

Boys Will Be Boys

byrockstar13©

Tension, you feel it in the small of your back, when legs thrash across the bed. Tension is in the forearm, in the bicep with burning pain that contrasts releasing the sublime build in the loins. There is tension in the gap between the beginning strokes and the electric release of ejaculation. There is a tension that rides me like a jockey. A persistent nagging in the back of my head, that leaves me light headed. It sits below my stomach, and reverberates outward. The Tension. I know of only one way to get rid of it and that is masturbation. My need of resolve that tension forces me to find time to jack off at least four to five times a day. Some days it's seven.

Must have something to do with being in my early twenties. I don't know exactly what it is but when I see a pretty girl, or women, I go crazy. My mind goes blank, and all I can think of them bent over the nearest piece of furniture moaning as they pleasure themselves. My breathing goes ragged my pulse quickens and I get dizzy. I then have to run to the nearest place of privacy I can find, whether it be my room, the bathroom, or my car. Shopping for clothes is a nightmare as usually the only place go to is the changing room. Double so if its swimsuit season. There were several times when I almost got caught masturbating at the beach while looking as some gorgeous young women. It was getting pretty bad.

Living at home didn't help much either. You know how the story goes, poor college student, little money, stays living with their parents. The major difference is that my parents were effectively separated as my father went off to Tibet, or was it Kenya? He just left a note one day saying "Have to go, see you later." And that was that. Occasionally we got a chunk of gold in the mail, with a hasty scrolled note about pirates or something. So really that just left me and my mother, who if I had to describe her in one word would have been understanding, that and Blond.

Today was my day off from class, and I was jacking off again. This time it was from a video of a beautiful red head that just happened to have a really low cut shirt. I was in the living room knowing mom was out and I figured what the hell. There I was lost in my own fantasy about a girl who just showed up briefly in the screen. I had invented a whole fantasy around her. One where she stripped slowly for me, whispering my name.

"Michel, Michel," My fantasy girl whispered as she sashayed in my mind's eye. "Michel, Michel, you're so big," My breath quickened with my strokes. Pants around my ankles and tissue in my hand. "Michel, Michel," My dream girl said pressing her breasts together. "You like these tits Michel?" Bending and twisting to my every desire she was pliant to the wants in needs of my imagination. "Michel, Michel," I was lost and close to the edge. The noise of the television was a dim roar. She was masturbating, meeting my eyes. "Michel, Michel!" She moaned!

"Michel!" I heard my mother gasp at seeing me jerking off right in the middle of the family room. This is it, I thought to myself. Anna My Mother had caught me jacking off on her leather couch. This is the moment I die. A moment past and I was still alive. "Well pull your pants up, I can't talk to you like that," I did so. She had gotten a haircut. She had gotten it short and it looked cute. My eyes dropped downward and besides the deep cut white blouse she was wearing, every other garment from her skirt to the high heels, accentuated her sharply figure. Once again the tension returned, compounded by the inability to finish. All this lust, and anxiety, and the realization that that I was now seeing my own mother as a target for my lust was finally telling me that I might have a problem.

"Michel please come with me to the kitchen table," She said walking to the other room. I was distracted by how her swaying hip before I followed after her. My mother was sitting at the table, her posture was stiff, her hands folded on the lace cover of the cedar table. I sat down myself trying not to make eye contact.

"I don't know what to say," I said. "Am I in trouble?"

"No you're not in trouble. You are an adult, you don't need someone to punish you when you have been bad. You need to learn from your own mistakes. However I don't see this as a mistakes. Boys will be boys, and I know it can't be easy finding company while living with your mother," She said with a surprising calmness. "Am I right?"

"Yeah," I muttered.

"That is to be expected. I know at your age and you being a man you have certain needs. I know this because all four of my brothers where ravenous horn dogs," I was a little uncomfortable where my mother was going with this. "My point is, I know how much young men manage their own lust. I also know that a women handy helps the process out immensely."

"What," I said taken completely by surprise.

"How often do you masturbate," She asked changing the subject, locking eyes with me.

"Well," I said averting my gaze, and only finding the groove in her cleavage before quickly looking away. "About, five to six times a day," Upon hearing this my mother took a moment before letting out a sigh.

"Five to six times a day?" She gasped, "It's no wonder you didn't get caught sooner. I suppose these sessions are not all at home?"

"No there pretty sporadic in their locations," I said shrugging my shoulders. "Sometimes I jerk off at school, other times when I'm

around town, I can't help it. I see something arousing and I go stupid. I can't think straight and my only drive is to get relief."

"Well we can't have that. I know you're an adult, but if you're that out of control I think it would be prudent if I came in and set down some ground rules. For your own protection so you're not getting in to trouble with the law. Does that seem reasonable to you?" She asked, I nodded knowing, this probably meant counseling. I was quite surprised on her proposal. "Now rule number one, you are no longer allowed to masturbate outside the house."

"I don't know if I'm capable of doing that," I said. "When I'm out in the world there is so many triggers. Especially since its summer times, girls are wearing less," That's when she grabbed my hand.

"Michel. Part of this is redirecting your urges. Out in the world is just not appropriate for that kind of activity," She said, her touch sending an electric shock up my arm. My eyes locking with her cleavage again, this time I refused to look away. "Do you understand, it's just not right for a growing man to be doing such things outside the privacy of their home?"

"I understand, I said, I just don't know if I can do it is all."

"Well that is where rule number two comes in. You see, as I said I had brothers, I know the pressures on young men, I understand that need

for release. So," She said taking her hand back, and clasping them in her lap. "As long as you are in this house. You may masturbate, whenever, wherever, and however you like."

"Say what now?" I said flabbergasted,

"You can freely masturbate however you desire as long as you are in this house," She said turning red in the cheek.

"Mom, that sounds crazy, what if your home," I said.

"If I'm home so be it, I'm not here to stifle a young man's urges, nor am I going to get in the way of them. If I happen to be in the room, you can either leave to another room, or you can satisfy yourself while I am present."

"I can't believe I'm hearing this," I said. Despite my shock I hopped this wasn't a dream. "So if I'm correct, if I pulled my cock out now and began to jerk it you wouldn't care?"

"Well I wouldn't stay and watch if that's what you're asking. I'm just saying I wouldn't mind. I would probably go off and do some chores until you're ready to continue with this conversation. Is that what you

were going to do or is this merely a hypothetical?" She asked, still red cheeked.

"Just wondering," I replied. "So what's rule number three?"

"Well I was picturing this as a flexible list of rules that can be added to at any time. The first two should be alright for now. That being said, the first rule is Iron clad. The second rule is incentive. You break the first rule, you don't get the benefits of the second."

"I suppose that makes sense, but well, there is something I have to ask."

"Ask away," She said.

"Well, what do you expect will come out of this?" I said curiosity getting the better of me.

"Well for starter, it will keep you from getting into trouble with the law. That's the short term, the long term I would imagine you will eventually be able to regulate those urges, and no doubt eventually meet a girl you will have wild, safe sex with, and you won't need these silly rules anymore. Until then," She said standing up. "I will be here, your incredibly understanding mother, who knows boys will be boys, and it's up to the women in their life to accommodate that. Now do

we have a deal?" She asked sticking out her hand. I tentatively shook it.

"Excellent, now if you don't mind I have some chores to get to," With that she walked toward the laundry room, leaving me in the kitchen bewildered and horny. I still didn't know if that was a dream, or a fucked up joke. So I silently whisked my way upstairs to my room. Where I proceed to get rid of one of the biggest boners I ever had in my life, imagining the cute red head form before.

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I had fallen asleep. The stress and the pent up energy released with ejaculation was too much for me and sleep took me into her bosom. It was past noon when I awoke and felt grimy. In the shower I had time to think about the state of affairs I was in. Why did my mom propose such a strange plan? What did she mean by this being easier with a women handy? If masturbation is alright are other things on the table? All these thought tumbled through my head, like a net trying to catch sand. Without really thinking I began to stroke myself. Upon realizing this, I let go. The goal was control here. Finishing my shower, I dried off and wore something appropriate for the warm weather. Heading down stair, I found mom in the living room, she had apparently been working up a sweat on something, as she was fanning herself with a magazine.

"Oh, there you are Michel!" She said delighted. "I see you had yourself a nap," She said giving a sly smile. "Maybe something more."

"Yeah," said sitting down next to her. Trying to not let my embarrassment show.

"Oh don't be like that I was only teasing," She said going back to fanning herself. "Anyway, this heat has been killer," She pulled on the V of her blouse and began a similar motion with her fanning, but it had the added effect of making her breasts jiggle. Watching this action for a moment, I began to wonder. Is she really serious about this deal? Maybe this would be a good time to test it out. The idea still sent a shiver of terror through me, but between terror and lust, lust won out. I pulled my pants down.

"Michel what are you...oh...OH! Well OK, don't let me disturb you," She said going back to her fanning. I took my pants off and headed to the kitchen. My heart punching my ribcage. I grabbed a paper towel and came back to the living room. Mom had turned on the television, and was flipping through channels. Sitting back down I reached in my underwear trying not to look at Mom. She isn't stopping me. Grabbing my prick I pulled it out and began to play with it absent mindedly. Not really thinking about anything in particular. Honestly I had not expected to get this far. Once I was hard and solid my thought turned to old tried and true fantasies.

An old favorite of my involved spontaneous sex at an amusement park. The fantasy involved me mounting a woman while we rode a roller-coaster, with each diving fall and rise her pussy would tighten. Never mind that I hadn't been on a roller-coaster for years, but that was the fantasy. I would ride and group freely, her excitement increasing as she rode the coaster. However things were different. The passenger next to me was my mother in both the fantasy and the real world, watching the pleasure I was giving myself. I couldn't shake the idea from my head. Her there watching, trying to make it seem as if she wasn't.

I had to check, and sure enough when I opened my eyes and looked at her she was staring at me. Quickly, as someone trying to cover their staring she turned back to the television. She was watching me. Not surprising if someone was wanking next to me, I probably would not be able to ignore it. I assumed the same for mom. My gaze scanned over her body, following her neckline to her ample breasts as they heaved with her quickened breathing. She knew, I thought, she knew she was under scrutiny. The smell of shampoo from her recent hair cut hit my nose, causing me to double my strokes. The sound from the leather couch squeaked with my motion, a sound so obvious no one could mistake it for anything else. Closing my eyes, I just let the moment sink in. It was too much, I came with unexpected force. Instinct more than anything else allowed me to catch my spunk in the paper towel if not I would have come all over the coffee table and most likely the floor. Sitting there, I decompressed from that euphoric experience. A small cough, awoke me from that state and dragged me back down to the here and now.

"You want me to throw that away," My mother asked as if I was holding something no more offensive than a candy wrapper.

"Yes," I stammered, she reached out and grabbed the drenched paper towel. "Oh my. How many times have you come today?"

"Three," I said still panting a little. "Why do you ask?" I can't believe I was having this conversation with my mother.

"Well this is just such a high volume of sperm. No wonder you masturbate all the time, if you didn't you would probably be soar and aching twenty-four seven," She walked out the room, no doubt to throw the towel away. I just sat there, not really watching the television. Instead I was thinking of how weird everything was getting. "I now see that this more than just a young men's lust. This is a necessity for your wellbeing," She sat back down next to me. I reached to put my pants back on but she reached over placing a hand on my arm. "You don't have to do that," she said a little too quickly. "I mean I want you to be as comfortable as you can be in these trying times," Trying times I thought to myself. Was my sexual gratification really qualify as trying times?

"Mom," I said little hoarse.

"Yes," She asked, pretending to watch the show.

"Why didn't you just let me, throw away that load?" She didn't answer, she just sat watching the show. "It just that this situation is pretty weird and you keep doing weird stuff like allowing me to masturbate in front of you and disposing my cum."

"Do you not want me to throw your loads away?" Loads? This simple word put me on the defensive.

"Well I'm not going to object if you're willing." I said, and before I could continue she interrupted again.

"Then it's settled, that will be rule number three if I'm around when you blow a load, I'll dispose of the spunk," I was just so blown away by all this.

"Oh, OK. Well that still doesn't answer my question,"

"Well, I just want you be comfortable. As I said earlier today that when it comes to men managing their lust, it is much more convenient to have a women around. Especially if that women knows what she is doing," A beeping noise sounded from her purse. "Oh shoot, that sounds like my afternoon appointment alarm. Well I have to go," She stood up and kissed me on the cheek. "Be sure to take care of your

other needs like studying. I'll be home just before dinner time. Bye Sweetie, I love you."

"Bye. I love you to." Then she left, the shutting door sending an echoing reverberation throughout the house. Leaving me confused, horny, and without pants.

The rest of the day was filled varies activates. I switched from homework, to reading, and back to back to masturbating. It was like clockwork. The darkness of evening was starting to creep closer, when Mom finally got home. The front door, signaling me to her arrival. Coming downstairs, I met her putting her purse down.

"Hi sweetie, how was your afternoon? Did you get all your work done?" She asked heading into the kitchen.

"Yep, all my T's are crossed and all my I's have been dotted," I said following her. "Any idea on what dinner is going to be?"

"Oh I figure we can whip up some pasta. Throw a salad together and call it good. How does that sound," She said looking at me with a small smile, her red lip stick popping off her face.

"Yeah that sounds good," I replied. "Do need me to help with anything?"

"No I think I should be able to do it all, it's a fairly simple meal after all. Would you mind keeping me company?"

"Yeah I can stay," I said as she began pulling out a large pot and a cutting board. She then proceeded to busy herself with the preparation of the night's meal. I took a seat on a stool next to the counter. "So what was your appointment for?"

"Well I met with some clients of mine, I walk them through the eighteenth street

House, you know that four bedroom? Well anyway I showed them through the house gave a little history of the neighborhood. A pretty normal business meeting," She said, she grabbed a knife and began cutting vegetables. I was sitting directly behind her, and as she began to cut I could see her ass give a little shake. I was immediately hypnotized.

"Do you think it's a sale?" I asked trying to stay focused on the conversation.

"I don't think so, the couple might be better suited for a smaller, house. Maybe the one on Voight Street," I pictured lifting up that skirt of hers to get a better look at her sharply ass that continued to bob. Slowly I unzipped my pants, grabbing my dick in my hand I began to stroke my suddenly hard penis I was starting to enjoy this freedom to jerk off where ever I liked, and I was getting over the fact that my mother turned me on so much. I definitely loved her, I don't think I was in love with her. It was a normal mother son relationship that had a very abnormal sexual dimension. It was strange having the two chains of thought running through my head. On the hand she was Mom, caring, understanding, my mentor, my supporter, and my friend. On the other hand, she was a sexual object, huge tits, round ass, and soft smooth skin. This new system allowed me to combine her into one entity. I wanted her to support my sexual desires, as I just cum, and cum, all over her.

It was too late when I realized I was ejaculating, it couldn't have been a minute of staring at her ass and I had already come. Worse yet, I had not thought to grab a towel. I just released myself on the kitchen floor. White cum was shown in sharp contrast with the hard wood floor. Three solid lines that shot out about a yard away. Shit I would have to clean that up. Then it hit me.

"Mom, I'm sorry to interrupt but rule number three," I said tucking my cock back in my pants.

"Rule number three?" She said turning around, following my line of sight and seeing cum on the floor. She froze for several seconds, just staring at the big thick lines of cum. "I see. Rule number three," Locking eyes with me she grabbed a paper towel. "Well rules, are rules," Kneeling down she whipped up my spunk in three easy motions. "I hope you're not going to make a habit of coating the floor with your cum," I said nothing to this. She didn't ask, or even tell me not to. I could probably come on whatever surface I wanted and if she was around she would be obligated to clean it up. Standing back up she threw the towel away.

"Do you think that will be all tonight?" She asked going back to chopping vegetables.

"Maybe," I replied. It ended up being the last load for the night. Five times being my regular, I was beat. This morning I was hiding my masturbation and slightly ashamed of my actions. Now I could come wherever I wanted on whatever I wanted, and not only would I not be admonished, but encouraged. It made me feel. Powerful.

The rest of the evening was uneventful, as we talked about this and that. We ate dinner, mom not saying another word about me squirting cum on the hard wood floors. After dinner I excused myself and went to bed. Lying there in bed I found myself thrilled by the events in my life. However, tomorrow is the test, for I would have to resist masturbating out in the real world when I go school.

I was awoken by the harsh beeps of my alarm clock. Tapping the button silenced that infernal beast I rolled out of bed. Morning wood pushed through my pajama bottoms, but I was too busy preparing for the day. It was seven o'clock and class started at nine. I drifted into the hallway bathroom, and lurched into the shower. The warm water covered me like a curtain, and began to clean myself. My morning erection had not gone away, and was flying at full mast bobbing about with my washing. My morning wood unlike most was particularly distracting as I had quite a bit of pressure backed up from the night before.

This was usually the most important jack off of the day. Kind of like the first meal of the day. It set the standard for appetite. You eat in the morning you're less hungry around lunch. You skip breakfast you're ravenous around lunch. Same principle was in play about my masturbation.

I started going at it using the soap I had a lubricant, massaging my dick and all its swollen glory. Then it hit me, how my life had changed the day before. Mom would clean up my spunk if I was around her. The realization turned me on. I could get out and drop a load next to her, however I was already in pretty good stroking so I continued on in the shower. Eventually I lost it and I came releasing my seed. Heavy breath stuck to the inside of my lungs. Steading myself kicked the sticky clumps of jizz that solidified with the contact with water. Taking a minute I just let the warm water cover me as I caught my breath.

Exiting the shower I promptly got dressed in light clothes and headed downstairs, drawn by the smells of cooking breakfast. Mom stood over the stove working with speed and precision. She was usually awake before I was. She was meticulously dressed, perfumed, and wearing just the right amount of makeup to enhance her features.

I was momentarily startled by her short blond hair. Forgetting she had cut it yesterday, I was struck by that being the smallest change to our life style. Just seeing Mom made me horny. I was still too fatigued from my last session in the shower, so I simply absorbed the sights before me, and let my eyes dance over her back.

"Hay mom," I said stepping in the kitchen. "What are you cooking?"

"Mushroom and ham omelets," She said. "How does that sound," She smiled back at me.

"Sounds great, anything I can help with?" I said moving up behind her. That musky scent of her perfume subtly tantalized by sense. I was probably too close to her.

"You can clean the pans when I'm done," She said turning back to her cooking. "Unless you need to do something other activity that I would have to clean up," The implication of what she was saying struck me

dizzy. She said she wouldn't try to stop my carvings. I never expected her to encourage me. I leaned in next to her ear.

"I already took care of myself in the shower," I whispered, taking a deep breath of her scent. "So I think I will do the dishes," She slid the first of the two omelets on plate.

"Well you better eat this first. I want you fed and the dishes sparkling before you leave for class," Taking the breakfast I sat down and started eating breakfast at slow pace. After all breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Soon enough Mom had finished her own dish and sat right next to me at the kitchen table. "So, you have already cum once today. Will that be enough to keep you from temptations?"

"Hmm?" I swallowed the morsel in my mouth. "I hadn't thought about it. I mean I should be able to resist."

"Should is no guarantee, I need a definitive answer on this," She said the calmness making the conversation that much stranger.

"I guess I won't, I'll try to think about baseball or something."

"Good, that is much more reassuring. However this is an honor system. You don't get the benefits of rules two and three if you don't hold up your end of the bargain," Wiping away a spec of food she stared at me

with all seriousness. "You must be truthful. After all there is no way that verify it on my part."

"Don't worry," I replied matching her intensity. "After all if I lied that would mean I was taking advantage of your generosity."

"Well that good to here." She smiled.

The heat was killer in the class room. The college was renovating the air duct system, so all the tiny windows where open, and everyone was stripping down to the bare minimum of societies standards. This meant a lot of girls wearing spaghetti strap shirts, short shorts, and thin skirts. I didn't know where to look. So I didn't look any wear I just kept my nose in my notebook.

For the first two hours I was fine, but my eyes began to inevitably wonder. I followed the tan lines on the back of the girl in front of me. She must have been on the swim team as the tan lines made a very distinctive imprint on her skin. I caught myself staring and hopped I was the only one to do so. I didn't want to start throwing off that creeper vibe. I looked back at my notes as they just blended together.

I pictured my class mate in her swim wear her long black hair tied back. The wet swim suit clinging to her skin making it chill. Her nipples hardening making a pleasing convex on her round tits. She would laugh and dive in the pool, where I would dive in after her naked. Racing around the water she would let me catch her and we would begin to make out. My hands invading the insides of that suit, as our tongues met and I pinched those hard nipples. I looked at watch. Five minutes had gone by.

Shit I wasn't going to make it to the end of the period let alone the end of the day. I unobtrusively left for the restroom during the middle of the lecturer. Walking briskly but not noticeably to the restroom, finding the nearest stall I pulled my pants down and immediately started jacking off. Once again I was imagining that swimmer girl. I had pulled down her straps and began necking with abandon. Slipping between her legs, I brushed aside the fabric of the suit that separated me from her slippery inner walls. My place of imaginary release.

The opening of the restroom door shook me violently out of my fantasy. I immediately froze. Just listening to the other guy do his business. It got me thinking. Here I was sitting in a dirty stall, trying to get off to one of the girls in my class. My higher brain was in rare form, as my lower head rarely lets such thoughts not regarding sex enter it.

Mom said, if I could hold it I would get the benefits of rules two and three. As I proved last night, she would clean up even the messiest of spills. She also said that this was an honor system and there would be no way she would be able to find out if I broke my promise by jerking

off outside. The other guy left, leaving me with my dick in my fist. Yes I could continue jacking off, and I could also lie to her about not doing so and getting all the benefits. This time my higher brain won. I decided that not only would I not lie, but I would wait till I got home. I'll just pay extra attention to the lecture. For all three classes today.

Getting back I immediately zoned in and began to work in earnest. It didn't help much, it helped a little I guess, despite flashes of tits, and asses in my brain.

Home. Finally. Turning into the drive way I half ran inside. Slamming the door shut, I pulled down my pants and immediately started jerking off. I made it. I actually made it. The consequence for my temperance was a swollen dick and blue balls. I was backed up something fierce as my usual routine of masturbating at school at least twice was interrupted. As I jacked off I just thought of tits bouncing and hips swaying. There was no face attached to these images that ran through my mind, that is until my mother came down stairs wearing a grey blouse and skirt that left a tantalizing amount to the imagination.

"Oh," She said seeing me leaning against the door. "So how was your day? I am guessing it was difficult?" I nodded. "Well at least get to the couch," She said walking out into the living room and out of my sight. Denied a female body to look at I followed her. She sat on the couch and picked up a magazine. Moving closer to her I saw that it was porn

magazine. I didn't even know they still made those. "If you're so intent on release maybe this will help," She said handing it to me.

I grabbed it and sat down next to her. Opening to random page. The magazine itself was surprising, but then she pushed a box of tissues and a bottle of lotion over to me across the table. The back of my mind realized the boundaries between me and my mother were dissolving. She was definitely encouraging me. To jerk off in the public areas of our home. "I decided to pick up some supplies while I was out, the lotion and tissues were easy. I had to go to a specialty shop for that magazine. The man behind the counter didn't even bat an eye. Must be the age we live in," I quickly grabbed a tissue as I felt the need for release was coming. Grunting, I managed to catch the sticky ropes making a mess in my hand. The Jizz shot through the thin tissue, making my hand slimy with cum in the process. Three, four, five, six shots later I was toast.

"I'm done," I said sticking out cum covered hand with the tissue in it. "Rule number three you have to clean up after me."

"I remember the rules," With that she took the tissue in her hand, and was about to walk off.

"Wait, you forgot the rest of the mess on my hand," She turned around, looking down at my hand which was smeared with my seed.

She leaned down giving me a great view of her cleavage while she cleaned off the remaining jizz.

"You could have just washed your hands," She said wiping up the sticky mess. When she was done she had a large ball of tissues in her hand. "Looks like I will need to get the extra thick tissues," She walked away no doubt to the kitchen to throw away the sticky mess. I was still half hard and looked over at the lotion. I was feeling a little chaffed so I began to apply the lotion directly on my penis. It felt great, then it started feeling really great.

"Oh my, again?" I heard my mom say as she came back in. "But the last time was so soon."

"Just applying some lotion," I said looking back at her. "So, how was your day?"

"Pretty uneventful really. That is until you walked in. Judging by how you had to rush inside to relive yourself I assume you held your end of the bargain?"

"Yeah, I almost didn't make it."

"Well I'm glad you did, what did you do to keep your pants on?" She asked, leaning down to adjust a slipper, my eyes followed her long nylon covered legs.

"Well, I just didn't look up from my notebook. I didn't think I have ever taken so many notes before."

"Well that good," She smiled at me. "So what does that make, only twice today?"

"Yeah, that second one though, I mean wow! I haven't felt that good masturbating in quite a while."

"See what a little restraint will get you, not that you need to here," She stood up, "Well I just wanted to cheek on you, I was doing some business in the office that should keep me busy for the rest of the day. If you need me you know where to find me."

"Alright. I guess get some work done."

"Alright, and remember, rule number two allows you to take care of your business wherever and however you wish," She said smiles before walking off. I just watched the sway of her ass as she traversed

the stairs up to her office. I put my pants on and went to the kitchen table and got working on the day's homework.

About an hour later I felt the old stirring in the loins. Figuring it was time for a break I got up and went back into the living room and looked at the magazine my mother had gotten me. It was pretty good magazine, it showed beautiful women in their own right, yet where most definitely doctored by photo shop. I looked at the tissue, realizing I could just rub one out, right here. However I had gotten used to rule number three. Paging through found page where one of my sticky robes at landed on one pages. Must have got through somehow with that tissue being so thin. I had an idea. The model with the splotchy wrinkle where cum had landed was very erotic. I then looked back at those thin tissue had an idea. It was probably a wrong idea. However I realize could probably get away with just about anything. Grabbing the tissue box I headed upstairs to where mom was. Taking off my pants I left them on my bed before entering her office. She was working on her computer working spreadsheets, and finical matters no doubt having to do with her frequent house sales. Walking up behind her and placing the tissue box at my feet, I just watched her work for a moment.

"Hi Michel," She said not looking up from her work. "Do you need anything?"

"Yeah" I said reaching over her shoulder, and putting my hand on her own. "I need to use your computer." She looked back at me.

"Can it wait, I'm right in the middle of some very important work." She said turning back to the screen.

"I bet, but I need it so I can make use of rule number two."

"Oh," Said quietly. "Can't you use that magazine I bought you?"

"I can," I said moving her hand with the mouse, and opening up an Internet page. "What I really want to do is look up some really sexy models in lingerie. It's a different kind of experience than just looking at nude models."

"Then I guess I'll get out of your way," She said attempting to stand up. I placed my hands on her shoulders, and pushed her back into her seat.

"I'm sorry mom, but you're an important part to this process." I was still holding her shoulder, and rubbing it slightly.

"Not really, I'm only really important for the last part," Nervously laughter creeping in voice. "You, really don't need me here look up porn."

"It's not porn mom, they're models. You see the mouse is right handed, and jerking with the left hand isn't as satisfying or as quick. So every time I want to change the picture I have to stop the process and pick a new one," I leaned next to her ear, her perfume filling my nose. "I need you to change the pictures for me."

"What?" she said turning to look at me "I don't think I should, I mean it can't be that time consuming."

"Yeah, but this falls under the jurisdiction of rule number two. I believe the phrase was whenever, wherever, and however I want. I want you to change pictures while I jerk off myself off behind you."

"I didn't expect to be an active participant in your sessions. I mean my brothers," she stopped and cleared her throat and with it the panic that was coming with it. "Let's just say there was a similar situation with them and they never had me do anything like that."

"Interesting," I told to her. I then reached over her, and started typing a well know website that had all the best lingerie for women. "But I'm not your brothers, and I'm making an awfully big sacrifice with the current restriction of not masturbating outside of the house. I was

accustomed to a certain level of consistency. The benefits of rules two and three should outweigh the sacrifice. Don't you agree?"

"I mean, I guess," She stammered a little. "In theory anyway."

"Great, then pick on that blond nightie, and stockings," I said rubbing her shoulders. Slowly, mom grabbed mouse again and moved the cursor over the image of the blond in question. Enlarging the image I got a great view of the beautiful woman's legs. I was nursing a rather thick boner all through the conversation I began to fondle myself. I still kept a hand on her shoulder as I looked at the images of beautiful women.

"What do you think of that one mom?" I would ask, she would say it was nice or not. She was uncomfortable with the situation. I could tell. It was her passivity that turned me on more than the pictures on that glowing screen. If she really didn't want this would simply get up and leave. That's not to say she is enjoying this, but she is enduring the situation. I was curious to see just how far I could go, while at the same time not going too far. I leaned over and began to kiss her head, as I pleased myself. At first she said nothing, she just kept enlarging the pictures I pointed out. Slowly I moved down and began to kiss her neck.

"Michel, are you almost done?" She asked, wiggling away from my kisses that kept gracing her neck. I grunted in the negative as I kept kissing her. These were definitely not mother-son pecks, these

growing more and more sexual. Mom had stopped clicking on pictures altogether. This won't work I thought to myself.

"Mom type in this address," She did, she didn't know this but it was really a video link to a sight that did strip shows. Picking a girl at random, I held mom's neck in my left hand stroking that smooth skin. The video came on, the show began, I ignored it but I made sure mom was watching it. I began licking her neck, and heard mom draw in a sharp intake of breath. She had been breathing heavily, steadily getting deeper and deeper. I looked at the monitor and caught Mom's reflection in it. Her eyes where transfixed on the screen. I could see my hand on her neck as I licked and kissed it. I probably could have reached down and groped her breast but I think we were both a little overwhelmed. I began to suck on her neck, as my pace quicken on my cock. Several minutes had past and the strip tease on the monitor was at its climax. I was not far behind, I reached down and grabbed a tissue and stepped back from mom. Grunting I took that thin tissue that was too frail to stop my jizz and aimed for the back of moms head at her hair.

My release met the thin tissue and passed right past it. Hot ropes of cum landing right in my mother's hair, the first shot stunned her, then she was hit again by the second, and the third she out of the way cum landing all over her cloth chair. All the rest of it landed on her chair and on the carpet floor. I just basked in the post ejaculate ecstasy. Looking down at mom is saw that she looked furious. I had definitely crossed some pretty major line with this masturbation session. I saw that a bit

of my jizz had landed on her quite expensive blouse. She turned off the video and then stood up to face me.

"I am going to take a shower. Then I am going to come down stairs where we will sit at the table and discuss why what you did was out of line. Is that clear," She said with barely contained fury yet still having the decorum of not shouting. She turned around to leave the room when I spoke up.

"Mom, wait a moment," I said as she turned back to me.

"If you want to explain yourself you will have to wait."

"It's not that," I said holding up the sticky tissue paper I had shot my semen through. "You forgot about rule number three. You need to take this." She stood there a moment before taking the tissue.

"Just wait down stairs."

End of part 1

Ch. 02

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Rule 1: Michel is no longer allowed to masturbate outside the house

Rule 2: As long as Michel is at home. He may masturbate, whenever, wherever, and however he like.

Rule 3: If Michel's Mother (Anna) is around when Michel blows a load, she must dispose of the spunk.

Rule 4:?

I was sitting at the kitchen table when Mom came down stairs. She had changed her clothes after her shower as I had shot cum on her and her outfit. The smell of fruity shampoo lingered on her still. No doubt she used a liberal amount of the stuff. Her eyes where sharp razors of rage when she sat down at the table. Much to my surprise a red blemish indicative of a hickey was readily apparent on her neck. Made all the more apparent by the dark blue blouse she had on. Mom sat down and took a deep breath.

"What you did was out of line," She said much more calmly than I would have expected.

"How so?" I said playing dumb knowing full well my actions were provocative. I had used broken reasoning to get her to look up masturbation material on the computer while I jerked off. Then I violated her space by necking her. She didn't so much as utter a word in protest. Whatever this was I wasn't that worried.

"Well you shot jizz in my hair for starters, and how am I going to explain this," she said pointing to the very obvious blemish on her neck, "to my clients?" I shrugged, but didn't say anything to follow up.

She sighed again, "This might be partially my fault. You see I didn't account for your growing needs. Admittedly the second rule is vague and not so well defined."

"So what are you upset about?" I asked, leaning back. "The rules say I can jerk off anyway I wanted, so long as it's in the house."

"Yes, that's technically true," She said, sounding exasperated and squirming a little in her chair. "I am upset that I didn't anticipate you would use me in your masturbation sessions. I didn't expect to be any kind of assistance, let alone a central part in you pleasuring yourself. I

think what I am most upset about is that you didn't even ask me to help in that way. You simply walked in and started bullying me with the rules to do what you wanted. Not only did you make me look at all the material you used to get off," She then reached up and caressed the spot where I had given her the hickey, "but then you started using my body as way of reliving your lust. It wasn't loving either," The breaking down her grievance was getting me a little horny. I was beginning to think I may have a dominate streak. "Finally after all that you came on me."

"Well actually I used the tissue to keep it from hitting you,"

"Yes and it shot right through, we both know that tissue wasn't up to muster. No, you intentionally shot me with your sperm. You wanted to get cum in my hair and mess up my cloths. The whole thing was so deceptive. I'm just going have to get thicker tissue from now on, so you can't use that little excuse."

"So we are going to keep doing this, where I can masturbate however I want?" I said grinning.

"Well yes, I'm not going to cut you off. It would be unhealthy for you, not to mention if this is how you act with me while masturbating no telling how you will act out in the world. I wouldn't imagine you raping anyone, I know you too well for that, however your behavior would

definitely get you in trouble with the law," She said, standing. "So, in light of the new circumstance I am going to add some new rules."

"Mom if we are going to keep adding rules we are going to need to write these down somewhere," I replied leaning in.

"Agreed, now, as you have taken an interest in my body I am willing to assist you. However, I need a heads up on your intentions, whether it be asking me or at the very least telling me what you are going to do. For instance earlier when you told me to manage the pictures on the computer that would be an example of the rule. Now while I would prefer if you asked me, I understand if you are in desperate need of relief and a command would be quicker. I will probably help you either way but I think the courtesy of asking me will go a long way."

"Now I understand the need for spontaneity but the necking was example of rule four not in play. You just went and started kissing licking and sucking, without as much as any kind of heads up," uncomfortably, she continued. "Now coming in my hair, that was premeditated. You certainly weren't following that 4th rule. You didn't ask, and you tried to deceive your way out. If it was an accident that would be one thing but you were deliberately aiming to get me covered in cum. To the point where I had to dodge flying ropes of jizz."

"Can we formalize this, we are kind of using vague language here," I said, listening to my mother talk about all those ways I used her was

turning me on and I was getting fidgety. I wanted to do all those things to her again.

"Alright," She thought for moment. "Rule number four: When requested or dire circumstance commanded, I will physically assist in the masturbation process."

"Ok," already starting to think of ways to use the rule for my benefit.
"Can you refuse?"

She was silent for a moment, before saying.

"Well, that depends."

"Depends on what."

"Depends on the nature of the request."

"What if I asked if I could lick you?" I said staring at her. "Like on the face."

"I would allow it."

"What about other places," I said leaning forward.

"Let's just take it slow for now. Keep in mind if I'm running out the door on an errand or meeting with a client I will probably reject the request."

"Fair enough," I said.

"Now, rule number five. If I am assisting you, then you must warn me when you are about to cum. I am not shy about it I just want a warning is all. Does that seem fair?"

"Well, you're the one setting up the rules that allows me to do any of this in the first place so yeah, I say it's more than fair. I noticed that you didn't expressly forbid any of the stuff we did earlier, I take it I can still do all those things with you?"

"Well provided you ask," She said blushing, and looking at the floor. "I would be amicable to it." I was about to lose it and just started rubbing myself right there unbeknownst to mom.

"Are those the only two rules?"

"For now," She looked up at me and smiled. "Well I'm glad we straightened a few things out. I need to get my paper work done. How does dinner at seven sound?" She said standing up and smoothing out her skirt.

"It sounds great, but Mom," I said standing up with her.

"Yes?"

"I need your assistance, a rule number four kind of assistance." I said pulling down my pants. Mom looked at me, surprise in her eyes.

"You can't possibly be ready so soon," She whispered. I smiled as I saw the red enter her face.

"Well we have been talking about some pretty sexy stuff," I said. "Now, I'm going to need you to sit back down." For a moment she did nothing, she was obviously fighting something. Slowly she took a seat. "Now would you unbutton your blouse? Just the first two buttons should do the trick," I was slowly jerking now, I was hard for most of our conversation and I was pleased with the final consensus on the rules. I was even more overjoyed when she began to unbutton her shirt. I grabbed the collar of her dark blue blouse and pulled it open to reveal the deep cleavage of her tits. Her breasts were quite large and

they were made all the more pleasing by the black bra that pushed them together.

"Got a little ahead of myself," I smiled. "Well, you see I'm going to jerk off looking at your tits," I put my hand on her shoulder. "I'm also going to lean on you for support," I said, not even bothering to ask her and just telling her. I could tell it was a formality at this point. I leaned into her putting my weight in as I looked down her shirt.

"Will this take long?" She whispered staring right at my cock that was practically in her face.

"I'll be quick," I said. "It will be quicker if you jiggle them."

"Jiggle them?" She said looking up at me, eyes all glassy.

"Your tits, jiggle your tits,"

"Oh, ok." No hesitation any more she put her hands underneath those large breasts and bounced them. Not a fast jiggle just enough to give a constant motion. She was doing everything I told her. I may have dominate streak but, mom definitely liked being told what to do. It was hard to tell who was in control, Mom, or me.

"Face or tits." I said flatly speeding up my pace.

"What?"

"Face or tits, I'm going to come on one or the other. Where do you want it landing?" For a moment she looked panicked.

"Tits!" She blurted, I don't think she realized that I could have come anywhere else.

"Alright I'm coming," I grunted, she then grabbed the lapels of her blouse and pulled them out revealing more of her chest. With that a hot spew, I blasted semen all over her neck and breasts, four to five shots landed on her tits alone and they oozed down in the crack of her cleavage. A big white rope landed on her bra itself creating a sharp contrast milky fluid on black fabric. My mother was covered in cum again for the second time that day. Her acquiescence just made me hornier. For now I was spent. Yet there still remained one last thing, a single thread of jizz connected me and my mother, who was breathing heavily. I could wipe it on her I thought. But I thought better of it. Instead I just wiped off the head myself and pulled up my pants.

"Well I'm done," I said, my mother looked like she was in shock. A second later she realized she was covered in her son's seaman again.

She didn't panic, she stood up and started wiping herself off with a paper towel. "Dinners at seven right?"

"Yeah, seven," She said wiping herself down.

This day is getting better and better I thought to myself. I was brimming with ideas on how to get off. I was living the life, I could live out every sexual fantasy I ever had. The fact that my mother was the mantle for these fantasies was becoming more irrelevant by the hour. I was able to complete my home work with no more need for relief. So I set about tidying the place up. Dinner time rolled in sooner than I expected. Mom came downstairs still wearing the same blue blouse and skirt. I noticed that she had not buttoned herself up revealing the black bra and her breasts.

"What should we do for dinner tonight?" She asked me. "I'm thinking pasta sounds good."

"Sound very good," I replied, watching her tits jiggle slightly with each step. I followed her into the kitchen, a place that was becoming more and more erotic for me every time we came into the room. Mom began the preparation of the food and I helped here and there, cutting

vegetables, cleaning dishes, little stuff so mom could focus on making the meal.

"You know mom," I said to her. "I noticed you hadn't buttoned yourself up."

"Well, I didn't know if you would need me in that fashion again, what with your propensity of squirting you loads directly on me. I figured leave it open just in case." She was waiting for the water to boil as she said this to me. I moved up behind her and wrapped my arms around her stomach.

"Well its working," I said close to ear. She placed her hands on the counter top. I didn't know where I was going with this but apparently mom had an idea. "Doesn't that make cleaning up so much easier?"

"Yes it's just that, it's much easier to get my skin cleaned up, rather than my expensive cloths," She said. I stuck my nose in her hair and took a deep whiff of it.

"Do you mind that I do that? Squirting jizz on your skin?" I asked. I wasn't wearing any pants, and my cock was starting to grow, and it was starting to poke out through my underwear.

"If you really need to, I guess I'll tolerate it. It's just that I would appreciate if you didn't cum on the cloths I wear for work. Some of this fabric is very delicate. Would you at least consider that?" She asked, I was now nibbling on her ear, my arms riding up under her arms to hold onto her shoulder.

"No promises mom," I was now pressing my cock into her round ass. "When the mood hits me, I don't think straight," Using her shoulders as leverage I was beginning to rub myself on her ass.

"Michel, aren't you forgetting about rule number four?" She said with a grunt as I pushed into her again.

"I had not forgotten," Rubbing into her again with such force she almost fell on the counter. "I know that rule has to do with masturbating. I had no intention of getting off from this." I began kissing her neck as talked. "I just like feeling your body is all. I got swept up in the moment," Rubbing myself on her ass felt great, her skirt was a very soft material, and this was the first time I really got to explore mom's body. I refrained from touching her breasts and crotch, but in my opinion the rest was fair game.

"Oh," She was grunting with every violent thrust, this wasn't sex but we both knew this was dry humping. I continued to put more and more weight on her back as I pressed her down on the counter top. Encouraged by the small grunts of my mother, I quickened my pace, which in turn brought out more delightful noises from her. This was so

hot, I was begging to feel myself cum. Knowing the subtle signs I stopped and simply laid on moms back, breathing heavily. It was more work than expected. I was hard, tired, and despite not having cum it was nice to have a warm, soft, panting feminine body beneath me. I looked at the pot of water.

"Your water is boiling," I said getting off her, for a moment she laid there just breathing hard. With one hand she checked the back of her skirt no doubt checking for the presence of cum. Not finding any she stood up, face and chest flushed, breasts heaving, and having straightened out her skirt put the pasta in the boiling water. I however still had a raging hard on, so I grabbed the olive oil and coated my hands in it. Leaning on the counter again I began to jerk off, the oil providing the lubrication needed to speed up my strokes considerable. I knew mom was watching me. I didn't need her permission to masturbate like I was. I was not touching her body. I just imagined that my oil slick hands where my mother pussy, and combined with the recent experience put me over the edge. I began to shoot my wad on the cabinets below me, pointing my cock up I began to shot it across the counter top. I was spent. I steadied myself on the counter and looked at mom. She was breathing hard and fidgeting over her crotch. Was she getting turned on by this? Well with my recent behavior I suppose it was inevitable. Her need, was written all over her face. Wiping the oil off my cock, I then turned away from her, went over to the sink and washed my hands. When I was done I walked up to mom and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"That was fun, do you mind cleaning up? This is a rule 3 situation," I said before sitting at the table. Her knees wobbled for a moment. Hands slightly shaking she reached for a dish towel.

"When," She said trying to catch her voice, and eventually finding it.
"When dinner is done would you be a dear and do the dishes.

"I would be delighted to," I said watching mom cleaning up the mess I made.

Dinner was quiet. I would say it was awkward but I was feeling particularly tired today so it suited me just fine. It was uncharacteristic of mom however. She would talk about that houses she was trying to sell, a particular show she was interested in, or the weather. Instead she just fidgeted. She kept shifting her seat, leaning forward, or scooting on her chair. My guess was she was trying to stimulate herself. It was hot don't get me wrong but by that point I was just too dog gone tired. After dinner I cleaned up like I was asked, much to the apparent joy of mom who ran off upstairs. I just smiled to myself. I could make a guess what she was up to. The rest of the evening was spent by myself as mom did not come down stairs. I watched some shows caught up on my email, and a bunch of little thing throughout the night.

Eventually I lurched up to my bed room and fell into bed as soon as I was ready. A film reel of today's events passed under my closed eyes reviewing all the changes that had happened since morning.

Apparently I could ejaculate on mom whenever I wanted, provided I give her a heads up. I still hadn't seen her naked yet but that change alone made our relationship fundamentally different than the normal configuration of loving mothers and sons. I certainly liked this arrangement. It certainly was not conventional and we would definitely get in trouble with the authorities if we were ever found out. Mom and I were taking a huge risk. Well not so big as long as we kept it in our home, and it wasn't like we were having sex.

The dry humping episode in the kitchen flashed in my mind the instant I thought about that. Well not penetrative sex. As I went over that scene in my head over and over again, I was definitely bending the rules if not outright breaking them. When I started thrusting into mom, she could have called foul right there. She could have pushed me away and ended our arrangement. She didn't end it when I came on her without asking the first time in her office either. No, she was getting something out of this, it was something she wanted. I was horny again. I lightly stoked myself as thought about our complicated relationship. She was definitely acting the submissive, yet her being my mother put her higher in the balance of power. I know I was getting off violating that supposed power she had set up in this scenario. Well not so much breaking the rules but just bending them. As I continued jerking off I found that I had gotten too used to having mom around. I got out of bed and headed down the hall to her room and sleepily shuffled right in.

"Michel?" said mom who was wearing a night gown and reading a book. "Is something wrong?" She asked a little concern in her eyes.

"Couldn't sleep," I yawned. "Too horny."

"I see," She said putting her book back on the night table. "I'm assuming you will need my assistance?"

"Just your presence," I said. "I just like having you around when I do this," I walked over to her dresser and started opening drawers.

"Well that's sweet...I think. What are you looking for?"

"Found it," I said, shuffling around in her dresser I pulled out what I was looking for. Turning around I showed them to her. "A pair of your softest panties" I said grinning. They were a black pair with lace definitely something silky.

"What are you going to do with those?" She asked hesitantly. "Are you going to wear them, I mean if that's what you want I respect it but does it have to be now?"

"Another example of why I love you so much, you are the most understanding mother in the whole world," I then climbed on the bed lying next to her. "No, just need something to shoot my wad in."

"Does it have to be my underwear?" She said slightly aghast. I fished my cock out and began rubbing myself.

"Well I could come on your face or hair, but seeing as you have had several showers today I thought I would save you the trouble. I could also blast your sheets, and blankets, but I don't think you want to change your bed sheets or sleep in cum. These are much easier to clean."

"So you're doing this for my benefit?" A doubting smile blossoming.

"Not entirely, I want to come on feminine things," I grunted. "I also like making a mess of your things," I just let that hang in the air. For a while all that was heard was the slapping of my hand on skin.

"That gets you off?" She asked, I simply nodded. She smiled and shook her head. "Well, boys will be boys. Here," She grabbed a bottle from her bed side table and threw it to me. It was a bottle of lotion. "You'll chaff if you keep up this pace," With that she went back to her book.

I jerked off looking up and down her torso. She definitely wasn't wearing bra, which caused her breasts to sway naturally. They were big and heavy, I didn't know her bra size, why would I? They were definitely on the large side. Mom used to make the joke that all her baby weight went to her chest. Not an exaggeration either, I saw

pictures of my mother before she had me. Totally flat as a board. I wondered what those breasts would feel like.

"Mom, I think I have an idea of how you can help me." I said rubbing my greased up dick.

"Is it going to involve a mess?" She asked. I shook my head and rolled on my side away from her.

"No nothing in that department, I just want you to hold me tight while I finish my business."

"That doesn't sound so bad, much gentler than how you have been treating me as of late. So very roughly, I was shocked that you could be like that," I felt her move out from under the covers and climb back onto the bed. I felt her move up behind me as her soft arms wrapped around my stomach and pulled me close to her.

"Closer," I said. With that she pushed into me even closer her breasts squishing into my back just how I wanted. The closeness and the touch turned me on even more as the lines between past motherhood's embrace meet sexual gratification.

"You know, I think this is a great way to end the day." She whispered to me. This was a strange reversal of the barbaric domination of my

mother. It was tender, and caring, and not in the way of lovers. Something far, far deeper. "I wouldn't mind if this became a way for us to unwind at the end of the day," I was silent as she spoke. I simply rubbed myself, feeling her tits rub against my back. "I understand how boys can be, so bellicose and savage. I understand why you are being rough with me. Not all man are like that but some are. I just want you to know I don't like to be hurt. Roughness is one thing, but if you bring out whips and chains this whole thing ends do you understand." I nodded, and I felt her squeeze me tighter. So she finally drew the line. It's an important line I thought. I had no desire to cross it. I did love my mother and I didn't want to see her hurt either.

"Mmm that's good to hear. During the day, you can be as rough with me as you need to be. I just ask we have this time. This time at the end of the day to remind ourselves that I am still your mother, and you are still my son and that there is still room for gentleness and love between us," A long smooth leg lifted over my own, I could see her night gown ride up as her leg as it rested over my own. She clutched my chest with her hand pressing her large breasts into my back.

"Are you almost there?" She asked. I nodded again. "Good, now come for me. Shoot your load in my panties!" I speed up my rhythm, the combination of being held tightly in the comforting embrace, the sexual over tones of her tits and looking at that long sensual leg sent my mind exploding like a rocket. Taking the expensive panties I stuffed my cock in them and felt the liquid in my balls fire out into the soft material, shooting through several layers of fabric before being halted by my hand. I wiped myself up and relaxed. Mom stopped rubbing my chest. Retracting her leg, she reached over and grabbed her panties

and got off the bed. I watched her walk over to her hamper and tossed the sopping garment in.

"Mom," She turned to me, smiling. "Can I sleep in here tonight?" laughing softly, she nodded.

"I suppose that would be fine, scoot over." I did so and wiggled underneath the blankets. I heard the click of the lamp light as mom got under the covers as well. She leaned over to my ear, and in the dark I heard.

"I love you, Michel," she said.

"I love you to." I mumbled as I drifted off to sleep.

I dreamed that night, an indistinct mass of images flickering and coalescing in a rapid fire menagerie of pictographic sights and sounds. All of them sexual in nature. A cavalcade of women passed through my brain as in indistinct mass of tits, ass, and flesh. In brief moments of lucidity I found myself bent over a random beauty, in a meadow, a castle, a diner, a cave. The images of places shifted as the women shifted. The only fixed point I found was warmth and roundness of breasts. They were in my face, in my hands or pressing into my chest. As my dream continued I tumbled through this confusing world. Time lost meaning but there was warmth and tactile sensations never before experienced in a dream. I felt a pressure in my loins that

somehow never found slickness no matter how deep I pushed into these dream girls. At least I had those breasts that felt more and more real. A loud moan like a thunder strike snapped me awake.

There I was spooning mom in the dark. My hands had crept around her waist and found her breasts, her soft, squishy breasts. I could feel my mom's nipples digging into my palms, and little moans escaped her. My cock had escaped my underwear and was digging into her ass cheeks separated by that soft silky night gown she was wearing. The sudden realization was pleasant and shocking. For a moment I stopped and was listening to mom's heavy breathing.

"Mom? Are you, are you awake?" I asked afraid to move. For a moment nothing was said.

"Yes," came the soft whimper from her. I gave a light squeeze with my hands feeling the roundness of Mom's tits.

"I, I think I was dreaming, and got a little grabby," I said, having felt her tits I was loath to give them up now that I held them.

"Is that so," She said a head in the darkness turning to look at me. "I just, assumed, it was like dinner, and you were just using me to get you self-going." She said in breathy huffs.

"So, your just fine me molesting you now?" I said beginning to rub myself on her ass again.

"Well," She grunted with my thrusts, "I'm not, pleased with unnh, being woken up in the middle of the night, but if mmm, oh god, if you feel the need, to take, care, of, your, self! Then I guess, just go for it." With each thrust her night gown rode up higher and higher. I started feeling bare skin and then my dick sunk into her ass cheeks. My hands idly fondled her tits loving the texture of the fabric between hand and breast.

"If that's case," I taking a deep breath. "Why not just get rid of rule number four. Since you don't seem to mind."

"It's not that, it's just, oh boy, you have a habit of talking your way, unmm, around the rule to get what you, want! As for rule four we will talk, about it, tomorrow."

Suddenly, her arm moved and the covers rustled and in the darkness it was hard to tell what she was doing. "Her arm became active, almost vibrating. My arm was trapped under her arm pit. Letting go of one of her breasts I used my hand to investigate down her body, crossing over the hiked up fabric I found her wrist which was actively moving over her pussy. She was masturbating. This turned me on immensely and I redoubled my efforts. I began to suck on her neck, as I grabbed a hold of her breasts again. Clutching tightly I fondled and humped into her warm body. The warm skin of her ass sent charges of high octane

pleasure up my spine that flooded my brain. So delirious from this sexual overload I began pinching mom's nipples and rolling them in my fingers.

Without warning Mom threw her head back and her entire body started shuttering in my arms. I just held on to her as she twitched and convulsed and let out little squeaks that quickly turned to grunting and short screams. I had never seen a woman cum like that especially up close. I was holding in my arms a sexual dynamo. I could tell Mom would have been one hell of a lay. A minute passed by and the convulsion stopped and she slumped in my arms. She just lay there breathing through the post orgasmic wave.

"Mom," I questioned still rubbing myself on her.

"Yeah sweetie," She said sticky with pleasantness and joy.

"I'm going to cum soon, but I need your help with something. Just roll over on your Stomach." She complied, and I scooted on top of her. Grabbing handful of her night gown I wrapped my cock in the soft silky material and began to jack off furiously it wasn't long before I was about to have my own orgasmic rush.

"Mom! Cummings!" Without a further word I leaned forward let go of her gown, and shot my load strait onto her back. My shots where pretty weak but with several good solid squirts I collapsed on her.

Panting I rolled off her and pulled her gown down past her very nice ass. I rolled her back on her side so I could spoon her again. She was like a rag doll, acquiescent to my manipulation. Holding her once again, I kissed her neck. "Sorry Mom, but. Your body makes me want to do crazy stuff to you." She patted my arm and kissed it.

"I know," She said rubbing my arm, "and I love you so much I just want to let you do those crazy things." After that we just held each other till we drifted off to sleep.

End of Part 2