

My Best Friend's Mom

By BossRose

The axe cuts through the air and muscles bulge on the blonde warrior, the resolution is so crisp that I can make out every vein on her ripped body.

"Why do you always play Amazon?" Christopher says. "Enchantress would be better." I pick Enchantress, a willowy girl with a bikini fashioned from leaves, and the game starts loading.

"The connection speed here is insane," I say.

"It would've been even faster if my mom wasn't such a cheapskate," Christopher says.

Halfway into the game an ogre crushes my Enchantress and Christopher's Knight is impaled on a spear.

"Lame." Christopher turns a can of eFuel™ upside down over his mouth. Nothing comes out. "And we're out of drinks too, awesome." The can clatters over the marbled floor.

"We could go check out the beach maybe?" I look out through the huge windows, the water sparkles blue beyond the pearly white sand.

"Why? We got AC in every room here," Christopher says. "Also, you're just gonna hit on girls. We came here to grind and get to diamond league, that was the plan."

"But the water looks so awesome."

"Dude, the second you take your shirt off they'll start swarming."

"Come on."

"No, there's more energy drinks in the garage, I'm gonna go get some." I sigh and follow him outside.

"Wait, that's your garage?"

"Yep."

"It's bigger than our entire dormitory."

"There's no space in it anyway, mom keeps buying new cars."

I count three sports cars and two well waxed american muscle cars but spot something else behind them.

"Dude, is that a gym?" A mirror runs along rows upon rows of dumbbells and kettlebells. Bars and weight plates are neatly stacked next to a rack. And there's machines, five cable machines of different configurations towering in a circle.

"There's even a boxing ring!" I say.

"Calm down meat head. It's just mom's home gym."

"Does she even use all this stuff? I bet she just fiddles around on the crosstrainer." "I don't know, she's so embarrassing. Help me with this will you?" Christopher is struggling with a huge box by the cooler. I take the package of thirty cans or so under my arm and we go back outside.

"Diamond league here we come!" Christopher shouts but his voice is drowned as a shiny red pick up truck races up the street, it screeches to a halt on the driveway, the door whizzes open and a small woman wearing a rosé colored blazer climbs down.

"Chrissy!" She goes for a hug but Christopher breaks it off.

"You're not supposed to be back yet."

"The defense took the plea deal, so we finished early. I tried calling, but you didn't answer." She flicks a swirl of champagne blonde hair over her shoulder.

"Mom, just send a message like a normal person."

"Of course dear." She smiles and I notice how young she looks. Can't be a day over thirty.

"So, who's your friend?"

"I'm William, pleased to meet you ma'am."

"Denise." She puts her little hand in mine and shakes it.
"Good to see that my son has some older friends too."

"Uh, I'm nineteen, like Christopher."

"Honestly now? Are you into sports or something?"

"I'm on the wrestling team," I say. "Got me a full ride to college actually."

"So you're an athlete. Maybe you could show my Chrissy that's there more to life than just video games."

"Mom, please, end this interrogation."

We spend the rest of the evening gaming well into the night before I give up and head off to bed while Christopher does one "last" game.

I get up early the next morning, Christopher is still sleeping so I figure that, hey, why not put that gym to good use? I get my shorts but don't bother with any t-shirt.

The workout is awesome, I start with chin ups, work up quite the sweat and get down and dirty with some bench presses. I rack my third set and sit up, breathing hard.

"Honestly now, this is unheard of, an early bird gamer boy."

I turn around and what I see melts my brain. Denise is leaning against the door frame, wearing nothing but yoga pants and a neon pink bikini top.

"Do you like my gym?"

Denise is absolutely stacked with beautiful bulging muscle. Huge almond shaped shoulders wedge down between chiseled biceps and triceps. A narrow waist with a rippling six pack hips out into a set of absolutely insanely muscled legs that stretch her yoga pants to the limit.

"Sorry." I get up. I'm in your way."

"Oh not all. There's enough space for both of us."

"Thanks but I should go check on Christopher." I make for the door but she doesn't move.

"Just wait a minute William." She looks up at me. Damn she is pretty, I can't believe she is Christopher's mom.

"Should I go away for the week?"

"What?"

"Chrissy didn't seem too happy to see me, and you had some gaming thing planned all week?" Fuck, she even has a crevice running down between her pecs.

"It's your house."

"He usually stays with his dad you know..." She bites her lip. "I just don't want Christopher to be embarrassed by me."

"Stay, that's what a cool mom would do." I say and run outside.

I don't dare to leave the room anymore that day and whenever I see the Amazon, in the game, images of my friends' muscular mom pops up in my head and my dick goes rock solid. Christopher asks me why I'm playing like a fucking noob.

The next morning I once again wake up way earlier than Christopher, but I don't dare go work out, so I head downstairs for breakfast.

"Hello early bird." Denise is sitting on a bar stool with a tall glass of orange juice. A sundress barely covers her massive legs and her golden hair hangs loose in the sunlight. "I need some help with being a cool mom."

"I need some more 'cool mom' advice." Denise smiles.

"You do?"

"Come, I'll tell you in the car."

"We're going somewhere? What about Christopher?"

"Let him sleep, we'll make it a surprise."

"I don't know, this feels a bit strange."

"Honestly now? Are you embarrassed to be seen with an old woman like me?" She tilts her head to the side, an innocent motion that sets the muscle at her neck bulging. "Please? Just a quick ride?"

I can't resist her.

"This has to be the most expensive car I've ever been in," I say.

"Probably the fastest too." Denise shifts gears and we go full throttle down the streets as luxurious villas pass by in a blur.

"So what do you need help with?"

"Video games," She says. "For Christopher."

"Which one?"

"That's where I need your nerd-expertise."

She turns onto the highway, shifts gears again and again. The sundress hikes higher and higher up her thigh until I see a hard line of muscle running from knee to ass. Her panties are black, laced. I feel like a pervert for staring,

she's Christopher's mom for god's sake, but my eyes keep slipping.

We pull into the parking lot and she slides the dress back down, flashes me a smile.

The eyes of the clerk are wide in surprise and I can't blame him. Denise looks out of place, this absolutely jacked little woman prancing around cutouts and posters of orcs and robots.

I pick out a fighting game that I know for sure that Christopher has been interested in.

"Only one?" Denise says. "I was thinking at least five and maybe some new controllers?"

"Are we guilt shopping or something? There's a difference between being a 'cool' mom and being a desperate mom."

"You're full of wisdom aren't you?" She gives me a smile that makes my knees go weak.

At the cash register there's a poster of the blonde Amazon. She's posing with her axe over the shoulder and one bicep flexed.

"Is that your favourite game?" Denise asks.

"Yes," I hesitate before I add: "That's actually my favourite character."

"Honestly now? What is it that you like about her?"

"I don't know, she's just cool I guess."

Denise makes a fist, brings her arm up and cranes it next to the poster. My dick goes absolutely rigid as her bicep twitches and hardens into a peaked mound with a thick vein. I'm struggling to breathe, she is completely outsizing the Amazon, her gargantuan arm putting the fictional woman to shame.

Denise looks at me with hooded eyes.

"How about now?"

Fuck, is she actually flirting with me now?

"Amazing!" I say. "They should've put you in the game."

"The Momazon!" she says.

Denise insists on buying me breakfast as thanks for the help, I get a bagel, she gets a mango chicken wrap and we eat during the drive back home. We talk about her law firm and how she built it from the ground up while still managing to raise Christopher as a single mom. I tell her about my dreams of becoming a video game developer and how I'm worried about balancing it with my wrestling career. Denise feels like someone my age, someone that's easy to talk to.

"Thanks for the help Will," she kills the engine. "It was fun."

I look at my phone. "We still have like two hours before he wakes up."

"What are you suggesting?"

"Does the garage gym still have enough room for both of us?"

"Lucky you." She smiles. "Today is leg day."

I rack the bar and let out a deep breath. Denise has changed into black workout clothes that proudly shows off her godlike physique. How can she fit all that muscle on such a small frame?

I wipe off the bar and I feel pretty good about my squat, I'm very close to beating my personal best.

"That's a decent warmup!" Denise says. I'm staring with wide eyes as she adds plate after plate until the bar is bending. She unracks and steps back. Abs harden into rows of steel, thick thighs swell and her quads flare out into two massive teardrops on each leg. I can even see veins, beneath the fabric of her leggings, running up the insides of her thighs.

Denise proceeds to squat more than twice my max, for twelve full reps. After that she destroys my best leg press and shatters my deadlift record. I spend the rest of the workout trying to keep up with her, but it's futile.

"How can you be so strong?," I say and collapse onto the floor. "You could easily outlift any guy at my gym."

"I'm just an old lady trying to stay in shape."

"Old lady? How old are you really?"

"I'm not telling you!"

"Then I'll ask Christopher."

"And here I thought you were one of the good little boys."

"I could always look you up online..."

"Fine, I'm 51."

"No fucking way you're over 35."

"Honestly now, you're making me blush."

I smile.

She smiles.

I look at my phone.

A car passes by outside.

"So-" she says. "Maybe we can do this again tomorrow?"
Her gaze drops and she wrings her hands like a schoolgirl,
asking me to prom.

"I'm not sure my male ego could handle being outlifted like
that again." I smile.

She smiles back. "Don't worry, I'll teach you some of my
tricks."

Every day after that, I get up and meet Denise in the kitchen.

"Morning early bird," she says and we have a glass of orange juice and head to the gym where we hit the weights hard together.

Every day we laugh, discuss our training and life.

Every day I'm amazed by how smart and funny she is.

And every evening I play with Christopher, the game me and Denise bought for him. And when the last day comes, I realise, that I love her.

It's Sunday, my last day at the house before college starts again. It's my last morning with Denise and when I see her in the kitchen I'm even more sure of it. I fucking love this woman. I love how funny she is, and how experienced and wise she is. But what would happen if I told her? Somehow, I know that she feels something for me too. But what? And what's the point even? I have my college and she has her law firm, it could never be something serious. What would we do? Move in together? Kids? Would I be Christopher's step dad? No this is ridiculous.

But I love her.

"So this will be our last workout." Denise says. "We better make it count."

"I'm going to miss this," I say.

"Yeah?" She opens up her ponytail and flicks her champagne blonde hair. It hurts, that's how beautiful she is. "What are you going to miss?"

This is it. This is the moment I tell her how I really feel.

"This gym," I say, like an idiot.

"Oh, right." Denise adjusts her hair and puts it back up, there's a scowl on her face. "Of course. Let's get on with it then. It's arms today."

"I was actually thinking I could teach you some wrestling instead."

"Fine we can do that too."

We climb into the ring and I explain the basics to her.

"Can we just get this over with?" She says.

"Alright," I say.

We circle each other, looking for openings. I go for a simple waist hold, just to start things off, but Denise's strong arms grab my chest and she forces me to the floor, face down. I try to buck my hips and flip us over, but her strength is relentless. I'm forced flat on my stomach, her thighs wrap around my neck and I find myself staring down her feet and bulging calves. Her toe nails are painted orange. With all my years of wrestling experience I'm still helpless against this amazing woman.

"Is this it Will?" Denise asks. "That's all you got for me?"

Her thighs flex and swell around my neck and blood is booming through my head like an ocean. We're so close now, her skin is warm and soft, she smells of apples and vanilla. I can feel my dick growing.

"That's all you got boy?"

Her thighs expand with a surge of power and I arch my back in a futile attempt to break free. My dick is now beating hard against the inside of my shorts.

"Come on Will!"

For a second she readjust her legs and I manage to slip a hand in. By tucking my chin I manage to wiggle my free. Before she gets up I throw myself over her and thread my arms under her armpits and interlock my hands behind her neck, pinning her to the floor in a full nelson. My chest is pressed to her back, I can feel her breathing, it makes me rock hard and my cock pushes against her muscled thigh. She cranes her leg and her flex sends shivers through my body. I grind my hips like a horny dog. Her breath quickens and she pushes her ass up and into me. I bury my face in her neck and inhale her scent as I keep grinding her thigh. I release her from the hold, kiss her neck and run my hands over her solid shoulders and wide lats. Fuck, her hot muscled body is melting my mind. I flip her over and she pulls my face into a kiss. Her lips merge with mine and our tongues meet. I grab her ass, draw her close to me.

"You're such a hot little jock," she breathes into my ear. "What were you thinking? Showing up shirtless and pumped in my gym that day. It's not right, teasing an old woman like that."

"What about you teasing me with those ripped legs in the car? And flexing at the game store?"

"I couldn't help myself, you were staring at me."

"No more teasing," I pull my shorts down, letting my dick spring free.

"Fuck," she moans and run her hand across my length. "Fucking hell Will."

I straddle her, gently at first until I feel her strong body easily supporting me, and put my dick in her face. The warm wetness of her mouth surrounds me. "Damn!" Denise takes all of me down her throat. I pump my hips back and forth, fucking her face. "Oh god that's amazing." I pull back, a string of precum connects her lips and my dick.

Denise stands up over me, peels off her leggings and grabs the back of my head. She's wet and I want nothing more than to please this wonder woman. I make out with Denise's pussy, lick the bottom of her abs and suck her clit until her knees buckle. I lift her up, she's heavy even though she's small, and I rest her back against the ropes. She looks up at me with a begging frown and mouth hanging slightly open. I brush the head of my dick against her bare pussy and she shivers. Carefully I enter her and she embraces me, hands clawing at my back while I pound her.

"Oh Will." She moans in a voice that makes me want to cuddle her and fuck her at the same time. I lean back and circle her clit with my thumb while I thrust deep.

"Good god Will that's-" Her strong arms crush me from all sides when she cums and my face is forced into her tits. Wave after wave shakes her ripped body and she doesn't let go of me. I can't hold it and grab her muscled ass while I pump my load into her snatch.

"Mom what the fuck?" Christopher says. "Will?!!!"

The ocean glitters blue in the horizon.

I'm waiting outside the garage while Christopher is shouting at Denise inside and it makes me clench my fists. Why does he always have to be so rude to her? There's a loud bang from inside and the door opens next to me. It's Denise.

"I'm sorry William," She has covered up her body with a robe and her eyes are red from crying. "This was all a mistake."

I want to hug her, hold her close and tell her it's all going to be okay.

"No it wasn't! This was the best week of my life."

"You need to leave William."

"But Denise I—"

"I'm going to stay true to my family." Tears well up in her eyes. "That's what a cool mom would do."

"I should go talk to Christopher."

"He doesn't want to see you."

"He what? He's just going to hide in there? He's too scared to come talk to me?"

"Please William, this is hard for him."

"Damn coward." I tear the door open and march into the garage.

Christopher is sitting on a bench, staring at the boxing ring. He looks small and out of place with all these heavy weights around.

"Will?" His eyes open wide in fear. "But I told mom to—"

"You told mommy to take care of the scary stuff?" I'm shouting now, I can't hold it in anymore. "You're pathetic! You're needy, childish and most of all you're a fucking

coward. All you ever want to do is sit inside and play games! You're too insecure to even go to the beach! And now you send your mom because you don't dare to face me? What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Don't you think I hate myself already?" Tears well up in Christopher's eyes. "I'm not like you Will, I'm not strong and good looking. Nobody likes me. But you! Everybody wants you, even my own fucking mother. And now you're both going to leave me."

"I'll always be here for you Chrissy darling." Denise says softly.

"How would I know? You're such a selfish mom! That's why dad left you. You spent all the time at the gym or at the office."

"I'm sorry Chrissy, I should've –"

"And as soon as dad left you ran off to fuck guys from the gym. Women even! And now you're trying to make it up by buying me all kinds of crap that I don't need or want. And then, you go right ahead and fuck my best friend. You're such a sad excuse for a mother."

Denise now has her face in her hands, her shoulders are shaking.

"Don't listen to him." I embrace her and stroke her head.

Christopher stands up and backs away, as if disgusted by me touching her.

"You could've had literally any girl you wanted," Christopher says.

"It doesn't have to be my mother."

His voice is demanding.

"Will, pick somebody else."

"No." I kiss love deeply, right in front of her son, and she kisses me back with all of her passion.

ONE YEAR LATER

The sunlight is bright and soft through the linen curtains.

"Hello early bird." Denise presses her naked body up against mine from behind. She finds my erect cock and starts playing with it. The muscle and veins of her forearm ripple as she strokes me up and down. "What did my little stud dream about that made him so horny?"

"Mmm, I dreamt about you," I say.

Moments later I'm fucking her with long slow strokes and her muscle packed body shivers in pleasure. Afterwards we lie tangled up together in the sheets.

A car comes up the driveway outside.

"They're here!" Denise leaps out of bed and leans out the window. Her bare pussy pokes out from under her glutes, framed by wedges of rippling thigh muscle. It takes all my willpower to get dressed and head downstairs instead of fucking her again.

"Sup Dad." Christopher gets out of the car and grins at me.

"Dude, no, stop calling me that," I hug him.

The other door opens and a girl with long red hair and glasses comes out. She's slender and wears a black t-shirt with a pixelated pink dragon on it.

"Mya! You made it, oh I'm so happy to finally get to meet you." Denise gives the girl a hug. "Right back at you!," Mya says. "Wowie, what a house you got here."

We head inside for some late breakfast. Denise asks Christopher how his workouts are going and he proudly

flexes an arm into a budding bicep, soon they are both wrapped up in a lively discussion about whether machines or free weights are better.

"So are you guys in diamond league yet?" I ask her.

Mya breaks into a smile. "Easy, even with Christopher dragging me down."

"You're saying you're better than Christopher?"

"I'm one of the top ten highest ranking Enchantress players, worldwide. So yeah? We're heading to South Korea in August to play some tournaments and climb even higher."

"He's lucky to have you," I say.

Mya smiles.

I look out through the big kitchen window, the ocean is sapphire blue and the sand pearly white.

"So, you guys have any plans for the day yet?" Christopher pushes his plate aside.

"Yeah, we're going to the beach." I glance over at Mya.
"But you guys can stay here and play until we come back if you want to."

"Dude, it's a wonderful day," Christopher says and puts his tanned arm around Mya's waist. "We are coming with you."