closest to her pussy. I heard a

faint moan. I continued with her right thigh for a few minutes longer making sure that each new bump against her crotch was a little harder. By the time I finished with her left thigh she was purring under her breath. Next I switched to the exposed skin of her fabulously round ass. I did both cheeks at the same time, letting the tips of my thumbs dip lower and lower down her crack until they were touching the wet center between her legs. She let out an 'oooh' almost giving me a heart attack. I thought I saw dad getting ready to turn around so I jumped up and hastily stepped away from mom. He didn't turn around.

Mom flipped onto her back, placed her hands down by her sides and asked, "What about my front, Brandon?"

"Mom! Are you crazy, Dad's right there," I hissed under my breath.

Chuckling, she called out, "Ed, would you tell our son it's okay to put sunscreen on the front of me. Apparently he's shy."

Laughter came from the direction of the grill as dad turned and said, "It's okay Son, she's your Mother, she won't bite."

A sudden thought occurred to me, 'Maybe it was dad who was crazy. He knew what mom was wearing and I, for one, sure as hell wouldn't let another man rub stuff all over her.'

He went back to doing whatever it was that he was doing, while I went back to touching mom's flawless skin. I rushed through doing her legs and arms then stood behind her chair and began to do her shoulders. I was pretty sure that where I was standing blocked dad's view, so when I placed my hands on her upper chest I just let them slide down until they slipped under her top. Gently I cupped the soft pliant mounds, and then pinched each nipple before quickly removing my hands. Mom sucked in her breath with a hissing sound and tilted her head up so she could see my face. With a nod of her head she indicated that she wanted to tell me something. I leaned down and cocked my ear so she could whisper in it, my eyes firmly glued to her mound.

"I told you I left enough to play with," she whispered then grabbed the waistband of her suit and lifted the front showing me a thatch of soft black pubic curls.

Before standing back up I playfully whispered, "Damn Mom, stop, you're making my tongue hard."

When we both stopped giggling like little schoolgirls I finished spreading the sunscreen on her. The temptation to slip my hand down the front of her bottoms was almost overwhelming. The only thing that stopped me from doing it was knowing my father was just a few feet away. Sitting the sunscreen down, I let out a sigh of resignation, and returned to my chair. I polished off two more coronas before dad hollered out that chow was ready. He had grilled up t-bones and some asparagus, and there was macaroni salad for those that wanted it. I was the only one that did. We ate in the house at the dining table with mom once again covered by the overly large beach towel. As soon as we finished eating mom got up and started clearing the table. Before she could even make it to the sink I surprised both her and dad by telling them to get the hell out and go relax because I was going to

clean up. They looked at each other, then back at me and simultaneously said thanks. Once they left I went about clearing away the dishes and arranging them in the dishwasher.

I was about half through when mom came back into the kitchen, minus the beach towel, and began making another pitcher of margaritas. I just happened to be looking when she bent over, with her ass pointed in my direction, to retrieve the bottle of tequila from one of the cabinets under the center island. My heart skipped a beat when I noticed how the crotch of her suit had shifted to one side fully exposing one puffy outer lip to my astonished eyes.

"That suit looks fantastic on you Mom," I croaked.

She stood and turned to look at me, a bottle of tequila in one hand and a bottle of orange-flavored liqueur in the other. The smile on her face seemed a little forced.

"I'm glad that at least one man in this house noticed," she said while she fixed the pitcher.

Chuckling I said, "Oh, trust me, Dad noticed."

After mixing another pitcher of margaritas she picked it up and snickered, "Good, maybe I'll get lucky tonight." Before I could utter a witty comeback, she was gone, leaving me dwelling on how lovely her lightly furred outer lip had looked. By the time I finished cleaning up I was sporting a rather decent boner. Self-consciously I went out and joined my parents praying that dad wouldn't notice the bulge in my trunks, at the same time hoping that mom would. Neither gave any indication that they noticed so I grabbed another beer and retook my seat. With the way dad was putting away the margaritas I was pretty sure that mom wasn't going to get lucky tonight. Selfishly I inwardly smiled. Three more coronas later I told them I had to get to bed. Telling them goodnight, I went over and gave mom a quick peck on the cheek, then gave dad a quick slap on the shoulder and left.

I was almost at the bottom of the stairs to my place when dad caught up to me. He informed me that he was going to be out of town for the next two weeks and wanted to make sure that

I'd look after mom. Apparently his company was sending him to Switzerland to represent them at an annual bankers summit. I almost felt sorry for him when I asked if mom knew, and he told me no. He told me that he planned on telling her tonight. I told him good luck with that; the worried look on his face let me know that he knew the shit was probably going to hit the fan too. As he walked away I couldn't help but think; Mom was not going to be a happy camper. Thanks to the beers I'd drunk I slept like a baby.

Thanks to the beers, Monday took forever to get over. I woke with a splitting headache that lasted until about an hour before I finished my twelve-hour shift. When I got home all I wanted to do was shower and go to bed. The rest of the week wasn't much better than Monday. The only difference was I didn't have to take way more than the recommended dosage of aspirin like I had done on Monday. Wednesday evening I got home and as usual hopped into the shower. When I got out, my phone was chiming indicating I had a text message. It was from mom asking if I was up for some company. I would've loved to have her over, the possibility of perhaps getting to touch her some more very appealing, but I wrote

back and said I was just too beat. I knew dad had left Monday evening, and most likely without getting her off first, so I wanted her to be as receptive as possible to what I had planned for Saturday. God how time dragged after that, each day felt like a week.

It was close to ten when I finally woke Saturday morning. I got up and took a wicked piss then went in and started a cup of coffee brewing, all the while completely naked. It took two cups before I felt awake enough to pick up my phone and text mom. I asked if she fancied a dip in the pool. While I waited for her to reply I sat on the stool and absently played with my cock. Almost fifteen minutes went by before she responded, my anxiety level rising with each passing second. I had begun to think that maybe she was mad that I had turned her invitation down on Wednesday. My anxiety level went way down when I read her reply.

She wrote: 'I'm already there. Please join me. Also, I know I told you not to, but could you wear your speedo for me?'

Little did she know; that's exactly what I had planned to wear in the first place. Heading into the bathroom I showered and shaved, making my face as smooth as possible. By the time I struggled into my speedo my cock was already at half-mast. Before I left I grabbed a towel and a large bandana with the Harley-Davidson logo on it that I had tacked on my wall.

As I approached the pool I noticed mom sitting on her lounge with her knees up. Even though she'd moved her lounge into the shade near the patio she was still spreading sunscreen on her legs. When I got closer I understood why she was sitting in the shade instead of the sun. The areas that her new swimsuit, which she was wearing now, hadn't covered looked a little reddish. Not bad, but definitely not tanned yet. Picking up my lounge I carried it over and sat it next to hers, her eyes glued to my speedo the whole time. Setting my towel and bandana down I went and dove into the pool, swam a couple of laps then climbed out, happy with the knowledge that the water had tightened the speedo around my cock. From the looks I was receiving from mom when I returned, I'd say she was happy too. It felt like we were replaying the last time we were out here alone. My cock began to harden

just thinking about it. Flipping my lounge around and pushing it right up against mine I was now able to look at her, and easily touch her, without any strain at all. Of course she could do the same to me if she chose to. As I sat she eyed me suspiciously for situating my lounge so close to hers. I just smiled and told her it was so we didn't have to shout at each other when we talked. Her reply to that was, "Yeah, right."

I kept my hands to myself, and my cock hidden in my speedo, as we told each other how our week went. She listened attentively as I recounted all the nasty jobs I'd had to do, from scrubbing out the walk-in freezer, to scouring more pans than I thought existed on the planet. She actually got a chuckle out of that. In turn she told me how mad she'd been at dad for getting drunk and then springing the news of his trip on her. She also told me she was mad that he passed out in bed after playing with her pussy, leaving her high and dry desperately craving release.

"So what did you do?" I asked, all ears.

"I did the only thing I could. I used my rubber buddy while staring at the picture of your penis you sent me," she answered flatly.

The way she had said it left me wondering about something.

"Were you able to get off?"

"Yeah," she replied, a hint of something amiss in her voice.

"But?" I asked.

She looked at me as if I had just read her mind and said, "It scares me that you seem to know me so well."

"Friends can tell when something is wrong. I'm going to assume you got off, but it wasn't as satisfying as it should have been. Am I close?"

"Damn that's scary, and yes, you're actually right on the money. Even with your picture it took forever to reach an orgasm. And since that night I haven't been able to push myself over the top, no matter how hard I try." Her face clouded over and her eyes dimmed as she told me this.

"It looks to me like we need to up your stimulation, Mom. I have an idea if you're game," I softly said.

"Oh honey, I don't know. I've been thinking that maybe we shouldn't be doing anything at all. We're... I'm letting things get out of control as it is. I mean I gave my own son a hand job for Christ sake. What kind of Mother does that?"

"I'll tell you what kind of Mother does that. A Mother who loves her son unconditionally and isn't afraid to show him how much she loves him. Just for the sake of argument, if you and I were to make love, and I not saying we're going to, but if we did, it would just be a testament of our love. There wouldn't be anything dirty, or wrong about it. The only thing

it would be is the ultimate expression of our love for each other."

When I finished speaking mom sat straighter in her seat, a calmness coming over her face, and asked me, "Have you ever thought about having sex with me?"

"Truthfully, yes Mom, I have. But I'd never do anything that you wouldn't want me to; I love you and only want you to be happy. I'm quite content with just helping you the way we're doing, because frankly I get just as much pleasure out of watching you have an orgasm as you do having one," I answered, and then asked, "Have you ever thought about having sex with me?"

Mom cleared her throat and replied, "Uh, I think I'll take the Fifth Amendment to that question."

Smiling broadly I reached over and lightly touched her knee. I felt a tiny tremor run up her leg.

"You, uh, mentioned you have an idea," she whispered.

"I do, but you'll have to trust me," I answered.

"You know I trust you Brandon. I'd trust you with my life," she said, almost sounding offended.

"I didn't mean to offend you Mom, I know you trust me," I said, and then stood up, pushing my lounge away to make enough room for her to stand up too.

She sat there watching my every move and looked a little surprised when I held out my hand and said, "Come with me Mom."

She took my hand and grabbed her cell phone off her chair with the other then stood up. Once she was upright I grabbed my bandana and tucked it into the waistband of my speedo

then led her into her house. I could feel her hesitate when I started up the stairs.

"Where are you taking me Brandon?" she asked nervously.

"To bed Mom," I casually answered.

She stopped dead in her tracks halfway up the stairs; her hand still clutched softly in mine, and said, "Oh baby, as good as that sounds, you know we can't."

Turning I gazed lovingly into her eyes while my free hand came up and gently stroked the side of her face. "It's not what you think beautiful lady," I told her and lightly pulled on her hand to coax her up the rest of the way.

She followed me into her bedroom and I positioned her next to her bed, her eyes wide and questioning as I removed the covers from the bed leaving only the bottom sheet. I tugged the bandana out of my waistband, took her phone out of her

hand, and placed both on her nightstand, then stepped behind her and started untying the top of her swimsuit.

"Brandon?" she yelled.

"Relax Mom, remember, I've already seen you naked," I whispered soothingly into her ear just as the strings pulled free.

When I took hold of the tiny clasp that held her top on she anxiously asked, "What are you doing son?"

"There's something I want you to experience Mom, something I know you're going to love," I replied as the clasp released its hold and the back strap parted, her top falling to the floor before she had a chance to stop it.

"Bandon..." she moaned as my hands found the strings at her hips and pulled.

The bottom half of her suit caught between her thighs until she parted her legs slightly allowing it to join the top on the floor. Once again I was amazed at how small and round her ass was, the beautiful snow-white globes perfect in every way. She was shaking some, but it wasn't because she was cold. The large wet spot on the gusset of her bottoms told me that she was actually aroused. Stepping around in front of her I let my eyes wash over her entire length. Instinctively she held one arm across her breast while her other hand was placed over her mound to shield it from my view. Gently I pulled both arms away and positioned them by her sides. I stepped back and marveled at what was before me. Her small breasts had goose bumps on them, the quarter-sized areolas crinkled and taught had shrunk down and were now no bigger than a dime, the upturned nipples stiff and protruding. Her pubic hair had been trimmed but only on the top and at the sides, there was still a nice healthy bush covering most of her mound. She watched my every move, a look of apprehension in her eyes as I slowly lowered my speedo to the floor. A soft gasp escaped her as my blood-engorged cock sprang free, bobbed a few times before settling down and pointing straight out at her. Her bottom lip began to quiver.

"God, you're gorgeous Mom," I whispered.

"Honey, I don't know about this," she whispered back, her voice trembling slightly.

Stepping up to her I cupped her face in my hands and stared deeply into her eyes, the head of my cock touching her warm skin just above her pubic hair.

"Trust me, Mom." I could see the fear in her eyes, but I also saw something else, I saw the look of excitement too.

With a small nod of her head and a tentative smile she said, "Okay."

When I saw the muscles in her body relax a little I stepped around and stood behind her. Picking up the bandana I proceeded to blindfold her.

"Oh Brandon, I don't know about this," she mumbled, her hands automatically going up to touch the cloth covering her eyes.

Gently placing my hands on top of her shoulders and moving close enough for my cock to rub against the crack of her ass I softly said, "Relax."

Slowly her hands returned to her sides. Moving back around in front of her I told her I was going to help her get on the bed. Once she was lying flat on her back I asked where she kept her rubber friend. She hesitated before telling me it was in her nightstand. Her head turned in that direction as she heard me open the drawer. The rubber cock was on top so I took it out and placed it at the foot of the bed. Feeling satisfied that I was ready to proceed I walked up and stood at the side of the bed near her head. Starting with her jaw line I ever so gently began to run my fingertips across her skin. I traced her jaw then worked my way down to her neck. I spent several minutes lightly touching all parts of that area, alternating between her neck and slightly behind her ears. When I was

done there my fingertips drifted down and began to caress her shoulders and upper chest.

"Mmm, that feels good," she murmured.

I heard her moan softly when I started running my fingertips along the outer swell of her breasts. When I worked my fingertips around between her breasts she let out another moan, this one slightly louder than the last. For well over ten minutes my fingertips ran circles around the circumference of her tits, edging closer and closer to her nipples but never actually touching them. She let out a small groan when I moved my fingers away from her breasts and down toward her ribcage. The lower my hands traveled the more she began to squirm. When I was touching her halfway between her chest and hips she giggled and said that tickled, so I stopped using my fingertips and just ran the flat of my palms along her side. I continued doing it that way as my hands glided over her flat abdomen all the way down until they were just above her pubic bush. I caressed this area for another five minutes before reverting back to using my fingertips as I worked my way down along her hips. When I let the tips of

my fingers run through the soft curls of her bush, staying at least an inch away from where her pubic hair curved down toward her slit, she began to subtly raise and lower her pelvis.

Forcing myself not to dip my fingers between her legs I continued caressing her until my hands had traveled all the way down to her feet. I used the flat of my hand as I worked my way back up, massaging one leg at a time. The higher my hands went the more I heard mom moan. When my hands reached her thigh she parted that leg to allow me access to reach all the way up. Right before my hand reached her crotch I switched over to the other leg, eliciting a soft groan from mom. Leaving her other leg where it was she parted this leg too when my hand reached her thigh. Now as I gazed down at her I could see the entirety of her pussy. The pink tip of her clit was peeking out of its protective hood and fluid coated most of her slit. Teasingly I placed feather-like touches along the inside of her thighs, the tips of my fingers lightly dancing along the fringes of her puffy outer lips but not coming into contact with them. Mom's squirming became more pronounced, as did the rocking of her pelvis, and more of her juices oozed out her already wet slit.

"Oh please...touch me," she moaned, her own hand sliding up to palm her mound.

Gently I removed her hand and placed her arm back along her side.

"Not yet Mom, you're not ready," I whispered, the aroma of her excited pussy filling my nostrils and causing my cock to throb.

"I'm more than ready," she insisted, but made no further attempts to touch herself.

Reaching down I picked up the rubber cock. I smeared some of the pre-cum leaking from my cock over the head of the fake dick to get it lubricated. Next I held it straight up and down and lightly pressed the head of it against mom's clit. Immediately her hips rose causing the head of the rubber cock to slide along the length of her slit, becoming coated with

her juices. When her hips lowered I made sure the head raked against her clit. Mom began to buck her hips up and down forcing the rubber cock to ride along her slit, the puffy outer lips lubricating the top half of its shaft. Twisting the fake cock I let mom's juices coat the other side of the rubber dick too. Once I saw that it was slick and gleaming I pulled it away from mom's pussy. Her hips continued to push her pelvis up for a few seconds before she realized that the cock wasn't there anymore.

"Awww," she groaned, and then growled, "Don't tease me!"

Softly I placed my hand flat against her bush and covered her clitoris with my thumb. She sighed and lifted her knees, her thighs spreading apart until she was as open as possible. I could see her inner lips and the pink opening to her entrance. Gently I placed the head of the rubber dick at the opening and pushed it forward while at the same time I rotated my thumb against her stiffened clit.

"Aaaagggggghhhhh," she screamed as I pushed the fake cock about three inches into her sopping hole.

Slowly I began to fuck her pussy with the rubber cock while gently rolling my thumb across her clit. I made sure not to put too much inside her, just enough so that her pussy could grip it. As I used the dick on her I had to remove my thumb from her clit so I could lean far enough to capture one of her nipples in my mouth.

"Yes, yes, yes," she chanted when I began to gently nibble on her ripe nipple.

About five minutes later she began to really fuck the rubber cock, her hips rapidly bucking up and down and sometimes rotating from side to side. Her chest heaved as she sucked in large gulps of air. Knowing that she was getting close I put the rest of my plan in action. The tricky part would be when I climbed onto the bed between her legs. I was worried that when she felt the bed shift from my weight she would lose her focus and break the sexual spell she was under. She might

even think that I was getting on the bed so I could fuck her. That wasn't my plan at all, but she didn't know it. In order to keep her focused I pushed the cock further into her until there was close to six inches sliding in and out her slick, wet cunt. The tactic worked, because she didn't seem to notice as I crawled between her legs and placed my face an inch from her pussy. Slowly I withdrew the rubber cock until the head popped out with a plopping sound.

"No! No! Put it back in! I was right there," Mom screamed.

Throwing the fake cock to the floor I buried my face in Mom's pussy and began to lick her soaked slit from one end to the other, my eyes looking over her bush at her face the whole time. I felt her tense up and watched as she reached up and tore the bandana off her head. Her eyes grew as wide as saucers when she saw my head between her legs, and she tried to squirm away from me. Holding on to the top of her thighs so she couldn't get away I continued to lap her juices from her slit.

"No baby, this is going too far," she started saying until I clamped my lips on her clit and sucked it into my mouth.

"Oh shit...Brandon...we can't...do...this," she huffed, her legs lifting so she could put them over my shoulders.

With each tender stroke of my tongue I could feel her resistance fading. Stretching my arms upward I was able to cup her tits in my hand. Gently I kneaded the tender flesh while rubbing my palms against her hard nipples. I saw her eyes close as she tilted her head back and heaved out a deep sigh. Hungrily I feasted on my mother's pussy, savoring the sweet nectar of her flowing juices, as her pelvis began to slowly hump up against my face.

"Oh my god," she whispered huskily as her head lowered back to the bed, while her hands snaked down so her fingers could run through my hair.

I took my time eating mom's pussy. I wasn't sure if an opportunity like this would ever come up again and I sure as hell wasn't going to rush it. Besides, I also wanted to make her

come as many times as possible. Surprisingly her first orgasm came after only a few nibbles on her clit.

"Brandon, Brandon, you're making me cum," she whimpered as a small tremor raced through her.

Encouraged I began to run my tongue deep into her slit, pushing it into her opening each time I got near it. Gradually her thighs began to tighten around my ears. Using my fingers I tugged and pulled on her nipples, occasionally pinching them, which caused her to moan quite loud. Fluid continued to leak from her and I happily lapped it up. Five minutes went by, then ten. I counted four small orgasms during that time. I wasn't satisfied, I wanted mom to explode. I wanted her to experience the ultimate climax. Even though my tongue was getting sore I renewed my attack on her cunt, licking and sucking her like a man possessed. When I sucked her puffy outer lips one at a time into my mouth and caressed them with the flat of my tongue mom began to buck harder against my face. It wasn't until I bathed each of her delicate inner lips, sucking her fluids from them slowly, did she start really moaning. Making one final pass through her slit I worked my

mouth upward and latched onto her clitoris, my lips holding it firmly in place as the tip of my tongue relentlessly batted it back and forth. Her fingers pulled at my hair as her thighs clamped my head in a vise-like grip. I could feel the heels of her feet digging painfully into my shoulder blades as she used her legs to lift her ass completely off the bed. The sound of her screaming in ecstasy could probably be heard half a mile away.

"Uuuuuuggggggghhhhhh shit...I'm cummmmmiiiiinnnnnnnnngggggggg!" she roared, the floodgates of her pussy opening and drenching my tongue, lips, and chin with her sweet essence.

For what must have been at least three full minutes her body shook so violently I wasn't able to hold onto her tits. She let out a long drawn out sigh and her body settled softly down on the bed while her thighs released my head from their death grip. I lay there with my tongue still pressed against her clit until her legs slowly slid off my back with her feet to either side of me. As her legs continued to tremble I slowly inched myself up until I could lay the side of my face against her

lower abdomen. With my ear pressed to her skin I could hear her heart thumping wildly in her chest. I lay there in total contentment, a huge smile on my face, knowing that she had reached nirvana. Gradually her breathing returned to normal as I softly stroked her skin.

"Damn, where did you learn to eat pussy that good?" She finally spoke.

"I don't know, I guess it's because eating pussy is one of my favorite things to do, it just comes naturally," I lazily answered, the sweet aroma of her soaked pussy wafting up my nose.

"Come up here sweetie and hold me," mom requested.

I worked my way up and lay beside her, slipping my arm around her shoulders and pulling her tight against me. Before I could get comfortable she wormed lower until her head was resting on my chest, and her upper leg was casually thrown over mine, the top of her thigh lightly touching my sensitive

ball sack. As we lay there quietly, my fingers softly stroking her shoulder, her fingertips grazing lightly over my chest, time seemed to stand still. For several minutes we lay like this, both content except for the raging hard-on I was sporting.

"You know we weren't suppose to have sex," mom whispered, her fingertips gliding lower.

"We didn't," I softly responded.

Lifting her head so she could gaze up at me she quietly said, "I don't know where you learned about the birds and the bees, but the last time I checked, when a man eats a woman's pussy it meant they had sex, albeit just orally.

Grinning I retorted, "Here's something for your edification Mom. Back in the nineties, when President Clinton was going through his impeachment trial, he testified under oath that he did not have sexual relations with that Monica chick. Of course the whole world knew for a fact that she had sucked

his cock, she just wasn't very good at swallowing it all. That's why there was DNA on her dress."

Mom laid her head back on my chest and asked, "So what's your point?"

"My point is; if the President of the United States says that having your dick sucked doesn't constitute having sex, then my eating your fabulously tasty pussy would fall into the non-sex category too."

Scooting down until her head was even with my hips, mom said, "I see. Well, if the President doesn't think oral counts as sex, then it should be okay if I were to help my Son with this obviously uncomfortable problem."

Before I could utter a word mom propped herself on her elbow, leaned in and took the head of my cock into her mouth.

"Oh shit!" I barely managed to squeak out. Any other words I might have had died in my throat as more and more of my cock disappeared into her mouth. My head sank onto the pillow and my eyes fluttered shut as mom used her tongue like a magic pleasure wand. Wave after wave of pleasure assaulted every fiber of my being, forcing my breathing to become labored as mom's lips and tongue did things to my throbbing cock that no one has ever done before. I'd love to be able to say that I lasted a long time, I truly would. But with my already heightened state of arousal it was only a matter of minutes, hell, I don't know, possibly seconds, before I was blasting thick streams of cum into mom's mouth while a constant stream of moans poured from my lips. Lifting my head I watched as mom swallowed it all without spilling a single drop. Somewhere in the back of my mind a little voice said, "Take that Monica!"

Mom licked my cock clean then hoisted herself up until once again she was lying next to me with her head resting on my chest, and her leg draped over my thighs. The touch of her hot thigh lightly rubbing against my balls prevented my spent cock from deflating completely.

"That was awesome, Mom, but you really didn't have to do that," I told her, my fingers combing through her hair.

"What kind of Mother would I be if I left my Son in agony?" she replied, her hand wandering down to softly fondle my balls.

I don't know what it was, maybe the taboo of what we were doing, or maybe it was just the knowledge that it was my mother touching me intimately that got my blood flowing. Whatever it was it was having a startling effect on my cock. I actually started to regain my hardness much sooner than I'd ever done before.

Slowly mom rose and then threw her leg all the way over me and straddled my hips, trapping my semi-hard cock under her with the outer lips of her wet pussy wedging my shaft between them. Blood quickly filled my cock causing it to swell the rest of the way as mom gently slid her wet slit back and

forth along the length of it. Propping herself on stiff arms she leaned forward enough to stare down at my face.

"I love you so much sweetheart," she whispered.

Staring into her twinkling eyes I said, "I love you too Mom, with all my heart."

Leaning all the way down she placed a soft kiss on my lips, then sat back up. In a husky voice she said, "Show me how much you love me baby."

"How Mom?" I asked, my lips tingling from her kiss.

"Make love to me sweetheart," she answered, her eyes boring into mine.

Lifting my hands I cupped her face and asked, "Are you sure Mom?"

Rearranging herself until she was squatting over my hips, her feet flat on the bed, she reached between us and hefted my fully engorged cock until it was pointing upward. Next she rubbed the tip of my cock through her slit several times before slowly lowering herself down enough for the head to enter her pussy.

With her eyes half closed she said, "I've never been more sure about something in my life."

Placing her hands flat on my chest she slowly lowered herself down until my cock was completely buried inside her glorious heat, her ass resting on my balls. I watched her face go slightly pale for a brief second, her lips pinched tightly shut, her eyes opening wide. A groan of both pain and pleasure came from deep inside her as she settled upon me. The heat surrounding my cock was beyond belief, as well as the tightness of her cunt. I could feel the walls of her pussy sending little ripples running up and down the length of my shaft. Placing my hands on her hips I pushed upwards.

"Don't move honey, let me get used to your lovely fat cock first," she groaned.

I lay still, engulfed in my mother's tight cunt and slid my hands up to cup her tits. She smiled down at me, then leaned in and placed her lips tenderly against mine. At first the kiss was soft and gentle, but after a few seconds it grew more passionate. It wasn't long before we were hungrily devouring the others lips, mouth and tongue. Mom lay all the way down on me, her feet sliding down until her legs were stretched out next to mine, her small soft tits flattened on my chest.

Coming up for air mom rasped, "Shit, you feel so good in me baby."

"God, you're tight Mom," I said between moans of delight.

"It's not that honey, you just have a really fat cock," she whimpered as she nuzzled her face against my neck.

With one hand I reached up and started to stroke her hair as her hips began to gently undulate, the wave-like motion pulling my cock slightly out on the upward swing, while sucking me back in on the downward push. She had her forearms under my back, and her hands clutched my shoulders as her hips moved lazily up and down. My breath caught in my throat as the slick velvet walls of her cunt gripped my shaft as she rose, and then loosened as she came down, spreading a warmth through my penis like none I'd felt before. Wrapping my arms around her I began to softly caress her back while gently pushing up to meet her downward thrust.

Huskily mom whispered in my ear, "Don't move baby, let Mama do the work."

I fought the urge to pump my cock into her as deep as I could go; instead I surrendered myself to her heavenly manipulations and let her have her way with me. Soft purring noises started coming from her as I slowly worked my hands down along her spine until they were clutching the soft round

globes of her ass. I could feel her ass muscles contract and release as my fingers gently kneaded the smooth pliant flesh, her breath hot on my neck. Several long minutes passed before I felt mom's pace begin to increase, her hips rising a little higher and falling a little faster. Soon she was fucking me with an urgency that could only be borne of long spells of sexual frustration. Faster and faster she rode me, pushing and pulling my rigid cock in and out of her at such an angle it allowed her clitoris to constantly glide along the top of my shaft.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," mom chanted over and over, each time a little louder than the last.

Suddenly I felt her cunt start to constrict around my cock. Rapidly shifting position mom pulled her knees forward and sat straight up on me allowing my throbbing cock to reach the very depths of her pussy. What happened next caught me completely by surprise; I'd never seen anything like it in my life. Mom went totally rigid, her eyes slammed shut, and her mouth opened into a silent scream as a geyser of fluid forced its way out of her pussy and cascaded down the shaft of my

cock, saturating my pubic hair and balls. As the flow of juices pouring out of her slowed she began to tremble, her voice returning.

"Yeeeeessssssss!" she screamed out just before her sweaty body collapsed on top of me.

Stunned, speechless, amazed, whatever you want to call it, I was all that and more. All I could do was hold mom in my arms; my cock still firmly entrenched in her sopping wet pussy, as my mind replayed what had just happened over and over. I don't know how long we lay like that, me softly caressing her while small tremors continued to race through her body. As her shaking subsided she whispered hoarsely into my ear, "I can't believe that you made me squirt, that's only happened once before."

Gently rolling us over so I was on top, I propped my upper body up on stiff arms and said, "Lets see if we can make it three times Mom."

Her eyes went wide as I began to saw in and out of her at a leisurely pace, her pelvis rising to meet my thrusts. I know I would have blown my load when mom had climaxed, but since she'd sucked me dry earlier I felt like I could go forever. I was wrong. When mom wrapped her legs around me and locked her ankles behind my back it bent her in such a way that I was able to reach deeper into her than ever. That extra little depth poured fuel to the fires of pleasure coursing through my throbbing cock. Suddenly I was pumping her cunt faster and faster, the sound of my wet balls slapping her ass bouncing off the walls of her bedroom.

With love in her eyes she said, "Harder baby. Fuck me harder, I won't break."

For another five minutes I pounded my mother's pussy for all I was worth. Sweat rolled off me as our bodies slapped together in a chorus of grunts and groans. Faster and harder I slid in and out of her, the telltale signs of an approaching orgasm welling up from deep inside me. With long forceful strokes I strived to hold off until I knew we would come

together. Mom's fingernails raked my back as I felt her begin to shudder.

"Now baby, now," she squealed.

A blinding white light exploded in my head and my toes actually curled as my own orgasm racked every nerve fiber in my body. With a guttural howl, I slammed my cock into mom's constricting cunt and held it deep inside her as my balls emptied, my thick hot cum flooding her so badly it dribbled out around my pulsating penis. Even as my cock began to slowly deflate and slip from the mess of our combined fluids I could feel the walls of mom's cunt milking me for every last drop. Once I slipped completely out of her I collapsed and lay by her side exhausted, the happiest motherfucker in the world.

We lay there in a post-coital embrace, neither able to speak for some time. Mom's head rested once more on my chest, and the tip of one of her fingers drew feathery circles around my left nipple. After about ten minutes her finger traced

down my abdomen and began twirling through my matted pubic hair. When she started running her fingernail up and down the shaft of my very wet cock I felt a spark of life. In no time at all I was semi hard and mom was looking up at me with a smile on her face.

"Does this thing ever get soft?" she asked in a seductive tone.

"I told you, not when it's around a gorgeous woman such as yourself, Mom," I replied, completely amazed that my cock had any feeling in it at all.

"Could you do me a favor sweetie?" she asked, her finger continuing to rub the shaft.

"Anything Mom," I replied, savoring the delicate way she was touching me.

"The next time we have sex, could you not call me Mom? It kind of creeps me out when your cocks in me and you call me

that. Call me Linda instead. Any other time you can call me Mom," she told me.

"So, we are going to have sex again?" I happily asked.

Her finger stopped moving, but her smile beamed as she answered. "Your father isn't going to retire for another five years, so it's up to you to keep your Mother happy. Think you can handle it?"

With a grin I replied confidently, "Oh yeah. I think I can handle that."

"That's the Son I know and love," she laughed.

Just as her finger began to trace around my cock some more her cell phone rang.

"That's your Dad calling, could you answer it sweetheart while I clean up this mess?" she didn't wait for an answer, she just scooted down and started licking our juices from my cock.

With a shaky hand I reached over and picked up her phone and answered it, my voice slightly high because mom had took that moment to slide her lips around the head of my cock. "Hello," I said into the phone.

"Brandon?" my dad's voice came back.

"Yeah," was all I could manage as more of my growing cock disappeared in mom's mouth.

"What did I do, call your phone by mistake?" dad asked.

Finding my voice I replied, "No, this is her phone. She's just busy cleaning something at the moment and told me to answer it."

"Oh, okay. Could you put her on when she's done?"

"I don't know Dad, it looks like what she's cleaning is getting kind of hard so it might take a while."

"Well okay, just have her call me when she gets a chance. And Brandon?"

"Yeah Dad?"

"I just want to thank you again for keeping your Mother company, it seems to help. I'll be retiring soon enough, so if it's not too much trouble I'd like you to do whatever it takes to make her happy."

"You know Dad, you have enough stress in your life you really don't need to be worrying about Mom. I'm sure I'll be able to keep her happy until you retire if need be."

"You're a real pal Son, I can't thank you enough. I'll talk with you later, bye."

"Bye Dad," I said. As I slowly placed mom's phone back on the nightstand somewhere in the back of my mind I wondered why dad had emphasized, whatever it takes. Before I could dwell on it I felt mom's tongue work its magic on my now throbbing cock.

"So Linda, while you're busy cleaning that, you think you could swing that fine ass of yours this way so I can do some cleaning too?"

All thought of what dad had said slipped into oblivion as mom lowered her overly wet slit onto my mouth.

Linda. What a lovely name I thought, as my tongue stabbed into the sweet wet heat of my mother's cunt. I was pretty sure that I would be saying it a lot over the next five years.

THE END