



Coming Clean

It starts with a confession to her friend

Chapter 1

"Thanks for coming over, Brenda," Jackie said, welcoming her friend into her home with a kind hug. "Here, come on into the living room. I made us some tea."

"Sounds great," Brenda replied, trying to remain casual despite the circumstances. She and Jackie usually kept in regular touch, but for over a month now Jackie had been practically ignoring her. Was something wrong with Jackie? Was she angry with Brenda for some reason? Whatever had happened, it was enough to make Brenda feel apprehensive now, and quite relieved when Jackie had asked her to come over today. Jackie seemed very calm in her demeanor however, even docile, and that went a long way in making Brenda relax too.

"I just want to start by apologizing to you Brenda," Jackie began once they sat down and began drinking their teas. "I know I haven't been a good friend lately."

"Well, you could have told me that over the phone," Brenda replied with a disarming smile. "So you've been busy, I gathered as much."

"No, it's much more than that, and I think it's important that I told you about it in person."

"You're all right, aren't you?" Brenda asked as a sudden panic swept over her face. "Not sick or anything?" Jackie's husband,

Ryan, had died four years ago of cancer despite seeming just fine merely a few months earlier.

"No, I'm okay," Jackie smiled back, "Fit as a fiddle, as the saying goes." Jackie indeed was in remarkable shape, and still stunningly attractive after forty-five years, but that didn't mean Brenda didn't worry about her. Her emotional state, especially, had been fragile since Ryan's death, as her friend wasn't at all the type that liked to be alone. Brenda had finally convinced Jackie to try dating again about a year ago, but that hadn't gone well for her at all.

"I... I..." Jackie's voice suddenly stuttered, trying to get the words out. Brenda was surprised to see her friend become nervous so suddenly, and put her hand on Jackie's arm to comfort her.

"It's okay, whatever it is, you can tell me."

"Yes, of course," Jackie smiled back. "It's okay; in fact it's far better than okay. I just needed a moment to get started."

"Take your time, Jackie."

"Well, the reason that I haven't been talking to you much lately, is that I've started seeing someone."

"Oh my god, Jackie, that's all? Holy shit, you really had me scared for a second. That's fantastic news; I'm so happy for

you. But why keep it a secret? How long has this been going on, and why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"About six weeks, and the reason I didn't tell you was that... it's Kyle."

"Kyle? Kyle who?"

"My Kyle..." Jackie replied, her voice gently trailing off.

"What?" Brenda asked astonished. "You don't mean..."

"My son Kyle, Brenda," Jackie said, her tone beginning to solidify with startling confidence. "Kyle and I are lovers."

"You can't be serious, Jackie. Come on, tell me this is another one of your perverted jokes." Her friend's very refined look and mannerisms often belied her surprisingly lowbrow sense of humor, but this would be pushing it, even for her.

"No Brenda, I'm telling you the truth."

"My god Jackie, I can't believe it. I mean, I do believe you, but holy shit. How do you get out of this mess now?"

"I have no intentions of getting out of it, Brenda. Look, I've come to terms with it and so has Kyle. Besides, I don't think you could undo something like this even if you wanted to."

"But what about Kyle?" Brenda asked. "Don't you want him to get married someday, give you some grand-kids?"

"I do, and he will," Jackie replied. "We've already discussed all of this Brenda. If someone else comes along, I'll be more than happy to step aside. But until then..."

"But until then you'll be more than happy to keep fucking your son," Brenda said incredulously.

"Well, we do a lot of other things together as well," Jackie said with a sly chuckle that amazed Brenda, "but yeah, we've been doing plenty of that too."

"I still can't believe it," Brenda said in amazement. "And I don't know what's more shocking to me, that you're doing this with Kyle or that you can talk about it so nonchalantly now."

"Well, if it makes you feel any better, I was struggling with these feelings for a long time before I decided to finally act upon them. I felt so guilty, looking at my son the way I knew other women looked at him, feeling the same desires churning inside me that I knew many of them felt. Kyle is quite the attractive young man, isn't he Brenda? Don't pretend like you haven't noticed."

"Yeah, of course I have," Brenda replied. "You'd have to be blind not to notice. But I always did it in a non-sexual way. I mean, I've always looked at Kyle as being the nephew I never had."

"Don't tell Kyle you feel like his aunt or he'll start getting ideas," Jackie snickered back. "He's already fucking his mom."

"I thought this thing was all your idea?" Brenda asked.

"It was, I was just kidding with you. Although since it began, Kyle and I have opened up to each other about our feelings. I know now that he wanted me the same way too, for as long as I've wanted him, maybe even longer."

"And how long was that?" Brenda asked apprehensively. "I mean, was Ryan still alive?"

"I'm not sure," Jackie candidly replied. "Feelings like that take a long time for me to take root; I don't doubt they did for Kyle as well. However, I can safely say we were both adults before they crossed the line into what they are today, if that makes you feel better."

"It does," Brenda said. "Still, I can't even imagine finding something out like that about my Brian. I'd probably be beating myself up inside, wondering if I did anything to encourage such thoughts. Did anything like that happen between you and Kyle?"

"You mean like me forgetting to button my blouse up far enough, or him walking around in his underwear with a big hard-on?" Jackie asked with a smirk. "Come on, you're being silly now, Brenda."

"Well, something must have triggered all of this right?"
Brenda.

"I didn't walk by his room and accidentally catch him jacking off if that's what you mean. No, nothing as spectacular as that, although I admit the mere thought of something like that happening when we were still only mother and son excites me now more than I can put into words. No, it was just little, seemingly harmless incidents here and there, tiny bits of verbal and physical affection we shared over the years that all mothers do with their sons without anything coming from it. For whatever reason, however, it grew into something more for me, finally blossoming into an honest attraction. I only feel blessed knowing now that Kyle was going through the same thing with me. I don't think either of us could have kept going on much longer like that without being free to act on how we felt."

"Blessed?" Brenda asked, raising her eyebrows. "Don't you mean cursed?"

"Call it whatever you like," Jackie laughed. "All I know is, I haven't felt this happy in years, and I've never seen Kyle so happy either. Even if I go to hell for it, at least I'll be doing it with a smile on my face."

"I wish you would have told me about this sooner Jackie, before it was too late. Maybe I could have helped you."

"Helped me what, helped me seduce him?" Jackie kidded back.

"Come on, I'm serious, Jackie."

"And so am I. Look Brenda, I appreciate the sentiment, but I don't think there's anything you could have done to stop this from happening. You're doing all I could ask for by listening to me. Most people would have already run out the door by now."

"What is it you want then, Jackie? You obviously don't want me to help you stop what you're doing or convince you that it's wrong..."

"On some level I guess I'll always know that it's wrong," Jackie interrupted, "but if anything that just makes it more right. Sorry to sound so cliché, but I can't think of any other way to say it."

"What do you mean by that?" Brenda asked.

"I mean that ever since I've come to terms with my feelings for Kyle, I've tried to be honest with myself, and eventually him, about everything. That means admitting that part of my attraction for Kyle isn't despite him being my son, but because of it."

"Does Kyle know about this?"

"Of course he does, and he's admitted to having similar feelings about me. It's made us closer to each other than you could ever imagine."

"I'll bet," Brenda huffed sarcastically.

"It's more than just that," Jackie laughed back. "I feel a level of intimacy with Kyle that goes deeper than anything I've ever felt with anyone else. I felt a bit ashamed about it at first, as I didn't want to disrespect what I'd had with Ryan, but as I said before, I'm trying to be as honest with myself as I can now."

"And since you asked, yeah, the sex has been phenomenal too," Jackie added with a wry smile.

"I didn't ask."

"You'd be crazy not to. I mean, if Kyle and I were simply spending a lot more time together, without the sex, then you'd probably be okay with all of this right?"

"Not necessarily, but possibly. I still don't understand what you want from me, why you brought me here Jackie. Certainly not to get my approval or forgiveness."

"Forgiveness? No. Understanding? Yes. As for approval, well, I guess we'll have to see. I brought you here to try and explain what I was going through, and how it eventually brought me to where I am now."

"Okay, I suppose I can do that."

"I guess things really started to happen between Kyle and I when he moved back in with me."

"He broke up with his girlfriend, right?" Brenda asked.

"Yeah, and there's no way he could afford that apartment without her paying half the rent, so Kyle came home. His morale was pretty low at the time, and I can understand why. I mean, moving out to live with Marlene was not only taking a step forward in their relationship, but also a chance for him to grow up as well. I could feel the sense of disappointment in him when he moved back here, as if he was taking a step back in his need to get out in the world."

"What did you do?" Brenda asked.

"I tried to be supportive, reassure him that this was only a minor setback, but I also wanted him to feel at home too, and not be in any hurry to leave again until he was sure it was the right move."

"Is this when things began to change between you and Kyle?"

"Yes... and no. It's hard to say, but I do know how happy I was to have Kyle back at home. I'd been so lonely after he'd left, and then with Ryan passing away, this big old house was feeling more deserted than ever. We spent more time together then we'd had since Kyle had been child, certainly since Kyle had started dating Marlene, and it was different in its own way."

"What do you mean?" Brenda asked.

"It's hard to say, but I think I always looked at Kyle differently when Ryan was still alive. He was our son, and of course I was close to him, but my perspective had changed after everything that we'd both been through. He was much more of an adult to me now, and our relationship became more adult as well, rather than that of mother and son."

"I think I see where this is heading now..." Brenda said uneasily.

"Do you?" Jackie joked. "I mean, I'm sure your relationship with Brian has matured as he's gotten older and, unless you're keeping secrets too, my guess is you haven't hopped into bed with him."

"Of course not," Brenda chided back.

"All I meant to say is that I don't think there was anything unusual going on at that point. But yeah, as time wore on, something changed for me. The more time we spent together, the more I anguished whenever we were apart. I hadn't felt so complete as a person since Ryan died, and somewhere along the line I started wondering if maybe these feelings had gone past what a mother feels for her son."

"That must have been tough for you, Jackie."

"If you're talking about guilt, then yes, at first that was really difficult, but you'd be surprised how quickly I got over those feelings. It wasn't long at all before my bigger concern was whether or not Kyle had similar feelings for me. Since we'd begun spending time together, I hadn't seen him happier, even during his time with Marlene. At the beginning, I still wasn't able to be honest enough with myself to call what I was feeling sexual; I'd use words like 'intimacy,' instead, but deep down I knew the truth. I can't give you an exact date or time when I finally said, 'I want to sleep with my son,' but at some point I knew it was true. And once I managed to get over the guilt of all that entails, I felt like huge weight had been lifted off my shoulders. As crazy as it might sound to you, it felt exhilarating. I really felt like a new woman."

"I'm not sure I understand what you're talking about, but it does sound like quite the transformation." Brenda said.

"It was, and like I said before, the only thing that could have ruined it all is if Kyle hadn't been going through something similar himself, which is why I said I felt blessed earlier. I'm not sure what I have done if he wasn't there to meet me half-way. Probably gone crazy."

"Or moved on to someone else, Jackie. I mean, it's not like there aren't other fish in the sea."

"I don't think anyone else could have replaced Kyle for me at this point. Even if I could have found somebody else to date part of me would always be longing to be with Kyle."

"If you say so."

"I do," Jackie asserted back.

Okay fine. I guess the next big question for me is, how did you figure out that Kyle had similar feelings?"

"It's funny, Brenda, but I've always been pretty simplistic about these things in the past. I've always seen men as being fairly basic when it comes to sex. If I was interested in a man all I had to do was smile a little more in his direction and show some extra cleavage. I feel a little slutty talking that way now, but then again Ryan and I married fairly young, so it's not like I had much experience when it comes to seducing men."

"I don't doubt that still worked for someone like you," Brenda said with a slightly jealous roll of her eyes. The fact was, Jackie had an incredible figure, with her heavy, bulb shaped breasts being her most noticeable feature. She took good care of herself too, with regular visits to the gym. Brenda had gone with her on a few occasions around the time when Ryan had passed away, trying to help her friend get her life back to normal, and had been speechless at how well-maintained her friend was after all these years. Even in her late forties, Jackie had a perfectly tapered waistline that flowed sensuously into her curvaceous hips. Her breasts were nothing short of stunning, both in size and shape, with only a little bit of sag that belied her true age. Jackie hadn't been the bashful type, often casually strolling around the locker room completely naked, and Brenda remembered how the other women there, most of them much younger, would try and hold back their looks of envy as they tried not to marvel at Jackie's amazing figure.

"But this was my son," Jackie continued. "Talk about going through untraveled waters. Looking back, maybe it is too bad that I couldn't have talked to you about this. You probably would have had a better idea of what to do then I did."

"What did you do then?" Brenda asked.

"Well, old habits die hard," Jackie chuckled. "So yeah, I might have started to leave a couple more buttons undone on my blouse than was appropriate. It's funny discussing this with you now, since Kyle and I have talked about it all since then, including my clumsy attempts to seduce him. He's admitted that while it might have been a little uncomfortable, it certainly got his attention. Maybe my plan worked after all. I love that he and I can joke about it now after the fact, although I admit the image of Kyle having to hurry back to his room with a tent in his shorts because I was showing too much cleavage turns me on more now than you can even imagine."

"Did he... was he really doing that?" Brenda asked incredulously.

"Well, he is a young man and you know how young men can be. Just a hard cock and raging hormones you know," Jackie smiled.

"Luckily, in the end we both found a much better place than his hand for it to go," she then added with the slightest wink, making Brenda recoil slightly. Yeah, this was Jackie talking like Jackie now.

"It was more the quiet moments that really made the difference, however, the heart-to-heart talks, the times we'd just lie together in front of the TV watching a movie or something. The closer we got, the more intimate those times became. It wasn't easy, but I wanted Kyle to look at me as more of a confidante than his mom, so I opened up to him in ways I never done before. Pretty soon I found myself talking to him about my marriage, the good and the bad. After a while, I even got brave enough to talk about my sex life, one of the areas where I'd been more unsatisfied with during my marriage."

"Wow, that must have been strange," Brenda said.

"Not really. I mean, at first Kyle might raise an eyebrow or say something generic like, "TMI, Mom," but it was almost like he did it because he knew that's what society expected of him. I think by now he'd already started seeing me more as a real woman than just his mom. Eventually, I got him to open up in a similar way about his relationship with Marlene, and I felt a real connection that I'd never felt with anyone else. I think that's when I knew for certain that I wanted Kyle to be my lover, and that there was a good chance of it actually happening if we could only find a way to cross that final line."

"What did you do then?" Brenda asked.

"God, what do you do when a revelation like that takes hold?" Jackie replied with a slight chuckle. "I was nervous, but excited too. It was hard to remain patient. It's funny, but suddenly I found myself getting really horny as the erotic possibilities began to assert themselves too. I was all in for it at this point; you don't know how many times I'd get so

frustrated that I wanted to barge simply into Kyle' room and tear his clothes off right there."

"Um, yeah," Brenda coughed nervously.

"I'm sorry if talking that way makes you uncomfortable, Brenda."

"I'm no prude, you know. But Jesus, hearing you say that about your son..."

"I know it's weird because you have a son of your own too, but try thinking about it for a moment in a more detached way. About two people who've had their share of failure at romance suddenly realizing that it's really each other that they've always wanted, each other that they've always needed. Ever since Kyle and I became lovers, I've felt emotions with him that are stronger and deeper than anything I've ever felt before. Sometimes, when we're just cuddling in bed together the feeling is so powerful I could almost cry. It's the main reason why our lovemaking is so tender, so passionate. And yeah, sometimes all that lovey-dovey stuff goes out the window and we like to get a little wild, but even then all I can say is I've never had better orgasms in my life. And I know you think that's all despite him being my son, but I'm telling you it's the exact opposite."

"It still feels weird... hearing you talk about your sex life with Kyle."

"I wish you understood, Brenda. You know what things were like for me and Ryan. Even after all those years of marriage I was always shy and reserved. I don't know how much of it was his fault and how much was mine, but the results spoke for themselves. I often found myself dissatisfied with our sex life, enough that I even caught my eye wandering from time to time."

"You didn't..."

"No, I never cheated on Ryan. I loved him too much to hurt him like that, and the guilt I would have felt afterwards would have been too much to bear. But sometimes... I mean the opportunities were always there to have some one-night stand or something, and I admit often felt tempted."

"And now?" Brenda asked.

"And now, things have never been better," Jackie chuckled carelessly. "A lot of that has to do with Kyle, I mean he's just fantastic in bed. But it's me too. I've changed considerably from the shy, demure wife that used to depend on Ryan making our sex life good. Maybe it's because of the line I've crossed with Kyle. There's really not a lot to pretend to be prim and proper about once you've done what I've done. So I've decided I might as well make the most of it and enjoy myself rather than hold back."

"But it's Kyle..."

"Brenda, you just don't get it do you? The sexual energy we have is like nothing I've never had with anyone else, and a lot

of that, as strange as it might sound to you, is because we're mother and son."

"So when did this finally all happen?"

"When did we first have sex? October 10th."

"Isn't that your birthday?" Brenda asked astonished.

"I swear, things just worked out that way," Jackie chuckled with amusement. "But it does seem fitting now. I came out of that day feeling like a different person, looking forward with the new life ahead of me."

"And the birthday present I got was pretty nice too," Jackie added with a wink.

"How did you end up having sex on your birthday?" Brenda asked, trying to pretend she hadn't heard the rest of what Jackie had said, although the mere excitement in her eyes was impossible to ignore.

"Like I said, it was unexpected. I mean, we hadn't done anything physical with each other that you couldn't dismiss as being mostly harmless if you wanted. But when Kyle told me he wanted to take me out for the night to celebrate, my mind started working, wondering if I could turn this little date of ours into something more. And that's when I started making plans, just in case."

"What do you mean?" Brenda asked.

"You know, little things a girl does so that she doesn't get caught unprepared. Like making sure she's well groomed. I admit, it felt surreal though. I've trimmed my pussy a thousand times, but never while thinking that I was doing it for Kyle. I actually got really turned on as I shaved, checking myself in mirror to make sure I looked my best for him."

"What about, you know... protection?" Brenda asked uneasily.

"You know I'm already done with those worries," Jackie laughed back. "I got my tubes tied years ago."

"Oh sorry, I forgot."

"But I do have some condoms from when you tried to get me dating again. I mean, you never know what a stranger might have in his past, right? It's funny, because I came across them a day or two before 'it' happened, and all I could think about was Kyle asking... telling, me to put one on him. Or fantasizing about when he was a little younger and had never used one before, asking me to teach him how to put one on..."

"What?" Brenda asked. "That sounds perverted."

"It is, and maybe that's why I kept thinking about it. The last thing I wanted Kyle to do is wear a condom if we had sex, but all I could think about me teaching him how to use one by stretching it over his hard cock for him. I don't why, but I got

so turned on I just started masturbating right there in the bathtub as I was shaving, and before I knew it, I was climaxing so hard I needed to grab hold of the side of the tub for support. Even thinking about it now turns me on."

"Sorry, sometimes I get little carried away," Jackie added when she noticed Brenda get visibly flustered.

"Why don't you just continue," Brenda said.

"Okay. Well, my attitude was certainly different on this night, to the point where I think it made a big impact on Kyle. We'd done stuff like this before, gotten dressed up for a night on the town, but the atmosphere was always that of a mom and her son, or maybe two friends as time had worn on. This really felt like a legitimate date to me, and unconsciously I began treating it like one. Again, I didn't know where any of this was headed, but I was too far gone to even think about it anymore. Like any other date, I just wanted to go out and have a good time, knowing in the back of mind that if everything went in the right direction it might lead to something more."

"So you didn't actually plan to have sex with him?" Brenda asked.

"I did, and I didn't. All I can say for certain by this time was that I knew I wanted to. I just needed the timing to be right. And so we went out and had dinner, and later to a club for some drinks and dancing. It was a lot of fun, and more and more I felt like it was turning out to be the perfect night. I even got the courage to flirt a little, and then a lot. I didn't know what Kyle was thinking by now, but I could tell it was working.

Near the end of the night, we were dancing, and when a slow song came on, I pulled him close to me, like I would any lover. It felt so good, holding him tight like that, and the moment felt so perfect that I almost kissed him, but at the last second I chickened out."

"Maybe that was for the best?" Brenda asked. "It might have creeped him out, although obviously it didn't in the end."

"I'm pretty sure once the surprise of his mom kissing him in a room full of people wore off he would have enjoyed it," Jackie chuckled, "considering he didn't seem too embarrassed to have his hard-on pressing in to me as we danced."

"Oh my god," Brenda said in shock.

"Funny, I remember saying the exact same thing," Jackie laughed, "but for very different reasons."

"We were both feeling pretty tipsy by now, and for safety sake Kyle decided to get a cab for us. We didn't say a lot on the ride home, but I knew what I wanted and felt more determined than ever to have it happen tonight. I hadn't felt this sexy or horny in years, so much so that I even thought about putting a hand down Kyle's pants and playing with his cock as we rode in the back seat of the cab. I hadn't done anything like that before, even when Ryan and I were still young and silly kids, and so the thought of doing it now made me feel so naughty and turned on."

"You didn't... did you?" Brenda asked.

"No, but it would have been fun," Jackie smiled. "I wonder if the driver would have noticed or have figured out by looking at us that that Kyle was my son. Gives me chills just thinking about it now."

"When we got home, Kyle helped me up the stairs. I wasn't drunk, but it gave me an excuse to hold on to him as we went back to my room. The sexual tension had been gradually building up all night, but despite that I knew Kyle wasn't going to make the first move. As much as I tried to send the proper signals his way, it was still too much for him to take such a risk of being wrong. As perfect as the setting was, I knew this wasn't going to happen unless I made it happen."

"What did you do?" Brenda asked.

"It went something like this..."

"Thanks for everything, sweetie," I said, giving Kyle a warm hug. "I had a wonderful time."

"Me too," Kyle replied. "We should do stuff like this more often." I could hear the innuendo in his voice, slight as it was. Kyle wasn't only talking about the more benign moments, but the less than innocent ones, like the sexually charged dance we had shared. But once again, he was too unsure of himself to take this little banter of ours any farther.

"Well, I guess I'll see you tomorrow then," Kyle said. Much as he tried to hide it, I could sense the disappointment in his

voice. Was I reading him correctly, or wrong about all of this, hearing only what I wanted to hear? It was one of those watershed moments, where you either take that leap of faith and hope for the best or cautiously back away. I couldn't imagine a better situation for me to act than this, so I went for it, pulling Kyle into my arms to give him the deepest, most passionate kiss I could muster. I'll never forget Kyle's reaction during those several seconds where our lips remained locked, as the immediate shock of what I had done slipped away and he began returning my affections. Still, he had a confused look on his face after our kiss ended, as he no doubt was unsure of what this all meant.

"Kyle," I said as lovingly as I could, "I don't want to be alone tonight. Do you understand?"

"I... of course I understand..." he stuttered back. "It's just... are you sure about this?"

"The only thing that would make me unsure is if you didn't want it too. If I've been terribly wrong about us tonight, or these past few months, then tell me now, and I'll do everything I can to forget the last minute ever happened."

"No," Kyle said, his confidence beginning to assert itself once more. "I'd like... I'd very much like to stay."

"Good," I beamed. "Then, in that case, I have something to show you. Taking Kyle by the hand, I had him sit on the bed and then I stood a few paces away, facing him. With a big grin on my face, I slowly removed the black party blouse and then slid the tight, white miniskirt I'd worn to the ground. I was

wearing a black lace bra and panty set, with matching garter belt and stockings.

"I don't even remember the last time I wore these," I giggled as I playfully pulled on one of the garter belt straps and then released it to snap back to place. "But then I remembered seeing some, shall we say, interesting images on your computer years ago where all of the models were wearing garter belts. And so I thought I'd get your expert opinion on mine."

"Holy shit, mom, you look amazing," Kyle said as his eyes got wide. I could see his defenses starting to melt away completely, being replaced with an excitement in his eyes which I'm sure mirrored the look in mine as well.

"I had a feeling you were into this sort of thing," I teased back.

"Well, to be honest, that was more of a phase I had back then."

"So you don't like my outfit?" I asked coyly, lifting a leg slightly to get the strap pulled tight against my thigh.

"I didn't say that," Kyle laughed. "You look as beautiful... sexy... as any of those women. But in the end, you're even better, because you picked this out for me. I don't what else to say, other than I love it."

"You turn me on so much, mom. Your body is incredible," Kyle managed to add a moment later. His tone was still a bit

awkward, but getting bolder by the second. "And I love seeing this side of you. I always thought you were so sexy, but this is more than I could have ever asked for."

"Mmm, I like the sound of that," I purred back, "but I'd like to feel it even more." I sauntered back to where Kyle was on the bed, and then roughly sat down onto his lap. Any inhibitions between us seemed to be gone now, as we fiercely kissed each other again and again. I could feel Kyle's hands shamelessly exploring my body as I held him, with one inside my bra tweaking one of my hard nipples and the other squeezing my still panty covered ass. As much as I was enjoying the attention, however, Kyle was still fully clothed, and I forced my lips away from his hungry mouth determined to change this condition.

With Kyle still sitting on the edge of the bed, I got on my knees between his legs and hurriedly pulled his shirt and tie loose. Kyle soon got the message, and helped until I got him bare to the waist. Kyle stood up, and I began working his belt loose, pulling his trousers to the floor around his ankles. I was now directly facing his groin, with the perfect outline of his erection straining against his white cotton briefs.

"Jesus Christ," I said, grabbing at thick shaft through his underwear. His cock was a certainly a nice size, more impressive in width than length, but I'll be damned if any man could be that hard without taking some sort of medication first. I had to see this thing in the flesh, but to my surprise Kyle stopped me when I reached to pull his briefs down.

"I can wait, mom. I mean, jeez, it is your birthday and everything..." he protested.

"What, Marlene didn't like sucking cock?" I asked quizzically. I knew I shouldn't have brought her up, but my curiosity had gotten the best of me. Even in our more 'adult' conversations as of late, Kyle had never told me this.

"She was okay with it, I guess..." he said unconvincingly.

"My goodness, that girl was out to lunch," I laughed back, "Especially with a beautiful cock like this. The girl should have never let you leave home."

"Come on, mom, it's even your birthday and all," Kyle protested.

"It is indeed," I smiled back, "and so far it's the best one I've ever had."

"Here Kyle, relax," I chuckled, motioning his arms back down to his sides. "This is the best birthday present mama's ever had, now be quiet and let her blow out the big candle you brought for her."

I pulled his underwear to the ground, and watched stunned for a moment as Kyle's steely cock bobbed in front of my face. I probably should have been slow, seductive, and all of those sexy things, but in that moment all I could think about was how I wanted to get as much of that cock as possible down my throat. Sorry if that sounds too slutty for you Brenda, but you don't know what I was feeling. The desire, the lust. Seeing my handsome boy sitting naked before me, with his hard cock just

begging for my attention. If there was any hesitation on my part before, it was certainly gone now. In an instant, I had it halfway down my throat, sucking on it for all I was worth.

"Oh my god, mom, oh my god, that's so good," Kyle groaned deeply. I didn't know if he was still calling me mom like this out of habit, or because it added to his excitement, but I knew it added to mine. My wonderful boy was moaning in ecstasy as I bobbed my head up and down on his cock and I was loving it, getting even more turned on by him calling me mom as I did it. My eyes had been focused downwards, fixed on the task at hand, but when I glanced upwards I could see Kyle lust-filled eyes watching me suck him off. Did the image of me of all people doing it to him turn him on as much as it did for me?

I could feel Kyle' body tensing up as he fought the urge to cum. I wasn't sure what he was waiting for, so I asked Kyle if something was wrong.

"Marlene..." he barely managed to gasp. "She always wanted me to warn her before... you know."

I know this is going to sound strange Brenda, but I guess the best word you could use to describe my sex life with Kyle is "complicated." We can be all sweet and loving one minute, nasty and wild the next, and insanely kinky the minute after that. Hearing Kyle bring up Marlene at this moment brought out the most vulgar side of me yet, and the competitive side of me as well, as I was determined to make him forget her and any bad memories of her once and for all.

"Come on son, don't hold back now, sweetie," I said with as much excitement as I muster. "Can't you see how badly I want to taste you?"

That was enough to set Kyle off, and I just barely managed to clamp my lips around his spasm shaft before he it was too late. It was a lot more than I expected, and tried my best to keep up as I could feel jet after sticky jet coat the back of throat. Kyle slumped back for a few minutes to recover, and I took the opportunity to gently stroke his cock while I licked and sucked his spent balls.

After resting a while Kyle sat up again and, mustering up the naughtiest grin I could, said, "See, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"More like fucking incredible," he laughed back. "I can't believe you did that."

"Best birthday candle I've ever had," I chuckled in reply. "Although I can't say I'm quite finished with it yet."

"I want to fuck you so bad," he said in a voice so honest with desire that I could feel myself getting wet.

There was such a raw arousal in Kyle' voice, an carnal passion that even took me a little by surprise, and for the first time I realized that having him as a lover was more than about physical attraction, or even the intimacy we'd shared for years as mother and son. It was about "safeness." Much as I'd loved Ryan, I'd had too many sexual hangups to really feel like I

truly be myself with him, and Kyle had clearly had many issues of his own while he'd been with Marlene.

I thought about all the lousy dating experiences I'd had since Ryan died, and knew right away that I'd never find anyone that made me feel safe enough to be myself, or even somewhat close to it the way I felt with Ryan. There was an unconditional love between Kyle and myself that went beyond anything I'd experienced with anyone else, a love without any judgement. His words definitely excited me, but more than that I knew that I could say and do whatever I wanted with him and be safe, free of any inhibitions. And with that, I allowed my sexual instincts to take over, not worrying about where they might guide me.

"Me too," I throatily replied, sitting back on the bed as Kyle's eyes hungrily watched.

I slipped off my bra and panties, clad only now in my black garter belt and stockings, and spread my thighs, giving him a perfect view of my womanhood, and asked him what he thought.

"Oh my god, Mom, you're so beautiful. More beautiful than I ever could have imagined."

I could feel his eyes devouring me, practically fighting the need to stare at my heaving big tits before giving in the greater urge to stare at my glistening lips.

"I trimmed her today Kyle..." I said with a sexy moan, feeling his eyes staring at pussy. For whatever reason calling my pussy "her" and speaking in the 3rd person like that always turns me on.

"... and I was thinking of you. Wanting her to look just right tonight for you." I felt like I was in some sort of erotic trance, trying to turn myself on with my words as much as I was doing it for Kyle. And without even realizing it, I'd moved two of my fingers to the top of my cleft, rubbing circles into my clit.

"All I could think about was you, Kyle, and how much I wished you were there with me. Pretending you were standing at the side of the tub, naked, watching me shave as you stroked your big cock, then me lying back with a naughty smile and spreading my legs, inviting you to come into the bath with me. And then I came so hard, imagining the feel of your cock moving inside me, wanting it as much as I want it now..."

I was so taken away at this point that I almost felt like I was going to cum again, but now the weight on the bed shifted considerably as Kyle moved over to me. He didn't say anything, he didn't have to as the look of pure lust on his face told me everything I need to know. All I remember was crying out, "Oh Kyle!" when I felt it, the thick ridges of Kyle' cock as it penetrated my inner lips.

Kyle had moved me fully onto my back now, hooking my ankles over his shoulders as he found a comfortable position of his liking.

"Oh my god, oh my god!" I cried out as Kyle ravished me from below, as if I were appealing to God to forgive me for what I was doing, or for enjoying it this much. If there really is such thing as a Forbidden Fruit, than this is truly it Brenda, as I can't imagine anything else being so good.

There wasn't anything gentle about Kyle' lovemaking, which was fine by me as I knew we'd have plenty of time for that later. And considering that I was feeling practically delirious by this point, there was nothing I wanted more than to feel his hard shaft pounding into me. I came, or came for the second time... honestly, I'm not even sure now, and then I felt Kyle's body tense up and heard him groan as he came too.

The rest of the night we made love at more leisurely pace, and despite not being nearly as intense it was just as good, if not better. And the next morning? Well, we had a nice, heart-to-heart talk. It felt good to get all our cards on the table, so to speak. And what can I say, Brenda, other than it's been a joy with him ever since.

"I still can't believe any of this Jackie," Brenda sighed incredulously. "You and Kyle..."

"I know it sounds like the worst thing you've ever heard Brenda, but you don't know what I'm feeling. The love, the passion... the feeling I get when Kyle holds me in his arms after we've made love is like nothing I've ever felt with anyone, even Ryan. I felt guilty at admitting that last part at first, but the closeness I feel with Kyle is something no man could ever compete with, not even a husband."

"I'm sorry, but I just don't see it that way."

"Are you so sure about that Brenda?"

"What?" Brenda asked in bewilderment.

"I mean, most women, most mothers especially, would never have listened to me tell that story without getting physically ill. But you had no trouble at all, in fact, you were quite the captive listener."

"I don't like where you're going with this, Jackie."

"I'm sorry Brenda, maybe I am getting carried away again. It's just that, part of me wishes that every mom could experience what I've had with their own Kyle, even if it were only once."

"You are getting carried away," Brenda replied with a huff.

"Brenda, I've been completely honest with you today, I've laid my bare soul out for you to see, warts and all. Can I ask you to do the same with me?"

"What are you getting at?"

"I mean, I know how hard the dating circuit has been on you, bad enough that you haven't even been on one for over a year now. And I know how badly Ted hurt you when he left you."

"Jackie..." Brenda said, her voice sounding strained. Even after five years, the mere mention of her ex-husband's name still stung in her ears. Jackie had been there for her though; from the time she found out Ted was cheating on her with some girl half his age to the nasty divorce that came after and him and the other girl shacking up with each other on the other side of the country. She'd been there when Brenda had gone through multiple legal proceedings to try and get Ted to pay his alimony and child support payments, most of which he still owed to this day. And so despite the discomfort she was now feeling, Brenda allowed Jackie to continue.

"I just want you to be happy, Brenda, honestly, nothing matters more. Both you and Brian."

Despite her efforts, Brenda couldn't listen to this any longer.

"I think I better go now, Jackie."

"I'm sorry if I upset you, but there's just one more thing I want to talk to you about," Jackie said.

"What?" Brenda asked.

"Brian and Kyle, how long have they been friends now?"

"I don't know, since they were kids." The two of them had been practically inseparable as children, but as time as gone on their lives had gradually taken them apart, especially after they'd graduated from high school and gone to different

colleges. But to Brenda's knowledge, they still communicated with each other about once a week.

"They've always been close friends, Brenda, and in case you weren't aware, they still talk to each other. About everything..."

"Are you... are you saying that Brian knows about you and Kyle?" Brenda asked in shock.

"He does, all of it," Jackie replied. Brenda sat there, stunned, afraid of what Jackie might say next until her friend finally spoke.

"He's happy for us, Brenda. Ecstatic even."

"Oh my god Jackie, what the fuck," Brenda steamed back. It's one thing for you and Kyle to be doing your crazy shit, but keep my son the fuck out of it!"

"I did keep Brian out of it, and so did Kyle. If there was any manipulation involved, it was the other way around."

"What the fuck are you talking about, Jackie?"

"I mean our boys have known each for a long time, they grew up together. And like a lot of close friends, they learned about sex together. Kyle was reluctant to talk about it with me at first, thinking that he might betraying their friendship, but as I told you before, there aren't any secrets between him and I

anymore. And so he told me about what they did back then. Like most boys, they were trying their best to get laid, and the rest of the time, well, they were watching porn. A lot of it. Or reading it, in Brian's case."

Brenda was in shock to be hearing all this, but Brian had been so painfully shy with her during these years that she practically knew nothing about what he'd been up to. He had rarely talked to her about girls, and they had never discussed sex. In fact, he'd been so uptight about the whole subject that at one point she'd genuinely wondered if he were secretly gay and was just too scared to tell her the truth.

"And you'll never guess what Brian usually went for..." Jackie said matter-of-factly.

"What?" Brenda asked incredulously, still almost expecting her to say he was gay.

"Mothers and son erotica," Jackie said. "I mean, they watched all the regular stuff too, but Brian would always bring them back to it. It was by far his biggest turn on back then; and it still is today."

"I'm... I'm sorry," Brenda said. She really was too stunned to say anything, but the thought that Brian had gotten Kyle into such a thing had made her want to apologize.

"You don't have to say that, Brenda. They were both eighteen at the time; my Kyle knew exactly what he was doing. So even if Brian opened that door to him, he still had to walk through.

And in the end, it probably made things easier for Kyle to be honest with himself about his feelings for me. So if that's the case, I've even grateful."

"Brian opened up that door for Kyle," Jackie continued, "and I'm not going to lie Brenda, the main reason I invited you over was that I was trying to open up the same door for you."

"I can't believe you would do that, Jackie," Brenda said in astonishment.

"Then let me say my final piece on this and then I'll let it go if that's what you really want. I love Kyle more than anyone; being with him has filled my life with joy in a way that I know I couldn't possibly experience with anyone else. I know you, and I know Brian too, even if it's mostly through Kyle. And I know what's waiting for both of you if you if you'd only give it a chance. I'm not going to belabor the point, but if I could snap my fingers and change your mind I'd do it without hesitation, because I know in the end you'd both thank me for doing so."

"Have you actually spoken to Brian about this?" Brenda asked incredulously.

"No, but Kyle has. Brian's a young sensitive man. And despite being very handsome in his own right, he's always been painful shy around girls. In fact, he's still a virgin. He needs a woman he trusts, one he can feel safe with..."

"I really must be going now," Brenda said uncomfortably, knowing full well where Jackie was steering this conversation.

"Okay Brenda, just promise me you'll think about it. That's all I ask."

Brenda stared at Jackie for a moment, not at all sure on what to say, and then silently left, still stunned that any of this conversation had actually taken place.

Chapter 2

It took a few days before Brenda felt calm enough to call Jackie, as her mind was still in turmoil over what had been said during their previous conversation. It was shocking enough to hear her best friend cheerfully speak about her incestuous affair with her son Kyle, but all of that paled in comparison to what she had learned about her own son, Brian. He had, in Jackie's words, been "ecstatic" when learning that she and Kyle were sleeping together, and apparently had strong sexual fantasies involving mothers and their sons himself.

More than anything these days, Brenda found herself re-examining her relationship with Brian. They'd been extremely close during his childhood, but for whatever reason had drifted apart during his teen years. Brenda has assumed that he was just going through a natural phase that all teens do, looking to become a more independent person, but she often wondered if there was more to his behavior than that. Brian had always been the shy, quiet type, and nothing really changed in terms of him becoming more assertive during those years. He had become close friends with Kyle, and Brenda was glad to see him connecting so well with at least one person his age, but if anything he became more withdrawn overall, and especially so with her.

Brenda's divorce had certainly been a key moment in both their lives, and she hoped that sharing that pain might at least have the benefit of bringing them closer together, but if anything the opposite had happened. Brenda had watched Kyle and Jackie from afar after her husband had passed away, seeing them become closer than ever, and part of Brenda couldn't help but feel a bit jealous. Something was off between

her and Brian, and had been for years, and so this new revelation about him had practically sent Brenda into a fit. She tried to reassure herself by thinking that maybe this was just a fantasy of his; that plenty of people had unsavory fantasies without it meaning anything was really wrong, but she had to know for sure. The fact that Brian could be so happy for Jackie and Kyle's real life affair was enough to make her feel worried, and so she decided to give Jackie a call and see if she could learn more about what was going on. Nevertheless, Brenda found it extremely difficult to keep her emotions in check once she got Jackie on the line.

"I'm sorry Brenda. That was a lot I dropped on you the other day and I should have known better."

"Sorry for telling me the truth?" Brenda huffed back. "I'd say you've been keeping it from me long enough, Jackie."

"You know I love you like a sister, Brenda, but this is why it's so damned hard to talk to you sometimes. You get so defensive, and hard-headed. It's like I have to break through a brick wall just to have a normal conversation with you."

"Normal? I hardly say what you talked about is normal."

"Maybe not in the conventional sense, but between the two of us, who have been best friends for ages? I'd like to think that we're well past the point of having to watch our P's and Q's with each other."

"Well, if I get that way when it comes to my son, I'd say that's still being reasonable."

"But you aren't being reasonable. I mean, when I asked you if you thought Kyle was attractive, you tightened up like it was an interrogation. Like answering yes to something like that was an admission that you wanted to sleep with him."

"I don't know, I guess I feel a little weird saying those types of things," Brenda replied with a sigh.

Jackie hoped that maybe her friend had finally relaxed a little, so she decided to push a little further.

"It's not weird, not at all. I mean, you can't tell me you haven't noticed the same about Brian. If I had to be completely honest, he's even better looking than my Kyle. But he's entirely devoid of confidence; it's hard to imagine that from anyone so handsome, but somehow that's where he's at."

"He's always been the shy type..." Brenda offered.

"I know, but he's got everything any man his age would want when it comes to finding a woman. And if what Kyle told me is true, he's more than blessed when it comes to keeping one pleased in the bedroom too."

"Holy fuck, did you really just say that?" Brenda asked, her temper beginning to rise again. "Why would you mention such a thing?"

"Jackie, we're talking about insecurity, and young male insecurities in particular. And we both know what men are more insecure about than anything."

"I still can't believe you would talk about my son that way," Brenda snapped back.

"My god Brenda, relax a little. Talking to you is like pulling teeth sometimes."

Brenda could feel her anger beginning to boil now, and made an excuse to hang up before things really got out of hand. And as for Jackie, well she knew what her friend was doing, but decided to play along, hoping that maybe they could try and continue the conversation later on.

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A few more days passed, but Brenda still didn't feel comfortable enough to talk to Brenda again. She had been exchanging text messages with Brian, however; they communicated with each other every day or so, but like always their messages were very basic, usually just her asking Brian how things were going at school and him replying that all was fine.

Her son was a great student, so Brenda knew she didn't have anything to worry about there, but there was hardly anything ever personal in what he had to say. In the past, she'd occasionally ask something like if he was dating anyone, but

he would merely duck the question. The distance between them was more than physical; they could even be in the same room together and Brian could still seem like he was in his own little world. Hoping to try and spark a little more conversation with him this time, Brenda brought up that the Christmas break was coming up and how she was looking forward to having him come home, but once again got little more than a standard reply from Brian.

Brenda had done a lot of thinking lately, and often her mind replayed her last conversation with Jackie. Some of accusations leveled against her by Jackie had cut deeply, as they had mirrored some of the arguments she'd had with her ex-husband Ted. For years Brenda had wondered how much of what Ted said about her had been true, that she put up walls around herself, getting angry whenever anyone wanted to be let in. Hearing Jackie talk in a similar way about her now had managed to open up some of those old wounds, and while she could care less about Ted these days, any chance of repeating some of those mistakes with Brian was something Brenda knew she could not allow to happen. And with that in mind, Brenda became determined to try and understand him better, on his terms if need be, and to try and hold back as much as possible when it came to being judgemental.

Brenda already knew what she had to do next; it had only taken these last few days for her to summon up the courage. And with that she made herself a cup of tea one evening and took it back to her bedroom, taking a sip here and there as she lay back on her bed with her laptop computer.

Brenda felt genuinely nervous as she began; not that she believed it was complicated but she'd never surfed the internet for porn before. Luckily, Jackie had said that Brian liked to

read stories, because she genuinely felt too uncomfortable to find look for anything visually graphic. Still, this all felt so surreal to Brenda as she hesitantly typed the words, "mother son erotica" into the search bar.

Brenda browsed at the titles of some the websites that popped up in her results. They all seemed to be free, with many of the stories submitted by readers. Finding one that seemed larger and better organized than the rest, she decided to begin looking at titles of stories. The first thing that surprised was how large the incest category was here, as it had by far the largest number of stories even though there were plenty more mainstream categories to choose from as well.

And with that, Brenda tepidly began browsing the titles and descriptions, looking for anything that clearly indicated the story was about a mother and her son. She started browsing over the first few stories that fit the bill, noticing a pattern developing quite quickly. None of them seemed even slightly plausible, with the characters not at all behaving like real people, much less like real mothers and sons. She had a hard believing that people liked reading stories like this, but they clearly found appeal with many as some of them had been rated very highly by the website's scoring system. Brenda would read about half of one before moving to another, because by then the plot of the story would be so absurd that she had a hard time believing that anyone as discerning as Brian was would still be reading. Ironically, the sexual scenarios being described barely bothered her at all, since the characters were so unrealistic that it really didn't matter if the author decided to label them as "mother and son."

Brenda was just about to turn in for the night when she decided to try and read one more. It was much shorter than

the average story, so she expected to get through it quickly before going to sleep. From the title and description it appeared to be about her a fortyish woman and her son on a plane.

"Oh my god, are you serious?" Brenda deadpanned. She found herself sarcastically predicting the story's plot, where an older woman and young man who could have just as easily be written as complete strangers rather than mother and son inexplicably decide to join the Mile High Club on this flight. And who knows, maybe a randy flight attendant would overhear them and decide to join in for good measure.

Brenda began reading the story, which had received a rather poor score from the website's voters, and the first thing she noticed was that it wasn't very written, at least when it came to things like spelling and grammar. No matter, all the stories were free to read and the people who wrote them weren't being paid, so Brenda didn't want to judge too harshly in this regard, but this story was much more difficult to get through compared to the rest she had read today, and it was hard for her to entirely ignore that.

Something happened as Brenda read, however, that she could have not anticipated. The characters came across as oddly real, especially the mother. The story was told from her point of view, and was about her and her eighteen year old son trying to find a better life for themselves as they moved to a new city. She and her son spoke about their hopes and aspirations, using dialogue that seemed surprisingly natural and real, and before Brenda knew it she found herself empathizing with both of them, and with Cynthia, the mother, in particular.

Of course the story had to take some sort of dramatic turn, and sure enough their plane got caught in a terrible storm, bad enough that it was going to have to make an emergency landing. While the plot device may have been obviously cliché, Brenda felt too invested in the characters for it to bother her too much.

Panic now spread among the passengers as most of the power went out in the cabin, with only flickering backup lights left that made it difficult for anyone to see farther than a couple of feet. As with most of the story, details were sparse, but by this time Brenda had become so invested with the characters that she automatically began filling those gaps in with her own imagination.

Teary-eyed passengers began to say their goodbyes to their loved ones as they prepared for the worst, while others got ready in the crash landing position that they'd been instructed to assume. Cynthia and her son Jason also said their goodbyes to one another, and it was here that he lamented to his mother that he was going to die a virgin. His sadness and regret hit forcibly with Cynthia, and Brenda who became surprisingly emotional about it as well.

Brenda read the next paragraph, which had Cynthia cautiously looking around the cabin at the other passengers. The darkly lit cabin made it difficult to see them at all, and what she could see made it clear that they were too wrapped up in chaos of the situation to notice anything else going on around them. Brenda knew what was coming next, a story posted at a website like this could only continue on in one direction, but she still needed to pause for a few moments and

take a deep breath before continuing. She hadn't expected this to happen, especially after the other stories she'd read tonight, but she genuinely cared about Cynthia and her plight. It was no-win situation for this woman, and as wrong as it was for her to be doing this Brenda couldn't help but admit that she completely understood.

Cynthia cautiously looked around the cabin one last time and then committed herself to action, deftly moving her hand into Jason's lap to undo the front of his trousers. Jason looked up at her, stunned, but his mother ignored him, keeping her eyes focused on her task. It took a few hectic moments for her get her hand inside and get his cock fully exposed, but that seemed to work in her favor as by the time she'd done so Jason had somehow managed to achieve a full erection, with his cock towering perfectly straight up from his waist. It was difficult to imagine him getting this aroused considering the situation they were in, but perhaps his youth and inexperience had allowed it to happen. In any event, he was ready. Cynthia still lacked the nerve to look him in the face, preferring to only think about what she was doing. And with that, she quickly got out of her seat and, sliding her panties aside underneath her dress, sat back onto Jason's lap facing forward.

In a matter of moments, Cynthia could feel it, Jason's cock penetrating her. His erection was fully inside her, reaching far deeper than she'd ever experienced in this position. She began grinding side to side, and before long could hear Jason's groans of ecstasy filling her ears. Cynthia tried to drown them out, but before long she was making similar noises. It was difficult to fathom, with certain death staring at her in the eye, but she could sense the wetness now streaming down to anoint the cock that was giving her these last moments of pleasure.

"Oh fuck," Cynthia groaned, as much to chastise herself for feeling this way as to release the sexual pressure building inside her. It had been so long since she'd had sex, and it was like her body was instinctively demanding that if this were indeed her last time then it was going to get the most of it. Cynthia raised herself above Jason's lap, with his cock still managing to stay an inch or two buried inside her, and then forcefully sat down again, completely impaling herself as she straddled his thighs.

"Oh, oh god yes," she heard Jason lustfully moan. She could feel it, Jason's hot cum filling her body, and realization of what had just happened snapped Cynthia out of the trance her body had put her in. She only had a matter of seconds left if she had any chance of getting back to her seat in time for the emergency landing. Luckily, the instinct of self-preservation won out over the other instincts that were pushing her to finish this to orgasm, and Cynthia managed to make it back just in time.

Brenda was fixated on reading more even though the hour was getting late. The story only had a few paragraphs left, and she was genuinely curious about what was going to happen next. A couple of hours had passed since the plane had landed, with only a few minor injuries to anyone on board, and the passengers were all staying in hotel rooms that the airline had arranged for them to spend the night.

The scene now focused on Cynthia, alone in her room late at night, wrestling with all her internal demons. Brenda truly felt for her, imagining how distraught she must be after not only going through such a traumatic ordeal but because of what

had happened between her and Jason. Cynthia was overwrought with guilt; it was one thing to have sex with Jason as an act of mercy, but she had clearly had enjoyed it too. Cynthia's mind kept going back to those final moments on Jason's lap, where she managed to get into the best position possible to ride him. All she wanted was to cum at that moment; what had started out as an errand of mercy for her son had turned into a desire to satisfy her own needs, to use his body for her pleasure. Brenda couldn't even fathom the amount of turmoil Cynthia was going through, the amount of shame she was feeling, but once again she found herself empathizing with it.

The story mentioned that she and Jason had barely spoken a word to each other since the plane had landed, and Brenda, like Cynthia in the story, wondered what that could mean too. How much damage had been done to their relationship, and was there any way to fix it? Cynthia couldn't fall asleep with this burden hanging over her, and in an act of desperation went down the hall to speak to her son.

The story had one paragraph left, made up of only two sentences. Brenda was stunned when she read it.

Cynthia went to Jason's room, and the two held each other for a while as they cried. They spent the rest of the night making love.

It took a while for Brenda to digest what had happened, but after some time it began falling into place. Cynthia had gone to her son's room, and they lamented the part of their relationship that had been lost before embracing the new level of intimacy that had taken its place. Brenda doubted that it

could really be that simple in real life, although she knew Jackie would certainly say otherwise. Brenda recounted her friend's personal story, with Jackie recounting her internal struggles as she tried to come to terms with her changing relationship with Kyle, how she'd felt like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders once she learned to reconcile herself with those feelings, and Jackie saying that she'd, "felt like a new woman" after being able to finally consummate those feelings as she and Kyle spent their first night together.

With that in mind, Brenda's thoughts went back to the story, filling in the gaps between those two last sentences that were so drastically different that it had been jarring for Brenda to read, and suddenly, it all became vivid for her. Brenda could picture Cynthia and Jason holding each other, watching their tears of sadness gradually give way to gentle touches and caresses, and ultimately ending with a soft but longing kiss. She could see both their hands, fingers trembling, move anxiously about as buttons and zippers frantically became undone, with their past relationship as mother and son now replaced with something that was as new and exciting even if it was frightening too. And finally, she imagined them both naked, looking like Adam and Eve as they walked hand in hand to the bed together. Their pain was finally gone, as was their shame; the slight but nervous smiles on their faces conveyed their feelings of excitement tinged with only the slightest bit of fear. Neither knew what the future had in store, but they could live with that. They would be facing it together, and that was all that mattered.

"Jesus Christ," Brenda said aloud in frustration. The sexual energy had been slowly building up in her ever since she's read those final lines, and now it was becoming too much for her to ignore. It was getting very late now and she knew she had to

get to sleep, but that wasn't going to happen in her current state.

And so her fingers traveled down, her clit practically on fire as her hand began quickly rubbing circles around it. She tried to focus on her "go to" masturbatory thoughts, which typically involved being swept off her feet by some attractive celebrity, but it was almost as if her body was staging a revolt against her, allowing her to get close without ever reaching that magical plateau unless she finished with the fantasy that had started it all. And so Brenda allowed it to happen, images of Cynthia and Jason's beautiful naked bodies writhing together in bed as limbs twisted to and, hands and mouths passionately exploring, images of Jason's cock in Cynthia's mouth and his lips suckling on her breasts, and on and on as they continued in the delicate art of making love.

It took one final image to send Brenda over the edge, however, as she now saw Jason lying down in the missionary between Cynthia's spread thighs, his hips forcefully back and forth as he fucked her. There was a look on Cynthia's face, that of a woman being consumed by lust and passion, but another one too, one that could lovingly look into her son's eyes and feel joy at being able to share these emotions with him. Suddenly, Brenda could hear Cynthia cry out to her son that she was cumming, and Jason followed suit with one last, hard push of his cock before unleashing his own ferocious orgasm inside her. And before Brenda knew it, she was cumming along with them.

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"I'm... I'm not sure what to say, Brenda," Jackie said uneasily. The two of them were at her house again, having tea as they

had so many times before. About a week had passed since Brenda had first gone on to the internet and had read the story about Cynthia and Jason. She had logged on to the site a couple more times after that, and while most of the other stories she read were as bland and uninteresting as what she'd first found, there'd also been a few others that had admittedly captivated her, stories of mothers and their sons wrestling with sorrowful wounds and forbidden desires that had brought them together in an unlikely, yet shockingly romantic way.

None of them, however, had struck her as deeply as that first story, however, and Brenda had read it several times again since then. The story was written with so little detail that Brenda regularly changed bits and pieces, and even more so when it came to the final paragraph that left so much to the imagination. Lately, she liked to picture Cynthia not going to her son's hotel room to ask for his forgiveness, but rather to seduce him. He would still be lying in bed, trying to fall asleep when Cynthia entered.

"Mom," he ask, "is that you."

"Yes, I was having trouble sleeping as was wondering if you'd like some company." Gone was the distraught woman that the story had wonderfully conjured. This Cynthia was confident, sexy, a woman who was fully aware of her desires and determined to fulfill them.

"Well... I guess," Jason replied. He could sense the excitement in her voice, and while it awakened his own desires he was still reeling inside from the insanity of what had happened to them only hours ago.

Jason looked up at his mother standing above him, with the moonlight shining on her through a window. She looked so beautiful, standing there in the terry cloth robe she was wearing, smiling confidently, and then, before he knew it, she slipped the robe off and let it fall from her shoulders, leaving her completely naked.

"You like what you see, don't you Jason?" she practically purred.

"Yes, oh god yes," he replied, in genuine awe.

"Then maybe we can continue where we left off. You see, I didn't exactly get to finish, and if you want to be a good lover you should know it's impolite to leave a woman without letting her cum too."

"I'll try to remember that," Jason chuckled softly as he began getting comfortable with the situation.

"Good, now move over," Cynthia said as she strode over to bed. "I expect you to do everything I tell you and to keep doing it until you get it right."

"Mom, are you sure about this?" Jason asked, inserting a serious tone back into their conversation.

"I'm not sure about anything, son," Cynthia replied with equal seriousness, "other than I want you, and I need you. After

what happened on the plane... I should be trying to forget it happened, but all I can think of is how I want more."

"Me too," Jason replied sheepishly.

Every variation she conjured would end in the same way for Brenda, giving her a fiery climax as she now openly masturbated to the story while she read.

"Me neither," Brenda replied awkwardly. After their last conversation, Brenda had resolved not to be the closed-off person that Jackie had accused her of being. It had been difficult, extremely difficult at times to tell Jackie what had happened, but she nevertheless had painstakingly done so.

"Well, I'm glad you're being honest with me, Brenda, or at least honest with yourself."

"In the end, I don't think there's a lot to be embarrassed over," Brenda reasoned. "I mean, thousands of people visit those sites and I doubt it means anything for them."

"The Brenda I spoke to the first time about this would never have said that."

"You're probably right, but there was also a lot more going on back then too. You were talking about you and Kyle, and it wasn't just some silly story. And then... and then to bring in Brian. I still don't know what to say about that. I guess that's why I'm talking to you about this now."

"What is it you want to know, Brenda?"

"If he's just having fun reading porn, then I honestly don't give a shit," Brenda said, "even if it is something more unusual like mother-son stories. I can't exactly get all high and mighty about that myself now, even if I wanted to. But you implied something more the other day, that Brian wanted to be like you and Kyle, to do it for real. I need to know if that's the case."

"Are you sure, Brenda? You might not like the answer."

"Well, I guess I can take that to mean yes," Brenda sighed with dejection. "How can you be so sure, did Brian really tell Kyle all that?"

Brenda could see her friend become noticeably apprehensive, something that rarely happened with Jackie.

"I didn't want to tell you this before, because I thought you'd get upset, but it's not only Kyle that's spoken to Brian about him and me. He and I talked about it as well."

"What the fuck, Jackie! Why did you lie to me the other day, then, and what else have you been lying about? And to think, you have the gall to get on my case about not being open with you!"

"I know, I feel terrible about it Brenda and I'm sorry. I promise, no more lies."

"Why didn't you tell me that you'd spoken to Brian yourself?"

"I was worried, thinking that you might believe that it was me putting these ideas in his head."

"I'm not convinced that you haven't been..."

"I swear Brenda, everything else I said to you was true. After Kyle told me about Brian, I had similar questions to the ones you're having now. You're right when you say that it's common for people to have crazy sex fantasies, and I wanted to know if what Brian was feeling was more than just that."

"I'm amazed that he would even talk to you about it. I barely get a text from him every other day and it's always the same bland message."

"He'd had a tough time even talking about it to Kyle at first, and I dunno, at some point I knew I had to get more. Kyle was reluctant to pressure Brian any further, and that's when I decided to step in. Even though I don't know him that well, I had a feeling I might get him to talk."

"And why is that?" Brenda asked.

"Brian's a sweet, sensitive guy. A lot of times I find men like that are more comfortable talking to a woman about these things."

Brenda's countenance became noticeably dejected, and Jackie quickly chimed in to respond:

"I know Brenda, it should have been you rather than me. And it still can be you, in the way it really matters, if only you're willing to give it a chance."

"Jackie, I can't just hop into bed with my son..."

"But he wants to Brenda, so badly..." Jackie said, finishing her friend's sentence with more emotion than Brenda could have ever expected. "I wish you could have heard him. There was so much love in his voice, so much passion, I practically started tearing up, and since you're insisting on the complete truth, I even got a bit excited. If Kyle had ever spoken to me like that over the years, I don't know what I would have done. Actually, I do know."

"Oh my god, I can't believe you got turned on talking to Brian on the phone," Brenda said in disbelief.

"You should," Jackie plainly replied. "There's an amazing lover in him, just ready to come out. He just needs the right woman to coax it out of him."

"Maybe," Brenda began uneasily, sounding defeated, "maybe you should sleep with him, Jackie. It sounds like you want to anyway, and perhaps you could help Brian with his problems."

"He doesn't want me, you silly girl, it's you. It always has been you, and it always will be you. And if you'd ever let me get through that thick skull of yours, you'd want it to happen as much as he does."

"I don't know Jackie," Brenda began. There was a notable shift in Brenda's demeanor that Jackie couldn't help but appreciate. Her friend wasn't being as defensive before; if anything she seemed melancholy than anything else.

"I have a son, Jackie, and whatever problems we may be having... I'd like to do what I can to try overcome them. But what you're talking about doesn't sound like a solution, and there's a real chance of making things a whole lot worse."

"Call me a romantic, but I like to think that love really does conquer all," Jackie replied. "And there's real love in that boy if you're willing to take a risk and let it in."

"Just how far did your 'conversation' with him go, Jackie?" Brenda asked with trepidation.

"We didn't have phone sex if that's what you're asking," Jackie chuckled back. "I don't think it counts if the person you're on the phone with is talking about someone else."

"Did he really, was he really saying things about me?" Brenda asked incredulously. Obviously, she knew the answer by now, but it was still shocking to hear Jackie speaking about it aloud.

"Brian told me about one day in particular, one that he thinks about a lot. It was the day you found out that Ted was cheating on you. Do you remember it Brenda?"

"Of course I do," Brenda shuddered back. Merely having it brought up was enough to bring back those painful memories, which were written clearly on her face."

"I'm sorry, Brenda, but you asked me to be honest." Jackie said, trying to console her.

"I know."

"Brian had wanted you for so long before that..."

"Did I... did I do anything to lead him on?" Brenda nervously asked.

"Other than being an attractive older woman who was blessed with an equally attractive son, no," Jackie replied with a hint of humor.

"But being trapped in such a lousy marriage no doubt fueled his fires," Jackie continued. "I'm sure watching you every day with that lowlife husband made Brian care less about whether you cheated on him, and the more his own desires for you grew the more he realized that that person you should find love with ought to be him."

"That day I found out about Ted... I mean, I'd had my suspicions for a long time, but that day I found out for sure... it was the greatest low point in my life. Even talking about it now is difficult for me, Jackie. I was so depressed I locked myself in my room for two days, barely speaking to anyone."

"I remember," Jackie said. "I tried calling you, but you'd only speak for a minutes or two at a time. I asked to come over and you flat out said no. I was genuinely frightened for you, and Brian was too. Did you at least speak to him?"

"Not really," Brenda replied. "I could barely face him, to be honest."

"Why not?"

"Because even though I can look at things more clearly now, it was hard not to blame myself back then. I felt like such a failure. As a wife, as a mother..."

"Brian didn't see things that way, not in the slightest. You don't know how much he wanted to tell you otherwise, to show you..."

"Jackie, please... don't," Brenda said, her voice becoming suddenly emotional.

"Is this all so different than that story you told me about Cynthia and Jason?" Jackie asked.

"Don't compare my life to something I read in a silly story," Brenda replied.

"There's nothing silly about Brian standing outside your bedroom on several occasions, wanting so badly to knock on your door but lacking the nerve to do so. About him wanting to wash away your tears with understanding words and affection, to supplant your feelings of pain with love and desire, and to end both your years of loneliness by joining you in bed to make love."

"My god, Brian really said those things?" The emotion of reliving those days had her practically in tears, and now she was being jolted by hearing Jackie's shocking words. She felt like a complete mess inside, with all kinds of emotions crashing into one another.

"Would you have let him in, Brenda?"

"Into my room to talk? Maybe. But as far as all these other things you're talking about? I doubt it. Something like this may sound all wonderful and beautiful to you, Jackie, but back I'm pretty sure back then it would have creeped me out. I was so distraught though... who knows for sure. But I doubt it would have gone the way Brian would have wanted."

"Brian told me the same thing," Jackie playfully replied, "so I'll tell you what I told him, that even if it were unlikely, the possibility was still there. Let me put it this way then, how about agreeing there was a 1% chance? Fair enough?"

"Sure."

"So, you could focus on the 99 times it didn't work if you wanted to, but I want you to tell me what happened during the one time that it did."

"What?" Brenda asked, stunned.

"Come on Brenda, humor me. Imagine Brian coming over to comfort you after you had found out about Ted. About how he had come there as your son, but stayed to be your lover."

"I... I don't know if I can do that," Brenda stammered uncomfortably.

"Maybe you need a little coaxing then," Jackie answered. "Would you like to know what Brian said when I asked him the same question?"

"I'm not sure, the whole thing sounds so awkward," Brenda said, still clearly caught off guard by the direction their conversation had taken."

"But you shouldn't Brenda. It was so sweet and delicate, probably a lot like those characters you enjoyed reading about. I admit Brian felt uneasy talking about it at first, but once he settled down he said such beautiful, sexy things. I didn't mean for it to happen, but I got so turned on listening to him. And before I knew it, well I guess we were having phone sex, at least on my end of the line."

"But you said nothing like that happened?" Brenda asked in shock.

"We didn't, but you and Brian did." Brenda looked at her friend incredulously, before Jackie added, "I asked him to pretend he was talking to you instead of me. I even asked him to call me Mom..."

"Oh my god Jackie, you didn't," Brenda said in bewilderment.

"Call it getting carried away or whatever you want, but you weren't the one listening to his passionate appeals. I knew how badly he needed to say these things, to get them off his chest once and for all, and I felt compelled to do whatever was necessary to help him."

Brenda sat there silently, still in amazement of everything she had heard, and Jackie took the opportunity to continue.

"It went something like this, Brenda."

"Are we in bed together yet son, please I need to know," Jackie cooed in excitement.

"Yes," Brian replied throatily.

"Are we naked Brian, please tell me we're naked."

"Yes, we're naked Mom. You're lying on your back and I'm leaning down, my arms around you, kissing your face and neck all over."

"Oh god yes, I love that baby. Let me kiss you back."

"You are Mom, and it feels so good, but all I want to do is make you feel good tonight. You deserve it."

"We both do. Now that Ted is gone we can be together, love each other. Do you want that too Brian, to be my lover?"

"More than anything."

"Then kiss my body, suck my nipples. They're so hard for you, baby. I need to feel your lips on them."

"I want to kiss and touch you everywhere."

"Even my pussy? Have you ever gone down on a woman, Brian?"

"No, but I think I more or less know what to do."

"The thought of your tongue on my pussy sends shivers down my spine, but what about your cock, honey. Mommy found out you have a big one and she's been horny about it ever since. Are you stroking that big cock of yours while we talk on the phone, Brian? Please tell me you are."

"I am, and it turns me on so much to be doing it with you."

"Do you want to use your big cock on Mommy's pussy?" Jackie purred. "Tell me you want to fuck me."

"I'd love to... I guess I'm a little nervous for now though," Brian replied, trying to sound more confident but not quite succeeding.

"Don't worry sweetie, I promise to teach you about that next time. Would you like that Brian, do you want to fuck Mommy?"

"Oh yes, I want to fuck you. I want to fuck you as hard as I can and cum inside you."

"That excites me so much when you say that, dear, but just use your tongue for today. Then Mommy will reward you by sucking your big cock into her mouth. I'm so wet for you and my clit is so hard. Just be gentle and you should do just fine."

"Good. I still remember when you came out of my pussy, Brian. It hurt so much, but I don't mind. I got such a beautiful boy afterwards, with a big beautiful cock to boot."

"Would you like me to kiss it and make it better, Mom?" Brian offered.

"My pussy? Oh yes, baby kiss it better. Then lick it, and fuck me with your tongue. I want to feel your hot tongue sliding in and out of me. Fuck me with it like it's a cock. Do you think you can do that?"

"Oh god, Mom, I'm cumming," Brian groaned over the phone, losing control.

"I'm almost there too, baby. Let me catch up to you." Jackie groaned hard into the phone as she fingered herself relentlessly with her other hand. In a matter of moments, she'd managed to catch up to Brian, who was still breathing heavily as he struggled to recover from his own orgasm.

Jackie looked over at Brenda, who could only sit there in silence. She appeared as if she were in shock.

"Brenda, are you okay? Earth to Brenda?"

"I can't believe you had phone sex with Brian, especially considering you just said otherwise."

"And I told you that he only did it with me because I was pretending to be you," Jackie asserted.

"I doubt that."

"I don't. Brian and I had a long talk about it afterwards, and I made it clear that I didn't want to do this or anything else with him again, and he understood."

"I'm not sure I do though." Brenda said cautiously.

"Yes, Brian is very attractive; it would be silly for me to pretend otherwise, but I'm more than happy with what I have with Kyle."

"Is it really that simple?" Brenda asked.

"Yes. The only thing that was complicated was trying to find out how serious Brian was when it came to you. Was this all just a fantasy for him, or did he want it for real."

"And?" Brenda nervously asked.

"I think you know by now, Brenda. He loves you, and he wants you, but he doesn't know how to get from that point to having it actually happen for him."

"My god," Brenda said incredulously, "my son actually wants to sleep me."

"I told him... I told him that I'd do whatever I could to make it happen for him Brenda. That's why I told you everything I could about me and Kyle the other day. I wanted you to see how happy we were in the hope that maybe you might want the same for yourself."

"I don't Jackie, it still seems so wrong..." Brenda lamented.

"You do at least think he's handsome, don't you? At the very least, you should be able to admit that."

"Of course I do Jackie, but that's not really the deciding factor here. You don't just hop into bed with any guy because he's handsome, or because he's well endowed."

Jackie smiled inwardly, glad that Brenda cared to recall that Brian was hung, before replying, "No, but it's not a bad place to start."

"Come on Jackie, get serious..." Brenda muttered.

"Okay, well I know you've had your problems connecting with Brian in other ways too. Maybe there's something you can do about that. When does he get home for the holidays?"

"He'll be here the week before Christmas. I think he's got about two weeks before heading back."

"Well, maybe I can do something to help you two then."

"I'm not sure I want your kind of help," Brenda said uneasily.

"I'm being serious, Brenda. Kyle and were talking about going away for the holidays, and he found this amazing cottage for rent. Why don't you and Brian join us? There doesn't need to be any hanky-panky going on, just a regular mother-son bonding trip for you and Brian."

"I think I know what your idea of mother-son bonding looks like," Brenda quipped sarcastically.

"Why, is some of what I'm saying finally getting through to you?"

"I don't know what to think, Jackie. I guess I more confused than anything."

"That's fair, and honest. I can appreciate that. Look at this way, you said you wanted to spend some time with Brian, try and reconnect with him. This is a great opportunity for that."

"And if my best friend has ulterior motives?"

"Anything I say or do can only be effective if you let them be. If you only want to spend time with Brian as your son, then that's your prerogative. We just wanted to go to a nice place for Christmas, and I'm asking if you'd like to join us."

"Out in the middle of nowhere, during winter? That doesn't sound so great to me," Brenda said with trepidation.

"It's just outside of a resort town. Kyle and Brian will probably want to go hiking along the trails, but there's plenty to do in town for you and me."

"I'm still not sure."

"Let me show you the ad I found," Jackie said, pulling out her phone. Brenda was indeed impressed with how beautiful the pictures in the ad looked, and the cottage was only a few years old, with all kinds of modern amenities to it as well.

"Well... okay," Brenda relented. "I'll ask Brian and see what he says."

"Kyle already talked to him about it, and he said he'd love to go," Jackie smiled.

"Oh... I see," Brenda said uneasily. Brenda had to wonder if Jackie had something up her sleeve with this idea. She was acting innocent enough, but with all of the "surprises" her friend had laid out for lately it was hard to imagine there something more going on than met the eye.

Either way, this was going to be an interesting Christmas.

Chapter 3

"I haven't seen Brian this enthusiastic in years," Brenda grinned widely, twittering about as she and Jackie hastily made their way through the shopping mall. There were a few days left before her son was going to be home for the holidays, and she and Jackie were doing a last bit of shopping before the four of them would be leaving for the cottage.

"He's excited to be coming home for Christmas, Brenda," Jackie said.

"I know, I know, but you haven't seen the way he's been in other years. I mean, he genuinely sounded excited about coming home, and even more so about going to this cottage you found."

"Would you be offended if I said it was because of you?" Jackie bashfully asked.

"Jackie, stop it with this stuff, will you," Brenda replied. Jackie took a moment to observe her friend's countenance, noting that she seemed more embarrassed than upset. In fact, she even appeared to be blushing slightly. It hadn't been easy, but gradually over the last several weeks Brenda's defensiveness over the topic had diminished. Not that Jackie had convinced her to openly desire it, but at the very least the mere mention of Brian wanting more than a mother-son relationship didn't result in the repulsed, angry response that it had before. And even if Brenda lacked the courage to openly admit it, Jackie believed that her friend was starting to weigh what such a relationship might offer to her as well.

"Come on, don't lie to me, you've at least considered it, haven't you," Jackie prodded. Jackie hadn't tried to push the topic for a long time, but now seemed like a good time to try.

"I've considered it to the extent that I believe you when you say that it's what Brian wants," Brenda began carefully. "But that still doesn't make me think it's a good idea."

"What about what you want, Brenda?" Jackie asked, trying to push things even further. "Have you ever thought about that?"

"I'll do what's best for my son," Brenda replied resolutely. "Nothing else matters."

Brenda knew where Jackie was trying to direct their conversation; over the past few weeks her friend had often brought up Brenda's failed romances since getting divorced as she'd vainly searched for her elusive Mr. Right. Time and time again, Jackie had tried to get her to consider Brian, using her relationship with Kyle as an example of how wonderful things could be for Brenda too if she were only willing to give it a chance.

"Hey, we're at the shop," Brenda said, pointing forward at their destination, "can you let this go for now." Jackie was disappointed in her friend avoiding the topic, but decided to acquiesce.

The two women went into the large clothing store, getting some last minute items before the trip. They bought a couple of things for their sons, sweaters and such, in case they were not properly prepared for the cold weather.

"Hey come here," Jackie called over to Brenda, "take a look at this."

Brenda had been occupied in a different section, but came over to see what Jackie had found.

"Look at this Brenda, what do you think?"

Jackie was holding up a bikini, although a few tiny pieces of dark blue cloth and string might have described it better.

"I'd say summer's a long time away to be thinking about buying that," Brenda answered.

"Didn't you see the hot tub in the ad?" Jackie asked.

"Yeah, but don't you think it will be a little too cold for that?" Brenda asked back.

"It was indoors, silly."

"Really?"

"Here, let me show you," Jackie offered, pulling out her phone. Indeed, it was indoors; Brenda hadn't looked closely enough before, but now could clearly see the sliding glass doors separating it from the outside.

"Still, doesn't seem like a very Christmassy thing to do," Brenda said.

"I'm going to pretend I didn't hear you say that," Jackie rebuked before asking, "Come on, what do you think?"

"You might want something with a little more support," Brenda offered, motioning towards the small triangles of cloth that supposedly counted as a top.

"You don't these can keep 'the girls' reigned in?" Jackie laughed back, reaching an arm underneath her bust and giving it a playful shake.

"I think it's worth questioning, yeah."

"If we were going to the beach, swimming and such, then I'd agree, but just lounging around in hot tub? I should be fine."

"Some things in life just aren't fair," Brenda chuckled, noting Jackie's slim waistline that made her DD breasts look even more enormous than they already were.

"You want to know what's unfair." Jackie teased back. "That I spend hours a week doing yoga and my ass still doesn't look half as good as yours."

Brenda was built quite differently from her friend, shorter and more petite than Jackie's tall, statuesque physique. Her breasts were smaller too, barely a B size, but she'd always been happy with them, especially with the way they'd maintained their nice pear shape over the years. Jackie was right about her not working out, as eating well and good genetics had allowed Brenda to remain slim even into her mid-forties. And as for her bum? It was still surprisingly firm, so maybe Jackie was right about that.

"I can't help it if your ass is a little on the flat side," Brenda joked back. Not that it really was, but it was still fun to say anyway. Brenda did think she had a well-rounded behind, and often still caught the odd man trying to check it out when they thought she was unaware, so maybe she did have some bragging rights compared to Jackie in this one area.

"And I get you got wearing those mom jeans all the time," Jackie teased back.

"Hey, I like my mom jeans," Brenda replied with a chuckle.

"Well, maybe you can live a little too sometimes. Here, how about this?" Jackie pulled a bikini bottom out from the display and held it in front of her.

"Absolutely not," Brenda said.

"Why?" Jackie asked. Although Brenda was serious in her reply, there was still enough playfulness in her voice to make Jackie want to push the subject further.

"Come on Brenda, you'd look great in this."

"I'm not wearing a thong, Jackie."

"Being in your 40's doesn't mean you can't," Jackie said.

"No, but I'd die of embarrassment if I wore something like that in front of you and the boys. Does it even come with a top?"

"Doesn't appear to," Jackie replied. "You could always wear it with a cute t-shirt..."

"That would probably become see through after about five seconds in the water," Brenda interrupted.

"Or go au naturel?" Jackie offered.

"Not funny, Jackie," Brenda said, her mood beginning to sour.

"Okay fine," Jackie relented, "how about this?" She held up a much more conservative bikini, and Brenda did like the color, a nice neon peach that flattered her skin tone. After rummaging through a few similar sets, she found one she really liked, and decided to buy it. As for Jackie, she decided to buy that first outfit she'd found, although passing on the blue for a solid black color. Brenda still felt it was weird that Jackie would want to go hot tubbing during Christmas, and wasn't planning on doing so herself, but for the sake of keeping her friend happy she decided to go along and buy the suit.

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The big day for them to drive up to the cottage had arrived, and Kyle and Brian were loading up their suitcases into Jackie's SUV while the two women went about Jackie's house

making sure everything was in order before they hit the highway.

"You were right about Brian, he does seem really excited about this trip," Jackie said.

"I'm glad, I mean he works so hard at school. I'm sure getting a break from all that will help a lot."

"And what about you, Brenda? You've been wanting to spend some quality time with Brian for a while now."

"I don't know Jackie. Yeah, I'd love to try and to make up for the way we've been distanced from each other in the past, but after everything you told me, I'm not sure I can. I'm not sure how I can just be his mom again after you've told me that Brian is looking for more."

"I'd say you're overthinking this too much, Brenda. If you really just want to have a regular good time with your son, then do it. No one is stopping you. And if you want it to be more than that, well, no one is stopping you there either."

It seemed like sound advice from Jackie, but there's was always something behind what her friend had to say when it came to this topic. Sometimes she'd be more overt about it, like when she had asked Jackie about the sleeping accommodations at the cottage and her friend slyly remarked:

"Brian's room only has a small, single bed, but lucky for you Brenda, your room has a nice queen. More than enough for one."

"Jackie...." Brenda sighed in frustration.

"I'm joking, only joking," she quickly replied, but of course Brenda knew that wasn't at all the case. It didn't matter whether she was being open about it or taking a more sobering approach, there was always enough innuendo in the way Jackie spoke that made Brenda feel as if her friend was trying to lure her.

They made their way to the cottage, with Kyle driving and Jackie in the passenger seat, while Brenda and Brian sat in the back. Despite the long distance, it was actually a fun trip, especially for Brenda, as once again Brian seemed more engaged and open with her than he had in years.

The only thing that was uncomfortable for her was watching Jackie and Kyle interact; while it was relatively mild it was clear that they were flirting with each other. Brenda knew that she'd have to deal with this reality at some point - the fact that Jackie and Kyle were sharing a room at the cottage made that obvious enough, but it didn't make the situation any less awkward now, and more than a few times during the trip she found herself shyly looking in Brian's direction only to see him clumsily looking back.

About halfway through the trip they stopped at a gas station, and Jackie went to buy a few munchies while Kyle refueled their vehicle. Brenda and Brian were left alone inside, and it

seemed as good a time as any for her to address the elephant in the room:

"So, I guess you know about Jackie and Kyle?" she tentatively asked.

"Um, yeah," Brian awkwardly responded in kind. "You?"

Of course both of them knew, and plenty more, but this was their first time discussing it together, so a certain amount of cageyness was required.

"Yeah, Jackie told me about it," Brenda responded.

"And?" Brian asked. He was clearly feeling uncomfortable, or at least feigning it for Brenda's sake.

"And, Jackie's been my best friend since before you were born, back to when we were in college together," Brenda said, speaking with a little more conviction now. "It may not be the best situation, but if she's happy then I'm still going to be there for my friend."

"Yeah... me too," Brian said, still stumbling with his words. "I mean, that's more or less what I told Kyle too."

That was enough to get through the ride there, but when they arrived at the cottage Brenda felt the need to discuss the subject further with Jackie.

"Can't this wait until morning?" Jackie frustratingly asked, obviously feeling fatigued. The roads had been much worse than anticipated, and with the extra delay it was already evening before they'd managed to arrive.

"I just wanted a moment alone with you first," Brenda replied. Kyle and Brian were bringing their luggage in, and with it seeming likely that they were all about to turn in for the night Brenda wasn't sure if she'd get another opportunity.

"Look, I'm sorry if we made you feel uncomfortable Brenda, but you have to understand. Kyle and I never get the chance to just relax together as a couple, at least not in any public situations. We're always too scared that we might run into someone we know..."

"So this is your chance to change all that..." Brenda interrupted.

"You must have known this was coming," Jackie said. "I mean, right from the start I told you that Kyle and I were staying in the master bedroom."

"I know, I know..." Brenda anxiously replied. "I guess it's just a little weird, especially with Brian here too."

"Speaking of Brian, he's really changed since I last saw him," Jackie said with a wide smile.

"I know, it's almost like he's a different person," Brenda replied in astonishment. "And not just his personality. I know he started using the campus gym this year, but I never knew he'd gotten such great results. Not only is he a lot leaner, but he looks like he's gained a good ten pounds of muscle. And I know this sounds crazy, but I actually looks like he's grown a couple of inches too."

"That's not the only thing that's grown a few inches," Jackie nudged back.

"Come on Jackie, don't start again now," Brenda laughed back. Jackie smiled, seeing that Brenda really had changed in the last few months. Sure, she still was a little embarrassed to hear such a comment being made about Brian, but certainly not repulsed. It had taken much effort on Jackie's part, but she finally felt like she'd made real progress with Brenda, and that she now might view Brian as not only her son but as a man, and a very desirable one at that.

"I know you're tired of hearing me say it, Brenda, but it really is all for you. Everything Brian's done, from trying to open up to you to getting in better shape... it's all because he wants everything he can be... for you. Doesn't all that effort mean anything to you?"

"Did you... did you put him up to this?" Brenda stammered.

"No, but you already know that I promised to help him in any way that I could. And a promise is a promise."

The sudden determination in Jackie's last words sent a slight shiver down Brenda spine, enough that Jackie added: "It's your holiday Brenda, do with it as you please. I'm just saying that if you want it to be more that he's more than willing to meet you halfway."

The boys came back from the SUV with their luggage, but everyone was feeling too tired to do any unpacking so they all decided to turn in for the night. Brenda went to her room and was able to go to bed before she realized that her phone was almost dead and that Jackie had borrowed her charger. With that in mind, Brenda walked down the short hallway to the master bedroom and lightly rapped on the door.

"Jackie, its Brenda. I need to talk to you for a second."

Jackie had only retired to her room about ten minutes earlier, so Brenda was surprised when she answered the door clad in only her underwear. Even groggy with fatigue she still looked extremely sexy in her blue lace push up bra and high cut panties.

"Hold on a second, I'll get it for you," Jackie replied. The door inadvertently swung open as Jackie went inside and that's when Brenda saw Kyle milling about the room as well. Like Jackie, he's was getting ready for bed too, casually walking about wearing only a pair of white cotton briefs.

"Hi, Auntie Brenda," Kyle said with a nonchalant wave as Jackie went to get the charger. There was nothing conspicuous about the way either of them were acting, except maybe for Kyle calling her 'Auntie Brenda,' something he

hadn't done in years, but that did nothing to quell the butterflies that Brenda could feel rumbling in her stomach. Even after hearing about all of their exploits, to actually see Jackie and Brian together like this was more than a little jarring. This was the same Jackie that Brenda had been friends with for over twenty-five years, along with the same young man that Jackie had known ever since he's been nothing but a bulge growing in Jackie's abdomen. And now they were about to retire to bed together as a couple as if there was nothing unusual at all about it.

"Everything okay Brenda, you look like you've just seen a ghost," Jackie kidded when she returned.

It was a bit of an exaggeration but Brenda clearly felt unnerved as she made her way to her room. Luckily she was tired enough that she was able to fall asleep rather quickly, but the knowledge of her best friend and her son sharing a bed together in the room just down the hallway was nevertheless a thought that had been difficult to shake from her head.

Brenda woke up in the middle of the night, needing to pee, and as she walked by Jackie's room to the bathroom certain sounds managed to catch her attention. It took a moment for her head to clear, but once that happened it became quite obvious that Jackie and Kyle were having sex.

She was about to turn away and keep walking, but it was as some unseen force had taken control, as Brenda put her ear to the slightly ajar door and listened. Things seemed rather heated, with the old bed springs of the mattress squeaking loudly at a frantic pace. She could hear voices too, mainly Jackie's, crying out in pleasure.

It reminded Brenda a little of when she and Jackie had been roommates in college and her friend might bring over some guy back home to have sex with. She was being a lot quieter this time, and Brenda guessed that Jackie was doing that on purpose for her and Brian's sake, but other than that it was the same old Jackie. Brenda took a step away, but once again it was as if an unseen force prevented her from moving. Instead she put her hand on the door and pulled it few inches further, allowing her to see into the room.

There really wasn't much to see, mostly silhouettes faintly illuminated by the moonlight entering the window, but even so Brenda found herself aghast by the passion of their lovemaking

"Oh yes Kyle, yes!" she could hear Jackie call out as her voice suddenly felt the need to shout. Brenda could see Kyle's form lying between Jackie thighs, with her long legs tightly locked at the ankles around his trim waist as he pounded even harder now. Brenda could sense their desire, their passion for one another, and it pained her a bit as she tried to recall the last time she'd felt so in tune sexually with anyone. It made Brenda think about how Jackie had raved about how great her sex life was these days, going so far as to say things like Kyle being her son had added their sexual chemistry rather than taken away from it. Watching the two of them go at it now made it hard not to believe her, as Kyle significantly picked up the pace, pounding into Jackie relentlessly like a jackhammer until the two of them reached an explosive crescendo. It felt almost magical watching them cum together, something Brenda had rarely managed to pull off during sex but somehow seeming effortless coming from Jackie and Kyle.

Brenda went back to her room, trying to fall asleep but trying to digest everything she had witnessed. Incest. It was still a terrible word to Brenda's ears, something that had torn too many innocent lives apart, but clearly there were exceptions like Jackie and Kyle. Everything she'd seen from them leading up to and including tonight had demonstrated that.

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"Morning," Brenda said to Jackie as she entered the kitchen. Her friend was sitting at the small table there drinking coffee and eating some buttered toast.

"Morning," Jackie replied.

"Where are the boys?" Brenda asked quizzically.

"Kyle had this hiking trail he wanted to explore, and you know, boys will be boys," Jackie leisurely quipped back.

"So early?" Brenda asked. "And I thought we'd all be going together for that sort of thing..."

"If you want to trudge around in the snow with them, be my guest," Jackie deadpanned. "I can enjoy the scenery just fine from here. And as far as leaving early, Kyle wanted to leave just after sunrise and, well... it is almost 11 now."

"Oh my god is it really that late?" Brenda asked as she shook the final cobwebs from her brain.

"I only got up about an hour ago. Why don't you sit down and have breakfast with me?"

"I had no idea I crashed that hard," Brenda said with surprise.

"It was a really long drive, and I suppose some of us need more sleep than others."

"You can say that again," Brenda said with far more suggestive innuendo than she had intended.

"What do you mean by that?" Jackie asked. Brenda didn't really want to say more, but her friend sounded more amused than anything, so he decided to continue.

"I... I happen to go to the bathroom last night and, well... I heard you and Kyle..." Brenda already felt uncomfortable admitting this much, so she decided not to mention having seen them as well.

"Oh, I see," Jackie replied, trying to be sensitive to Brenda's obvious trepidation.

"Brenda, I don't think you realize how much this trip means to me and Kyle. This is the first time we've been in any public situation, even if it's just you and Brian so far, that we've felt comfortable enough to be ourselves."

"I know, I know..." Brenda said. "And I spoke a little to Brian about it and he seems to be alright for the time being as well."

I guess I just wasn't quite prepared to hear you and Kyle having sex."

"We tried to keep the noise down, but other than that, I don't know what you could ask for," Jackie said, sounding a bit annoyed. "You didn't really expect us to come up here for a week and be celibate the entire time, did you?"

"No, but I guess I wasn't expecting it to happen so soon either. I mean we were all pretty tired coming here last night. I assumed you'd be more interested in getting a good night's sleep."

"You haven't had a twenty-two year old male in your bed. Trust me, you don't get a lot of sleep," Jackie tittered back. After hearing her almost harsh tones earlier, it was nice to hear her sounding more like herself again.

"Not since I was that age myself," before adding sarcastically, "sounds awful."

"Oh, not really," Jackie smiled back. "I may have an extra ring around my eyes some days, but overall it's worth it. Makes me feel young again... god, Brenda, I can't believe I just hit the big five-oh. Where has all the time gone?"

Brenda took a moment to study her friend's face, which was still so very pretty. The dark circles around her eyes from not getting enough sleep were apparent enough, but the rest of her face was practically glowing. She had the look of a satisfied woman, and a happy one at that.

"Well you don't look a day over thirty-five," Brenda replied, knowing that between her friend's still youthful face and nature-defying figure that her compliment was more than true.

It was ironic to hear Jackie mention turning fifty now, as she had recalled her friend lamenting earlier in the year how sad it would be to celebrate the milestone without her husband who had passed away a few years before. Ironic because it had turned out to be the occasion when Jackie and Kyle had spent their first night together. Jackie had appeared so happy that first day she spoke about Kyle becoming her lover. It was hard for Brenda to imagine such a thing possible, but the woman sitting with her having breakfast clearly was all that and more, just as the woman she'd heard shamelessly calling out to her son by name as he made love to her had been last night.

Jackie noticed the distraction in Brenda's eyes, and couldn't help but prod her a little further:

"Why, did hearing us last night give you any ideas?" she asked with a kittenish smile.

"I..." Brenda stammered before remaining silent once more.

"Come on Brenda, you said you'd try and be more honest with me about Brian. Admit it, something's different with him now. I've seen it in your eyes, even if you're too shy to tell me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, like when you were talking to me about Brian's physique. Don't act like that was just motherly pride speaking. He's even more handsome now than when I last saw him, and has so much more confidence too. You noticed it as much as I did, and the look on your face... I know it all too well. I was the same way with me and Kyle when I could sense my feelings changing for him."

"It's not that," Brenda said, although she wasn't totally convinced that was true. "It's everything you told me about Brian; I don't know if things could ever be the same for me after hearing all those things he said."

"They don't have to be the same," Jackie replied, "and frankly, I don't know why you'd want them to be."

Jackie's words brought a painful look to Brenda's face, but despite that she decided to continue.

"I know how hard you've tried to be the perfect mom, Brenda, no one can fault you on that. But I think it's time you accepted that, for whatever reason, things didn't turn out with Brian as you hoped they would. Maybe if he were still a child, that relationship would be worth salvaging, but at this point perhaps the best thing would be to close that chapter of your life with him."

"Can it ever be too late to want to have a loving relationship with your child?" Brenda quietly lamented.

"It was for me, in a way," Jackie replied. "Sure, Kyle is my son and part of me will always love him as such, but when my feelings for him began to change, I knew my relationship with him had to follow suit. I think that's where Brian is at with you. He's ready to make that transition, or at least as ready as he'll ever be. He's just waiting for you to do your part and make it all happen."

Brenda sat in silence, thinking about everything her friend had said, until Jackie put her hand reassuringly over hers and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Sex, Jackie. As much as you're tap dancing around the subject, it's still sex. There's no coming back after you cross that line with your son, no reset button to fix everything if it doesn't go as well as you'd hoped."

"It's also love dear, something you shouldn't take for granted. Not every moment since Kyle and I began sleeping together has been perfect, no relationship ever is. But as corny as it sounds, our love for each other has gotten us through that, not just the love we've had for each other as mother and son but the love that's grown between us since we became intimate."

"It still sounds so weird to me that you feel both kinds of love for Kyle. Where does one end and the other begin?"

"I'd be lying if I said it wasn't complicated. Sometimes I look at Kyle and see the son I've raised since childhood, and other times I see the man that I've chosen to be my partner. Often

it's a combination of the two, with one side being stronger depending upon the situation at hand."

"Partner?" Brenda asked in surprise. "I thought you said that this was only a temporary thing with Kyle, and that you'd step aside once he found the right girl?"

"I did, but a lot has changed since I told you that. Flaws and all, we've decided to try and make things work as a couple. Kyle has been adamant in saying that he doesn't want to be with anyone else, and frankly I feel too much for him to simply let him walk away."

"Feel too much for him?" Brenda repeated. "As Kyle's mother, or his lover?"

"Both silly," Jackie replied with a small laugh. "As I said, it's complicated, but oh so magical too."

"It still strange for me to hear you imagine that you can have 'motherly' feelings towards Kyle while the two of you... well, you know."

"If it makes you feel any better, while we're having sex I do mostly see Kyle as my lover. But, you know, sometimes things happen... and those feelings get a lot closer to being 50/50."

Brenda looked at her friend quizzically, not only because she wasn't sure what Jackie was getting at but because she

demeanor had turned surprisingly bashful, something that never happened to her whenever the topic was sex.

"You know, sometimes we might get carried away and say things to each other in the heat of passion that crossed certain lines..."

Brenda looked over to her friend, who was actually blushing now. She couldn't even fancy what kind of dirty talk between her and Kyle that would be too unmentionable for her to reveal, but clearly thinking about it now was having an impact, as the embarrassed smile on her face demonstrated now.

"And then what?" Brenda asked.

"And then, usually, I'll have one the most intense orgasms you could ever imagine," Jackie replied with a little wink, smiling wider now as she returned to being her more upbeat self.

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Not much happened for the next few days for Brenda, other than being able to spend a relaxing holiday with the boys. The evenings hadn't changed much either, as Kyle and Jackie were still going at it every night. While Brenda hadn't expected them to be 'celibate,' she hadn't expected them to be fucking every night either, but clearly they had other ideas. And if anything had changed, it had been Jackie, who seemed a lot less interested in keeping the volume down than she had that first time. Brenda decided not to bring up the subject again with

Jackie, and she certainly had no intention of saying anything about it to Brian, but she had no doubt that he could also hear all the moaning and groaning coming from Jackie's room, punctuated by a loud scream two or three times per night as Jackie reached her climax, which once again she made little to no attempt to stifle.

It was on the third day, and the four of them had just come back from going out to dinner. The drinks had flown freely, and although nobody was drunk, Jackie had a clear alcohol induced buzz about her demeanor. She wasn't interested in toning things down once they were home though, asking Tyler to bring out a bottle of champagne that had been chilling in the ice box.

"Bring it out to the hot tub dear," Jackie called out to him from the next room, "I want to finally get a chance to use this damn thing."

Even though the hot tub was indoors, its exterior walls made it subject to the weather, which had been too cold since they had arrived at the cabin. Today had been surprisingly warm, however, and Jackie had been enthusiastic all day about wanting to give it a try.

"Why don't the three of you get ready and I'll bring out the drinks?" Tyler offered.

"Good idea," Jackie replied. "Brenda, I'll come over to your room. I could use some help."

The two women retired to Brenda's room while Brian went to his. Brenda could already sense something unusual about Jackie's behaviour though, and it wasn't just because of the alcohol.

"What kind of help do you need Jackie?"

Her friend ignored the question as removed her clothing, only turning to face Brenda again after she was naked. Jackie always looked so stunning in the nude, her seemingly flawless curves managing to defy time and gravity to the point where if you saw her from the neck down you'd swear she was thirty years old rather than fifty. It was hard not to stare at anyone who looked that amazing, and Brenda did her best not to, but she often wondered if Jackie had an exhibitionist streak too, knowing how distracting her body could be and taking pleasure from putting others in that uncomfortable situation.

"I was hoping you could help me choose between these two outfits," Jackie began, facing Brenda with one in each hand. One of them was the suit Jackie had purchased with Brenda on their latest shopping trip, the other was similar, although red instead of black. Brenda held each of them up, trying to make a decision, when she noticed two other differences. The new outfit she was looking at today had bottoms with nothing but a piece of string covering the back, and the size of the suit was notably smaller too.

"Um, I don't think this would fit you Jackie," Brenda said uneasily.

"You're right, but I bet it would fit you perfectly," Jackie replied slyly. Brenda's eyes grew wide in surprise until Jackie pressed on.

"I got it for you, Brenda," Jackie pleaded. "Come on, you know you'd look great in it."

"Jackie, are you crazy? I'm not going to face our sons wearing a bikini top that has less material than a handkerchief and a bottom that leaves my ass completely exposed."

"If I had an ass that looked as good as yours that's all I'd wear," Jackie chuckled back. "Come on Brenda, live a little."

"What's with you tonight?"

"Gee, I don't know," Jackie replied sarcastically, "maybe it's the fact that our hunky boys are getting ready to join us for a steamy soak wearing just about nothing themselves."

"You sound really odd..."

"It's called being horny," Jackie gushed back. "You know what? Fuck the bikinis, Brenda, and you get naked too. Can you imagine the look on the boys' faces if we went out to meet them wearing nothing but a couple of lusty smiles?"

Jackie actually did a little pose after those last words, thrusting her conspicuous chest out slightly and twisting her flared hips with a hand resting on each side. She looked

gorgeous, as usual, and sensual too, but the smile really did take the cake. Her friend was definitely horny, extremely horny, even. It wasn't some sort of joke or bluff when she asked Brenda to walk out with her and meet their sons in the nude. It made Brenda wonder just what else Jackie was capable of in the state of mind she was in tonight.

"Here, stop acting silly and put this on," Brenda said, thrusting the black bikini back into Jackie hand. Brenda began changing too, and once in a while her eyes drifted to the red outfit Jackie had tried to give her.

"Unbelievable," Brenda said to herself. She'd never worn anything so skimpy in her life; as if she's start to do so now that she was forty-eight. She did take good care of herself, and probably could pull it off, but my goodness, to face Brian and Tyler wearing such a thing... Jackie liked to try and push Brenda out of her comfort zone, she'd been that way since they first became friends in college, and it was easily Jackie's most endearing yet annoying personality trait.

Jackie had helped Brenda overcome her natural shyness in many ways over the years, but nothing from their past compared to what she clearly had in mind now. Where was tonight heading? You'd have to be a fool not to recognize what Jackie trying to orchestrate, and Brenda gave serious thought to making up an excuse about being ill and turning in early for the night. In the end, however, she decided to get changed and meet them. After all, Brenda was a grown woman, and even if Jackie had her own agenda, Brenda had always felt like she was in control enough to make her own decisions.

"There you are Brenda," Jackie said as Brenda walked out to the hot tub area. "I was starting to wonder if you were ever coming out." Jackie was already sitting back in the tub as she sipped at her champagne, hedonistically enjoying the warm water swirling around her.

"Doesn't Auntie Brenda look great, Tyler?" Jackie asked with slightly intoxicated smile.

Tyler gazed back from the kitchen area where he was preparing more drinks.

"Um, yeah, really great Auntie Brenda."

The look in his eyes belied a greater admiration than he had let on though. Even if the outfit was far more conservative than Jackie's, it was still much skimpier than anything Tyler would have seen her wearing in years, possibly ever. It was amusing to see him fumble over his words now, and Brenda did have to admit that having someone over half her age give her such an appreciative glance did a lot to boost her self-esteem.

"Where's Brian?" Brenda asked.

"Still getting changed. I guess needs twice the time of anyone else in putting on simple swimsuit, just like his mom," Jackie teased.

Brenda sat back in the hot tub next to Jackie and allowed the soothing water to overwhelm her senses. It really did feel

amazing, and something about being able to see out the large windows and see the winter wonderland surroundings of the outdoors added to its magical feel.

Tyler came over to bring Brenda her drink, carrying the glasses and bottle of champagne silver serving tray.

"Here Auntie Brenda," he said giving Brenda her glass. Tyler set the tray down, and the words Jackie had said to her earlier immediately came to mind.

"Wearing just about nothing..." Not that there was anything scandalous about Tyler's attire, in fact he looked quite stylish, but Brenda had to admit it was a bit distracting to see him walking around in just a pair of black Speedos. There really shouldn't have been anything unusual about this situation at all, just a couple of old friends and their sons enjoying a nice time together, but of course everything that Brenda had learned these past few months wouldn't allow for that.

Brenda started feeling a bit apprehensive, trying to calm down by taking a long drink from her glass and closing her eyes to relax when she heard a gasp from Jackie that snapped her back to attention.

"What?" Brenda asked. She looked over to the kitchen area, where Tyler had returned to get them some more ice when Jackie tapped her shoulder to get Brenda to look in the other direction.

"Oh my god, Brenda, look," sounding stunned, her eyes wide in bewilderment. "Brian... holy shit, Brenda. He's fucking huge."

Jackie looked over to her son, and try as she might it was impossible not to notice the front of his suit. Not only because was Jackie said was true, but even more so because the trunks looked at least one size too small. He took a few steps towards them, but then stopped in frustration. Yes, the outfit was so tight Brian had difficulty walking, although that was mostly because the bulge in front was so obscenely large.

"Um, you okay there, Bri?" Tyler joked when he saw his friend's predicament.

"Not really," he replied sheepishly.

"Brian, how could you not bring a proper suit?" Brenda asked in the most chastising voice she could muster. It was the best response she could think of to distract herself from the sight. Not that she really made an issue of such things, but Jackie was right, Brian was enormous enough so that even she had difficulty averting her eyes from the sight. Even after hearing her friend make comments a few months ago about her son being well endowed hadn't prepared Brenda for anything like this, although the undersized suit was certainly making it a lot more difficult to ignore.

"Sorry Mom," Brian replied, sounding a little dejected. "I forgot mine and so I used the one you bought for me for the trip."

"My god," Brenda said to herself, now recognizing the trunks as the one she'd bought for Brian a few days ago. "This is my fault."

"No dear, I'm sorry... I should have known better..." Brenda stammered, reprimanding herself.

Brenda looked over to Jackie, whose previous look of shock was now replaced with unadulterated lust.

"Why not just take it off, Brian, we're all like family here?" Brenda imagined her friend saying, her voice dripping with arousal. "Predicament," aside, Brian did look fantastic, with all the work he'd been putting in at the gym these last few months giving him a chiseled, muscular physique. And of course his predicament was nothing to be ashamed of either; most men would give just about anything to have such a problem. His embarrassment was real however, and considering her son's overly sensitive nature Brenda tried her best to fix the situation.

"Do you really have nothing else to wear, dear?" she asked.

"Not really. Know what? It's been a long day already so I think I'll turn in early."

"Oh come on Brian, don't be that way," Brenda pleaded. "You can still join us without using the hot tub."

"No, I think I'd rather turn in," Brian said, sounding discouraged once more. He was always the type that would turn any situation where he was acting different from the group, even a small one like this one, into a reason to feel awkward.

It pained Brenda to see her son like this, and for one brief moment she actually considered suggesting that he get into the tub and then slip the trunks off. With the water swirling around them at high speed, you couldn't see to the bottom anyway. However, with the way Jackie was behaving, Brenda knew she couldn't trust her friend at all tonight. She'd probably use it as an excuse for her to get naked too, and then who knows where that would lead. Brenda had rarely seen her friend in a state like this before, and that was saying a lot coming from a woman who loved to talk about and have sex as often as she did. The more Brenda thought about it, the more she started wondering if Jackie was trying to orchestrate some kind of foursome tonight. So as much as she could tell Brian's feelings had been hurt, she silently nodded in agreement when he said his goodnight to the rest of them.

Tyler came over to join them in the hot tub, and the rest of night continued with the three of them downing glass after glass of champagne. Brenda tried to put what had happened with her son out of her mind, and between the soothing jets of the hot tub and the free flowing alcohol had managed to succeed. What was hard to ignore was the banter between Jackie and Tyler, which had started off mostly playful, but had steadily become more and more sexual.

It was weird, but oddly exciting too. As much as Brenda had tried to deny it at first, watching Jackie flirt with her handsome son/lover was turning her on. She'd been reading about such things in the fictional stories she become recently

engaged in, knowing that at least in fantasy these mother-son banterers of lust and desire excited her, but this was real, as real as the sounds of Tyler and Jackie having ravaging sex every night that filled the small cabin with the sounds of their lovemaking. A couple of times during their flirting Jackie and Tyler had even shared a short but meaningful kiss on the lips. The sexual energy between them was so genuine, so powerful that as much as Brenda tried to look away she couldn't. The sight of these two people she'd known for so many years interacting in such a taboo act together was simply too intoxicating.

"Here, let me get another bottle of champagne," Tyler smiled as he exited the tub.

"Oh my god, Tyler, how long have you been that way?" Jackie chuckled in both amusement and surprise. Sure enough, Tyler's suit was sporting a tent in front that almost rivaled Brian's from earlier on.

"Ah, I'm fine," he laughed back.

"The hell you are," Jackie replied sternly. "Come here right now, young man." She put on a slight air of concern, almost once again sounding like a mother, but her voice was clearly laced with other emotions, including her arousal.

Tyler stood near the edge of the tub near Jackie, and his mother got up to meet him. Putting a hand on either side of the waistband, she quickly but carefully pulled the fabric down, allowing it to fall around his ankles.

"Jesus Christ," Brenda couldn't help but say, loud enough that both Brenda and Jackie could hear her. Even if Brian might be in another league entirely, Tyler's erection was a sight to behold, his beefy shaft standing proudly from his groin.

"I'll be damned if I let you hurt yourself by having some blood vessel burst or something," Jackie said as she gently massaged one of the bulging veins on Tyler's shaft. Brenda could hear the excitement boiling over as it took control of her friend's senses, her voice practically swooning in arousal.

Jackie was still standing up in the tub but now put her hands on Tyler's hips, pulling his groin closer to her.

"Are you sore honey?" Jackie purred in a sexy voice that could belonged in an erotic film. "Here, let mama kiss it all better."

Brenda sat there stunned, as only a few feet away Jackie's lips planted a kiss on her son's erect penis. This kiss was followed by another one, and then another, up and down his now steely shaft.

Tyler groaned softly as Jackie's lips sensuously covered his cock with her kisses, but after glancing up and seeing the shocked look on Brenda's face, he decided to speak up: "Maybe we should call it night, Mom."

"No dear, we can't. Not yet. I've done all I can to explain to Auntie about what we have and why it's so special, but it hasn't been enough. She needs to see it for herself. You can

do that, can't you Tyler? For Auntie Brenda's sake? For Brian's?"

"Of course I can," he replied thoughtfully.

"What a good son, I have Brenda," Jackie smiled naughtily at Brenda. "And what an even better lover. Take a good look at this gorgeous cock Brenda, can you blame me for wanting it so much? Even you said 'Jesus Christ' when you saw it. I doubt Mary couldn't resist something this big and hard; I sure as hell wouldn't."

Brenda was still reeling from the impact of hearing Jackie's last words when an even bigger shock took hold, that of her friend's lips parting and Tyler's cock sliding half way down her throat.

"Oh, oh that's so good, Mom," Tyler groaned in ecstasy. Brenda watched in silence, with only the sounds of Tyler's moans and Jackie mouth bobbing back and forth on his cock. Then she would pull away for a while, once again using her lips and tongue on Tyler's shaft while her hands lovingly massaged his heavy balls.

Looking over at Brenda, Jackie could see the excitement on her friend's face. There was no denying it; Brenda was getting off watching them, with one her hand now caressing her boobs to try and heighten the feelings of pleasure.

"Tell me what a terrible mother I am for wanting this Brenda," Jackie challenged in a voice so provocative that it practically

sounded hostile. "Tell me you don't wish that Brian wasn't naked here with us, with you sucking his huge cock right now."

Tyler let out a deep, guttural moan that made Jackie return her attention towards him. "Not yet, dear," she said cautiously, knowing that he was getting close to orgasm. "You need to fuck me. If we're going to help Auntie the right way then she needs to watch us fuck."

Jackie got out of the hot tub and hastily tore off her bikini, moving to a spot once again only about ten feet away from Brenda as she lay on her side before motioning for Tyler to join her on his side in a spooning position. She then pulled her knees up towards her chest leaving her womanhood completely visible to Brenda's gaze. With anyone else she might chalk such a move to random chance, but Brenda knew Jackie too well for that to be the case here, especially considering everything Jackie had been talking about. She wanted Brenda to get the most intimate look of them possible; that of Tyler's cock sliding in and out of dripping pussy.

Brenda looked up at Tyler now, taking a moment to admire his handsome male form. Like his mother, he carried no shame walking in front of Brenda naked, and like his mother he was more than attractive enough to do so with absolute confidence. Brenda tried to avert her eyes from his cock, but it was pretty difficult not to notice the big erection standing out from his groin. Like the rest of Tyler, it was young, beautiful and a clear indication of his unabashed desires.

Again, the whole thing seemed so surreal to Brenda, but after everything she'd seen and heard about them the chance to

actually watch Jackie and Tyler together was too tempting for her to retreat.

"Oh, oh yes," Jackie cried out, her voice giving out as she began gasping for air. It was happening now; Brenda watched, stunned, as she watched Tyler's cock slip past the lips of Jackie's vagina. Her eyes darted back up to Jackie's until they made eye contact, taken aback by the wild mixture of love and lust that had overtaken them. Tyler began fucking Jackie, with smooth, long strokes, managing to pull almost all the way out before sliding all the way back in until the thumping sound of his balls against Jackie entrance signaled that there was no more of his love to give her.

"Fuck me, fuck me," Jackie pleaded sounding practically desperate now. Her body was shaking with excitement, and her voice had turned into a hoarse growl. Tyler increased his pace, showing not only the stamina of a healthy young man but the control of a seasoned lover. It was hard not to be a bit shaken by the sight of it, the boy she'd known as a child now making it clear how he much was now a man, one that was more than capable of satisfying a woman, even one that could get as wild as Jackie could. And the only thing on that man's mind now was how much he wanted to fuck his mother's pussy. Brenda's eyes traveled up to look at Tyler's face for a moment; luckily he was looking down at Jackie and did not notice. Brenda was actually glad at this, as the sight of Tyler's cock ravaging Jackie from below was already so intense that it was almost intimidating; and she feared that looking him in the eye as he did so might be too much for even her to bear.

"Oh, oh god I'm cumming," Jackie panted, her body shaking hard from orgasmic convulsions. Tyler had managed to delay his climax long enough to let Jackie cum first, but now let

himself go, mercilessly ramming into her for another half minute before he too shuddered from orgasm. The two of them lay there together for a minute, recovering in post-climatic bliss while Brenda feebly watched. She felt excited, but confused, joyous yet melancholy.

"I think we need to have a talk, Brenda," Jackie said. The three of them slipped on some comfy bathrobes that the cabin provided and sat down around the kitchen table sipping some coffee that Tyler has brewed up.

"Are... are you alright, Jackie?" Brenda asked, unsure of what she could say.

"Of course I am, silly," Jackie answered with a weak smile. "Better than alright. What about you?"

"A little jealous, truth be told," Brenda replied sheepishly.

"Now that might be the most honest thing you've ever said to me," Jackie said with a slight chuckle.

"It wasn't even the sex... it was everything else, the passion and desire and love. Much as I tried to pretend it wasn't true, I can't ignore the way you two practically radiate it when you're together. I don't think I've ever felt that way with anyone, even when I first got married."

"It's not fair Brenda, you deserve so much better," Jackie lamented. "That's what I've been trying to get through to you these past few months."

Brenda looked down from Jackie's gaze, knowing full well where her friend was trying to steer the conversation. After a somewhat awkward moment of silence fell over the room, Jackie continued on:

"I know exactly what you were talking about, that special level of intimacy that I feel with Tyler. It goes beyond anything that I've had with anyone else, including Ryan, and unlike you I had a happy marriage. I felt guilty about it at first, as if experiencing these emotions with Tyler was an affront to what I'd shared with Ryan, but then I learned otherwise. The intimate bond a man feels with his mother and vice versa is unique, something they will never feel with anyone else. And that's more than enough for most people, which is fine. But for some of us, like me and Tyler, or you and Brian, those feelings get mixed with other ones, forbidden thoughts and of romantic love, passion, and lust. I didn't ask for what happened to me and Tyler, but when circumstances brought us together this way I dealt with it as I saw fit. You didn't ask for the life you and Brian have had either, but nevertheless things turned out the way they did. Now it's up for you to decide how to deal with it."

"Decide?" Brenda repeated incredulously. "Are you really trying to pretend that you're on the fence about me and Brian?"

"I'm on my best friend's side, I'm on her son's side, two people that I both love dearly. I'm on the side of someone who's been

through this herself and knows how happy you and Brian would be together if you'd only give him the chance. And I know that, as much as you've tried to deny and repress it, the urges that made want Tyler as my lover exist within you as well."

"I'm sorry Jackie, but these last few months have been really tough for me to deal with. I guess, more than anything, I'm afraid."

"So is Brian, so were we," Jackie replied. "Maybe that's a good place to start with a sensitive guy like him. Tell him about your fears, ask him about his. It's probably a better way of moving things forward than the way I did with Tyler."

"You mean when you tried to show him your tits?" Brenda asked, making all three of them laugh a little.

Jackie was glad to see the mood in the room lighten a bit.

"We all have our own methods," Jackie chuckled back. "And while you look great, those of us with all natural DD's have certain advantages that I'm not above exploiting."

"Go to him, Brenda. He needs you, and for god sakes you need him too."

Taking her last sip of coffee, Brenda set the cup down.

"I'll... I'll try," Brenda said, her voice almost shaking with nervousness.

She went to Brian's room and lightly rapped on the door.

.... to be continued

Story::Coming Clean 4

Author's Note: Thanks for all the feedback that this series has generated. It was only supposed to be the first chapter, since I knew that trying to capture Brenda's journey too would take a lot longer to write if it were to come across as even slightly realistic. I wasn't sure if I was up to that task and was worried that not everyone would be interested enough to want to read such a story, but decided to give it a go anyway. Thanks to those of you that chose to stick around until the end.

All sexual situations in this chapter are like the previous ones, with all characters being eighteen years or older.

Brian, are you awake?"

"Yeah..."

"Can I come in? I wanted to talk to you."

"Sure."

He was laying on his back in bed, and Brenda sat near the foot of the bed, looking down.

"Everything alright?" Brian asked.

"Uh, yeah," Brenda answered, "although... I guess things got a little out of hand with Jackie and Kyle there for a while."

"Yeah, it sure sounded that way," Brian said, slightly amused. Even with the door closed there was no way Brian wouldn't have heard what was going on, especially when Jackie had been shouting full-throatedly for Kyle to fuck her, so Brenda didn't see the point in pretending otherwise. In fact, it seemed as good a way as any to start her conversation with Brian as well.

"I was there too, watching them," Brenda quietly admitted. "It felt weird, but for some reason I couldn't look away. Something about Kyle and Jackie; all my life I believed that such an affair is morally wrong, but when I see them... I guess I'm not so sure anymore."

Brenda looked at her son's face, his countenance making her believe that he had something he wanted to say but was lacking the courage to do so.

"You... you wish we had the same kind of relationship, don't you Brian?"

Her son retreated a bit at Brenda's words, then froze, unable to speak.

"You might as well admit it, Brian. Jackie told me a few months ago. If there's anything I'd like to get from us taking this trip, it's for you and me to be honest with each other. I feel like that hasn't been the case with us since you were a child."

"She told you?" Brian asked in surprise.

"She means well. Even if I find her infuriating at times, I know Jackie has always meant well, for both of us."

"Okay, well, what did you say?"

"I got angrier than I have in years. I screamed at her. Then I went home and yelled some more, probably threw a few things too. And then I cried for the rest of the night, feeling sorry for myself."

"My god, Mom, I'm sorry. But you can see why I never wanted to tell you... I was pretty sure you'd take it something like that. I only wish you wouldn't be so hard on yourself."

"More than anything, I felt guilty. In fact, I still do. A lot has changed in the few months since I first found out, like I've managed to mostly calm down about it, but the guilt is as strong as ever, Brian. It's obvious that I've failed you as a mother, there's no doubt about that in my mind."

"Don't be silly, Mom. You practically raised me by yourself... we both know that Dad was more of a hindrance than anything, and after he left and it was just the two of us. You took care of me and helped me get into a good school where everything is going great. It's not like I got mixed up with a bad crowd and hooked on drugs or ended up in jail or something. I'd say you have a lot to be proud of."

"I am proud of you, Brian, but somewhere along the line I screwed up. I have a kind, intelligent, considerate, handsome boy who, for whatever reason, more than anything in this world, wants to have sex with me. A son who is in college where he could easily find plenty of girls who would date him but is still a virgin because he can't shake the idea of being with me instead."

"I don't know if I'd quite put it like that..."

"Then how would you put it?" Brenda asked, her voice on the verge of becoming hysterical. Brenda could see Brian recoil from the harshness of her tone, and so she took a moment to calm herself down before continuing.

"I'm sorry, Brian, I'm trying to be as understanding as I can, but if I get angry it's with myself, not you."

"Okay fine, Mom, everything you said is true, but is it possible, just possible, that no one is to blame? That whatever happened had nothing to do with you being a bad mother? Honestly, I'd rather just accept what happened without

assigning guilt, but if you really need a villain to this narrative then the obvious choice is Dad."

"Ted? What does he have to do with you and me?" Brenda asked incredulously.

"A lot," Brian replied with an air of resignation. "Much as I hate to admit it or even think about him these days, a lot."

"I still don't understand."

"I mean much of this began for me from listening to you and Dad argue all the time."

"It must have been tough considering how often that was," Brenda said, her voice instantly becoming emotional at the mere mention of those darker times. "No kid wants to see that, or feel like they have to take sides in such a thing."

"Actually, I had no problem taking your side with how often Dad was in the wrong," Brian said. "Things would get all heated between the two of you and then Dad would storm off to the basement to go sleep in the guestroom."

"Plenty of times, in fact most of time, I'd insist he go there," Brenda corrected. "Ted was just so... impossible when we'd argue."

"And that's when I used to think about coming into your room to console you," Brian continued. "I could hear you though the door, crying, and I'd imagine myself coming in."

"Why only imagine, Brian? There's nothing wrong with a son doing something like that for his mother?"

"I know, but I guess I was kind of shy."

"That never should have been the case, Brian. With anyone else, maybe, but with me?"

"Well, it wasn't just that. Sometimes... sometimes you could be a bit closed off, Mom, especially after one of your fights with Dad. Trying to talk to you when you were like that was more than a little intimidating."

"I know, and that's why there's nothing you can tell me that will change my mind about blaming myself for all of this."

"You sure as hell weren't to blame for Dad's behavior," Brian countered, "and as for me... you can't blame yourself any more than I blame you, or me, for that matter. Some things just happen, and as far as I'm concerned we need to accept that."

"The funny thing is..." Brian continued, "it wasn't at all sexual, not at first anyway. All I would think about was holding you in my arms as we lay in bed together. I'd ask if you wanted me to stay the night, and you'd say something like that wasn't necessary, but we both knew that wasn't true so I would stay

anyway. But that was it, maybe a kiss on the cheek or forehead, but nothing more."

"So what happened, Brian? Why did things change?"

"I don't know, I just know that over time, they did. The more I thought about us being in an intimate setting like that, the more I began to fantasize about it turning into something more. It didn't help that I saw you and Dad growing farther apart either, if you want to go back to blaming him."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just that the worse things got between you and Dad, however, the more I found myself sympathizing with you. By the time things got really bad and I knew he was cheating on you, I wouldn't have blamed you for leaving him, or even cheating on him too. And once I became comfortable with such thoughts, it wasn't so difficult for me to insert myself into that scenario either. And so when he'd go off to sleep in that crappy guest bed for the night you and I would picture us two floors above in your room once again lying in your bed, we wouldn't be holding each and crying anymore, but passionately making love. It was mostly still a turn on, but also seemed like a fitting way for you to get some payback against Dad."

"My god Brian," Brenda gasped in exasperation. "It's still so shocking to hear talk like that about us."

Undeterred by his mother's look of astonishment, Brian continued. "You remember, Mom, when Dad would be getting

ready for those 'weekend business trips.' You knew how phony those were, even if you tried to pretend otherwise. There wasn't much you could do to hide the anguish on your face."

"Yeah, I knew, but I kept silent," Brenda said dejectedly. "I guess deep down I was already sure your Dad was having an affair, I just wasn't able to admit it to myself."

"Times like that that fueled many of my fantasies back then too. Like I'd imagine Dad packing his suitcase, but instead of you looking sad and disappointed you'd be exchanging mischievous little smiles with me whenever he wasn't looking, excited that once he was out the door we'd be in each other's arms. That before his car had even left our neighborhood we'd already be upstairs in our bedroom for the weekend, joyously making love with a thirst and desire that you knew you could never feel with him."

"I'm sorry, Mom, I shouldn't let myself get carried away like that," Brian added, noting Brenda's discomfort.

"No, it's okay Brian. After all the years of feeling like we could be in the same room and yet a thousand miles apart, it's good to be able to talk to you again. And even if the subject is this uncomfortable, I'm glad you're finally able to come clean to me with all of this."

"Well what do you think?" Brian asked.

"That I need more time... maybe sleep on things."

"Sure, I'll see you in the morning then," Brian said.

"You know, if it's okay with you, I'd rather stay," Brenda said. "Hearing you talk about wanting to rescue me sounded oddly nice when you were being platonic about it. I would take a lot of comfort in doing something like that now."

"I'd love to, but it will be a little cramped on this bed," Brian reasoned. "Can we go to your room instead?"

Brian got up and they walked together out the door and down the hall to her room. It was getting late by now, so Brenda was surprised to notice that the light in the kitchen area was still on. Taking a moment to avert her gaze in its direction, she saw Jackie sitting alone at the table where Brenda had left her earlier. Jackie looked up and the two of them briefly made eye contact before Brenda continued on towards her room, with Brian following right behind her. Jackie typically wore her emotions on her sleeve, so Brenda not being able to read her friend's countenance this time was practically unnerving, but she did her best to put that thought out of her mind.

When they got to Brenda's room she took a moment to pop into the connecting bathroom. She was still wearing the robe she'd had on earlier, with her swimsuit on underneath, but the clothes she'd worn during the day, that of a simple blouse and a pair of her infamous mom-jeans were still there from when she'd changed for the hot tub, and Brenda decided to put them back on. Brian had been wearing his day clothes when she'd found him lying on his bed, and while going to bed fully clothed might not be very comfortable she had meant it when she told Brian that she wanted this night to be platonic.

**

Brenda woke up the next morning around 9 AM with Brian still sleeping soundly next to her. It hadn't been easy to fall asleep, especially fully clothed, but she had crashed pretty hard afterwards. It had actually been really nice being with Brian like this and, although they hadn't spoken again, going to sleep with his arms wrapped around her had been pleasantly tender and sweet. As Brenda slowly regained consciousness all she could think of was how wonderful that moment had been, hoping that it might be the start of a new, stronger mother-son relationship with Brian that had somehow eluded her in the past. And then memories from the rest of what had happened last night began flooding her mind: Jackie and Kyle having wild sex and the excitement Brenda felt watching them, with Jackie insisting that she wanted Brian the same way but was too afraid to admit it.

Jackie's words had been searing, enough that she had later gone to Brian's room to... Brenda still wasn't sure, but she had gone there anyway. In any event, the cat was out of the bag now, as for the first time Brian had openly spoke about his feelings towards her.

"What now?" Brenda asked herself, the butterflies in her stomach churning even more now than they had last night when she'd gone off to speak to her son. She carefully got out of bed so as to not wake Brian, and slowly made her way to the closed bedroom door when she saw an envelope addressed to her that had been pushed underneath. It was from Jackie:

Dear Brenda,

I was going to text you, but in the end decided to go with this letter instead, as I felt the need to give what I wanted to say a more personal touch.

I saw Brian following you to your bedroom last night, but of course, you already know this. I kept still, not wanting to intrude upon your moment, but inside my heart was pounding with excitement for you. I'm sorry if I've been a pain in the ass these last few months, but know that everything I did was only because I love you both so dearly. As happy as I was though, I still was unsure if what I thought happened, really happened, so I made certain of it when I woke up later in the middle of the night. As tempting as it was to peek in on the two of you, I didn't want to invade upon your privacy, so I went to Brian's room instead. When I went in and saw not only Brian gone but his bed never slept in... knowing that "it" had finally happened... I could not have been any happier for you Brenda, or Brian for that matter.

I went back to my room, flooded with memories of the morning after Kyle and I first made love, and the more I recalled the more I remembered that the joy I felt was also mixed with a fair amount of trepidation too. We needed to have a long talk about what this meant for us going forward, about setting boundaries with each other, about what our relationship was going to be, and so much more. Not that we got that much settled the first day after, but it was still important to lay the groundwork on such topics, and it really did a lot to put my mind at ease.

I have no doubt you're going through much of those same feelings today, and I think it's important for you and Brian to be alone together to try and work things out. We that in mind, I managed to drag Kyle's ass out of bed early this morning so

you'd be alone for the day. In fact, we're going to find a motel room in town to stay in tonight so, and we'll see you the morning tomorrow at 9:30 AM, to pick you up for the ride home. If you think I'm overdoing it and all this is unnecessary, or want to change the plans, text me and let me know, but I hope you will trust me on this one and stick according to schedule I've outlined.

One last thing Brenda: I know you've always looked at a possible relationship with Brian from his perspective, trying to do what you thought was best for him and him only. It's an admirable trait, and proof that you're not nearly as terrible a mother as you've been trying to convince me these last few months. But I'm hoping you'll finally take the time and try to do what's best for you too now, as I've been trying to tell you ever since this whole thing began.

You're forty-eight years old, Brenda, and have always been very beautiful, both inside and out, and yet in all the time I've known you, you've never once had a lover. A few short-term boyfriends here and there, and a husband who you've admitted never really fit into that category even at the best of times. You can spend the rest of your life fixated on that, blaming yourself or Ted or whatever else for the way your life turned out if you want to. You can spend the rest of your life punishing yourself over Brian's desires, calling yourself a bad mother, or you can try and move on. As your best friend, I can only tell you this: as much as you like to focus on Brian's needs, the truth is, you need him in your life just as much as he needs you, as a son, a friend, and more than anything, a lover. I know that's a bitter pill for you to swallow, but I wouldn't be telling you this if it I didn't truly believe it. The sooner you can accept that as reality, the sooner you'll be able to find the happiness in your life that has eluded you for so long.

Love,

Jackie

"What's that you're reading, Mom?" Brian asked. Brenda looked over and saw her son still lying in bed with one arm now propped under a pillow to lift his head.

"A letter, from Aunt Jackie," she replied. "Seems that she and Kyle have gone into town to stay for a while. They won't be back until it's time for us to go home."

"Really? That sounds weird of them. I wonder why..."

"Jackie wanted to spend some alone time with Kyle," Brenda lied.

"Oh, I get it now," Brian replied.

"Actually..." Brenda began before her voice trailed off. Brenda could feel it now, that familiar sensation. It was like a tightness in her stomach, one that would make her want to instantly recoil from an uncomfortable situation. Keeping people at arm's length had been a favorite practice her whole life, including her husband, her best friend, even her son. She had been lamenting about this flaw in her personality, especially these last few months, but had never done much to address it in the way of action.

"Actually..." Brenda started again, "Jackie thought you and I needed some alone time together." No need to convolute matters and explain why her friend believed this, Brenda was at least glad to start the day off right with Brian.

"Really, what did you tell her?" Brian asked.

"Nothing. I just got the letter now silly," Jackie replied, making them both chuckle a bit. "But yeah, I think it's a good idea. As much as I came up here wanting to spend time with friends, I mostly came up here to be with my son. I mean, you've been away at school for months. It would be nice to spend some time alone together too."

"Um... okay... sure," Brian said. There was more than a little insecurity in his voice, but it was also tinged with anticipation.

"Great," Brenda said. "I'm going to go take my morning bath. My muscles are all tight, especially after sleeping in these clothes."

"Uh, sure, I'll just wait until you get back. Maybe tidy up the place a bit."

"Brenda, you idiot," she said to herself. "You just told Brian you wanted to spend quality time with him, and now you're going to go leave him alone while you soak in a bathtub for an hour."

"You could always ask Brian to join you," Brenda heard Jackie's sultry voice suggest in her mind. No, the tub was way too small for that, and besides, Brenda wasn't up to saying anything like that.

"Okay, use the shower then," Jackie's voice tittered. "It's big enough for the two of you to get each other clean and have all kinds of other fun too."

No, Brenda was serious about needing her muscles to unwind, and besides going from a heartfelt conversation last night to, "Want to have shower sex?" the next morning was more Jackie's style than Brenda's. Not that Brenda really had a style, but whatever she did have was more subtle and subdued than anything she could expect from her friend.

"You know what, Brian, I think I'd rather use the hot tub. It should do the job a lot better than the bath. Why don't you get it ready for us?"

"Us? You mean 'you.' Remember, I don't have a suit."

"I know you don't honey," Brenda said in the most low-key, assuring voice she could muster, "But it's just the two of us. Really, it's not a big deal." Brenda would never have made such a bold suggestion if her son had a proper suit, again she couldn't pretend to be like Jackie even if she wanted to, but this seemed like the best compromise for the situation at hand.

"Well, I suppose you're right," Brian conceded. It was amazing that even after last night, after confessing fantasies to Brenda about the two of them being lovers, that her son could still

demonstrate such reservation. It said a lot about him, not only about his lack of sexual experience in general - Brenda had to constantly remind herself that despite being twenty-two Brian was still a virgin - but to his sensitive nature in general. Brian wasn't like Kyle any more than she was like Jackie.

Brian left to get the hot tub ready while Brenda got changed. As she began, Brenda happen to notice the cherry red outfit that Jackie had bought her was still lying on the chair where she had left it the night before. Brenda took it in her hands, again taken aback by how skimpy it was, especially the G-string bottom. Out of curiosity though, Brenda decided to try it on.

"My god Jackie, what were you thinking?" Brenda thought as she looked at herself in the mirror. Not that she looked bad; in fact she was quite pleased with how well outfit flattered her flat tummy and curvaceous behind, but the idea of parading around her all but naked ass in front of Kyle and Brian... then again, Jackie had also proposed the idea of them surprising their sons, as she put it, wearing nothing but a couple of naughty smiles, so wearing this outfit wasn't probably wasn't that crazy coming from her. Brenda moved around a bit in front of the mirror, trying to see how she looked from different angles. Luckily, she'd kept herself clean shaven, as anything more than that would probably be awkwardly visible wearing something like this.

Brenda was about to change back into the outfit she'd worn last night when she could once again hear Jackie's voice telling her how great she looked and urging Brenda to keep it on. Not that Brenda didn't take pride in how well she'd maintained herself over the years, but something like this really wasn't her style. It had the flamboyancy of something

Jackie would wear, someone who more of an exhibitionist like her friend clearly was. Still, Brenda had to consider that maybe for today this would be the right outfit, since she'd just finished telling Brian that it was okay for him to wear nothing at all. Brenda took one last look at herself in the mirror, once again feeling that sense of anxiety in her stomach that had gripped her earlier. This was definitely taking her out of her comfort zone...

Brenda left her room and went out to the hot tub area. Brian wasn't there, but she could see him over in the kitchen area, working on something. He was wearing one of the same white, complimentary robes that Brenda had worn last night.

"What cha up to Brian?" she asked, calling out to him.

"Just making us some drinks," he replied. "I didn't think you'd want more champagne, especially at this hour, but I found some Bailey's and thought some Irish coffee might hit the spot."

"That sounds great, Brian."

"The hot tub is ready. Go relax and I'll meet you there in a bit, Mom."

Brenda did as she was told, immersing herself slowly into the hot, steamy water and lying back with her eyes closed to allow it's healing properties take over. A few minutes later Brian appeared, bringing their coffees over on the same silver tray that Kyle had used to serve them last night.

"Here you go, Mom," Brian said, handing Brenda her coffee.

"Hmm, this is delicious," Brenda smiled back after taking a sip. "When did you get so good at making drinks? You've never done anything like that at home."

"There are lots of things you learn in college, and not all of them are things you find on a syllabus."

"Evidently not," Brenda chuckled back. "It's been a lifetime since I was there, but I guess I should have known better."

Brian moved down to set his drink down next to the side of the tub, then stood up again to loosen the belt that ran around the waist of his robe. Brenda did her best not to stare, but she made no attempt to look away either. As for Brian, he looked slightly away as to not make eye contact with her, but did his best to remain calm and nonchalant. Both of them knew that the more normal they acted about the situation, the more normal it would be, although Brenda could still sense a bit of nervousness in Brian that he hadn't managed to conceal.

Brenda looked up casually as the robe opened then landed on the floor. While Brian still gazed away with his eyes the rest of him faced her directly. The first thing to notice was how much he really had gotten into shape - the Brian she knew had always been lean but more on the spindly side. His frame had really filled out this year, giving him a more muscular, chiselled physique. He must have gained around fifteen pounds, and all of it in the right places.

And then there was the elephant in the room, or maybe elephant's trunk would be a better name. Brenda did not stare, and certainly did not want to react with anything like the shocked gasp Jackie had given last night, but even in her peripheral vision it was hard not to want to focus on the thick shaft pointing down between her son's legs. Even being completely soft like this Brenda had to guess it was at least six inches. The last thing Brenda considered herself to be was a crotch watcher, but one would have to be blind and dumb not to be impressed, or at the very least distracted by such a sight. No matter though, since a few seconds later Brian was settled in facing Brenda from the other side of the tub, with the white, swirling water churning around his waist.

"Nice, isn't it?" Brenda smiled contentedly through the bits of steam that had coalesced around her face.

"Really nice. They have something like this at the campus gym, but I hardly ever use it."

"Why not? I would think that after a workout would be the best time to go."

"Because it's so busy. Sometimes, I work out really early in the morning, and then I'll go. The rest of the time, it's not worth it."

"I would have thought the opposite to be true. Why go when it's empty when you could be surrounded by bunch of cute college girls?"

"Mom...." Brian said, mildly sighing in frustration.

"What?" Brenda asked. "It's a fair question. All those young, pretty girls at school, and not one caught your eye?"

"It feels a little weird talking to you about this stuff is all," Brian said.

"Maybe so, but after everything that's happened, I think if there's anyone you should be talking to, it's me. You want me to understand you better, to know what you've been going through. Then this exactly the kind of stuff you should be willing to talk about."

"Okay, fine, maybe a few have caught my eye, but nothing ever came of it."

"Ever?" Brenda asked, sounding both a little surprised as well as dejected.

"I mean, a couple of months ago I was at a house party and met a girl who was kinda cute..."

"And?" Brenda asked.

"And nothing. We were both pretty drunk and ended up in a room... you know."

"No, I don't know," Brenda said with a growing frustration. "If you really want me to be open with you Brian, then you can't hold back either."

"Okay, fine," he conceded. "We ended up on a couch and were making out a little and petting too. Her hand goes into my pants and pulls 'it' out and then she starts getting snarky all of a sudden, saying things like, 'You better not expect me to suck on that...'"

"Are you serious?" Brenda asked. "I mean, I'm sure you know most women aren't like that, Brian. You might... take some of them by surprise at first, but that's about it. After that, other instincts would kick in and everything would be fine, especially if you've been considerate with her up until that point."

"I know, don't worry, it's not like I've been emotionally scarred or anything like that," Brian replied with a slight chuckle. "Honestly, I don't even care."

"Was that the first time..." Brenda nervously asked. "I'm sorry, I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable, but I am curious to know just how far you've gone."

"That was it, right there," Brian replied.

"I'm sorry, Brian. These should be the years that a young man learns about himself, about love and life, about women..."

"I've learned everything I need to know," he interrupted. "I didn't care about that girl, and I know I could go out and get laid without too much trouble if I put my mind to it, but that's not what I want. I do want to learn about those things you talked about, more than anything, but there's only one person I want to share those experiences with."

"Me," Brenda said, her voice dropping the word with a thud.

They sat in awkward silence for a moment, before Brian tried to remedy the situation by changing the subject.

"Oh geez, I forgot to put the whipped cream in our coffees. Here, let me fix that."

"No, no Brian. I'll go."

Brenda was feeling a bit stunned from their conversation and welcomed the chance to distract herself for a few minutes. Besides, the whipping cream was back in the kitchen and she wasn't sure that she wanted to see Brian naked again right now.

Brenda got out of the tub, and in her state of confusion didn't even realize that now Brian would be getting his first view of her outfit. In fact, it wasn't until she heard the startled muffle from his direction then turned to see the stunned look in his eye before she knew what had happened.

"I'll be right back," Brenda said turning towards the kitchen. She kept looking forward as she went, wondering what Brian was doing, but knowing the answer all along because there could only be one answer. With only the tiniest bit of a G-string to cover her modesty, there wasn't any chance his eyes weren't glued to her bare ass as she sauntered off. Brenda felt a tinge of embarrassment at being so exposed, but another feeling soon took over as she could now feel her heart beating faster and faster, and as that wave of excitement took hold she found herself wiggling her ass a little more than usual for the rest of the walk. She'd tried to tell herself that it wasn't supposed to be like this, but too much had changed for Brenda these past few months. She had tried to better understand Brian's incestuous desires for her, not get caught up in those feelings herself, but after everything that had happened, including watching Kyle and Jackie have sex only a short distance away, it was clear that whatever possessed him to be this way was part of her psyche too.

Brenda went to open the refrigerator and retrieve the can of whipped cream, only to see that doing so would require her bending all the way over at the waist. Was Brian still watching? He would still be able to make her out from this distance if he was watching closely, which Brenda was convinced he would be doing. Once again Brenda felt as if she were being commanded by forces unseen as she bent down to pick up the can, holding the pose there for several seconds as she pretended that she needed that extra time to find it.

Brenda made her way back to her son, who made little effort to conceal that he'd been looking in her direction since she had left him. He was still trying to not react but doing an even worse job than before, and Brenda had little trouble following his eyes that were darting back and forth between small strips of fabric that were barely holding her B-cup breasts in place

and the red triangle of the G-string that just managed to cover her womanhood and little else.

"Um... quite the outfit," he managed to say sheepishly.

"Oh, that's Jackie again."

"I might have guessed," Brian replied with soft chuckle. He'd succeeded in regaining his composure, but Brenda could still detect the look of excitement in his eyes that was hiding beneath the calm surface.

"So, Aunt Jackie bought that suit for you?" Brian asked, still clearly taken that Brenda would wear such a thing. Brenda topped their drinks with the whipped cream, then settled back into the tub opposite Brian.

"Yeah, it's more her style than mine, you might say," Brenda added, trying to lighten the mood. "If I even have a style."

"You have a style, it's just very different from Aunt Jackie's," Brian asserted. "She's more the tall, glamorous..."

"Sexy," Brenda added.

"There's different kinds of sexy," Brian countered. "Sure, she's more 'fashion model sexy, or maybe bikini model sexy. Most of runway models look so underweight to me, I doubt many of them have Aunt Jackie's curvaceous look."

"Or have boobs the size of melons," Brenda added with a chuckle.

Brian was a bit startled by the comment, which made Brenda chime in again.

"It's okay, I'm used to it by now Brian. Remember, I've known Jackie since college. Me and my petite 5'2" self, going out to the bar with 5'9" bombshell Jackie... needless to say she got most of the attention from the boys, both wanted and unwanted."

"You shouldn't sell yourself short like that, Mom."

"I could literally sell myself short like that," Brenda laughed. "Like seven inches short. And now with you and Kyle both being over 6', walking around with you three is like being in the forest."

"Like I was trying to say before, there are different types of sexy. Aunt Jackie has more of that glamour model sexiness."

"And me?" Brenda teased. The combination of the hot tub and alcohol had certainly mellowed the mood considerably, and both of them had a very relaxed demeanor, tinged with just a bit of sensuality.

"You have..." Brian paused, trying to come up with the right words, "you have that sexy mom vibe."

"I don't think I've heard of that," Brenda said.

"Sure you have, it's part of that whole MILF thing," Brian said, actually sounding a little embarrassed. "I don't like using that term though, it just sounds very cheap to me."

"Then how would you describe it?" Brenda asked.

"Umm..." Brian started. "He lay back a bit farther against the tub, the look of serenity overtaking him further as the hot water swirled around him.

"First and foremost, 'Sexy Mom' is a great mother. She loves her kids more than anything and would do anything for them. She may be tough on herself at times, too tough even, but it's only because she loves her kids so much and wants to do right by them. She may be tough on them too, but in the end always has a kind and nurturing heart."

"That sounds pretty nice," Brenda smiled back, feeling pretty relaxed herself now.

"But she lives a hectic lifestyle, working and looking after the kids, and her husband isn't doing much to be supportive either, or caring much about her needs."

"Her needs?" Brenda asked quizzically, sensing that this had been a key phrase in Brian's description.

"Yeah, physical, emotional, psychological... that sort of thing."

"Sexual?" Brenda asked.

"Yeah. Love, sex, intimacy, passion, all of those things. She's a beautiful, incredibly desirable woman, both inside and out, but the only emotional satisfaction she gets is that of a parent for her children. Anything more 'adult' has been deprived for her for a long, long time."

"Sounds kinda lonely, even tragic," Brenda observed, dropping the mood in the room to being more serious.

"I guess you're right. Maybe that's why I don't like the MILF label, basically I hear it used to describe any older woman who's horny. Sexy Moms are a lot more than that to me."

"Well, keep going then," Brenda prodded.

"Okay, well, like I said, her husband isn't doing much. He might be a bad guy, or maybe just not up to the task, but he's not around much, and even when he is he's not helping any. And so Sexy Mom takes care of her own needs. Maybe she has one night stands when she meets a guy, or even girl sometimes, or maybe she's not that type so she does other things like flirt a lot, or maybe she keeps to herself but likes to fantasize. There really is no set definition."

"But you said I had 'Sexy Mom vibes.' Obviously, you have a reason for believing that."

"I have lots of reasons, you gave one of them yourself when you talked about going out with Aunt Jackie back in college. Sure, most of those guys would have been after her, but that's because they were only looking to get laid. That's her vibe. But anyone who was there to actually meet someone would have been drawn to you instead."

"Interesting..." Brenda mused.

"Women like Aunt Jackie buy revealing outfits to get people's attention, and women like you wear Mom jeans even though you know pull off just about any outfit too."

"And that's sexy?" Brenda chuckled.

"Sure, in its own way," Brian answered.

"And so how does her story end?"

"After years of a cruel, loveless marriage, it ends with her discovering love with her eighteen year old son. It's a shock to her at first, as she's tried her best all these years to be a good mom and worries that being his lover would betray those efforts, but in the end she understands that pursuing this new relationship would only add to the strength of their previous one."

"You make it sound so easy," Brenda replied with a sardonic chuckle.

"These past few months have made me look back a lot at those years, much more than I would have cared to," Brenda continued. "They were easily the darkest years of my life, full of stress and anxiety. The thought of having my own affair would have been inconceivable to me then, so hearing that you wished we were having one came as a complete shock to me; my mind couldn't even process such a thing. It took me a long time to understand where you were coming from. That you thought you might heal some of that pain I was going through as a son, and the rest of it as a lover."

"The biggest regret I have in life was not having the courage to make it happen. I tried to, so many times..."

"I know, Jackie told me. The day that Ted finally walked out on us and I locked myself in my room for two days was easily the lowest point in my life, and like you, she's a dreamer thinking that all my problems would be solved if you and I had simply hopped in the sack."

"Solved? No, but at least we would have faced them together. That's all I really wanted from you at that point."

"And that's where I'm to blame. I should have allowed you into the healing process, but instead I shut you out. I felt like such a failure at that point that I was too ashamed to even take care of my own son. I'm not the great mom you talked about in your 'sexy mom,' story, far from it."

"You tried your best..." Brian started.

"If we're really going to come clean with each other, Brian, then you can't sugar coat the truth anymore. I treated you awfully, and you should blame me for it. And I deserve your response to my behavior, even if it's something I never could have seen coming in a million years."

"It must have been hard on you Brian," she continued, her voice growing empathetic again. "I'm glad you at least had Kyle to confide in. Was he the only one who knew what you were feeling?"

"Actually, there was someone I came close to telling..."

"Really? Who?"

"Mrs. Harrison."

"Your high school English teacher? You almost told her?"

"Yeah, I got along really well with her. It was uncanny the way she'd know what I was thinking..."

"Sad that she could read you back then when I never could. Pretty lady too, from what I remember, although she seemed a bit too old to be wearing those quirky glasses and plaid skirts."

"Sexy English Teacher vibe," Brian laughed. "Yeah she had a fair amount of that."

"Did you find her attractive?" Brenda could not resist asking.

"I mean, yeah, in her own way she was attractive, although I liked her more as a mentor than anything else."

"So what happened?"

"We had an assignment where we had to take a fable and rewrite it into something more personal story. I chose one about a bird and a flower. I can't remember much from the original version, and there might be more than version too, but I remember what I wrote very well. Anyway, when it came time for her to hand back our papers Mrs. Harrison didn't give me mine. I went to her desk and asked for it and she told me to meet her back in the classroom after school to talk about it."

"That sounds unusual," Brenda said.

"Not to mention scary. I only heard of her doing that twice before with students. Both of them got F's; one for plagiarism and the other for something else I never found out about. In any event, I came back to meet her as she had asked."

"I don't get it, Brian," Brenda said, interrupting her son's recollection. "What exactly did you write?"

"I wrote a story about a hummingbird that had fallen in love with a flower. Every day the bird would tell the flower how much he loved her, but the flower would rebuff him, saying she felt nothing for him in return. Day after day, however, he would come back, spending all his time with her, and speaking sweet nothings of his love for her. This went on for weeks, until one day the flower, weeping, admitted to the bird that she had loved him from the start."

"I lied about feelings for you because love between our kinds goes against the laws of nature, because it's unlawful under the eyes of God. And a love between us would be unfair to you since I will be gone in a few months, while you still have many years left if you find another of your kind to love. You must do everything you can to forget me, to move on."

"The bird was even more steadfast than before, however, and boldly told her that he would continue seeing her every day, and that she would return his affections. He also said that after she bloomed, which they expected any day now, that he would make love to her every day as well."

"Oh my god, Brian," his mother said, hardly able to control her laughter. "Did you really write about a bird and flower getting it on?"

"And I guess that's what really got me into hot water with Mrs. Harrison. It didn't start out this way, but the more I wrote the more explicit the sex part got."

"Explicit?" Brenda asked incredulously. "How is that even possible?"

"Well it was a hummingbird and a blooming flower," Brian replied bashfully. "You can probably put 2 and 2 together from that."

Brenda gave a hearty laugh.

"I'm glad you find this so amusing," Brian said.

"I do now. Back then I would have read you the riot act for pulling a stunt like that. What the hell were you thinking?"

"Luckily, Mrs. Harrison played it a little cooler than that."

"You see the problem here, Brian? Under the moral guidelines that I'm required to follow, this paper gets a 'F,' along with me passing it over to the principal, who no doubt contacts your parents. Now, I don't want to do that; you're an 'A' student and a good kid, but before I stick out my neck like that I think I at least deserve an explanation for this."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Harrison. I don't really know what to say other than I got carried away. When I got to the sexual part of their relationship, I just felt the need to be very open and direct. I guess it took up more lines that it should have."

"The lines weren't the problem, although that certainly was an interesting choice. The issue was the explicitness."

"It's a bird and a flower..."

"Don't play games with me Brian," Mrs. Harrison huffed back. "I'm in no mood for that."

"Then what do you want?"

"The assignment was to make the fable 'more personal.' Given what you wrote, that concerns me, and I want to make sure you're alright."

"I'm fine," I replied, trying to reassure her.

"Does she know how you feel about her, Brian?" Mrs. Harrison asked, seemingly out of the blue.

"Who?"

"Your lady friend that you're in love with. Come on, a story about an unconventional, 'forbidden' love. The flower talking about not having much time left, implying that she's much older than he is. Is your friend married too?"

"She doesn't know," I finally relented. "And yes, she is married, although not happily."

"I don't mean to pry, Brian, but I am worried about you. I'm no counsellor; maybe that's who you should be talking to, but I just wanted to make sure you're alright."

"I'm fine," I replied. "So, Mrs. Harrison, what do you think, should I tell her?"

"Like I said, I'm no counsellor."

"I'd rather ask someone that I trust, and I trust you more than any of them."

"Well," Mrs. Harrison said, scrunching her face behind those big glasses as she thought, "I don't know, but I do believe that honesty is usually the best policy. Do you think that telling her would damage your current relationship?"

"Probably," I answered, "but not telling her is really eating me up inside."

"Maybe you should create some distance between you two then. You're young and in love, I get it, but years from now I can almost guarantee you will look back on this and wonder why you made such a big deal about it. Why not talk to your mother about it? She seemed like a nice, reasonable lady that day I met her."

"Because the 'other woman' is my mom..." I didn't say the words, but at that moment I felt really tempted to just get it all off my chest.

"Create some distance," Brenda said, repeating Mrs. Harrison's words, wondering more and more if this was all part of Brian being so withdrawn from her during those years.

"Were you really considering telling her?" Brenda then asked incredulously.

"Yeah, I mean it would have been nice to get a woman's opinion, and you and she were roughly the same age," Brian answered. "Besides, I don't think she would have given me that advice if she knew it was you. What I really wanted, though, was to show you my paper, hoping that maybe you'd figure it out. That maybe the moral of the story might mean something to you."

"What was the moral anyway?" Brenda asked.

"The moral is to appreciate what you have rather than vainly search for something you don't have. To take advantage of the opportunities that have been given to you rather than dismiss them just because they don't fit society's norm. The flower had plenty of good reason to reject the bird's overtures of love, but she didn't, and both of them found a love they could have never experienced otherwise because of it. The moral is that just because something isn't perfect doesn't mean that it isn't worth pursuing, and cherishing, as if it were."

Brenda became awkwardly silent as the parallels between the fictional characters and her and Brian became abundantly clear. It also made her recall Jackie's letter from this morning.

"Jackie... Jackie's been trying to tell me the same thing for a while now," Brenda stammered, her voice suddenly becoming full of emotion. "That in all time she's known me, I've never once had a lover. And that maybe I shouldn't keep flailing around, blindly trying to find one when there's someone more than willing to be all that and more who's been waiting for me at my door this whole time."

Brenda looked downwards, all of a sudden feeling small and alone. She wasn't crying, but the more she let Jackie's words seep in, the more they seemed to pain her. She looked up, as Brian had stood up in the tub and was slowly but surely moving over to her side. The water level now only reached above his knees, which once again meant that his penis was fully exposed as he came towards her. As before, she tried not to stare; of course it was impossible to completely ignore anything so extraordinary, but she managed to only take a moment's glance before looking up to his face, which was overwhelmed with concern.

Brian sat down again, this time right next to Brenda, close enough that his thigh now touched her's, and put his arm around her. Moving his head close to Brenda's, he gave her a soft kiss on the cheek, followed immediately by another.

"Mom, I love you so much," he said with a quiet but deep passion. "Please don't stop me, I've wanted this for so long." And with that he placed another kiss, this time on Brenda's lips. Soft as it was, the contact of their lips sent what felt like a jolt of electricity through Brenda's body, and she could feel her heart now rapidly beating in her chest. That uncomfortable feeling in her stomach had returned, that sense of uneasiness, and for a while Brenda was unable to do anything but remain still. Brian was aware of it too, but

continued on, undaunted, kissing her slowly and gently, hoping that with each passing kiss tempting Brenda more and more to return his affections. It took a while, but eventually he could feel the tension in Brenda begin to relax, and then, finally, tentatively feel her lips pressing back into his own.

They continued kissing, carefully exploring each other on this new, intimate level. Brian was still being very slow and gentle, although his kisses were more confident too, getting longer and deeper. As for Brenda... she was more relieved than anything to see that Brian was taking the lead. After months of Jackie trying to convince her to seduce him, it was obvious to Brenda that she didn't have it in her to behave this way. She could sense a determination in Brian, however, a slow, burning passion that she'd never seen in him before. Despite all of Brenda's pent up reservations it was hard not to get caught up in it, to feel his excitement radiating from his body without it igniting a flame in her as well.

A deep, muted groan escaped Brenda's lips as she now felt his hot tongue pressing into her lips and she parted them for it to enter her mouth. It was unusually long, reminding her about another part of her son's anatomy that was also well above average, sending another jolt of excitement through her body. It was a few moments before Brenda realized what else had happened too, however, as she looked down and saw that Brian's other hand had pulled her bikini top to the side and was groping one of her breasts in his hand.

"Oh my god," she shuddered, as the full sensations of what he was doing travelled like a river of pleasure between her breast and her clit. His was twisting and tweaking her engorged nipple between his fingers now, setting her body aflame with

excitement, while all along their mouths slowly opened and closed to lips and tongues moving lovingly as one.

Brenda moved one of her hands to pull Brian closer, but instead of her hand clasping around his waist as she'd intended her arm bumped into the steely shaft now towering up from his groin. She shivered again as her hand made contact with his hard cock, and Brian groaned in mixture of pain and pleasure. Giving up her original plan, Brenda instead used her fingers to encircle it. Her excitement had practically reached its peak now, and in the euphoria of the moment she channeled all of that sexual energy to her hand, frantically moving it up and down Brian's hard shaft.

Not much time passed at all before Brian groaned again, except it was much louder this time, his whole being shaking for a few moments. "Holy shit," Brenda said to herself, reacting to the thought that she'd just jacked her son off to an orgasm. Of course, she knew what she was doing, but had been too caught up in the moment to really think about it until the moment arrived, with Brian holding her lovingly in his arms as he came and she having her fingers wrapped around his cock as it spurted jet after jet of his cum under the water's surface. For a second Brenda wondered about what it would have looked like to actually see the white streaks of cum erupting from Brian's cock, feeling disappointment at having missed the sight. "My god, what have I become?" she asked herself, feeling a sudden pang of shame.

Brenda didn't have much time to contemplate the matter as Brian moved in close to her again, giving her by far the hardest, deepest kiss he had to this point.

"Wow, Mom, that was incredible," he said, sounding almost breathless. "You don't know how badly I needed that." He stood up and got out of the tub, then held out his hand to help Brenda out too.

"Come on Mom, let's go somewhere more comfortable," Brian beckoned her. There was no doubt in her mind that he was talking about the bedroom, and Brenda paused before what seemed like taking this final step with him.

"Brian, are you sure about this?" she asked with trepidation. "Is this what you really want?"

"Mom, I've never enjoyed being with a woman more than I did just now," he replied with a surprising amount of conviction. "This is all I want; this is all I've ever wanted."

"I've tried my best to be a moral conscience Brian, for both of us. And along the way I discovered certain things about myself, secret impulses and desires that part of me wishes I'd never found, and I've done my best to keep them at bay too. But in the end, I just want to do what's right for you. If you're so sure that this is what you really want, then fine. I won't fight you any longer."

"I wish this wasn't such a struggle for you Mom, I wish you saw things as clearly as I do. I wish you were doing this for yourself rather than just for me, but after everything we've talked about recently, after everything that happened in this last half hour, I have to believe that there's a lot more to what you're feeling that you care to admit, even to yourself. And I guess, for now at least, that's something that I can live with."

Brian reached out his hand to his mother, and in one final plea she said, "Brian, there's no going back after something like this."

"I don't want to go back. All I feel is the excitement of wanting to go forward."

"And none of the fear?"

"Sure, there's plenty of that too, Mom. But if we can face those fears together, then I won't worry much about it."

Brenda took his hand, and Brian pulled her out of the tub to face him. There were a couple of large fluffy towels nearby and they took a moment to silently dry themselves off. Of course, Brian was still naked, and Brenda couldn't help but glance in his direction a few times, noting once again what a handsome man he had become.

Brenda could also feel her son's eyes gazing at her too as she dried herself off. The top of her bikini had come undone while they were in the tub together, and she'd already tossed it aside once she'd begun drying, but she also taken the opportunity to undo the knot that held the bottom in place, allowing it to fall around her ankles. Brenda's could feel her son's not so casual stare as he got his first glimpses of her completely naked form. She could feel his excitement, or maybe it was her own arousal that came from knowing he was watching her. Either way, Brenda could feel the sexual tension growing in the air.

Suddenly, it evaporated, however, or more accurately turned into something more lighthearted as Brian managed to sneak up to his mother and sweep her up into his arms, carrying her.

"Hey, what's gotten into you mister?" Brenda laughed, playfully kicking her feet as if she were trying to free herself. "Something else you've 'always wanted to do?"

"Carrying you to our bed as my lover?" Brian suggested. "Yeah, you could say I've wanted to do that for some time now." Although he tried to keep the mood light, Brenda could hear the earnestness in her son's voice too. She looked forward, seeing the threshold to the bedroom appear, knowing that she wasn't just crossing into another room with Brian, but a different life altogether with him. "The point of no return," she said to herself. She couldn't help but feel a pit in her stomach out of nervousness, and literary held her breath in an attempt to relax as the two crossed over the threshold.

Brian set her feet down on the ground and immediately took Brenda into his arms, giving her a long deep kiss. Once again, Brenda could sense that he wanted to set the tone for this encounter, so she gratefully held back and followed his lead. Brian continued kissing her, but they became tenderer now, similar to when how he had first been back at the hot tub. He took Brenda's hand lovingly in his and led her to the bed, motioning her onto her back and then crawled up to lay on top of her.

Now he really began taking his time with her, kissing Brenda all over her face, and gently licking and biting her ears and

neck. Frankly, she never been with a man like this before, even her husband, who seemed to only be interested in getting down to business as soon as possible whenever they'd had sex. She wouldn't have held it against Brian if he'd been the same today; a young, virile man raging with hormones who still hadn't experienced intercourse at the age of twenty-two? He was probably bursting at the seams with the desire to shove his dick in her, or any wet vagina that was readily available, but if that were the case he certainly wasn't letting on.

It seemed like an eternity, but a sensual, erotic one as Brian slowly moved down and now focussed his attention on Brenda's chest. There, he took both mounds of flesh in his hands, gently massaging and caressing them. Brenda had been softly moaning throughout Brian's oral lovemaking, but her breasts had always been an especially sensitive area for her, and now her breathing became faster with excitement. His head moved down to her chest, taking one of her nipples into his mouth, licking the hard bud at first but then sucking hard. Brenda could feel her entire body shudder and looked up to see Brian with his lips hungrily encircled around her nipple as if he were desperately trying to draw nourishment from it.

"Oh Brian," she managed to sigh adoringly, the visuals being almost as erotic as the sensations of pleasure pulsing through her breasts. He took a moment to move one of his hands from her mounds and put his finger to her mouth, where Brenda sweetly kissed it a few times before parting her lips and taking it into her mouth. Brian returned his attention to sucking her hard nipple, but kept his eyes on his mother sucking on his finger. He could see the look of excitement that had taken over her face, a glassy eyed look of arousal in her eyes that he's only been able to fantasize about up until now. She was

moving her lips over his finger, purposely working it with her tongue and lips as if it were a cock, and Brian decided to play along, sliding his finger back and forth. Brenda quickly joined in the game, forming a perfect "O" with her lips and trying her best to give him the naughtiest of smiles. Brenda wasn't really sure what had come over her; she'd always been fairly reserved during sex, but she did know that this was the most turned on she'd felt in years and that if this was only the beginning then she couldn't wait to see what Brian had in store for her next.

Brian kept moving slowly down her body, taking his time to worship her stomach and torso with his lips, but it wasn't until he got to her thighs that she became certain of his intentions. He teased her at first by making her wait as he lavished her inner thighs and mound with licks and kisses, driving Brenda almost mad with excitement as she instinctively parted her legs farther to give better access to her womanhood. She was wet, soaking wet by this point, and more than ready for what lay ahead.

And then she felt it, Brian's tongue shyly reaching out to touch her clit before giving way to a more caressing motion over her entire slit. Soft licking and kisses for a bit, making Brenda squirm, and then back to licking her clit. One of his hands moved back to her tits, driving her wild with pleasure. Her body tensed up almost as if Brenda were having a seizure as she cried out in orgasm, but Brian kept licking, now furiously lapping away at her sweet juices as they flowed down her bulging crevice. She could feel something else now, a finger, and then two, slowly fingering her vagina but steadily increasing their pace until they were ramming in and out of her.

"Oh, fuck, fuck!" Brenda shouted, her legs shaking as an even more powerful orgasm rocked through her body this time. Brenda lay back her body falling limp, and Brian slowly made his way back up her body, pausing once again here and there to simulate her flesh with his hands and mouth. When he finally lay on top of Brenda again, they shared a long, soul searching kiss, passionate enough to surpass even all the others they'd shared today.

"Brian... I don't really know what to say," Brenda uttered, truly feeling speechless.

"Was that..." Brian started. He didn't want to sound crass, but his curiosity was too much for him not to ask, "Was that alright?"

"Better than alright," Brenda chuckled back before humorously adding, "If a girl screams out in pleasure then you're probably on the right track."

"Sorry if that was a dumb question," Brian sheepishly added.

"It's not," Brenda said with sudden conviction, "In fact, don't ever worry about what you can and can't ask me."

"It was just... my first time doing that and all."

"Could've fooled me," Brenda smiled back, although there had been a few fumbling moments when Brian's inexperience had shown itself. It didn't matter though; clearly he'd done enough "research" on the topic to get by, but more importantly... Brenda had a hard time putting the feeling into words, but

from the start of their encounter she's felt a sexual energy with Brian that she'd never felt with anyone else. Passion? Intimacy? She really had no idea what it was, but it had been real. Brenda knew what Jackie would say, that the energy had resulted from Brian being her son, but Brenda didn't really know enough to agree or disagree with that idea. She only knew that it had happened.

After a short rest lying in Brian's arms softly kissing one another, Brenda felt more than ready to continue, and so she became more aggressive with her actions, offering up one of her breasts for him to suck on as she moved a hand down to explore the cheeks of his ass.

"Mom," Brian said, suddenly pulling away.

"Yes dear," sounding genuinely concerned. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, of course," he answered, although not very convincingly.

"What's wrong, Brian?"

"I just... I want to make love to you so badly," he began. The sheer emotion in his voice was enough that Brenda had to stop herself from crying, and enough that she felt compelled to respond:

"I know you do, Brian. As much as I didn't understand before, I do now, because it's what I want too. I love you so much Brian and I want this... want you, so badly too." Brenda actually did shed a tear at this point, which Brian wiped away before kissing her tenderly on the cheek.

"What's wrong, Brian?" she asked again.

"I just want this to be so perfect, especially for you, but I'm not sure I can. Don't laugh, but I doubt I could last more than five seconds. I don't want to do that to you."

"It's okay, Brian, you get better with that sort of thing with experience..."

"Would you mind... I've read that it's easier for guys in my situation if they use the woman-on-top position."

"Of course I don't mind. It might be for the best for me too," Brenda said.

"What do you mean by that?" Briana asked.

"I mean you've grown up to be a very big boy," she replied with just the slightest hint of naughtiness to her voice, "and it might best if I were in control of the situation."

"Okay, I'll say something if I'm getting too close, and then you can stop for a bit, okay?"

"Alright... although Brian, you don't need to suffer on my account. If the feeling really is that strong, just let go and allow it to happen. Don't worry about me, there's always other things we can do."

"Together?" Brian asked, sounding insistent.

"I promise," Brenda smiled back.

Brian lay back on the bed and Brenda was amazed to see that his cock was already mostly erect. Oh, the marvels of being young again. Brian was probably worrying over nothing; she knew of men his age that could cum and get hard again within a minute, but even if that wasn't the case Brenda had been sincere with what she had told Brian before.

Brenda got on her knees near Brian's groin. Her pussy was still more than wet enough for Round 2, and the mere sight of Brian's giant cock waving in the air for her had her juices practically flowing. Still, his cock was completely dry, and she worried that they might need more lubrication. Brenda thought about sucking it for a while, but truth be told she had never cared for fellatio much despite the little game she'd played with Brian's finger earlier. In the end, Brenda decided to coat her hands with some of her saliva and stroke it on to Brian's cock. Brian twitched hard in excitement at her touch, and Brenda was reminded at how he'd only lasted about half a minute when she'd given him a handjob earlier. Despite all of this, she was resolute to make this work for both of them.

"Are you ready, Brian?" she asked. Her son gave a slight nod and then Brenda moved over to straddle his thighs. Slow and easy seemed like the best tactic to follow, and so Brenda took her time, putting up a brave face even though her insides were churning in frustration. She moved above his penis, rubbing the head up and down her crevice, allowing it to just barely enter her. The sensations going through Brenda's body were already beginning to overwhelm her as she realized it had been well over a year since she'd had sex, and even then it had come from an unsatisfying blind date who'd been even more inadequate in the bedroom. Their intimate connection had affected Brian too, who was now sporting a full erection. Brenda looked down, seeing the tip of what had to be a nine inch penis being held in place by her pussy lips, and then over to Brian again, who gave her the simple nod to continue.

"Oh my god," Brenda shuddered. She'd only taken a few inches of him and was already feeling the sensation of being stretched out. Either Brian's girth was equally impressive to his length of Brenda's previous sex partners had all had tiny dicks. The truth was probably somewhere in between. She stopped for a bit, allowing herself to adjust to Brian's size, and then slowly began riding him, using still only about a third of his shaft. Brenda could feel the intensity starting to build up inside her, and to Brian's credit, he'd managed to do a lot better than his "five second" prediction, only stopping Brenda a couple of times to let his excitement come down a bit before she'd start riding him again. Brenda didn't mind pausing either, not only for Brian's sake but also because doing she knew the longer she could maintain the pleasure without cumming the better the eventual orgasm would be. And the way this was going made Brenda sure that it was going to end with one helluva a climax.

Several minutes passed and Brenda was still riding Brian's cock, although her speed had picked up considerably. She was taking more of him too, probably close to six inches. She'd never felt this full; it was as if every corner of her being was full of cock, and yet a voice in the back of her mind kept reminding her that he had even more to give if she were willing to try. Unbelievable.

It wasn't just Brenda's body that was being taken over with sexual euphoria, but her mind too, which was becoming delirious. Grunts and groans, shouts filled with expletives, Brenda felt like she was losing control but in the most exciting way imaginable.

"You like this Brian, you like mama riding your big cock?" she taunted. It was like a sexual demon had taken possession of Brenda's soul, the same one that had watched in wonder and delight the night before as Kyle had repeatedly rammed his cock into Jackie's pussy from such a close distance that Brenda could even smell the incestuous combination of their juices flowing into on another. Brenda could now feel her own orgasm just around the corner, and yet surprisingly Brian had managed to stay relaxed enough that he seemed to still have plenty left in him. She was desperate to cum, even if that meant taking Brian over the edge with her, and so she continued.

"Mommy's never had a cock this big before, nobody's even come close. I can't even take it all and I feel like you're splitting me in two. Just like you did twenty-two years ago, Brian. You may not remember it, but I sure as hell do, like it was yesterday. If only you'd felt this good coming out of my pussy as you do going back in. You're splitting me in two Brian, and nothing's ever felt so good."

Brenda didn't know the reason for her sexual taunting other than knowing it turned her on, but regardless of that intention it managed to take Brian into a heightened level of euphoria as well. Placing his hands on either side of Brenda's ass, he held her tightly in place, his grip almost vicelike, and before Brenda knew what was happening next he was pounding into her from below. She was screaming in a voice that would have woken all the neighbors if they had any, not only from the intensity of his maniac thrusting but because he was thrusting into her with all nine inches now.

"Oh fuck, Brian, that's so good," Brenda gasped. "Your cock is so long that I'm half expecting it to come out my mouth. Fuck me, baby, fuck me good."

"Split me in two baby, split Momma in two with your huge cock," she insisted.

That was enough for Brian, who kept pounding at her entrance like a jackhammer, his balls loudly slapping against her entrance as if they'd invented their own mating call. He'd managed to keep from cumming all this time, using every trick he'd heard about to help last longer, and so far it was working, but now he could feel himself on the edge as well.

"Mom, I don't think I can take any more," he barely managed to grunt out as he continued wildly fucking her.

"It's okay, baby," Brenda cooed in response, "Cum in me. Momma wants all your cum inside her."

Brenda could feel it now, Brian's chest muscles tightening in her hands as his entire body seized up to release the torrent of semen from his body into hers. She managed to glance down and make eye contact with him briefly, seeing the look of rapture on Brian's face as he ejaculated into a woman for the first time. She could see how special the moment had been for him, and the sight sent Brenda over the edge too, and she joined him, wailing out in an orgasm that somehow managed to exceed even the others that she had already had this day.

Brian was still on his back, and Brenda moved to lay on top of him, their arms moving around each other until they formed a lover's embrace.

"My goodness, your first time..." Brenda didn't say the words aloud as silence seemed like the most appropriate action now, but the look on Brian's face, beyond the obvious fatigue he was feeling from their last few minutes of delirious lovemaking said it all. He had made it crystal clear to Brenda that he had no interest in other women, to the point where he'd remained a virgin in the earnest hope that she would eventually be his first, and now her son had gotten his wish. The joyful look of contentment on his face was something she could never forget, and whatever wrongs Brenda may have committed to get here, Brenda could not deny how happy it made her feel at being able to made Brian's greatest dream come true for him.

It was revelations like this that made it clear to Brenda how much their relationship as mother and son had gone off the rails, how difficult it would be to repair if it was repairable at all. She couldn't deny, however, as she watched her son contently drift off to sleep, that what they had gained in the

aftermath of that loss wasn't worth having or wasn't worth allowing to grow. She'd never seen Brian happier or more at ease with himself, more confident or more manly, and truth be told Brenda was feeling pretty amazing herself too. She watched her son cum as he lost his virginity, had felt his body tighten as it happened, and then felt his hot seed rush into her excited vagina. She never could have imagined that such an experience could have meant to her as much as it had meant to her son, but it had. And even if nothing ever topped that first time, she knew that she was more than eager to experience similar feelings with him again.

Both of them napped for a while, and Brenda woke up she still found herself snuggled in Brian's warm embrace. Even though it felt as if they'd just experienced several hours or days together, the truth was that it was still early, with the sun shining brightly on what looked to be a beautiful day. Brenda crawled out of bed and got dressed and snuck off to the kitchen to make something for both of them to eat, and by the time she was finished Brian was out in the kitchen to join her. She was just finishing up at the stove when she felt Brian nuzzle up behind her and give Brenda a peck on the cheek.

"Hey Mom," he said lazily. Brenda turned around with the pan of eggs she'd fried and was startled to see Brian still naked.

"Breakfast, or brunch or whatever it is, is almost ready," Brenda said uneasily. "Maybe you should get dressed."

"Sorry, Mom... I..." Brian awkwardly started.

"It's okay dear," she interrupted, adding the most reassuring smile she could muster. "Food should be ready soon, and we need to talk."

Brian went back to his room to get changed while Brenda got the kitchen table ready for them. There were going to be plenty of awkward moments like this at the beginning; Brenda wasn't even sure if she'd just rebuked Brian as his mother, his lover, or both, but it wasn't worth raking her brain with insignificant questions like that now. There were a lot more important issues to discuss, and now seemed as good a time as any to at least try and tackle some of them.

"Brian, first and foremost you need to understand that your education and career must always come first," Brenda started after her son returned to his meal. "You're not going to get distracted by me. If your grades start slipping then I won't let any of this between us continue."

"I'm not going to start failing because of you," Brian chuckled back.

"Really, I'm not kidding Brian. There is no negotiating, no room for error on this." Brenda's tone was deadly serious, and even after everything that had happened he had no doubt that she would follow through on her warning if it came to that.

"Secondly, as far as other girls are concerned..."

"Mom, I already told you, I don't care about them. You've already given me more today than I could ever hope to

experience with anyone else. Besides, you're prettier and sexier than they are anyway."

"It's nice to be complimented, and maybe even the vain part of me believes you a little," Brenda softly chuckled, "But I'm also pushing fifty and you're only twenty-two. Whether you want to admit it or not, at some point, whether it's a month, a year, however long it is, you'll still be a young man with plenty of life to live and I'll just be some old lady."

"Mom, don't talk that way..."

"I will, whatever you're feeling for me now doesn't change that reality," Brenda insisted.

"Just like the bird and the flower, Mom, I'd rather spend one year with you than twenty with someone else."

"Well, it's not going to come to that, Brian, because you're going to promise me that when the day comes, and it will, that you find yourself wanting to be with someone your own age, or maybe you want to start a family, or even if the sex isn't what it used to be and your eyes are starting to wander... promise that you'll move on, that you won't stick merely around for my sake."

"Mom, I don't want to leave you, don't you understand that? I'd marry you tomorrow if we could."

"Well, even marriage has a 'until death do you part,' clause," Brenda added dryly. "But you're not going to wait until then, Brian. If the time comes, you'll move on, just like I'll let you go, no questions asked."

"Fine," Brian ultimately huffed back, "if it really means that much to you."

"It does," Brenda. "You've asked a lot of me Brian, to open up my heart, my soul, my body... to you. I didn't think I could before but I know I can now, but I can't have any thoughts lingering in my head that I might be keeping you away from another life, a better life, as far as I'm concerned. When the time comes, you will move on, and all this will be is some wonderful memory for both of us. And knowing that now is something I can live with for the time being."

"Okay, fine," Brian sighed back dejectedly.

"I don't mean to get all stern with you all of a sudden, honey, but this is really important to me. I need to have a clear conscious about what happens going forward, at least when it comes to you."

"And what about you?"

"I am what I am," Brenda said with a surprising finality. "But if I can make you happy and manage to find some happiness for myself in there too, then, well, I guess it's still better than the life I was living before."

They carried on with their meal, and eventually the mood became light again. Afterwards, Brenda was washing the dishes when she asked her son if he had anything else planned for the day.

"Well, nothing will be open in town," Brian said with resignation. "I mean, it is Christmas and all..."

"Holy fuck," Brenda responded incredulously. "I can't believe I forgot."

Brenda felt her son come up behind her, his arms moving longingly around her waist and a soft kiss upon her neck.

"We could just stay inside and, you know, hang out together..." he suggested.

"That's really sweet of you dear, but honestly I'm still a little worn out," Brenda answered, trying her best to let him down gently. Her eyes gazed at the clock on the wall; literally an hour ago she'd been screaming from his horse-sized cock pummeling into her from below like a jackhammer and he was already trying to get into her panties again. She genuinely did feel worn out, at least for now.

"Wasn't there a hiking trail you were raving about wanting to see before?"

"Yeah, Kyle and me checked it out the other day."

"Well, the weather is nice right now. How about showing it to me today?"

"Yeah, I'd love to," Brian replied with genuine enthusiasm. "It's not too far away either, so we should be back in an hour or two."

Brian went back to his room to get ready while Brenda finished washing the dishes and then took a minute to check her phone. Only one message, and it was from Jackie:

"Exchanged presents with Brian yet? Lemme guess yours.

Brenda opened the accompanying attachment which was a sketch drawing of a young, naked man with a penis so absurdly large that it could only exist in a cartoon. There was a bright, red Christmas bow tied around the middle of his erection, and a caption clearly added by Brenda that said, "Merry Christmas, Mommy."

Jackie could be so coarse sometimes, even dirty, but Brenda couldn't help but chuckle at the drawing. It wasn't just about being funny though; Jackie knew how to press Brenda's buttons, after the laughter ended looked at the picture again, this time getting aroused. For a moment, she imagined Brian walking back into the kitchen just like the young man in the drawing, with his insanely large erection standing proudly from his waist and a big red bow tied around the center.

"Merry Christmas, Mommy. Hope you like the present I got you." Brian would say with the most devilish of smiles.

"My god, Brian, you've grown up so big, and strong, but your cock is something else... Mommy's never seen anything so beautiful. She can't stop looking at it, or wanting it."

"And it's all yours too, Mommy. It always has been all yours... come here and get your present. On your knees, Mommy. I want to watch you take your Christmas present into your mouth."

The thought sent a shiver of excitement down Brenda's spine, ending with a gentle throbbing between her legs as she imagined the look of lust and approval on Brian's face as did as she was told and knelt before him to worship his enormous cock. It's a good thing Brian hadn't tried something like that for real, or he might have gotten his wish for them to have another session of 'hanging out together.'

Brenda pushed those thoughts from her head, once again glad that they had made plans to go out together instead, but before leaving to get dressed herself decided to send Jackie her own cheeky reply:

"At least two inches too short, but nice try anyway."

A few minutes later Brenda's phone buzzed again, and of course once more it was Jackie. It was a "jealousy" emoji.

"Always needs to get the last word, doesn't she," Brenda laughed to herself. Knowing Jackie she meant it too; she had always been the size queen between them whereas Brenda preferred regular sized dicks, although merely seeing someone

as large as Brian in the flesh had aroused Brenda in unexpected ways. That and the fact that it was Brian. "My son has a huge cock." Just saying the words in her mind had been surprisingly exciting, especially knowing that in Brian's mind it really was all for her.

"Accommodating" Brian had given her some truly amazing moments but it had also left Brenda feeling quite sore now. With time, she assumed it was something she would get used to for the being it would be a negative aspect of their sex life.

What really mattered though, more than size ever could, was whether a man knew how to use what he had been blessed with. In Brian's case, it had been incredible to watch him trying to be confident as a lover even though he wasn't quite there, then gradually get better towards the end. The final bit, where he'd grabbed Brenda's ass and started pummeling into her from below had been truly fantastic, a display of what Brian was capable of as a lover when his sexual instincts, athletic body, and big cock were all working together as one. The orgasm he'd given Brenda had shook her to her core, and he'd managed to do it during his, and their, first time together. He was going to get even better with more time and experience, Brenda had no doubt about that in her mind, and she would do whatever he needed her to do to help him succeed.

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They were outside now, taking in the beauty of nature as Brian led her mother on the hiking trail. Luckily the weather was truly mild, with no wind and only a light snow, and so it was easy for them to have a nice, casual conversation as they went without having worry too much about the elements. Their talk

had been pretty basic at first, with Brian talking about his classes and other school activities, although the overall banter was significantly warmer and lighter than what had made Brenda feel distant from him before. For the first time in many, many years, she felt close to her son again, and while part of her would always be skeptical to the notion that this could only have happened by becoming lovers she couldn't help but feel grateful to be a part of her son's life again regardless of what it had taken to get there.

Brenda loved to hear her son speaking with such confidence too, playfully mentioning one of his professors who carried herself with an abundance of that "Sexy College Professor" vibe. Brenda could hear the teasing nature in his voice, prompting her to needle him back, "Oh really? She's that hot, huh?"

"I mean kinda yeah," Brian chuckled back. "I don't know if the other guys would really agree, but they don't have the older woman bug like I have."

"Oh no, she doesn't wear Mom jeans too, does she?" Brenda nudged back.

"Thank god, no," Brian laughed back, "or else I'd be done for."

They continued along the trail, once again taking the time to marvel at the winter wonderland setting around them, and kept up with the conversation as well. Brenda spoke mostly now, and although it hadn't been her intent, the discussion took a much more serious tone. She found herself talking about some of the darker aspects of her past, including her

marriage. It had always been the hardest thing for her to open up about, even with Jackie, but those strained conversations with her had been somewhat therapeutic and Brenda found like she needed to let Brian in to this part of her life as well.

"I... I never loved Ted," Brenda said uneasily, quickly searching Brian's face for a reaction. "Maybe I fooled myself into thinking otherwise for a short while, but by the time we were married I already knew the truth."

The only other person Brenda had told this to had been Jackie, who not surprisingly had taken it in stride, but Brian instead looked... Brenda, wasn't sure what he was feeling, only that the news had hit him hard.

"I'm so sorry dear, I never should have told you that," Brenda said wistfully.

"If it's true, then I'm glad you did," Brian steadfastly replied.

"It is, but that doesn't mean I should have said it. No kid should hear their parent speak that way about their other parent."

"I'm not a kid," Brian stated matter-of-factly.

"But you're still upset."

"I am, but not for the reasons you think. I'm upset that you had to deal with all dad's crap, I'm upset that you never got the love that you deserved."

"You never really had much of a relationship with Ted either, did you?" Brenda observed.

"No, and I have no interest in wanting to change that. I am curious as to why you ever married him though."

"I didn't exactly have the greatest home life with your grandparents..." Brenda started.

"That's kinda obvious, considering you barely speak to them now," Brian interjected.

"Exactly. So when I met Ted, I was still living at home... very unhappily... and he was already set with a good job. When he asked me to marry him a few months later... well, you can probably figure out the rest of what happened after that."

"Yeah, you married a jerk that ignored you at the best of times and was an asshole the rest of the time. At least that's what he was like when he was at home and not out trying to find some teenage girl to bang."

"I'm sorry that you had to witness all that, Brian."

"I'm a lot sorrier that you never got the love you deserved, and even sorrier that I wasn't there for you... you know... the way

I wanted to be there for you. Even if you would have rejected those advances, I still wish it could have happened."

"I know dear, and the more I've been thinking about those days, the more I wish it had happened too."

"Really?" Brian asked, genuinely stunned.

"The 'me' of back then would have never understood, she would have freaked out on you for trying such a thing, and for that reason I'm still glad you never did, but the 'me' of today knows a lot more about you, about me. If I could talk to her now, I'd tell her to let you into her room, that what you had to offer her as a son, as a lover, was too special for her to waste and would have made that nightmare she was going through at least somewhat bearable."

"Really? You would have told her that?"

"There's no point in preoccupying ourselves with the past Brian, even if it can be intriguing at times." Brenda smiled back. "When it comes to Ted... well, all I can say is if it weren't for him then I wouldn't have you, and we wouldn't have found each other the way we have. That's all that really matters to me now."

There was such a look of love on Brenda's face that Brian couldn't help but move towards her and give her a soft, gentle kiss on the lips.

"I'm starting to get cold, maybe we should head back," Brian said.

"Sounds good to me," his mother grinned back. It really wasn't that chilly, but the look of excitement in Brian's eyes was infectious and made Brenda anxious to return to a more intimate setting sooner rather than later. They cut across the trail on the way back to save time, but it meant taking a steeper, snowier route. By the time they got back Brenda felt not only sore from the hike but soaked through to the bone from the snow that had melted through her clothing.

"Wow, I really need to get out of these clothes and have a shower," Brenda fretted, "and we should probably look at getting dinner started too."

"I can take a look in the kitchen, Mom," Brian said, as he had come away through the heavy snow mostly dry.

"Sounds great, dear. I'll see you in a bit."

Brenda was anxious to slip out of her wet clothes and jump into the shower, starting with a thorough washing of her shoulder length, sandy brown hair. She'd just finished and was about to complete the rest of her shower when she heard a noise that sounded like the bathroom door opening.

"Brian, is that you? Is everything alright?" The shower door was too foggy to discern much outside so Brenda slid the door open only to see Brian standing at the room's entrance, clad only with a towel around his waist.

"Brian, what's going on? I thought you were making dinner."

"I was but..." he began sheepishly, "but today has been so special and I felt really weird being apart... I'm sorry, I know I'm acting silly."

"You are acting silly," she rebuked, before Brian realized everything was okay again as his mother broke out into a welcoming smile. Truth be told. Brenda had been briefly annoyed by her son's behavior, until she reminded herself that this wasn't just a new romance for Brian, but his only one. There was bound to be awkward moments like this as he tried to navigate the relationship waters for the first time, but unlike other mothers who could do nothing but watch their sons struggle from afar, Brenda had the real opportunity to spare her son that kind of pain and suffering, and give him all the support a young man could ever need.

"I was just getting washed up. Why don't you be a dear and help with my back?"

"Um, sure..." Brian clumsily replied, lumbering his way over to her. The shower wasn't particularly large, and Brian's hulking 6'3" frame wasn't going to make this easy, but Brenda would find a way to make it work. And with that, Brian's towel fell to the ground and he got into the shower behind Brenda, using the loofah she'd handed him to gently wash her back. Once again, Brenda was impressed at how well managed to show restraint, not something she really expected from a young, horny guy who had just lost his cherry and was no doubt thirsty to get some more.

The tone of their conversation was cheerful, practically jovial, and Brenda took a great deal of pleasure in their light-hearted banter that filled the small room with jokes and laughter. At one point, Brian made a joke about the cramped quarters of the shower, and Brenda replied that it was a miracle that there had been room for the three of them. Brian looked confused, until his mother took a not so modest peek at his cock that had been waving half erect like a wand sticking out from his groin. It was the first acknowledgement she'd made of his erection since Brian had joined her in the shower, and to Brenda's surprise her throwaway joke about Brian's size had been enough to make him turn red in embarrassment, making Brenda laugh out loud. She had taken subtle glances at it to know that despite beyond the jokes and laughs, there was definitely a sensual component to what Brian was feeling with her now, which Brenda was glad to see since it mirrored her own state of semi-arousal.

Brenda moved behind her son now, as it was his turn to have his back washed. Unlike his movements, however, Brenda's were decidedly more erotic, as she placed small kisses along Brian's neck and shoulders as she washed. Brian became quieter as the tone now became more hushed, both of them focusing more on the steadily rising erotic tension building between them. When Brenda reached her son's waist, she sensuously rubbed circles into his muscular ass cheeks, and then moved her hand to underneath to wash the area between his ass and balls. Her intimate touch had been enough to make Brian shudder with a low groan of arousal, and Brenda then moved both her hands to his front, using a copious amount of soap to thoroughly wash his cock and balls.

Another low moan escaped Brian's lips as Brenda had a hand reached around him and gently held his throbbing shaft in one hand while massaging his balls with the other. Her voice was low and husky, barely audible above the sound of the water crashing around them but clearly full of desire.

"I didn't suck your cock earlier, Brian. Would you like me to do it now?"

"Mmmm... yeah, I'd love that," Brian responded sounding like he was caught in the middle of an erotic dream. But only if you want to..."

"What do you mean, of course I want to," now sounding a bit confused.

"I mean, I'd love it, especially coming from you, but Aunt Jackie did tell me that it was something you really weren't into."

"Oh Jackie, Jackie, Jackie," Brenda mused with a slight chuckle.

"She was wrong then?" Brian guessed.

"She's right in that I never cared much for it before, but if there's one thing I've learned recently it's that 'what' you do isn't nearly as important as 'who' you're doing it with. But I'm seeing things a lot more clearly now, like I did last night."

"Last night?" Brian asked quizzically.

"Last night, when you came out wearing those ridiculously small trunks. I knew you felt embarrassed; I wanted to go back to your room after you left us to comfort you, but I couldn't."

"I don't understand," Brian said.

"I couldn't go because of other feelings I was having, much stronger than what I was feeling as a mother wanting to shelter her child. Feelings I tried so hard to suppress, but knew I couldn't anymore. I didn't go back to your room because even if I tried to be your mom I knew that eventually that other side of me would have come out instead, the side that desperately wanted to see your cock. The side that wanted to feel you throbbing in my hands the way I do now, growing bigger and harder from you getting turned on. I saw that bulge in your trunks and all I could think about was how good it would feel inside me, and both my mouth and pussy got wet thinking about it. I knew I couldn't trust myself to go to your room and instead be your Mom, so I didn't even try."

"I wish you had. It would have been a beautiful beginning to this journey we've started," Brian asserted.

"Beautiful? Are you serious?"

"Having you innocently offer to help me with my trunks and then seeing you lose control and take me into your mouth instead. I would have loved it. It would have shocked the hell

out of me, but once that feeling subsided I would have loved it.

"I'm sorry, Brian," Brenda added, suddenly becoming emotional. "I felt so ashamed. I still do a little, even after everything that's happened since."

"You shouldn't. I love your sexual side. I love seeing you get horny and excited. I love hearing the nasty things you say to me with are even hotter than anything I'd imagined you would say. I feel like I know you better than I ever did before. And yes, that's beautiful to me. As beautiful as your beaming smile that can light up a room or your gorgeous, curvy body next to mine as we laughed and joked in the shower just now."

"Well, like I said, I'm seeing things clearer now; I know what I am. I'm a mother who raised a son I love and am proud of, but that isn't enough for me anymore. I want to spend time with him like we are now, exploring each other's bodies sensuously with our hands and mouths, making slow, passionate love or wildly fucking each other for sexual pleasure. It's not the life I wanted for us, but I've accepted it enough to try and make the best of it, and despite the shame I still sometimes feel I also know that this is the happiest I've been in years, maybe ever. So yeah, I'd love to suck your cock, Brian, because you're my lover and what we have together means the world to me."

"Would you do something for me, Mom?"

"Of course, dear, anything you want."

"I want you to suck my cock, but as my mom, not my lover."

"Now you sound like Jackie," Brenda chuckled. "She talks about her and Kyle doing things like that but I'm not even sure what she means or how they do it."

"Come on, let's get out of here."

The two got out of the shower and lovingly dried each other off, then walked back to the bedroom, with Brian's arm around his mother's shoulder and her hand clasped on his hip. When they arrived, Brian lay on his back with Brenda laying on her side next to him.

"I kinda know what Aunt Jackie and Kyle do," Brian began. "They like to take important moments from the past when they were still adults but not yet lovers and 'retell' them in interesting ways."

Brenda thought for a bit, feeling disappointed that there appeared to be so few to choose from, and then said, "Well, I remember you getting cut from the track team as being a pretty big deal."

"It was," Brian said, feeling somewhat dejected merely thinking about it. "I'd never really done much when it came to extracurricular activities, but I always thought I was a fast runner and that I could make it. I was devastated when I didn't."

"I know it's tough to accept rejection, especially when you're only eighteen," Brenda said.

"That wasn't the only reason I was upset," Brian confessed, "I was hoping you'd notice me too."

Brenda wasn't sure if her son was still recounting the past accurately or playing this game he'd asked of her, but the playfulness of his voice along with the sight of his clearly stiffening cock made her decide to just go with the moment and see where it took them.

"Of course I noticed you, dear. You'd filled out quite nicely that year, and the bulge in those gym shorts were pretty hard not to notice too. But I was your mom, I couldn't tell you things like that, or let on what I was feeling."

"But that day was different," Brian said, fully embracing their shared fantasy now. "What made you act that way when you visited me in my bedroom?"

"I don't know. It started out innocently enough with the two of us sitting on your bed. You were practically in tears and so I held you close to me, and it felt so good for me too, feeling the big, strong man you'd become in my arms. I kissed you on the cheek and forehead several times, and there was nothing un-Motherly about it, but then I looked into your eyes, and saw other emotions too. The ones that I often caught on your face when you thought I wasn't looking: love, lust, and desire. I could feel my heart racing; I knew what you wanted and I knew I wanted it too. And before I knew what was happening, I moved to kiss you again on the cheek, except this time

afterwards I moved over and followed it with the tiniest kiss on the lips. I didn't know how you'd react; I was trembling, terrified, and yet even then it felt magical. But then we kissed again and again, and before I knew it we were casually making out."

Brenda looked down and noticed her son's cock had almost grown to full length now, looking as if it was begging for her touch, and so she took it into her hands and began gently stroking it. It wasn't just Brian who'd become excited though, as Brenda could feel her pussy getting wet, and after a short while Brian managed to get one of his hands close enough to massage Brenda's clit.

"Everything was so sweet and tender, even when your tongue softly entered my mouth and we began kissing that way for a while," Brian said. "I felt like we were in our own little world, and everything else, like getting cut by the track team, or whatever problems you were going through with Dad, were all insignificant. And I knew for certain that I couldn't care less about us being mother and son. Everything I was feeling with you then was way too good for anyone to convince me that it could be wrong. I didn't know how far you wanted to take this, but I was on board for whatever you had in mind. Luckily, I didn't have to wait too long as soon after I felt your fingers on the front of my shirt, carefully undoing the buttons."

"Your lips felt so good all I could think of was wanting to feel more of your hot, young flesh," Brenda said. "I wanted to feel your strong shoulders and chest in my hands, I wanted to suck your nipples hard with my lips. And so I took your shirt off, but I didn't stop there. I unbuttoned my blouse too, looking into your eyes that first got wide in surprise but then quickly changed to a look of unadulterated lust."

"You looked so gorgeous in that half bra that my heart nearly stopped. We just looked at each other for a few moments, and then you shocked me again by undoing the clasp in the front and sliding it off too."

"That was when I knew for certain that I wanted to make love to you," Brenda said. "Those emotions you were going through were happening for me as well, and I'd never felt desire for anyone like that, and I didn't care that you were my son either. Any thoughts like that were irrelevant."

"You stood up, saying that we should go somewhere more comfortable, and I knew right away that you were talking about your bedroom," Brian said. "I was so excited, but worried too, as I wasn't sure when Dad was coming back, so I asked you about it."

"I told you not to worry, we had plenty of time, but I couldn't help slyly adding how it would have been poetic justice for him to come home and find us fucking each other in his bed. The two people he hurt most in the world getting revenge with the ultimate act of betrayal. I knew neither of us wanted it to happen for real, but I said the words out loud anyway because I knew hearing them would turn you on the same way it turned me on."

"It was never about him, only us, as far I'm concerned," Brian said. "But yeah, hearing you talk dirty that way made my cock get so hard, just like it is now Mom."

"Do you want me to suck you off now, Brian? Is that what you want your dirty little mommy to do?"

"Yes, suck my cock, Mommy. You're so beautiful and loving but so damn hot and sexy too. Everything I could ask for in a woman."

Brian felt his mother's lips clamp down hard around the head of his cock. If she had any reservations about giving head, they certainly weren't apparent now as she bobbed up and down on his shaft at a furious pace, leaving a long trail of saliva everywhere as the room filled with sounds of her slurping and sucking.

"Oh shit, fuck," Brian groaned as he was already on the verge of cumming and was desperately trying to hold out longer. He could feel Brenda hands on him too now, one of them still holding his cock steady for her mouth to continue on with the blistering pace of her blowjob, and the other massaging his sac, gently squeezing his bloated, egg shaped balls.

"Come on baby, you've still got lots of cum in here," Brenda lustfully moaned. "Let it out, Brian, Momma wants to taste it."

That was all for Brian, and he blissfully surrendered to his orgasm, feeling the powerful contractions take over as his cock pumped a steady stream of his hot semen into Brenda's awaiting mouth. Brian couldn't see Brenda's face, but the feel of her lips clamped around the head of his cock as he came made it abundantly clear that she had swallowed all of it. He lay back to rest, with the sensation of Brenda lightly stroking his balls with one hand as the other coaxed the remaining droplets of his cum out of his hot shaft.

"So this is what Jackie and Kyle do for fun?" Brenda giggled as she continued to fondle her son's cock and balls.

"It can be," Brian responded. "I admit, after wanting you for so long the idea of it happening sooner than it did is a huge turn on for me, especially if you're joining in on the fantasy the way you did now."

"And I admit that having revenge sex against Ted turns me on more than I ever could have believed. Ever since you first talked about the old fights we'd have where Ted would go to the basement to sleep and then you would come over to my room... the image of that louse frustratingly trying to fall asleep in that cold, crappy guest bed while literally two stories above you and I in his marital bed shamelessly fucking each other's brains out... well, it's something I haven't been able to shake from my head ever since you first gave me the idea."

"It does sound hot, especially if you put on some sexy outfit to celebrate the occasion. Maybe when we get back home, we could try to play it out for real."

"We still have a lot more to talk about when we get home, Brian, serious topics," Brenda asserted.

"Of course, I understand," Brian said.

"But that doesn't mean we won't have time to play either," she mischievously added.

"Things are certainly going to be interesting when we get home," Brenda continued. "I can't even imagine what I'll tell Jackie."

"Knowing Aunt Jackie she won't be satisfied without hearing about every last detail," Brian laughed.

"Yeah, you'd think telling her that I spent most of Christmas Day fucking and sucking my son would be enough," Brenda chuckled.

"If I know Kyle, he and Aunt Jackie have been doing mostly the same today," Brian joked.

"Trust me, Jackie isn't any better," Brenda shot back. "But they probably at least found time to have a decent dinner. I'm sorry, Brian. Would you like me to try and whip something up?"

"Maybe later," he replied, beginning to lay a few soft kisses upon her body. "Right now, I have something else in mind."

"Really, again?" Brenda chuckled.

"Yes, again," Brian replied. His tone was light hearted, but serious too, again showing his passion for her. After another lengthy session of foreplay with the two lovers sensuously exploring each other's bodies, the two of them settled in with Brenda lying on her back and her son on top, casually fucking her with long, penetrating strokes.

"Oooh, right there Brian, just like that," Brenda cooed appreciatively, "your cock feels amazing."

Brenda had never really been the type to talk during sex, but she'd absolutely loved doing it with Brian. She marvelled at how much he had already improved; there was a strong but silent confidence and control over his body quickly building in him and all Brenda could think was that today she had watched her boy transform into a man. And if her words of encouragement had helped that process along, then she was more than happy to play that role for Brian too. He had more than earned her praise though; as Brian managed to hit that sensitive spot with the head of his cock without missing a beat until Brenda surrendered to yet another toe clenching climax.

"Ahhh, ahhh!" Brenda had hoped to shout out something sexier to once again help encourage Brian's quickly developing confidence as a lover, but had to settle for a couple of unintelligible grunts and groans instead. She did clasp onto his body with her arms and legs though, holding him tightly in practically vicelike grip as the electricity of her orgasm took over and then afterwards drop back limp in his embrace after it subsided.

Her mind was still in such a haze that it took Brenda another minute or two before she realized Brian was still fucking her, his long, determined strokes once again feeling like he was going to split her in two. She was just starting to get into it again, panting along with each of his rhythmic thrusts, when Brian stopped and pulled out of her altogether. Brenda merely looked up at him, still feeling dazed and confused, until here simply replied, "Here, let's try this now."

Brian shifted his weight on the bed, moving deftly around as he turned Brenda onto her hands and knees facing away from him. Her ass was only inches away from him now, and he couldn't resist the urge to fondle her beautiful, heart shaped bum for a short while, adding with a small laugh, "I doubt I'll last long with the view from here, but I'm more than ready to cum now."

Brenda turned her head to look back at him, flashing her son the naughtiest of smiles before swaying her ass a sexily from side to side and saying, "Looks a lot better than with the mom jeans, huh?"

"Oh god, yes," Brian groaned back, instinctively moving forward to kiss her luscious cheeks a few times as he continued massaging the firm flesh between his fingers before finally moving away and using his right hand to give one of her round cheeks a firm slap.

Brenda yelped back in surprise, instantly recalling an old boyfriend from a few years back who liked to do the same with her. Their dull relationship hadn't lasted long, but he'd been unexpectedly kinky in the bedroom, and to Brenda's surprise had shown her that she could be as well. Brenda thought for a moment, not sure how she should respond, until something Jackie had told her months ago came to mind:

"There's really not a lot to pretend to be prim and proper about once you've had sex with your son, so you might as well make the most of it and enjoy yourself rather than hold back."

"Oh yeah, that was good," Brenda huffed sexily back.

"Um, what?" Brian asked, momentarily confused.

"Do it again, Brian. Slap my ass just like that again a few more times. I like it."

Brian slapped her butt three more times, with the last being a little harder than the others, but still within Brenda's tolerance level.

"That's it baby, just like that. Now fuck me too. You can do both, I know you can," Brenda practically growled. "C'mon, don't you like spanking Mommy's naughty ass?"

"Oh yes," Brian groaned, surrendering to the eroticism of the moment, "I like it a lot."

For the next few minutes, Brian mercilessly pounded his cock into his mother from behind, only slowing down occasionally to rain another wave of slaps upon Brenda's excited ass.

"Oh yes, just like that baby," Brenda managed to say through stifled breaths, "your Mommy's been a bad girl today. She fucked her son and she liked it, she liked it a lot. She tried her best not to, but now all she wants is to feel his big cock fucking her again."

"Oooh, ooh," Brenda cried out as her body was rocked by yet another orgasm. Brian's cock had long since bottomed out as

she could feel the head of his dick ramming into her cervix and his heavy ball sack smacking against her entrance. Luckily, this time her climax triggered his, and with one final thrust he managed to seal Brenda's stretched vagina with his pulsating cock as jet after jet of cum coated her insides.

"Oh my god," Brian finally said, collapsing onto the bed from apparent exhaustion. Brenda glanced up at a clock in the room, noting that it was still late afternoon. Had Brian really had enough for the day? Any other man Brenda had known certainly would have, but who knows what he had in mind once nighttime fell. As Jackie had said, try sharing a bed with a young, virile man and see how much sleep you get.

It was long past time they had ate, however, and Brenda promised herself to go make dinner once she'd had some time to lay in bed and recover from what had just happened. She also resolved to make some time to pack up her things and insist Brian did the same as Jackie did say that she and Kyle would be over early the next morning to pick them up. Regardless of what happened for the rest of the day, there would certainly be plenty for her and Jackie to talk about, and even more for her and Brian to try and resolve once they got back home.

PS: *I have a couple ideas kicking around that might end up as a short epilogue chapter, but otherwise I'm satisfied to end things here. Thanks again to everyone who managed to make it to the end.*