



Challenge

He thought his mom could do better than her boyfriend.

Challenge

Jack30341

1.

Tom Jacobs punched his right fist into the heavy bag, and wanted more. Yeah, he savored the give of the bag as his arm extended out. The pure move pleased him, as his entire side moved with the blow and not just his arm. The effort electrified him. But it wasn't his best.

The last several minutes he'd been spent. This was his body going beyond and doing more. Now if only his mind could be as true.

Or was it his spirit? Two, three more lunges at the bag, and the deep thuds put a small grin at his full lips. His soaked, thick hair flicked with his moves, but his eyes never let the black leather taking his fists. But something inside didn't feel satisfied.

A few more pounding thrusts, and his workout ended. The ache deep in his shoulders actually felt good. The grimace on his face didn't betray the appreciation he was taking in the exercise, as he passed the other men getting in their time in the musky gym. His shirt matted to him, and didn't make it any easier as he tugged to get the gloves free.

The sounds of other punching and grunts echoed around him as he made his way to the locker room. Even spent from the workout, he had to acknowledge a restlessness inside himself. An hour and it's still there.

The sweat-soaked shirt and the weary ache felt good, even if his mood didn't match. The long days at the office and the brutal exercise weren't calming him, so he'd just have to tolerate it. Maybe the steam room would help tonight.

After stripping away the wet tee and shorts at his locker, he shot over to the scales. His six-one nakedness balanced nicely and didn't inhibit him at all as he noted one ninety-six tonight. He shrugged and got going.

Fifteen minutes of steam and a hot shower soothed, but they too didn't quite quench him. The brooding stuck around. He'd just carry it. Or, perhaps another night of some porn and relief before going to sleep. It was something he was too used to.

One last look into the locker room mirror made him wince. His fit physique was okay, but the crooked nose never ceased to haunt him. One punch in the sixth grade had stayed with him for years. But deep inside he knew it'd probably been the best thing for him. He'd never let himself feel weak again.

On the way home, the Porsche responded like he wanted. No music tonight and the passenger window down let him take it in. No way could he articulate what it was about the car's purr that moved him; it just did.

Upstairs in his dark high rise apartment, he got ready to wind-down. Teeth brushed, one last check on email, and he'd settled down with his phone ready for some reading, when it buzzed. The ID stopped him in his tracks. His mother. Well, at least it wasn't his sister.

"Hey mom."

"How's it going?" Her words came quietly, like his own. Ambiguously muted. This call could be about anything, but it started calmly.

"Excellent. Getting home from the gym."

"Excellent. Always excellent. Gee, I love the positivity. Tom, Tom."

He couldn't help but smirk. The tone had stayed even, but the sarcasm told him she wanted to tease. Her nice presence, five-foot-five and a hundred, twenty-five pounds of poise--that was what the rest of the world saw. But she treated him to a little rambunctiousness now and then. She must have known he liked it.

He teased back. "Ellen, Ellen."

"Ha." She sighed. "It's so weird when you call me by my name like that. But you're doing okay?"

"Oh, everything's pretty good, I guess. You?"

She sighed on the other end before getting to it. "Fine. Well, I was fine before I heard from Sonya."

This stopped Tom cold. He'd managed to relax some, but word that his recent ex had contacted his mother brought him to a halt. His mom cared about everyone, so having an ex call her started getting him pissed.

"What the hell? Why did she call you?"

"Hey, hey. Take it easy. I don't want you going back and giving her a hard time."

"She had no business calling you."

His mother's words sunk even lower to almost gravelly. Was she lying in bed already?

"She's upset. She loves you. That's why she called me. She can't believe you broke-up with her."

How could he possibly explain this to her? She saw goodness everywhere, and probably would even with a self-centered model-type like Sonya. Part of his problem was that he was heading in the exact opposite direction of how good-hearted his mother was.

He pushed himself to get relaxed again. Fuck Sonya. He pushed to extend his legs out. Took deep breaths. Five am would come early.

"It didn't work out, that's all. I'm twenty-six. I have a lot going on. I explained all that to her."

"I'm worried about you." Another sigh. "You get these girls thinking you're serious. The next thing they know you're leaving."

"I do not lead them on. They believe what they want to believe. I am always honest. I'm getting established still."

"My god, you just got a raise. You've got your own accounts now at work. A hundred-fifty a year. You're doing fine."

"I'm focused."

"You're alone."

He'd be better soon as he could end this call and get to his porn stories, but he bit at his lip so as not to take a shot at the poised Ellen Jacobs. Don't burst her bubble. Deep down maybe he doubted he could ever feel content. Anyway, that didn't need solving tonight.

"Mom, I'm fine." Mostly.

Some rustling on her end convinced him she had already turned in. This made a few times lately she had called at the end of her night. Good, he could keep this short.

She couldn't help but chastise a bit more. "You're not turning into a player, are you?"

He bristled, and struck back. "We can't all be happy like you and Gary."

The pause on the other end made him twinge a bit. Her boyfriend professor wasn't all that for her, and he knew it. But he also knew she didn't want to be alone, and his retort maybe landed too heavy.

For the only time during the call, her tone got tight. "Gary is very good to me. I... I... ."

"Yeah. You're right. He is. I shouldn't have popped off. I'm tired."

"Well, get some rest. And, think about what I've said. You can't just keep dumping these different women. It's...bad. Bad karma."

Quick thoughts of some smartass replies flew right by, and he let it go.

She added more. "You'll find more satisfaction if you let yourself care deeply. You will."

"Yeah, I'll think about it. I'm sure you're right. I'm going to do something different."

She made a sound that sounded close to a giggle. "You are?"

He stretched his nude frame out again on his king-size bed. The high thread count sheets cradled him nicely. What's she giggling about? Is that more sarcasm?

"Yep," it was his turn to sound gruff. "I'm going to find someone who can challenge me."

Her soft laugh back made him smile.

"Good." She said.

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight, I love you."

"I love you, too."

He half-tossed the sheet from his chest. In an instant, his hand latched onto his cock, and he was surprised it was already swelling for him. Perfect, he could knock this out, and slide into sleep in no time. His mind started trying to conjure just what kind of challenge might be best.

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2.

Usually, having lunch with his sister was fun.

"Why do you have to be an asshole?"

Tom paused to let his sister's words hang in the air, as he looked over the monitor at his desk. So much for a laid-back lunch. Typically, Beth was interesting when she came over to his office for lunch. This thing about their mom must have really irked her.

"Look," he grabbed another bite from the roast beef sandwich she'd brought him, "I really didn't say anything against Gary." Not this time.

Beth wrinkled her nose in a way that made her cuteness fall away. The thick, honey-brown hair she got from their mother was pulled back. Her blue eyes, also from their mom, were mostly shielded by her glasses.

"Mom felt like you were being critical."

"Yeah?" He couldn't help a small smile. But she didn't appreciate it. "I wasn't."

"She just wants you to be happy for her, you know?"

He watched her pick at her salad. Gave her some reality. "Deep down, you think the same thing I do about her and Gary."

She shook her head unconvincingly. "I don't know what you're talking about. He loves her. She loves him."

He didn't hesitate. "She can do better than him."

"What are you talking about?"

As he took his time to answer, a realization set in. Young women Beth's age might have some attraction to them, but often they just didn't have a feminine way about them quite like someone his mother's age did. He flinched at having such a thought. Could that be it? Am I really starting to get into older women?

Beth noticed something had struck him. "What?"

"I'm just saying," he had to be careful, "she's smart, she's attractive. There are men who would be more exciting for her. Make her happier."

"Quit trying to decide what you think she should have, and just accept what she does want."

"I don't care what you say. I don't think she really wants him."

"Oh yeah? She's thinking he's ready to pop the question."

He gulped. His gut clenched.

"And," Beth delighted, "she wants him to."

A mix of feelings rushed over him, from the memory of his parents divorcing years ago to the doubt he felt about Gary. He couldn't help reacting with strong dread to what he was hearing.

"Listen, I've got nothing much against Gary. I don't. I just think... . I think she should live a little. Have more excitement in her life."

"More excitement?" She almost choked, and he had to admire that she never seemed to get any salad dressing on her sharp suit. Not a speck. "You missed all of that."

"Huh?"

"You weren't around. Admit it. You stayed off at college while Mom and Dad divorced. And then, once she divorced, you buried yourself in starting your job, when she... ."

"She?"

"Dated around. Hung out."

"Dated around? Mom hung out?"

"Yeah."

"I don't remember anything like that. I absolutely don't. What are you even talking about?"

"I'm saying she's already dated, and then she met Gary. And now for three years, he's stayed right there. Loyal and everything."

"And everything." He couldn't help some sarcasm.

Beth offered more. "See for yourself. Friday night after work we're all meeting for drinks. Hang out and give it more of a chance."

He downed some water to wash down his lunch, and he churned. Beth had to have all this wrong.

His mom dated around? What the fuck did she really mean? How much did she really know, and just not want to say?

And, this notion of his mom wanting to get engaged to Gary? Had she really sunk to this? Surely she wouldn't make such a mistake.

Their lunch didn't leave him lighthearted today. Today was different. It left him with a burning.

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3.

Friday night's crowd was lively, but fortunately they had a corner table to themselves. His mom sat there with Gary at her side, Beth sat across from them, and his mom's friend, Chelsea, sat across from Tom.

This suited Tom fine. He and Chelsea chatted, and even though she was much older, there was an appeal to her he couldn't quite put a label on. Femininity. It's what he kept coming back to. A gentleness. And some unique confidence. The kind that comes from knowing yourself. His mom had it, too.

The music sounded energetic, and the beer was ice-cold, but he was only going to indulge with one. He planned to hit the office early Saturday morning. Tonight, he'd make his appearance, buck-up his mom, and then cut out.

Chelsea focused on him, and as she worked on her second chardonnay, he thought he saw her glimpse at his mouth a couple of times. She'd been friends with his mother forever, and from how she was responding, she too was with someone that didn't excite her.

They were laughing back and forth when he noticed his mom watching them out of the corner of his eye. Glancing over, he saw Gary, chugging his beer and enraptured with whatever

Beth was telling him. He smiled to his mom, and she grinned back. She made a weird look to Chelsea and then eyed him briefly. Afterwards, she made herself try to get interested in Gary's conversation with Beth.

An older dance song started, and he noticed his mom's shoulders start to sway. Surely, Gary would take her to dance; she was into the song. Gary's attention never left Beth.

Tom interrupted Chelsea. "Excuse me."

Up from his seat, Tom rounded the table. Ellen looked up at him just as he got to her. Her eyes widened.

His hand went for hers. "C'mon, let's go dance."

There was no hiding her surprise, but she didn't hesitate. She accepted his hand and hopped to her feet. Off they went to the dance floor.

Once dancing, it was Tom who was trying not to betray his own surprise. He moved in time with the music, but she was unabashedly getting into its rhythm. And, not in some sloshed,

out of control way, but in the smooth, instinctive way someone does who loves the song.

Her swaying and her arms lifting into the air captivated at least two other men on the floor. Tom watched her as some stranger might, and had to admit she was alluring. Thin, black blouse and designer jeans. What is this? He'd never seen her dance anything like this. Then again, how much had he really ever seen her dance?

In a strangely appealing way, she didn't look all about at others or to anywhere else. She didn't stay locked on his eyes, but she kept her focus on him. At times her blue eyes seemingly glowed.

Near the end of the song when it was reaching its peak, she synched her arms and legs in such a way that drew a long up-and-down gaze from him. He couldn't help a pang of embarrassment when his eyes came back to hers. How would she show her disapproval?

Instead, her mouth slightly parted, and she slowly grinned. He chalked it up to her just taking it easy on him. And to her own chardonnay.

Walking back to the table, she pulled close to his side. In his ear, she spoke distinctly. "Thank you. I loved that."

He politely smiled back. "Yeah? Me too."

He figured everyone was indulging well enough without his help, so he said his goodbyes all around. Even tried to be nice to Gary. Gary reacted warily.

Heading to the door, suddenly Ellen was at his side.

"I'll see you out. I need to go to the ladies' room."

When they reached the front door, she stood close, her hand pulled strands of her honey-brown hair behind her ear. She licked her lips in a way that signaled nervousness to him. He didn't see any need for nerves on her part, but it was there nonetheless.

Their eyes held on each other's a sustained moment, before she mustered something to say.

"Please don't go seducing my friend." Ellen half-grinned but also squinted her eyes. Was this a scold? Or maybe a dare?

"Me? Seduce her?" He feigned surprise.

"She's happily married, Tom."

"Then, there's nothing to worry about." He set his chin in a defiant way he was trying to stop doing with her. He worried it was too oft-putting. At least to her.

"She's my close friend. I'd do anything to protect her." This time she openly smirked. He liked the playfulness he saw on her face.

"Oh, is that right?" What is she even meaning?

"Even if it meant getting in your way."

He chuckled. "So, you'd block me then?"

She made an exaggerated sigh. "You're lucky you're my son."

"Well then, yes I am." In an impulse, he used his hand to tilt her chin up at him, and he leaned to her and pecked right at her lips.

He couldn't remember ever having kissed her on the lips as an adult, but the stunned reaction on her face was worth it.

Turning from her, he went on out of the bar. One last look over his shoulder pleased him. She still stared to him, wide-eyed.

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4.

Throughout his Saturday, he kept wondering. There were work reports and back-up documentation for his trades he had to complete, but over and over, he came back to their banter from Friday night. Was she actually flirting with me?

They were at least daring each other. Why was he letting himself get so distracted by this? He had considered finding some new challenge, but this was ridiculous. My mother?

Yet, time and again, his mind wandered back to her dancing. Her arms waving about in the air, and the carefree expression beaming from her face. Never, ever had he seen this side of her. And around midday, his curiosity prompted a question that stopped him hard.

What else don't I know?

Why? Why did this stay with him? Was he so restless, so damn bored, that his own mother was distracting and intriguing him?

It's not boredom. She's attractive.

By early afternoon, he was admitting he was enthralled. Sonya hadn't derailed him like this. No recent woman had interrupted his thoughts over a weekend like this.

And what about her? What does she think? Is there any way in the world she's thinking about me, like I'm thinking about her?

He decided he had to find out. It was likely she had messed with him to try to taunt him. He'd find out. The whole player thing. Or, maybe the Chelsea challenge. Not seducing her married friend. He had to see if there was a way to make her relent from teasing him back. Was that what he was doing? So much analyzing it repeatedly was clouding things for him.

There was one thing he could do.

He snatched up his phone, and he went right for her number. His stomach flipped some, so he decided he was doing the right thing. She had no idea how determined he could be.

She picked-up after the first ring. "Tom?"

"Hey."

"Hey, how's it going?"

"Good, good. Just been knocking out some work in the office."

A soft laugh on her end. "Careful. Too much work and not enough play will make you dull, you know."

Is this really my mom on the other end?

"Uh," he stammered, "well, it hasn't been all work. Been thinking some about last night, too."

"Yeah?"

He gave it a moment. Expected she'd remark about their banter. Or, their dance. Or, his kiss of her. But... nothing.

"Yeah." He rallied some. Decided not to shrink from what he wanted, which was to take his curiosity further. "I had fun with you last night."

"You did?" The way she said it convinced him she was smiling.
"Me too, Tom."

Again he left an opening for her to add more, but nothing came. Doubt set in. But he was this far.

"I saw there was this cool exhibit down at the city museum. Let's go. I can come pick you up."

"Wow, how wild. You know I love exhibits." She was slowing down her words, so he knew she was thinking things over.

"Great, I can head over."

"Uh, geez. It's after three, Tom. You'll get here after four. Even if it's just a couple of hours, that puts me getting over to Gary's late."

"Well--"

"We always get together Saturday night. We just do."

Fuck Gary.

"No, no. I won't get you home too late. I'm really wanting to see this, and I know you love going to them."

"I wish I could."

"I want to go with you."

"You do?" The pitch in her voice said she didn't believe him.

"I won't have you home too late."

Silence from her end prompted a jab from him.

"Guess I can call Chelsea."

A giggle from her. "What time are you picking me up?"

He smiled.

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5.

In the museum's sparsely lit halls, he surprised himself. Though huge, expensive paintings hung from the walls, he spent more time taking her in. Undoubtedly, she had to notice, but she didn't let on.

The rest of the crowd saw an older, elegant woman taking her time appreciating the art. The pink fit-and-flare midi dress. Discreet necklace and earrings. Unassuming.

He saw an alluring version of Ellen, who he now knew deftly teased and danced, holding court practically whenever she wanted. There was also the nicely touched red lipstick that matched her nails and the made-up cheeks that told him a truth. She had prepared for this.

It surprised him. And, he let it excite him. Maybe I'm off, but I don't think so.

Side by side, they took in the works. He'd reviewed the selections in advance, and he guided them through some landscapes at first, but steered them towards more sensual subjects ahead. He enjoyed seeing her so immersed in the paintings.

"I like us doing things like this." His eyes stayed on the paintings.

She sent a quick glance his way, making sure he wasn't kidding, but then nodded. "I do, too."

Standing in front of a painting where a woman in a flowing dress languished beside a lake, he spoke quietly to her.

"I think I should own-up to something."

Her face riveted over to his. "You do?"

He waited a couple of more seconds, staring straight at the painting while she hung on his thought.

"Yeah." He walked them on forward. "I talked to Beth. She set me straight on something."

"She did?" Some strong disbelief was in her tone.

"She said I wasn't around much when you and dad divorced."

She diverted her attention away to the painting they came to next, and she came to a stop. An angel flew about in the painting, and there was something wickedly troublesome milling below the angel.

Her response came muted back. "That's not true. You were in school."

Her graciousness hit him in the gut, and he didn't expect to feel this way.

"He was fucking stupid for divorcing you."

Her head swung to him and stared. He never used the f-word with her.

"Tom, you... . I... ." She swayed a bit. "You're sweet to say that."

She hugged him, and he returned the embrace. He walked them further.

"I mean it." He got himself back on track with what he wanted to explain to her. "And lately, well, I just see how... I don't know... how special you are."

Her eyes regarded him with some skepticism. "Where is this coming from?"

"I mean it. You're beautiful, smart. Like last night, when you danced, guys couldn't help but look. I don't think you know just how much you have going for you."

Slowly, she started nodding. "Ah, I know where this is going."

"Huh?"

"This is about Gary. You're trying to get me away from Gary."

A nervous chuckle sounded from him. "No. That's not what this is."

"It's not?"

"Not directly, no." Immediately he knew how dubious this sounded. He tried again. "Hey, I'm not trying to break you guys up. I'm really not. But--"

"But?"

"You're way more woman for him."

"Way more woman? What does that mean?"

"It means you're way beyond him. And, he's not enough for you."

"Tom, wait a minute. Gary's a good man. He's good to me. I don't think you understand. He's just not like you, that's all. That doesn't make him bad."

"I'm not saying he's bad. I'm just saying... ."

She stared up at him.

He tried to be delicate. "I think, ultimately, you need more."

Her face tensed. "I need more?"

He looked around. All the paintings reminded him of her many sides, her layers. He tried to use that.

"I'm saying I know you. We're alike in a lot of ways. And... you have waters that run deep."

This seemed to rock her, and she faintly grinned, but also shifted about uneasily.

"Tom. He's a good man. I'm not getting any younger. He's good to me. I'm happy with him."

"I'm sure you are. You're probably, like, great friends."

This went a little far, and he could tell.

She weakly replied. "We are great friends."

"Good, good. I think that's great. But... you deserve to be satisfied, too."

She recoiled and her eyes blinked hard. "Satisfied?"

This was too far as well, but he wasn't going to back off it. It was what he believed. In his gut.

Her words came shakily again. "You don't understand."

They both faced a painting of a couple in an embrace. Tom stood close to her, and put his arm around her. His hand rested just above her hip.

She took notice of his hand, glimpsed up to him, and then stared back to the painting.

He sensed her draw a deep breath, and he lowered his voice in her ear.

"He makes you comfortable. I get that. But you need more. That's just what I believe."

Her face turned to his, her eyes no doubt wide, but his eyes stayed straight at the canvas. He kept his words quiet.

"Like I said. Your waters run deep. You know that. I know that. We're both the same way."

Her tone matched his, and with a breathiness he adored.

"You've never talked to me like this."

"Something else Beth mentioned that I didn't know."

"Yeah?"

"She said you 'dated around' after the divorce."

"I'd been married for twenty years, Tom. You don't understand."

He gave it some thought.

She spoke up. "If you're suggesting I was somehow promiscuous, I wasn't."

Now it was he who was thrown some.

She added more. "Not that I didn't think about it. But I wasn't."

He was searching for some good response when she went on. She'd steadied.

"But I shouldn't tell you that, should I?" Her tone came sharp. "There's some things I just can't say to you."

"No," he was quick with it. "There's nothing you can't say to me."

She went from firmness to being truly taken back. "There's not?"

"Things are different now. We're different now."

He finally eased his eyes down at hers. Their faces were close. He liked how her mouth was just parted, like she needed the air. A look of surprise was in her eyes, but so was an awe.

Her eyes batted a couple of quick times. "How so?"

He shrugged and led them on down the hall.

They viewed a few more exhibits, but it was getting late.

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6.

The drive home was quiet. In the dark comfort of the leather seats and with the occasional flashes of streetlight on them, she brought back up her question with him.

"You said back there that things were different now. What did you mean?"

Leaning her way, he rested onto his arm perched on the middle console. The effect was to let his right hand dangle just over her lap. A moment passed and he thought how to answer.

Her eyes were on him. She waited. Likely she didn't know what to think.

"Well," he tried to sound delicate, "to me, we're older now. I mean, I feel older. And... well, I feel closer to you."

They had pulled into her driveway, and he turned off the car to walk her up. She sat, absorbing what he said, and he followed up.

"Do you? Do you feel closer to me?"

Her eyes slowly came to face his. She nodded. "Yes."

He smiled to her. Then, feeling strongly and not caring how she might react, he edged his face to hers. He stopped right before his lips could touch hers. A second passed where she could anticipate their touch.

She didn't move. Didn't even seem to breathe.

He closed the last bit to brush his lips on hers. It was a kiss, but more. A sensual trace that ended with a kiss.

As he gradually withdrew, she stayed still there with her eyes closed. Only after she sensed his shift back did her eyes blink back open and she gathered herself.

He got out of the car and was swift to her side. He held her door for her, as she got out. Her quick smile to him seemed shy as she acknowledged his politeness.

His blood surged. His hand rested at her back as he walked her up. His cock engorged in his trousers as he let himself believe he had gotten past some hurdle with her.

At least, he had thrown her out of her usual way of thinking about them, and as this conclusion hit him, he chastised himself. What the fuck is wrong with you? Have you lost your mind?

The growing bulge down the left side of his crotch confirmed for him that he must have lost his mind. But he didn't care. Suddenly, her niceness, the softness about her, her femininity, it all combined to stir a rage in him to want her. Everything else be damned.

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7.

It was a short walk to her front door, an entrance he'd approached many times before but not like this. She'd found her keys from her purse, and he gently retrieved them from her. Slightly taken with his assertiveness, she simply watched as he unlocked the door and led them in.

A lamp lit the foyer, but he also slipped around the corner to a light switch for the living room, and flipped that, too. A couple steps back, and he rejoined her as she paused in an uncertain stance in the foyer. Her wondering face stared up at him.

He wasn't quite sure what he was going to do. But he knew what he wanted to do. He spoke evenly as he embraced her.

"I had a great time tonight."

"I did, too."

Their eyes lingered on each other's, and he tried to ignore a bemused look from her. At least she wasn't trying to step away. Her reactions had all been positive.

His hand raised and went to her hair. He watched as his fingers ran through her thick honey strands there. He loved how smooth it felt.

Rather than move away or question, her head tilted into his hand. Very slightly, her head moved against his hand. Her eyes narrowed.

He felt his cock pulse.

When his other hand came to her cheek and cupped there, his face started lowering to hers.

She didn't move but her voice strained. "Tom."

His lips had almost touched to hers, when she flinched hard.

"What are — "

Her face swayed to the side to evade him, and he stopped.

She didn't back from him, only glared questioningly up at him.

He moved to her again, and she again went to the side.

"Tom, we --"

Undeterred, he closed once more, and to his utter shock, she didn't move to side away. Instead, her mouth lifted. Her lips puckered to accept his kiss.

He made his lips soften to hers, and after savoring her tenderness a moment, his mouth went into an instinctive taste of her, where he massaged his lips at hers and then widened, in turn widening and opening her lips.

Swiftly, eagerly, his tongue slipped into her mouth. Feeling her warm, wet tongue on his, he braced for her push or slap that would come. His tongue teased at hers.

There was no push or slap, but her mouth tightened onto his, and her tongue and cheeks pressed to try to keep up with him. When they both moaned in each other's mouth, his one hand stayed in her hair, and his other hand wrapped behind her back, pulling her closer.

His palm went flat against the middle of her ass, and it lifted at her up and forward against him. He mashed her middle flush up against his raging hardness, and even through his trousers and her dress, he could tell he'd connected to her soft crotch.

She jumped and she started to wiggle from him, but her mouth didn't lift from his, and their tongues kept dancing. He resettled his hand for a better grip and pulled her crotch onto him again. This time he burrowed to work his shaft between her legs, and his hand rubbed vigorously to slide her against him.

She squealed sharply into his mouth and slumped back against the front door. His hand kept rustling her hair while their mouths moved tightly about. His other hand pumped up and down her ass to generate strokes of her clothed pussy against his hard cock.

Suddenly he felt something that caused his own grunt back into her mouth. Unmistakable. Urgent.

Her legs had splayed outward when his hand had pressed her ass hard, but this reaction was entirely her own.

Her crotch started grinding back against him. She had a hand in his hair and one on his shoulder. Her hips moved desperately.

A fleeting thought hit him to reach under her dress. But he instantly decided any interruption of their connection would end this. He didn't dare.

Kissing her hard, he brought his other hand to her ass, and when he got a good grip, both hands hoisted up. Straight up the door, he lifted her to just above him, and propped her to give them both leverage.

The angle of her face higher than his seemed to ease her mouth further onto his. His tongue swirled deeper and she sucked down on it.

His hands curling her bottom up and down, together with her openly riding him with her legs wrapped at his hips, banged her against the door.

Still flailing, a sustained crying sound started from her. Softening and sharpening with inhaled and exhaled, the emotion erupted from deep in her. Her hands squeezed fistfuls

of his shirt at his shoulders as she started riding out her orgasm.

They were still pumping against one another and her crying continued as he glimpsed to her face. Her own eyes squeezed shut and her face twisted. Her cries grew louder as her mouth couldn't stay at his. Her cries reverberated in the quiet house.

Her torso and face kept bobbing with their thrusts as her head tilted just up. The sight of her losing herself in her ecstasy was too much, and spasming shot straight from his balls and cock. Vicious grunts sounded out from his throat and now he couldn't help pounding her against the door. Wave and wave of sheer pleasure washed over every fiber of him, rendering him lighter than he'd ever felt.

He wasn't sure how long it had lasted, but the next thing he knew they were descending to the floor. Draped over him, she panted and some mumbled short shrills kept up as she calmed.

He too tried to orient. He couldn't believe this had all happened, but he also couldn't believe how intensely he had just cum. This was far beyond anything he had experienced before.

They stayed settled in a heap a while, with his hands stroking her hair and her cheeks.

...

8.

Sunday brought playful texts and some sweet thoughts back and forth. They luxuriated in a forbidden aftermath they agreed they couldn't share with anyone. This only enlivened their new intimacy.

As much as Sunday pleased, their Monday disturbed. Disheartened.

Tom didn't like it.

He whipped the shower curtain hard, closing it in the gym locker room, and groused once more about having had to cram in a short workout. Only some cardio and lifts. Shit.

His mother's words resounded in his ears. "Listen, I've made an appointment with a therapist. Her name is Dr. Ava Gant. Her office is north of your gym. The appointment's at six."

He remembered she had paused at that point. Drawing a long breath, she had quietened but gotten out, "I want you to be there, too. It's important."

She'd made them an appointment with Dr. Ava Gant? A therapist? Unless she was a sex therapist, he didn't see the utility.

He hurried in the shower, and reflections on his night with her caused his cock to swell under the hot water. His hands lathered soap over and over his taut abs, and the suds trickled over his dangling cock jutting below.

He briefly considered taking care of it, but didn't.

He worried this appointment she'd made meant she had a major problem with their going any further.

He ran through his mind how their talk at the museum had been so intimate. How he'd treated her differently with his

taunts. Especially after she'd practically admitted a lack of passion with Gary.

He expected not to like what he was going to hear, but he vowed he'd be polite and respectful.

The bottom line was that he wanted them to be physical. But at the same time, he'd show respect for however she wanted to handle this.

He reminded himself to listen, really listen, to what she was going to say with this therapist.

Who knows? Maybe she won't even indicate anything more than just knowing this was wrong. Then again, it was likely that she had thought this over and had freaked out. He didn't agree, but

No matter what though, there was at least one thing that would make this worth it. Even the crammed workout and abrupt change in plans paled next to how he'd spend the early evening.

He'd experience this with her.

...

9.

The appointment started promptly at six.

Tom had barely settled into his chair across from Dr. Ava Gant, and he was already finding attractive things about her. Flowing black hair may have been pulled tightly back, but it made her high cheeks and expressive eyes all the more apparent.

It didn't help that her attention lingered on him after he sat. Her glances to his torso caused him to think of his crisp white shirt and navy jacket likely sprawling there. He was glad he'd paid attention to that top button and closed it, which he didn't always do after work. And he was sure his hair was still damp from his quick shower before driving over.

Sitting in the doctor's quiet office summoned principals' offices or coaches' office from his past. These meetings were always private. The door was always closed. They all happened because of something he had done. Even more, there was

always an expectation. He now got that each time it was always expected that he would say something necessary. Something for the principal, the coach, or now this therapist. This was the dance.

A quick glance at his watch reminded him that he just needed to get through this next hour, without managing to piss anyone off. His mother shouldn't have set this up without talking to him. Nevertheless, this had to be important for her.

So, it came down to talking. Explaining. Making everyone comfortable again. He'd get them through it. And, he couldn't care less about whether this MILF therapist judged him after all.

A glance to his side reinforced all this. His mom nicely filled-out a fitted white business dress. Her V-neck stopped right where cleavage began, and a small, tasteful pendant rested on her pale chest. Some red lipstick and liner accentuated her face. Moreover, her hair looked full and tossed. He'd bet money that she'd had it blown out earlier.

Dr. Gant pushed through some preliminaries about confidentiality and honesty before she got to what mattered. He patiently bided his time, and couldn't wait to hear this

therapist's reaction. Wonder if this is her first foray into adult incest?

It was Tom who would get rocked first.

Dr. Gant leveled her gaze at him as she explained. "Tom, you should know I've counseled your mom before. Not about today's issue. But from time to time, over the years."

His breath hitched a bit. "You have?"

"Yes. But that's a good thing. It means I already have at least some context when dealing with today."

He took a quick glance to his mom, and she registered some embarrassment. It would have been nice to know she and Dr. Gant had some history beforehand. Whatever. He forced a polite smile.

"Is there any problem?" Dr. Gant asked.

"No, not at all."

"Good. So, Ellen spoke briefly when setting this up. She said there was an encounter between you. A physical encounter."

He cleared his throat and sat straighter. "Well, yeah. I mean, I haven't thought of it as 'an encounter.' I--"

Dr. Gant smiled. "Please, how would you describe it?"

A quick second passed, and all he could think was the word encounter. What was this? Really what was this?

He shifted about some. "Let's see. How would I describe it? Candidly, I'd say it was a series of things."

"Series?" Gant clearly didn't understand.

He could sense his mother squirm beside him.

"Yeah," he took his time, "like, we've always been close."

He took a look over to Ellen, and was happy to see her ease into a warm smile.

He continued. "So, we've talked a lot lately."

Gant chimed in. "Good."

"Yeah, good." He echoed. Sitting forward, he tried hard to make plain the next part. "Then, Friday night, we were at this bar. Several of us. And, I... I... saw her in this new light."

Gant scribbled on a pad, and he tried to ignore it.

He gestured out with his hands. "That night we danced. Laughed. Um, we actually kind-of teased some back and forth, before I left."

Gant glimpsed Ellen, and while he only saw her briefly, he knew she did look like she was feeling guilty.

"Listen," he emphasized, "this is all me. I think I took all this in this direction. I did."

Ellen softly spoke up. "I don't know."

He flinched at this, and was still taken aback while Gant tried to re-focus him. His mom wanted to avoid his eyes.

"Tom, what else happened?"

"The next day, I kept thinking about her. About how close I felt to her. I wanted to see her again. So, I called her up. I talked her into going to a museum exhibit with me."

Gant took more notes.

He drew a breath and pushed on. "At the museum, we talked even more. I shot straight with her about a guy, Gary, I didn't think he was right for her."

Gant shifted some in her chair. "You don't like Gary."

She knows about Gary? "I wouldn't say I don't like him. I just don't think... he can make her happy."

"I see." Gant was writing on her pad.

"I could see where you think this might be some 'son jealous about his mother' kind of thing."

Gant peered up at him from her notes.

"But it's not." He sounded more defensive than he wanted to.

"It's not?"

"No."

Gant wanted all the facts first. "What happened next?"

"I took her home." He struggled with how to put the rest. "With what was happening between us, the closeness, I wanted to show that. Wanted to be with her. I kissed her. We embraced."

Gant stared down at her pad but didn't really write. She was trying to make it easier for him. He noticed her head barely nod, as if to signal him to keep going.

His words came slowly. "I started kissing her more passionately. She was in my arms. We were moving against each other."

"Moving against each other?"

"Um, I was, like, grinding against her as we kissed."

Ellen's voice broke the air, barely above a whisper. "We."

Both Gant and Tom turned to her.

Ellen's voice stayed low. "We both were... um, grinding." Her eyes diverted down to the floor.

He tried to shield the focus off his mom. "It just happened. It was intense."

Gant needed a bit more. "Did it go further? Did either of you... touch the other?"

He searched for the right words. "Well, our, uh, crotches rubbed. But other than that, no."

"So neither of you undressed or anything?"

"No, no." He instantly regretted the 'of course not' vibe he had added to it.

Gant took a deep breath, and it cued Tom and Ellen who did likewise.

"Well," Gant hit that reasonable professional tone, "there's a lot more to be discussed. Clearly. But, where we start is observing some boundaries. I mean, Tom, I know you mean well, but this kind of thing just isn't healthy. In fact, it's harmful."

He stammered. "Generally, I guess--"

"No, it just is." Gant looked him in the eye. "You can damage your relationship with your mother. Seriously hurt it, like this. You may think you feel a certain way, but there are things that can't be undone."

"My intention is not to harm her at all. I love her. I would never hurt her."

"No question you love her. None at all. But listen, once you have a physical-- a sexual relationship--then everything changes. You know that. And where would that lead? Eventually, you think that kind of thing can just be forgotten or put aside?"

"No. I don't. But this situation is different. I--"

Gant held her hand up. "How much of this do you think has to do with your fear of losing her? Of losing her to Gary?"

"That isn't it. It just isn't."

Gant shifted her attention over to Ellen, no doubt ready for the prudent, parental take.

Gant prompted her. "We should talk about coping mechanisms."

Tom reacted harshly. "Coping mechanisms?"

Ellen made her words clear, distinct. "Ava, I understand what you are saying. And all of that is true. This kind of thing is dangerous. I get that."

Ellen's eyes turned to Tom, she smiled, and then she went back to Gant.

"It's hard to explain, but things really are different with us now. They've changed."

Gant shook her head. "Ellen, Ellen." Her tone softened. "This kind of thing... it can't happen."

Gant looked back and forth at each of them as she continued.

"Things can seem so much different now. You're both older. Your circumstances have changed. But you are still family, and you have family roles. These are roles you don't want, or need, to damage. Even if you don't intend to, you can damage them."

Ellen leaned forward. An energy came from her. "Our feelings have grown. They really have."

Another quick glance to Tom, and then she was back to Gant.

"Now, I see this... this man. He's strong. Reliable. Does what he says he's going to do. And, and... ." Ellen scanned the room and seemed looking for more words.

Gant interjected. "Attractive." From his seat, Tom could see Gant's foot sway underneath her chair.

Gant smiled to Tom, who smiled back. Ellen also grinned, but she only let herself glimpse Tom before agreeing with the therapist.

"Yes, attractive. He is. But," Ellen leaned forward, her emphasis unmistakable, "I also have such respect for him. I mean, total respect." Her hand gestured to Tom as she shared this.

A warmth rose in his chest at hearing this from her, and he couldn't begin to articulate for himself just how much this mattered to him. They shared a smile before both facing back to Gant.

Tom joined in. "I look at her, and I see a smart, beautiful woman. In every way. No one, and nothing, comes close to making me feel like I do when I'm with her."

Gant did a double-take, and Ellen exhaled hard.

He decided to put it all out there. Be absolutely honest. His chest grew with his breath and he spoke.

"I don't want to just love her. I want to show her how much I love her. I want her. ...Yeah, I want to make love to her. I also want to fuck her. I want to make her feel like she's never felt before."

Gant blanched and shot a look over to Ellen.

Ellen abruptly raised from her chair. "We have to go."

Gant gawked up at her, not at all sure what to say. "Well--"

Tom jumped to his feet, and at once started leading Ellen out. She clutched her purse with both hands and paused when she

reached the door. He thought she might be about to say something else, but she didn't.

Opening the door, he nodded goodbye to Gant, who just stared back, open-mouthed.

...

10.

Tom left Dr. Gant's office dazed. The session had been like some sort of dream that he wasn't really part of. Talking about this and how he felt about her... threw him.

They marched to the elevator, and of course, it was crowded. At least it made them have to be close. Standing this close, he couldn't miss just how thin her white dress actually was. He liked how her small hands clutched her purse in front of her, her red nails perfectly painted.

Leaving the building, no words passed. And, as they approached the parking deck, one thing screamed inside him. DON'T LET THIS END HERE.

She angled to go towards the back of the deck and her car, and he quickly put a hand to her back to redirect her. She'd come with him. His car was close and at the front.

She started to explain. "My car is--"

He simply took her hand, and he walked them towards his car. He kept her hand in his. She didn't let go. Not letting himself look to her, he followed the one course that had always felt right for him, and he headed in the direction of what he wanted.

She didn't hesitate, didn't miss a step. But she also didn't say anything. Any moment he expected some opposition from her.

At his car, he made sure to open her door for her, and he was still watching her dress gather at mid-thigh when her hands swiftly moved to stretch it back down. As he closed the car door, he saw her eyes had been on his having watched her get in. He should have felt embarrassed.

The Porsche revved and he got them out of the deck. Streetlights and gleaming lights from some traffic now and

then lit the front seat. A couple of times, he started to say something, then didn't.

She didn't either.

He pushed the drive home urgently. He had no idea how her mind must have been churning. These last few days had whipped him about inside. God, how she must be rocked.

The closer he got to his apartment building the better he felt. No protest so far and nothing looking like guilt. Maybe.

His pulse raced with an idea that stirred him. Maybe. That intensity at her place when she was in his arms. Her sudden reaction to leave when he came clean with how he felt in the session.

Just maybe she wants this. Or at least, open to it enough to see how it goes. Fuck it, I'm going for it.

Finally, he glanced over to her. It drew her look back to him.

Her face was unrevealing, but her eyes darted on his. It lasted only a second, and she looked back forward.

She stared ahead, but he sensed she was aware of his still noticing her. Her face tilted just up, but it didn't hold. Instead, her attention flitted about, like she couldn't find anything to focus on.

He didn't want her nervous and spoke up with the only thing he could think to say. "I love you."

Her eyes shot over to his and softened. "I love you, too."

The turn into the apartment building parking brought them from darkness to bright, artificial light. But everything stayed quiet. The time for any doubts or questions had passed, from leaving the therapist and then driving home.

He took that to mean she felt as he did. Or, at least close to it.

He had brought them home and now she was going upstairs with him.

Things had forever changed between them.

...

11.

As they entered his apartment, a heavy silence hung over them. Normally, he appreciated the peacefulness, but tonight it intensified things. He worried that at any moment she might balk.

Immediately he realized how sparse his place would appear to her. She had come over only a few times. He just usually went to her house. His apartment was a great place, but he'd only bought a few pieces of furniture.

Once inside, she mussed at her hair, and slowed her steps. She faced towards his living room, while he stood just behind her. No telling what was running through her mind.

He didn't hesitate, and headed to where the living room opened into his bedroom. He took her hand and led her with him.

With concern, her voice barely sounded behind him. "Tom. I don't know... ."

He felt her come to a stop, and by the time he turned around, her hand left his. She backed away, and drifted about his living room. The dining room off to the side seemed to catch her eye, and she veered in that direction.

Her words came weak into the quiet of the high-ceilinged apartment.

"Come talk to me."

He bucked himself and determined that he wasn't going to be deterred. And he wasn't going to let her back out. She's got to have come over here for a reason.

He walked over to where she stood beside his long dining room table. Big, sturdy high-back chairs lined each side of the table, and she had come to a stop, resting against one of the chairs.

The white dress wrapped her well, and he marveled at the slim look of her. A slight grin emerged from him that registered with her. She grinned slightly back and instantly tried to suppress it. God, she looks so sweet.

Within a couple of steps of her, he struck a teasing tone. "Come talk to you."

Her eyes stayed on his as he walked to where he was almost touching her and directly in front of her. He heard a small gasp from her at his being so close. Her face seemed so delicate.

Gently putting his arms to her sides, he lowered his voice since now they were almost in a hug.

"Come talk to you?"

His hands then did ease her to him, her torso meeting his stomach and middle. Her eyes darted between his eyes and mouth, and then peered about his chest at her eye level.

"Uh huh," she murmured.

He put his face besides hers, and he softly put a couple of slow kisses on her cheek. He glimpsed her eyes drift lower and her body relax, and he planted a couple of more. His hands firmly moved up and down at her sides, and he took his lips from her cheek to where he could whisper at her ear.

"I know what you want."

At first, she stayed silent. His face brushed to her hair, and he loved it when she responded in kind, moving her head so her hair rubbed back. His hands inched up behind her.

His lips went back to her ear and caught part of her lobe, a kiss and pull that sent a jolt through her.

His mouth left her ear and moved right for her throat, starting delicate kisses to her skin there. All while bringing one hand higher to her shoulders with the other left at the base of her back. His hands steadied her in place, while his lips traced sensitive skin exposed at her throat.

He noticed a soft pant from her, and decided to ramp things up.

He whispered at her ear again. "I know what you need."

Her throaty reply tried to be mocking. "You do, huh?"

Now he brought both hands up to where her zipper started at the neck of her dress. One hand held the dress and the other started the zipper down. Her eyes clenched a bit and looked downward. Her face came enough forward so that it met his chest.

Her zipper kept sliding downward as his lips were close enough to her so she could feel his lips graze her ear.

"You need a good fucking."

Faintly she responded. "Oh Tom."

Her hands went flat to his chest, and he readied for some sort of protest. Some effort to stop things. The zipper was almost at its end just above her waist. The back halves of the dress were splaying open.

Her hands circled about his chest, and her face tilted so she could be heard but not to glance up at him.

"Are you sure about this?"

Blood surged to his crotch at this. That's her question?
"Absolutely."

His hands went to pull at the shoulders of her dress while his mouth kissed to her upper chest being revealed. He felt one of her hands go into his hair and stroke, and it drove him to kiss and suck more of her delicate skin above her breasts.

Her words quietly again. "I don't know."

When her hand stayed in his hair and her other went around to rub at his back, his cock grew thick. His mouth and lips savored more and more of her chest as he slid down bra straps and pushed it all away. Her breathing grew harder.

A couple of passes back and forth on her wide bosom put his mouth onto where he felt the luxurious fleshiness of her breasts and then hard pointed nipples. Each one he licked and then

sucked fervently. Flicking his tongue on them and making her jump.

She snapped out loud. "Oh god."

After a couple of more draws on each breast, he switched his attention to where he was backing her up. She took short steps back between the chairs at the table where he guided her. His hands pressed to place her butt right against where the table was behind her.

He lowered in front of her and his hands worked straight up her dress. The top of it had gathered down, and now he worked the bottom of it up, straight to where he draped it at her hips and left handfuls of it behind her. Thin white panties displayed in front of him and he went about taking them off.

"Tom!" Her hands took handfuls of her shirt in her grasp but no other words came.

Peeling down urgently, his eyes shot straight to the tuft of brown hair that sat at her mound. His hands finished pulling away the panties at the same time he put his lips to where he could kiss her swollen mound.

"OH!" She flinched back taking herself from his contact.

He stood straight and furiously undid his jeans.

Her tone grew frantic. "Are you sure about this, Tom?"

Two yanks down at his sides freed himself from his jeans and his boxers. His heavy dick strained into the air and bobbed. He watched her stare and didn't wait for a reaction before moving forward again. She was still staring as he got close enough to raise at her hips. Her hands went to his shoulders as he propped her onto the table.

A fretful groan sounded from her as he first took one of her legs to the side to rest a heeled foot braced in one chair, and then did the same for the other to another chair, putting her legs wide open.

They both looked down to where his cock jutted toward her exposed crotch. To him, her narrow hips make him look overwhelming for her. He looked back to her face, and she didn't look up at him, instead pressing her face onto his chest and her hands onto his shoulders.

He kissed to her again, wanting to soothe, but he also reached between them. He gripped his base and closed the distance between them. Quickly, he found her lips. I'm actually touching her there.

Soon as he did, she squealed at the sensation of him making contact there. It hit him as well with his cock pulsing in his fist. He couldn't believe how slick she was there.

He moved himself back and forth against her, and sure enough she was soaked. Yeah, yeah. She damn sure wants this, too.

Her hands swept around on his shoulders with one going back into his hair and the other gripping hard the back of his neck. Now her panting was obvious. Her tits jiggled with both their movements.

Keeping control, he concentrated on slowly dragging his head back and forth at her lips. Her juices lathered him, and he loved how pliable they felt. He heard his own pants of breath spurt, too.

He struck a firm tone. "Tell me. Tell me."

She moved her face to where she could make out his mumbled words better. "Huh?"

He lowered himself just a bit and slightly let his cockhead press the center of her lips.

"Tell me you want this."

She flinched at this and paused. Then faintly, "I want it."

He brought himself up straight and his cock wedged past her lips.

"OH TOM!"

Warm and drenched, her pussy held a good part of him. He was surprised how snug she felt to him. He stayed still only a moment before he backed a bit. She moaned loudly.

"Oh god."

He embraced her tight and then thrust again, this time pushing a lot of his shaft inside her.

"OOHHH!" Her hands squeezed his hair and shirt. Her breasts pressed flat onto his chest. She draped onto him.

Moving himself back out, he couldn't believe how exquisitely wet and hot she felt on his dick. He had to be careful or he'd never last for how he wanted this to go. Her juices trickled over where his fist still held his base.

He'd known how much he wanted to do this. Feel it. How he wanted to make her feel. He hadn't counted on just how strongly this would make him feel, and how sensually she'd feel this close against him.

His expectation had been he'd take his time. Vary it. Taunt her. But hell, he'd be lucky to last at this point. No other woman had ever felt like this inside. Never.

He drew almost out of her and then paused. Soon as he waited, she shocked him. She pushed back at him.

Her arms held him tighter and she plunged him almost completely deep inside her. This time they both moaned out loudly. He was close to cumming already, his cock as tight as ever.

He pulled and pushed strongly and she jolted back and then forward. Her face twisted as if pained and for a second he got worried. But at once, he felt her thrust at him. She made him sway about.

They rocked together with his hands holding her tilted to the table, and her arms wrapping her against him. Gradually they fell into a rhythm of pounding back and forth. He knew he was grunting out loud himself, but he heard her groaning wildly near him, too.

"Yeah, yeah, YEAH!" Her cry was coming from her core, and he couldn't believe how she'd push all the way down each time on him. She wasn't holding back.

They both worked furiously, and he could feel his balls swell. Her cries got higher and more pitched and he couldn't hold back either.

"Oh, god. OH GOD!"

Her pace livened even more, and she started screaming and shaking. His look down at her could glimpse her feet digging hard into the chairs and quivering. Her whole body bounced against him.

Suddenly it felt like his dick exploded and everything felt lighter than ever. Stars shot in the slits of sight he managed with almost-closed eyes. Waves after waves of ecstasy washed about him, and he convulsed uncontrollably.

The spasms kept up and he worried about keeping his stance. His cock still jerked deep in her, and he knew his cum must have been dripping down her thighs. He had never cum this hard.

They were both slowing to a stop when he opened his eyes to hers. She stared back longingly with half-closed eyes. No words came at first from either of them.

Finally, she huskily spoke. "Wow."

He smiled and chuckled. "Yeah. Wow."

She grinned broadly back at him.

Still resting its length inside her, his cock had only slightly softened. He liked how she held him there. Neither tried to move away.

He brought his face to hers. The kiss first was simply their lips joining, but they stayed together, and in a moment his lips moved with hers. Their mouths played against one another's, and before long, his lips separated hers. He put his tongue past her lips where it met hers. Then her mouth sucked tightly to bring his tongue more.

They both hummed into their kiss. His hands cradling her ass pulled her tight, and she grinded to keep his half-hard dick fully inside her. They kept kissing.

...

12.

Five am came early the next day. She was the first thing he thought of.

I actually fucked her.

Tuesday tested him.

Over and over, he thought of her. The slope of her breasts. Her erect nipples. That swollen mound. How her pussy clung to him.

For the first time in months, he seriously considered taking-off work. Trades in Europe made it impossible.

He never sat still, and he kept his phone within reach. To his delight, she matched his excitement. Part of him had worried she'd get remorseful. Become aloof.

Maybe at first she was restrained, but it didn't last. Early morning texts from him teased about their new relationship. Her texts back began with some skepticism whether he could be serious, but they ramped up just as his did. By midday, he talked about how hard thinking of her made him.

A couple of texts from him pressed her about how she thought of last night.

Finally, he had to hear her voice. It rang only once.

"Hey," she used the playful voice and immediately he was glad he rang her.

He made his word muted. "I'm over here trying to figure something out."

"Yeah?"

"Last night, what would you say surprised you?"

She half-giggled. "Everything."

While he smiled into his phone, she turned the question right back on him.

"What surprised you?"

A deep breath as the thought warmed him. "You being able to let go."

She sighed.

He slowly asked again. "Well, what surprised you the most?"

There was a long pause before her husky reply.

"That I didn't regret it this morning."

Her words rocked him. First, a surge went through him that instantly extended his dick in his trousers. Next, his fingers flexed, needing to hit keys on his computer; nerves gripped him.

She'd just given him something so hot, but so unexpected, that a giddiness also stirred him. Searching about the office, he took in all the things he thought he cherished, things that all showed his success and some money. This side of her reduced all that.

I love how wild that was.

"Tom?" Her voice reached out to him.

Someone else might think his absorption now was insane. This was her. But he didn't care. He'd already had strong emotion for her, she was attractive, and now deep down, she could go this far.

"Uh," he tried to respond, but he hadn't a clue how to explain to her just how enthralled this made him.

"Hey," her tone lifted back to a higher, "I just got a text from Beth. Says you're on it."

He was. "Yeah. Reading it now."

Reading it over a couple of times oriented him. Beth was spreading the word that she wanted everyone coming over Thursday night after work. She was very excited. She had an announcement to make.

Ellen broke away to call Beth, and he quickly tried to get back into what he had going on in front of him with work. The European trades had turned hot. It didn't take long, and Ellen was calling his cell.

"Hey," his voice tried a playfulness of its own.

Her quick smirk told him she picked-up his mood, but it yielded to concern.

"She wouldn't budge. Wouldn't give me a clue what this is about."

"I'm sure she's fine."

Ellen had her doubts. "Tom, this could be anything. Maybe she's moving. I hope not. Guess it could be something with Martin." A potential boyfriend?

He couldn't resist. "Or maybe, Martin's actually Martina."

"Great, I just want her to be happy."

"Me too."

"God, I'm going to worry until Thursday now."

"Well don't," he teased, "let me help take your mind off it."

Soft laugh. "Yeah? You got something in mind, huh?"

"My place tonight. I'll relax you."

"I'm sure you would... but Gary's over both tonight and tomorrow night. It's like he senses something."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Really wish we could."

Good.

"Yeah. Well, let's see each other Thursday."

His mind already started conjuring how to get her away a moment on Thursday. He was going to thrill her.

She said goodbye. "See you Thursday."

I've got to have her again.

...

13.

A great workout tuned him up perfectly for going to Beth's place. The whole time he thought of how he could get alone time with Ellen at the party. The bathroom. The apartment's spare bedroom. Maybe just take her outside for a bit.

Beth showed him inside with this beaming look that told him this should be interesting. A quick hug from her came and she said she appreciated his coming over. He noticed her dressy slacks and blouse, and wondered if perhaps he should have gone for more than just his jeans and casual linen shirt.

Entering the living room, he soon had his answer. A variety of people chatted and enjoyed drinks, all smartly attired. Some looked to be Gary's friends from the college, and a couple may have worked with Ellen.

Gary and Ellen approached him from the back of the living room, and even Gary had sharpened up his normal professorial image. Gary cut to Tom quickly, grabbing his hand for a shake. Being closer, Tom saw how Gary's jacket and trousers combination appeared to be some expensive wool.

Turning to Ellen, her bright eyes danced with his and made his blood surge. They hugged tightly, and separating, he loved how her eyes stayed focused on his. Wow, she looks great.

Ellen had on some worn designer jeans and a thin, pink blouse, and thankfully she seemed more casual like Tom. His mind raced already wanting to get her by herself.

"Tom," Beth had come up beside him, "I've got some beer or wine, and some munchies in here."

Gary and Ellen already held their drinks, and Tom went with Beth over to the dining room.

"Don't they look great together?" Beth asked it with some giddiness Tom didn't quite get.

"Well," Tom helped himself to a Heineken, "she does. And it looks like he bought a new suit."

"You're being asinine again. I think she's happy. It looks like it."

"I hope so." Tom couldn't help himself. "What's up with you? What's the big surprise?"

"You'll see." She got a little more serious for a second. "I want you to be supportive, okay?"

He nodded. "For you, absolutely. Count on it."

She hugged his neck and pulled him back towards the living room.

Mingling politely, he struggled showing interest and in any way faking it. He glanced about, and soon realized Ellen wasn't around. Why waste time?

A few steps away and down a hall led him to the bathroom for the downstairs. His timing still impeccable, Ellen emerged just

as he walked up. Her face lifted to his, and seeing it was him, a broad grin spread at her mouth.

Not wasting a second, he grabbed her hand, and started walking them further down the hall. He brought them around a corner, and they were outside a spare bedroom, the hall very dimly lit.

"Tom!" Her eyes arched high and the smile stayed, but she fretted about his risk-taking.

He hooked an arm around her middle and started to pull her close, when her face turned to the sound of steps coming around the corner toward them.

His arm loosened and his hand rested at her hip. Maybe the person coming in their direction was only going to the bathroom. But their steps kept coming.

Beth rounded the corner. Her face tensed at the sight of them, and she looked back and forth at them.

"What's going on?" She shook her head.

He was at a loss. "I--"

Beth didn't want to wait.

"C'mon. It's time." Her face showed she didn't know what to make of them, but she backed on around to get them to the living room.

Tom and Ellen followed Beth back, and Tom shot a devious look over to Ellen. Ellen was blinking and shaking her head, no doubt stunned at how close they came to being found by Beth at the wrong time.

Back in the living room, the whole scene seemed off to Tom. The brighter light in the living room struck a contrast to where they had just huddled. The people all seemed to face towards him and Ellen. It all felt strange.

Then, a series of actions unfolded that he would think of later as being all one big blur.

Beth thanked everyone for coming. She said the time had come for the news.

Then Gary came forward from the crowd. Stepping right up to where Ellen stood beside him and Beth. Gary sported a goofy grin and reached for his jacket's inside pocket.

Time seemed to stop and all sound hushed, as Tom watched Gary pull the small box from his pocket, get on his knee, and face up at Ellen. Gary's lips moved, but Tom wasn't listening to his words.

Still struggling to hear or process what he was observing, he did sense Ellen sway and then her shoulders shaking. Beside her, Beth put a hand to her shoulder with the first words Tom could finally make out.

"Oh mom, that's so sweet. I can't remember the last time I've seen you cry. Congratulations."

On instinct, Tom felt the need to act. In his mind, to lead. His gut clenched, but his hands clapped in celebration. The rest of the crowd followed his lead.

His stomach still churned as he saw Gary and Ellen embrace. After a short hug, she turned to Tom and threw arms around his neck. During their hug, he heard her mumble in his ear.

"Oh Tom."

He forced a big smile when they broke their hug and he led a toast.

"To Ellen and Gary."

Everyone joined in.

Tom shook Gary's hand. "You're a lucky man."

Gary vigorously shook back. "We need to grab a beer sometime."

Tom chimed right back. "Let's do that."

Gary and Ellen started accepting everyone's kind words, and Tom headed to the kitchen to fetch a bottle of water. Everyone

was getting their turn to talk to the engaged couple, and Tom tried slipping quietly away.

Before he could reach the door, he heard Ellen's voice behind him.

"Tom." She hugged him goodbye. Held him tightly a long moment.

When they pulled apart, she looked up at him and tears formed again.

She strained to make her words audible. "I love you."

He put on his biggest of smiles. "I love you too, mom."

Kissing at her forehead, he added, "Everything's going to be fine."

He left, his stomach flipping.

...

14.

He drove home in a daze. Now and then, he chuckled to himself. After all, he'd been foolish. About the whole situation. He started to figure he had set off an adventure, and had almost wrecked his mother's relationship.

Back off. He should let this play out on its own. If he'd been right about how she was and what she truly needed, it'd work it out on its own.

Entering the dimly lit apartment, it'd never felt so quiet or so desolate. He had some great things and made money. But he wanted a woman like her that attracted him deeply like she did. Something about the outer poise of her and the inner hunger of her thrilled him like nothing else had before.

The truth also was that he loved being with her. Loved listening to her. Wondered how she would react to certain things.

Throwing his keys on the counter, he dragged himself to the living room and plopped onto the sofa. He considered getting

a beer and putting on some music. The better thing would be to crash.

Maybe Gant was right. Now that they had fucked, deep down he really didn't want to let go of this. And if he didn't, then how could things not, at some point, get crazy. Open and public crazy.

Sitting alone in his mostly empty home, he fought feeling hollow. This will work out as it should. This may be some shit, but I am not going to wallow.

His phone pinged. It was her. "Are you alright?"

He struck his most reassuring tone. "Yeah, yeah. Everything's fine. Enjoy your friends, your evening. I've got an early morning tomorrow."

"I feel so weird about everything. Maybe... ."

"Don't feel weird. Everything's fine. It'll all work out. Now, go celebrate. You have to." He laughed.

She nervously laughed back. "Okay."

He hung up and laid his head back.

Slowing his breathing and telling himself not to think, he grew drowsy. More and more, he drifted.

...

15.

Next thing he knew his phone was ringing again, and waking him up.

The display said, "Mom Cell."

"Hey," he mumbled. Glancing back at his phone he saw it said 11:00 pm. He'd fallen asleep for quite a while.

"Is now a bad time?" She spoke softly.

"Uh no. What do you mean?"

"Um, I'm downstairs. Can I come up?"

"You are?" He sat straight up. "Yeah, of course."

In the moments it took for her elevator ride to reach his floor, he anticipated how she might try to let him down gently. Bring things to a halt. It was coming.

He ought to take the high ground, he knew.

When she got upstairs, he was surprised at how good it was to see her. She looked stressed and tired. But it stoked him she had on fresh lipstick.

They embraced for a quick hug and he got her on inside the apartment.

They walked towards the living room, but she stopped him in place.

"I've been worried about you. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. I'm good."

"You didn't stay long. Sorta left abruptly."

"Everything's fine. I have an early morning. No big deal."

She looked into his eyes, and he could see she really was concerned. At the same time, her captivating eyes again made her seem some new version of herself to him. An older woman as alluring as any he'd ever seen and not the doting parent he'd known forever.

She spoke tentatively. "I know it's late, but I thought maybe we should talk some. I mean, this --this situation--is pretty twisted, I guess."

He smiled reassuringly. "We can talk some. Um, I'm kind of beat though. I gotta be up early."

Slowly she nodded and gave the briefest of looks over his shoulder to his bedroom.

Even though it felt off to suggest it, he mentioned what he really wanted.

"You're welcome to stay here. We can talk as we turn in."

She gave him a questioning glance. "Well... I didn't come over here to do anything."

"I understand. We won't." He shrugged. "And I also understand if you don't. We can talk tomorrow. I'm fine either way."

"I'm tired, too. Plus the couple of glasses of wine."

"Yeah, you should stay. We can crash."

He didn't wait on her to respond. He just turned and headed back to the bedroom. He really needed some sleep.

As he got into the bedroom, he was relieved she was right behind him. She peered about uncertainly. Seeing his walk-in closet, she walked over and into it.

"Is this your closet?"

He laughed. "Yeah."

She wandered about it curiously, eyeing the rows of shoes, and then the numerous suits and dress shirts. Most of them white and crisp, her fingers traced about them as her voice lightly wafted back to him.

"I'm going to need a tee or something."

He walked inside with her and went to a chest of drawers. He retrieved one of many extra-large white t-shirts and handed it to her. As he left the closet, he passed very close to her, and it affected her. She froze and stared. But he kept going.

Getting to the bed, he sat and started tugging off his shoes and socks. As he did, he glanced back over to where she was moving in his periphery. What he saw stopped him place.

She had undone her jeans and was shedding them off. She laid them carefully over on a stand. Off came her blouse. It left her in a pink lace bra and thin bikini panties. Turning from the stand she faced out towards the bedroom.

Paying attention to the snaps of her bra and not looking at him, she undid the bra, freeing her wide breasts to slope down and about. Their shaking did nothing to hide the erect reddish nipples protruding out.

His dick sprang to life, and his eyes stayed glued to her.

She didn't look his way, and simply bent at her waist. Her fingers had hooked the sides of her panties and worked them downward. There wasn't a clear view of her middle until she stood straight.

Staying posed right before him, she stood still and took a long moment. Not looking his way, instead her head tilted back and her hands ran up and through her hair, with an elaborate expression of exhaling.

It wasn't lost on him. This deliberate unveiling and pose. The large dark nipples and brown patch of hair at her pussy was displayed for him. His cock jumped in his pants.

After her slow pose, she picked up the t-shirt, and in one smooth motion, she brought it over her head. Her hands helped smooth it as it fell to completely cover her.

Smiling straight at him, she came from the closet and headed to the other side of the bed. The end of the tee went to mid-thigh and her legs looked smooth. At her chest, the two points sticking out on the tee were obvious.

She got into bed, and he stood up. He casually unbuttoned his shirt. He was acutely aware of his throbbing cock that went towards the left leg of his trousers and flaring them.

A sweet chime sounded out in the bedroom. It caused her to jump. She reached to her purse and pulled her phone. Awkwardly, she cradled the phone and held the sheet to her.

"Hi, everything's okay."

Her voice gave calmness into the phone, while her eyes danced watching Tom's face, then to his hands at his shirt, then back at his face. He could only imagine Gary's tone on the other end of the call.

Tom stripped his shirt back and off, and wasted no time doing the same for his t-shirt. He stood straight in front of her, unabashed. He watched her eyes take in his broad chest and solid abs. He let her gaze as her voice tightened on her call.

"I know, I know. Yeah, it's late. I'm just going to crash over here tonight."

Tom could hear intense chatter rumbling from Gary's end of the call, and he couldn't help a small grin. He put his hands to his belt, and undid the trousers in short order. He was taking them down with her full attention and her tone turned husky on the call.

"He's got a spare bedroom. I'm tired. It's late. It's just what I'm going to do."

With the trousers off, he stood in only a light blue pair of boxer-briefs, his bulging cock curving as it strained just underneath. Her mouth fell open, and her hand slightly lowered the phone from her mouth. He casually laughed.

She pulled the phone back to her mouth, and took her eyes off Tom. Staring straight up at the ceiling, she struck a pleading tone. With a hint of frustration added.

"Yes, it is an important night. You know that. But I was worried about him. That's all."

She was still staring up, when he peeled away the boxer-briefs, finally freeing his growing hard-on. His dick pulsed and bobbed towards her. She started to say something into the phone when she glimpsed in his direction. Her eyes locked on his taut cock facing her and she froze. She couldn't look away.

More stammering from the phone where Gary had to be talking broke her trance. Tom started getting under the sheets and settled beside her. She was breathing hard.

"Listen, I have to go. Everything's fine, and I just need you to relax. Okay?"

Tom hit the light beside them while she hung up the call without saying goodbye. In the darkness, he waited. He made no move towards her. They had said they weren't going to do anything.

She tried to sound serious. "You are so bad."

"Yeah, I am." His arm went around her and brought her close.

She turned on her side, nestled facing him. Her hand rested on his bare chest, and they both had to be aware the sheet covered to his waist, but his hard cock tented there.

"I was caught off guard tonight." She said it softly.

"I bet."

She was silent a while but moved her face to rest pushed on his upper chest. Her hand drew about his chest.

Even softer, she opened-up to him. "Did you want me to say yes?"

He didn't expect this. "Yes to his proposal?"

Silence.

He kept it straightforward. "Yes, I did. You want to marry him."

Hearing this, first she stayed still but then her face brushed against his chest.

"You want me to be happy."

"I want you to be happy."

Very slightly, her face angled more down. He wondered if she stared at the lump of him under the sheet. It wasn't throbbing anymore, but it was still prominent.

Her hand drifted lower and onto his stomach. Caressing circles, it got far enough to graze the sheet at his waist. Her next words came almost as a purr.

"I don't want to lose what we have. What we have now."

"No?"

Her face lifted enough to peck a kiss in the middle of his chest, and then rested back again, almost imperceptibly lower. Rather

than at his pecs, her cheek pressed mid torso. He started growing under the sheet again.

Her voice sounded thick. "No. I don't. We can keep what we have."

"We can?"

Her head nodded against his skin. "Yes. We can."

"I don't know."

She stiffened, clearly not expecting this from him. Only a second passed and she relaxed again. She made her words clear in the dark of the bedroom.

"Yes, you do."

He smirked. "I'm worried."

She braced again. "You're worried?"

"I'm worried about you trying to do that. Be with him. And see me? I don't know."

Her hand left his stomach and went to her face. He couldn't see but she likely rubbed her eyes or covered them a moment, pondering what he said. Or maybe her own thought?

"You know I can do that."

"I do?"

Her body flexed a bit as she drew a deep breath, and then moved her hand.

"Yes, you do."

Her hand grasped the sheet at his waist. Delicately, she lifted the sheet and flipped it away, exposing his hardening dick into the open. The fact she did that made it bounce around even more.

He struck an exasperated tone. "I'm not convinced. I think it'll cause a lot of trouble."

"You do?"

Her hand went down and wrapped the base of him. He flinched hard at this. Her small hand holding his engorged shaft drove him wild.

"Yeah, and I think you know it, too. You just can't do it."

Her face edged down his torso, a couple of moist kisses planted to his stomach. Her fist moved up and down him, and he couldn't help a grunt out loud. She had him close again already. He never got this close to cumming this fast like he had with her.

She purred again. "Is there anything I can do to convince you?"

He thought of a response, and before he could speak, her head went lower. The unmistakable feel of her soft, full lips going on and around his head shook him. He moaned aloud.

She paused, and he resisted pushing her head down him. He just about couldn't stand it. Knowing it was her, and his dick was now in her mouth made his head spin.

"Fuck." He groaned.

When she moved again, her mouth was slow. Her lips tight to his shaft, her cheeks hollowed in and her mouth clung to him. Sliding down and down, she went as far as she could. With him at her throat, she sucked on him hard.

Again he moaned loudly and he was as hard as he'd ever been.

Staying slow, she went back up him until her lips stopped at the ridge of his cockhead, and then she descended back down until her mouth was stuffed completely with his cock. Another turn of this was all he could take before he was maneuvering her around.

Her face came away from him and looked back. He was pushing at her side to reposition her. He moved to where she got between his legs and faced him. His dick was still in her hand, in front of her face, and she looked past it to him.

Weakly, she pled. "Tom... ."

He answered right back. "I want to see."

She stared a moment. Then repeated as if disbelieving. "You want to see."

Still looking straight into his eyes, her lips went to his cockhead and kissed. His cock jerked in her fist. Another kiss and this time her mouth came over him to take him inside.

She kept her eyes on his, even though her face had to tilt down to get her mouth onto him. It looked awkward for her to try to watch him back and still accommodate his dick, but she did it. She was wanting to give him exactly what he wanted.

Before she had gone slowly, but now, facing him and putting on a show for him, that changed. Her fist pumped and her head bobbed. At times, she blinked fast, looking like she was struggling. Still her pace stayed greedy. He couldn't fathom this from his mom.

He couldn't tell where his cock ended and her mouth began, as her warm wet sucking devoured him. He knew he was going to cum very hard. He yelped out a warning to her.

"Oh god, oh GOD, I'm about to."

She stared straight ahead to him and seemed to redouble her effort. She even moved her face more and moaned herself hungrily. He could feel her tongue the sensitive underside of his dick.

"OOOOHHHHH!!!" He screamed and convulsed, his cock firing his cum over and over. He was thrashing about and shots of tingling and euphoria ran through him.

Still spasming, his cock left her mouth, leaving his spurting cum to streak at her mouth and cheeks. She shut her eyes closed, but held onto his dick, milking every last bit from him. He finally moved his hands to her and stopped her in place.

As both of them settled down, her hand that held his cock let go. She held her hand to one side, keeping it aloft and away, no doubt concerned with it being drenched with semen. Her other hand started the embarrassing task of wiping at her face,

but the wetness coated her cheeks, her chin, and her lips. Most of her face looked slick.

She started to hop off the bed. "Be right back."

He reached and stopped her. "No."

She didn't want to face him but this surprised her. "Huh?"

"No, lie down." He started pulling her to lay back.

Her words came urgent. "I need to clean up."

"No."

He laid her back, and when she tried to put a hand to her mouth, he stopped her. His own hands put both of her hands over her head. Leaning over her and holding her hands over her head, he spoke gently but firmly.

"I want you to lay back. Either keep your hands over your head or you can put them in my hair."

"What?"

He left her hands above her head and then started moving down her body. He commenced pulling her tee up.

She spoke up fast. "No, no! Tom don't do that. I would need a shower. Don't."

"Stay there. I want to do this. You're fine."

He went lower, and as he did he glimpsed her hand go to her face to try to wipe her mouth.

Swiftly, he reacted. He turned her onto her side. Yanked the tee up and exposed her thighs and ass.

"What did I tell you?"

His flat hand tapped to her ass cheek twice, but then smacked that same cheek hard the next two times.

"OW!"

He put her back flat on her back and she just stared-up at him, wide-eyed, shocked, but captivated now. Something seemed to light in her eyes. Her mouth went to speak but she couldn't find words. He concluded from her wild look back that he'd been the first man to spank her as a woman.

The cum still glazed her face as she watched him ease down her front. This time her hands stayed over her head. She was breathing hard.

Perched right over her mound, his torso nestled between her thighs, he couldn't believe he'd managed this. The woman he'd known longer than anyone was laid before him and inches under his face.

The swollen vee of her sex looked so vulnerable. The cute patch of light brown pubes thicker on close sight. Her legs seemed clamped in place a little. That he thought he could change.

His head and shoulders shifted to angle lower past her twat. Facing forward, he glimpsed her hands still over her head and

desperately reaching and grasping at nothing, just so they'd have something to do.

One of his hands settled atop that thatch of brown pussy hair, and the other palmed her upper thigh. His lips met the soft mesh of inner thigh not far from her lips, and the contact made her flinch. He got his first whiff of her distinct female scent.

A slow brushing of his lips on her soft inner thighs brought a slight relaxation there. Like the gentle touch soothed her and opened her to more. A subtle dance had started between them.

His hand still resting on top of her pussy rubbed back and forth, while his light kisses drifted up. He expected the rubs on her churned her inside. Her legs loosened a bit more.

When his face made it to very close, his mouth opened more, and his kisses morphed from soft painting to tender presses, a light sucking pulling on her delicate, seldom-touched skin there. He relished how her upper legs barely tensed, like perhaps she didn't recognize the sensation, but then eased again, this time welcoming more from him.

His mouth went almost there, and she whimpered up above him. It sounded like a 'what' or a 'waa ' but it was too weak to make out. Her budding acceptance at his face belied any sound of uncertainty from up above. Her wafting sweetness filled his nostrils. He drew in heartily.

Now a kiss planted where her leg joined her crotch and she grunted. The indented flesh there trembled, his lips pulled at her tight crease. His first sense of her dampness moistened his cheek.

His next peck was precise, a kiss at the tender pad of her outer lip that jolted her and brought about a moan. He loved how very soft she felt to his lips. He also grew wildly emboldened when her thighs slackened, her defense disappearing.

Waiting a beat, he focused totally on what his mouth took when he put it directly to her pussy. Drenched and yielding fleshiness welcomed his lips and tongue. Sweet juices soaked his face and seeped past his lips. He couldn't believe how honeyed she tasted, as a shrill yelp sounded out from her.

His hand at her mound kept massaging and moving her from above, as his lips and tongue searched her sex wantonly. He swallowed over and over as he kissed and sucked from her,

drinking her never-ending leaking that belied her pleasure. She squirmed but she damn sure didn't retreat.

He didn't wait long to do what he had in mind all along. His hand holding her above let his thumb and forefinger pull at her, and the effect was to open her wider for him. Her lips relented and spread open for him.

Unabashedly, his mouth ventured tightly into her opening. Open and eager, it had to surprise her that he was wedging his face into her there, and now there wasn't some moan from her, but instead a blurted, sustained cry. His mouth pulled hard, and inserted as it was past her lips, he got his full drink of her delicious juices. She dripped over his chin.

Just a couple of firm drinks from her, and he felt it. Distinct and certain from her. Unmistakable what she wanted. Her hips pressed downward, and the effect was her to grind her fevered pussy right into her son's mouth. He absorbed her energy.

They twisted at each other for a bit, and then he adjusted. He knew how he wanted her to cum. He had thought about this, too, and wanted to be careful, to get this just right.

He waited till she relaxed slightly, and his mouth tilted up. Directly and intentionally, his lips went from drawing inside her to covering over the apex of her sex. His fingers nudged just tighter to lift away her hood, and it exposed her stiff clit. His lips closed on it right away.

He sucked and she screamed.

Perfectly her clit caught inside his lips, and his tongue flicked at her unmercifully. She thrashed now. Her sweet taste still lingered in his throat.

Before she could explode, he moved off her. He kissed into her again. Paused and then suckled her clit again. The sequence and the tease fired at her, and her hips bucked hard at his face.

He felt her hands grab his hair fiercely, and it felt like she was mashing her pussy at him, trying to find his lips for her spot. He resisted a moment, took a suck at her, and evaded again.

"Fuck!" Sharply she cried above him.

He tantalized once more with the kiss, the suck, and the leave, and he thought she might pull his hair out.

The next go was the time he'd send her over the edge. His mouth didn't leave her clit, and rather he sucked and seemingly chewed, wrangling delicately her sliver between his lips and whipping her with his tongue.

Her body convulsed and she held tight to his head. Her screaming came from her soul, as her pussy vibrated at his mouth. He let her ride out her pleasure and savored the sweetness that flowed from her.

Her bucking lasted several moments. Not ending with a sudden stop but instead a gradual weakening like her ecstasy sapped out from her. She panted heavily above him.

Eventually her hands loosened in his hair, and her vagina eased off his mouth. Shakily she settled back. His face and mouth were saturated.

She still caught her breath and tried calming, as he edged higher. He worked to get where he could cuddle her and hold her assuringly. He did nothing to wipe her from his face.

It took her time to settle and orient, and he said nothing.

Several moments passed, and she made herself start to rise.

Feebly she remarked, "I need to use the bathroom."

She hadn't lifted completely from the bed when she looked back. Her eyes drew to his middle, and what she saw stopped her at once. She gawked.

He knew what it was. Even though he'd cum not so long ago, her thrashing and released wildness had invigorated him. His stalk had grown against his leg at least semi-hard. Her staring only made it twitch more.

She looked up at him. "Already?"

He shrugged and mumbled. "Yeah, I guess."

She paused a couple of seconds and seemed deeply in thought about something. Torn. Not sure if she should say what she thought.

Finally, she spoke up. Tentatively. "Can we try something?"

He didn't hesitate. "Sure."

She repositioned facing down beside him, and she gathered onto her elbows, with her knees finding a perch and her ass just lifted. He hurried to get onto his knees, and position around to behind her.

He thought about asking if she was sure but kept his mouth shut, his cock now flexed to blood-filled hardness. Her beautiful tight ass hung right in front of him. He exhilarated at the thought of her initiating this.

Easing closer, he put one hand on her ass cheek, and he brought his other hand to his mouth. He half-spit trying to wet a couple of fingers as best he could. His hand went to her bottom as he wondered how he could make this work.

His one hand pulled her ass cheek to expose her tiny, budded hole while his wet two fingers closed to it and touched. She jerked hard in response.

Her face whipped to look frantically over her shoulder at him. "What? I can't possibly do that with you."

Her torso stooped so she could reach underneath herself, and she brought a hand down and back, finding his pulsing cock that waited there. Her small hand tried to grip him and guide him, and he took it from there.

He put his hard cock to where her still-damp pussy waited, and he pressed. That exquisite snug warmth that gripped him before welcomed him again, and this time he wasn't as graceful and plunged right inside her, getting a good bit inside her.

"Ugghhhhh," she moaned deeply.

He absolutely loved how warm and clinging she felt. He cock throbbed hard and he was again shocked he felt so close to spewing right away. He noticed her elbows supported her up front and her hands joined in a clasp under her face.

He didn't think they'd stay like that for long. They could rest like that when he made love to her. They'd need to hold on when he fucked her. He was sure.

He started gradually, and they did make love. Sawing up and back, he started slow. Her head first angled up as if to stare forward, and she absorbed his rhythm of rocking inside her.

He decided to try a way he always relished, and he pulled almost all the way out. Just his head stayed past her lips, and he stopped. Quickly, her face looked to one side. Concerned.

He eased forward, and he made three short back-and-forths, deliberately not giving her very much. He took his time. Her head peered about uncertainly.

As he moved forward the next time, he let his hard cock go the distance, deeply inside her, feeling her fleshiness at the other end

She groaned loud. "Oh god. "

He hovered there and then pulled back. Slow. Deliberate. Almost all the way out. Her head descended and hung down between her hunched shoulders. Her arms looked unsteady now.

He again waited a second and her torso tightened.

His hips eased forward but only some. One, two, and then a third short stroke inside her wet pussy even though he was ready to drill her. Then, more easing back.

The next pause caused her to stir and brace.

When he went forward again, he did just as she expected and impaled her completely, this time even grinding at the end. Giving her as much of his cock as she could take.

A throaty growl sounded from her core.

He once more drew back calmly. But this time when he paused, she surprised him. The suddenness shook him.

With his head poised at her lips, she didn't wait on him. She pushed her hips backwards and she slid all down his dick to take him back deep again. This time she grinded back at him. It almost threw him off balance.

And like that, they went to bouncing against each other. Both getting loud. Both frantic and hungry

First he held onto her ass and pounded into her. Her hands found fistfuls of the sheets after all, and she fought back, shoving her stretched pussy to try to devour him. Desperately she flailed at him.

His hand reached forward and grabbed into her hair. He pulled back to lift her face, and they were both going too hard at each other for it to be gentle. The slapping of their flesh resounded about the room.

He growled to her. "Tell me. Tell me. You love fucking me."

At first, she didn't speak. He gripped tighter. His cock slammed at her.

She screamed back at him. "I love you fucking me hard."

He yelled out at this, and his cock erupted. Cum fired from him and wave after wave of ecstasy gushed over him. He got as spasmed and light-feeling as he had ever felt and thought he was passing out.

He didn't know how long he shook and screamed himself but it took him a long time to return to anywhere close to reality.

She collapsed forward and he dropped right beside her. He gathered her to him as they both collected themselves.

"My god." He mumbled.

"Wow." She purred.

Through panting and some petting, they both slowly calmed down.

She snuggled close and he knew. Their attraction and the forbiddenness of it all had rocked them both. She thrilled him and pleased him more than any woman had come close to. He hoped maybe the feeling was the same with her.

And as much as he had trouble admitting it, he had changed. He no longer just wanted her. Wanted to see how he could make her feel. He now loved her. Was in love with her. He wanted her as much as he could possibly have her. He was certain.

And the way she pressed her face tight to his chest, her hand stroking his stomach, he sensed she might feel the same.

But... she was engaged.

And, the world saw them differently.

He spoke intimately. "I knew your waters ran deep. But... I felt it generally. I didn't have any idea you were capable of this."

She laughed sweetly. "Yeah?"

Then she managed to surprise him again.

"Listen. I don't know about out there and what all happens with everything else," she drew a deep breath, "but in here I'm yours. I belong to you."

They kissed passionately.

THE END