



Cuckolding My Father

DC ROI

Chapter 1

The soft knock on my bedroom door woke me up and started my heart pounding. "Come in," I called. I sat up in my bed and turned, dropping my legs over the side, so I was facing the door.

The door opened and she walked into my room, looking incredibly nervous. She was wearing a long, worn bathrobe that, before hundreds of washings, was a pink plaid belted around her waist. Her fingers clutched the neck of the robe, holding that shut, as if she wanted to be sure nothing showed. Her straight light brown hair fell almost to her bottom. She wore no makeup and wasn't what some people would call beautiful, but she did have the kind of features that made her a woman you'd notice without being sure why. Her big brown eyes were open wide and darted around the room, showing her nervousness...or was it fear? She stood almost five feet ten inches tall in her slippers and was thirty-nine years old, although her unlined face and clear skin made her look much younger than that. Her name was Jonelle Wallace...she was my mother.

"Come over here, Mother," I said softly.

When I spoke, she made a tiny sound something like a cross between a gasp and a moan, then she walked slowly and stiff-legged to the bed I sat on and stood in front of me.

I looked up at her and she looked down at me with "scared deer" eyes. "Are you sure you want to be here?" I said softly. I wondered if she could hear my heart pounding.

She stared at me for quite a while, then slowly nodded her head.

"All right," I said. I reached out a hand that I could see was trembling and untied the belt around the waist of her robe. The robe relaxed when the belt was loosed, but since she was still clutching the neck, it remained closed.

"Let go," I said softly.

She took a deep breath and didn't move for what seemed like ages. Finally her fingers straightened slowly, releasing the neck of the bathrobe. After she'd released the robe her arms fell to her sides. The robe was still shut. I took a deep breath, reached out, parted it, and was gazing at my mother's naked body for the first time.

"Oh, God!" I exclaimed.

Mother quickly lifted her hands and tried to close the robe, but I put my hands on hers and stopped her.

"You...you think I...I'm ugly," she murmured. Her face was red and she was avoiding looking at me.

"No, Mother, it's just the opposite. I think you have an incredible body," I told her.

And she did. She probably weighed somewhere around one-forty and her body was a nearly perfect combination of curves and valleys. Her breasts were large, but not huge, and sagged a bit because she had nursed me when I was an infant. What caught my eye were her nipples. She had the largest nipples I'd ever seen. They were beginning to erect under my gaze and had to be at least three-quarters of an inch in diameter. They were beginning to emerge from the large pale pink circles that capped her breasts. Her body curved gracefully from strong shoulders down to a surprisingly small waist, then flared beautifully out into hips that were in exactly the right proportion with the rest of her body. Equally lovely curves led from there to long, strong, and very well formed legs.

"You...seeing you...looking...at...at me...like that...it...makes...it makes me...feel funny," Mother stammered. "We...we shouldn't be...doing...this..."

I reached out my hand and lightly trailed my fingers over her belly, which was softly rounded and still showed faint stretch marks. She shuddered and gasped. "Yes, Mother, we should be doing this," I told her. "We both want to." Much as I wanted to grab my mother's breasts and suck those huge nipples into my mouth, I didn't. I stood up and walked around behind her instead. Then I took hold of her bathrobe and pulled it back. Initially she stood there stiff, resisting me, but she finally relented and allowed me to take it off.

I tossed the robe onto a chair near my bed, then I let my eyes roam over the rear of my mother's lovely body. Much of her back

was covered by her straight, shiny light brown hair. Her hair was her one vanity. She combed it faithfully, a hundred strokes, every night. When I was old enough, she taught me to cut it because it wasn't possible for her to go to a hairdresser.

Her bare bottom was every bit as wonderful to see as the rest of her had been. I know I probably sound like a broken record, but perfect is the only word I can find to describe it. Wide, but formed perfectly, I thought it was the epitome of womanhood. I stepped closer to her and began running my fingers through her hair. She moaned softly. She liked to have me play with her hair, and had since I was little. I knew it was the safest way to start a process that I believed would lead to so much more...for both of us.

"You like having me do this, don't you?" I murmured as my fingers stole through her silken tresses. I was wearing a pair of cutoff jeans and my erection was already threatening to tear a hole in them.

"Yes! You know I do," Mother murmured in reply.

I played with her hair for a few more minutes, then I moved my caresses to her neck and shoulders. That brought a gasp from her and sent a shudder through her body. I'd dreamed of this night for so long and knew exactly what I needed to do. I kept my touch whisper-soft, barely letting my fingers touch her as they skimmed over her skin. She had known little gentleness in her life and I knew she'd respond powerfully to being treated gently.

"You do like this, Mother, don't you?" I murmured as my fingers continued to glide up and down her neck, out onto her shoulders, and down onto her upper back.

"You...you're makin' me...I feel...all...funny...inside," Mother whimpered.

"Funny good?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! So good! Nobody but you can...can make me...feel...like this."

That was exactly what I'd hoped to hear. I had spent the last six months getting to the point where she was willing to come to me. I'd convinced her that I'd be gentle with her, would make her feel good, and got her to trust that I would never do anything to hurt her.

I expanded the scope of my caresses. My fingers went from her neck, to her shoulders, down her arms to her hands, teased her palms and between her fingers, then slid back up to her neck. After I'd done that a few times, I could hear the increase in her rate of breathing and could see her shoulders moving as her chest heaved. I knew her heart had to be pounding as hard as mine was and that I would feel it if I put my hand on her chest, but I wasn't ready to do that yet. I could see how nervous Mother was, so I forced myself to go slowly and deliberately, knowing

that in the end, we'd reach the outcome I wanted and both of us needed.

I spent quite a while caressing my mother's neck, shoulders, arms, and hands, then I dropped to my knees and let my fingers trail down the outside of her shapely legs. As my fingers stole over the silky-smooth flesh, I saw goose bumps forming and could feel her trembling. "Ummmmmm!" I heard her moan. I caressed every inch of her legs and her bottom, to the accompaniment of a wonderful symphony of passionate sounds. "Unnnnnn!" meant I was caressing her bottom. "Oooooooooo!" said I'd moved onto the back of her thighs. "Uhhhhhhh!" accompanied my caressing her calves. "Ahhhhhhh!" celebrated my fingers stealing up the outside of her legs, and "Ummmmmmmm!" meant my fingers were sliding down the front of her thighs. Her rapid breathing kept time for the wonderful sounds coming from her. I hadn't anticipated any of this and was both surprised and delighted. It told me I was having the effect on her I wanted to have, maybe an even stronger one.

"J.J....oh, Lord, J.J.!" Mother groaned after I'd been playing with her legs and bottom for a while. "My legs're shakin' so...bad I...I'm afraid I'm...gonna fall."

"Lay down on the bed," I told her. "On your back."

She hesitated but briefly, then did as I'd said. I got to my feet and looked down at her. It was a sight I'd seen in my dreams many times, now I was seeing it for real. My mother lying in my bed, her nude body flushed, her hair spread out on the sheets.

My erection, diamond-hard, lurched in my cutoffs. The front of the shorts was soaking wet because pre-cum was almost gushing from me. Mother didn't notice, she had her eyes pressed tightly closed. Her mouth sagged open slightly and she continued to gasp for breath. Her breasts had sagged back into themselves a little, but her nipples had grown even harder and looked even bigger. I'd guess they jutted out more than an inch from the pale pink flesh surrounding them.

I walked around to the other side of my king-sized bed, got on it, and crawled across so I was kneeling next to my mother. Her eyelids were still down, but she turned her head to the side of the bed I was on. I leaned over and pressed my lips against hers gently. Since her mouth was partly open, I caressed her lips with my tongue. That caused a soft moan and, very tentatively, her tongue touched mine. When that happened, it was almost as if her lips and mine softened and the kiss turned into one unlike any kiss I've experienced before or since. Waves of warmth and bliss spread through me and, for a second, I was afraid I'd come in my shorts. I felt Mother's hand come to rest gently on the back of my head and the kiss continued. At long last, it ended, and I think both of us were equally saddened when that happened.

"Oh, J.J.," mother murmured. "What are you doin' to me?"

"I'm showing you what it's like to be loved," I replied.

"Oh, J.J., darlin'," Mother replied. She closed her eyes and a blissful smile curved her lips. I'd never in my life seen a smile

like that on my mother's face and felt a rush of pride at having put one there at long last.

I began kissing my way gently down over Mother's body, from her mouth to her neck, and then to her upper chest. At the same time, I trailed my fingers over the gentle swell of her abdomen. Once again I was treated to the sounds of her symphony of passion. Her body began twisting and turning gently, too, almost as if she was lying on a waterbed. It was as if she could no longer bear to lie still.

After kissing a considerable expanse of lovely, silky flesh, I was finally about to achieve my first objective of the day. My mother's huge, rigid nipple was so close I could reach out my tongue and touch it, which I did.

"Gnahhhhhh!" Mother cried, her back arching. "Oh, J.J.! My Lord!"

I licked her nipple again and again she reacted violently. And she reacted exactly the same way when I did it a third time.

"My Lord, J.J., you're makin' me feel too good!" Mother cried. I don't think she was aware of it, but her hips had begun a rocking motion. I was toying with the verge of her pubic hair with my fingers, but didn't move them any lower. "That feels way too good. If you keep doin' that, I'm gonna go crazy!"

Despite her protests, I kept doing what I was doing. In fact, I did more. I slid my face over a little more, wrapped my lips around her right nipple, sucked it into my mouth, and began lashing it with my tongue.

"J.J.! Oh, no! Oh, no! I'm gonna go crazy...ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Uh...uh...uh...uh....uh... uh...uh....uh... uh...uh....uh... uh...uh....uh!" The sounds coming from Mother's mouth were passionate, as was the motion of her body. She grabbed hold of my head and didn't seem to be able to decide whether she wanted to push me away or pull me closer while what was probably the first orgasm she ever had in her life flooded her. In the middle of it, I moved my mouth from her right nipple to her left, and that seemed to cause her yet another powerful flare-up.

When, finally, her motions began calming and the volume of her passionate cries began to lower, I lifted my head from her breast and, kneeling next to her, pushed down my shorts, then kicked them across the room. I turned back to Mother and gently tugged her legs apart, then moved so I was kneeling between them. I shuffled forward until the head of my erection brushed the forest of light brown hair covering her middle.

Mother, who'd been lying there with her eyes closed, opened them and gazed up at me with almost the same wide-eyed look she had when she first walked into my bedroom. "J.J., you ain't gonna hurt me, are you?" she murmured.

I leaned forward, supporting my upper body on my outstretched arms, and lowered myself so I could kiss her. "There's no way I'd ever purposely do anything to hurt you, Mother," I said after the kiss ended. I pushed myself back up, grabbed my erection, and slid the tip down through her labia. She was, as I expected, sopping wet with the fluids of her excitement. "Did that hurt?" I asked.

"My Lord, no!" Mother replied.

I repeated my action and this time a soft groan came from mother. Then I placed the tip of my rock-hard shaft in her opening and pushed my hips forward a little, until the entire tip was inside her. I looked down at her face and saw an almost angelic look, so I slid myself into her a little further.

"J.J.! Oh, Lord! That feels so good!" Mother groaned.

I'm not sure if it was that I am that big - I have an average size penis, I think - or if it was because she was so tight. I do know that I'd never been in a woman who was as tight, or hot, as my Mother. I kept sliding myself farther and farther into her until, at last, I could go no deeper. I was so close to erupting I was afraid to move any more. I held myself there, over my mother's body, my arms stiff, fighting the urge to explode with every fiber of my being. "Feel...good?" I asked Mother as I looked down into her passion-filled face. I'd never seen her look more wonderful.

"Didn't...know...doin' sex...could...feel...like...this," Mother gasped. "Didn't never...know...I...could...feel...so...good."

"You're going to feel even better soon," I assured her. I pulled out until just the head of my erection was in her, then shoved it back in slowly.

"Oh...Lord!" Mother groaned. "J.J.! If you keep doin' that, you're gonna make me go nuts again!"

"That's the whole idea, Mother," I told her. Fighting the urge to come every second, I began moving my erection in and out of her with steady thrusts. Each one sent me up one notch higher on my own mountain of joy, and each notch took me a step closer to losing control. Then I had no more control. "Oh, God, Mother!" I groaned as my churning insides unleashed and a torrent of my hot fluids began gushing from me.

"My Lord! That's so hot! My Lord! My Lord! My Lord! Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Ummmmmmmmmm! Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Mother cried. I felt her hands clawing at my back and her hips shoving up against mine as her second - or maybe third - orgasm rocked her.

When, at last, we had spent our lust, we lay in each other's arms, settling down. I looked at my mother and saw tears in her eyes. "What's the matter, Mother?" I asked. "Did I hurt you?"

Mother shook her head. "My Lord, no, you sure didn't hurt me," she said, sniffing a little. "You made me feel better than I ever knew a person could feel. I was just thinkin' how stupid I was not knowin' about this stuff."

"Mother, you aren't stupid," I said. "It's the life you've lived. You've been isolated all these years with no way of ever learning things other women know. I think it's what my father wanted."

"But what are we gonna do?" Mother asked. My mentioning my father - and her husband - seemed to frighten her. "He's gonna know, ain't he?"

"When was the last time he had sex with you?" I asked.

"I dunno," Mother replied. "Been a lotta years. You know how he is."

"I know exactly how he is," I told her. "You don't need to worry. He isn't going to know and from now on, your life is going to be better. I promise." I kissed her gently. "I love you."

Mother kissed me back. "I love you, too, J.J." she said. Then she snuggled into my arms and pressed her face against my chest.

Chapter 2

My name is J.J. Wallace - Jon Robert Wallace, Junior, actually. I was named for my father and I consider myself lucky to be called J.J. and not Jon Bob or Jonny Bob. I'm twenty-five years old and I live in West Virginia in coal mining country, in the same county where I was born and grew up. My father, John Robert Wallace, Sr., is a miner, as were his father and grandfather before him. He expected me to follow him into the mines, but I didn't. Instead I went into law enforcement, a profession that causes him more than a little discomfort. He doesn't like cops, which may be part of the reason why I became one.

Even though I'm named for him, I don't like my father. I don't hate him, either. He isn't very likeable. He was a good provider, but not of any sort of love or affection. We've had several major battles over the years. The first came when I decided I wanted to finish high school. Nobody in our family ever got a high school diploma and my father didn't see the need to change that tradition. I didn't need one to work in the mines, he said. When I got a job as a counselor in a youth program run by the local sheriff's department, he became even more upset. He told me it shamed him to have his son doing "sissy social work" stuff.

Our second and even fiercer battle came when I told him I wanted to go to college. "No fucking way am I paying for fucking college," he told me. "You already got way fucking more fucking education that you need." He didn't pay for my education; I did,

with student loans, scholarships, and hard work at many part-time jobs.

I especially didn't like the way he treated my mother. He married her when she was fourteen and she had me the same year. Her family lived in South Carolina, in an area even more rural and impoverished than where we lived, and she was one of seventeen kids. Dad somehow knew about the family, went down, and negotiated with her parents to be allowed to marry her. He gave Mother's family a two-year old pickup truck to seal the bargain. It was something he'd occasionally throw up in her face. I can't tell you how many times I've heard him say, "I wish I still had that goddamn truck I gave your folks, it worked a helluva lot better than you do." Every time he says it, I want to deck him.

He brought Mother back to the little house he'd built way back in the hills, and although he never beat her, he pretty much treated her like a servant. She was expected to wash his clothes, cook his meals, and bear his children. Unfortunately, something happened when she had me that kept her from having any more children. That was something else he threw up in her face quite a bit. I later learned that Mother's not being able to have children did have one benefit. After a few years without any more kids, my father stopped trying to have any more.

Other than to go to the doctor a few times during her pregnancy with me, Mother never left our home once my father got her there. She didn't know how to drive and he never wanted her to know how. I think he also preferred that she not have any close friends. As I said, once he knew she'd bear him no more children, he kept her because she was a hard worker and kept a good

house. She washed, cooked, and split and stacked wood against the winter. My father didn't feel obligated to help because, he said, "I work and pay the goddamn bills." He did do the grocery shopping, mainly to keep Mother isolated, I think. He expected mother to make most of her clothes, and what store-bought clothing she got came from mail order catalogs.

As soon as I was old enough, I was expected to help my mother around the house, and did so gladly. I enjoyed being with her. She loved me without question and her love more than made up for the love I didn't get from my father. Although my father didn't have a lot of regard for Mother's intelligence, I learned when I was very young that she was a lot brighter than my father thought she was.

Mother was forced to quit school in the sixth grade and conditions around our house weren't exactly intellectually stimulating. Mother did try to help me with my schoolwork, though. In a sense, we wound up going to school together and learning from each other and together. In fact, she did the same homework I did. I actually had my high school English teacher review a few of the papers Mother wrote and was told they were quite good. Mother loved hearing that.

Since my father didn't agree with my finishing high school, he didn't come to my graduation, which meant my mother wasn't able to be there, either. I could tell that the day I left to go to college was one of the worst days of my mother's life. It didn't help that, since I had to earn my way through school, I was only able to get home a few times during the four years I was in school. Mother and I did write, but I was never sure how many

of my letters my father allowed to get through. It bugged him that mother had learned to read and write, something he never learned to do. And because of my father, my mother didn't get to attend my college graduation, either. I did have friends take lots of pictures, which I shared with Mother when I returned to my home.

During my high school years I developed a close friendship with the local sheriff, Lincoln Ames. He helped me get the job with his department's youth program-the one that bugged my father so much. I also spent a lot of time hanging out with him and his deputies and that prompted me to major in law enforcement in college. Sheriff Ames told me I could have a job with his department when I finished college and I took him up on the offer. I'd seen far more of the world than most of the kids I grew up with, and part of me didn't want to go back to my home county, but Mother was there and I didn't want to abandon her. At that point in time, my reasons for going home weren't in the least sexual. Well, not that I was aware of, anyhow.

"You think I want some fucking cop living here?" was what my father said when I told him I had a job with the sheriff's department and wanted to live at home.

"I thought maybe you could use a couple hundred dollars a month rent," I told him. Dad wasn't much for liking people, but he did like money. His face changed immediately. It was the look of greed I'd come to know only too well over the years.

"Gonna have to feed you, too," he grumbled. "Make it three hundred a month and I'll feed you breakfast and dinner. You can get your own damn lunch." I loved his comment. "I'll feed you..." Yeah, sure. He'd starve to death if he had to cook.

"OK," I said. I didn't mind. Even in our economically depressed part of the state, it would have cost me a lot more to live somewhere else.

I was renting my old room. I redecorated it, put in a king-sized bed, and had a separate phone line put in. I bought a computer and set up Internet access with a satellite dish hookup, along with a satellite dish set up for two televisions. The second TV was in the living room, and that made my father very happy.

On the other hand, my father thought the computer was totally stupid. "What the hell do you want to waste your money on one 'a them things for?" he grumbled when he saw me setting the machine up.

"It will help me keep in touch with what's going on in the world," I told him. "And I need it for work, too."

"Fucking computers," he grumbled as he stomped down the hall.

Mother tried hard not to show it when my father was around, but she was clearly thrilled to have me home. She was also fascinated by both the TV and the computer; especially the

computer. I taught her how to use it and she did use it a little when my father wasn't home.

I chose working second shift so I'd have as little contact with my father as possible. He worked seven to three and I worked three to eleven. That meant I was gone from the house when he got home and he was asleep when I got home. It also meant I got to spend days with Mother. On good weeks, I never saw or heard my father. I did occasionally have to put up with him on the weekends when I wasn't working, but he was generally gone then, too. He claimed he was off hunting and fishing. Both mother and I knew that was a lie. West Virginia does have a hunting season and it isn't year-round.

After I went to work with the sheriff's department, I found out that my father's idea of "hunting and fishing" involved drinking a lot of booze and screwing as many whores as he could. I found his conduct and attitude interesting. In his mentality, Mother was the woman he'd selected - purchased, really - to bear his kids. Sex with her was strictly for purposes of having kids. When he accepted the fact Mother wasn't going to give him any more kids, he stopped having sex with her. He even bought them twin beds so he didn't have to sleep in the same bed she did. Whores, on the other hand, were to be used for pleasure and, from what older deputies on the department told me, my father was legendary among the scarlet women of our county. The deputies seemed surprised that his behavior didn't bother me more.

"Anything that keeps him busy and helps to keep him mellow is OK by me," I told them. It also kept him from bothering Mother.

I remember exactly when I first started seeing my mother as a sexual being. Truth be known, I'm pretty sure it was long before she began seeing herself that way. About six months before the night she came to my room, she and I talked about sex for the first time and after that, I never looked at her in quite the same way. The day it happened, she and I were working on the woodpile. I was splitting wood - manually, of course, my father wasn't about to waste money on a gas-powered wood splitter - and mother was stacking the wood. She was wearing a pair of well-worn jeans and one of my old sweatshirts. She had her hair pulled back in a ponytail and, for the first time I looked at her and saw an attractive, intriguing woman, not just my mother.

After we'd worked for a couple of hours we took a break. "How come you have those sex places on your computer?" Mother asked, surprising me. And embarrassing me, too.

"Ah...you know...it's...um..." I stammered. "It's just something...I...um...like to...you know...read about...um...sometimes." It isn't easy talking to your mother about sex.

"I mean, what's the big deal about sex anyhow?" she went on.

Her comment stunned me. "What?" I asked.

"Well...I mean...I suppose there's gotta be somethin' about it," Mother went on, "...cause there's sure a lot of stuff about it on

the computer and all...but I don't get it. I don't see what the big deal is."

How do you respond to a comment like that? If you have good sense, you probably don't. I did respond, which obviously means I don't have much in the way of good sense. "Sex can be an incredible experience," I said. "When two people care about each other..." I stopped and realized that Mother, who had only ever had sex with my father, probably had no concept of what I was trying to say. "Mother, this might sound like a dumb question," I said. "But what do you think sex is?"

She frowned, blushed, then replied, "What do you think? It's what your daddy done to make me pregnant with you."

"What was it like?" I asked. I had no illusion that she'd tell me my father was a competent lover, but I wondered just what her sexual experiences with him were like.

Mother shrugged again. "First time he done it to me, it hurt like hell and I bled a lot," she said. "I thought I was gonna die for a while. Scared the shit outta me."

Now I knew my mother was a virgin when she married my father. "What about after that?" I asked. I was surprised Mother didn't seem at all embarrassed to be talking about this. Of course there was nothing in her experience that would have taught her to be embarrassed to talk about it. "What about after that?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Didn't hurt as much after the first time," she said. "Never bled when he done it to me after that. Mostly it was just kinda messy, I guess." She looked at me and smiled. "Best thing about lettin' him do it to me was that it got me you."

I felt tears welling up in my eyes at her comment. I walked over to her, put my arms around her, and hugged her. "It didn't ever feel good?" I asked.

Mother looked at me as if I were stupid and shook her head. "Nope. Like I said, after the first couple of times it didn't hurt all that much, but it sure as heck never felt good." She seemed to sense what I was thinking. "Why, is it supposed to feel good? Is there somethin' wrong with me 'cause it didn't?"

I pulled her into my arms and held her tightly against me. I kissed her cheek and said, "Don't worry, there's nothing wrong with you," I told her. "Nothing at all." My words apparently satisfied her because I felt her relax a little in my embrace.

She leaned back in my embrace and smiled at me. "Now havin' you hug me," she said, giggling softly, "that feels real good."

"It feels good to me, too, Mother," I told her. I leaned forward and pressed my lips lightly against hers, kissing her just as I had thousands of times before. Except that it wasn't at all like it had been thousands of times before. I'm not sure why, but that kiss, intended to be innocent, sent powerful feelings through me. I was surprised by it and didn't hold it very long and when I finally

did lift my face from Mother's I saw a look in her eyes that told me the kiss was different for her, too.

"We...um...we gotta get this wood done," Mother said, looking away from me. Her face was bright red. "So I can get going on makin' dinner for your daddy."

"Ah...yeah...we...um...I guess so," I stammered in reply. I finished splitting the wood I'd cut into chunks and mother finished stacking the split wood. Then she went into the house and I used my father's chainsaw to cut more of the logs in the pile in the back yard into chunks that I would split the next day. I needed to keep on working. I hoped it would keep me from thinking about what had happened between my mother and me, but it didn't.

I finished cutting up the wood, cleaned, oiled, and fueled the chainsaw, and put it away in the shed where we kept it, then I walked into the house. It was late and I needed to get ready for work. Mother was standing at the kitchen range, stirring a pot, and when I saw her I knew that at least my life had changed forever. I was no longer looking at Mother, I was looking at a woman and it was a woman I found intriguing and alluring. For the first time, I wondered what the body hidden by mother's loose clothes looked like...and felt like.

Mother looked over at me and smiled. "This stew'll be done 'bout the time you're changed," she said. "Want me to put some out for you 'afore you head off to work?"

"Ah...sure...I...I'll...um..." I stammered.

As I stood in the shower, I found my thoughts again drifting to Mother, and what she might look like nude. The result of my lascivious, forbidden thoughts was an erection, which I took care of by masturbating while imaginary pictures of my mother's naked body flashed through my mind.

Dressed in my uniform and feeling more than a little ashamed of the thoughts I'd been having, I walked out into the kitchen. Mother had a steaming dish of stew waiting on the table for me. She smiled at me and said, "Eat up."

I tried not to act as if anything had changed, sat down, and began to eat. Mother was a great cook and the stew tasted wonderful. While I was eating, she came over and set a glass of milk on the table. "Here," she said. "You need somethin' to wash that down." Instead of walking away, she put her hand on the back of my neck and tickled it lightly. I don't remember her ever doing anything like that before, or if she did, I don't remember it feeling like that. It was as if there was a direct connection between the back of my neck and my penis, a connection that only carried wonderful feelings. A delightful current shot along that connection, causing my penis to stiffen slightly and surprisingly nice feelings to spread up through me. For a second, I had a problem breathing.

"Ah...thanks...Mother," I croaked. I kept eating, although I really couldn't taste the food any more. I finished my meal, stood up,

took the dishes to the sink, and rinsed them. When I turned around, Mother was standing there, looking at me, smiling.

"You look real handsome in your uniform," she said. She grinned. "But don't tell your daddy I said that. You know how he feels about you workin' for Sheriff Ames." Then, before I could move, she walked over to me, hugged me, then she kissed me on the cheek. "Come home safe," she whispered in my ear before she let me go and backed up a step.

The reaction she'd begun by tickling my neck was intensified by her hug. She and I always hugged a lot when I was small - as long as my father wasn't around, of course - but the hugs had been few and far between since I'd come home as an adult. I walked out of the house, got in my cruiser, started it up, picked up the radio mike, and called dispatch. "4125 to dispatch," I said. Almost before the words were out of my mouth I realized I'd used my radio number from my campus security days.

"4125? Who's 4125?" the dispatcher responded. I could tell from the sound of her voice that she was laughing.

"This is County fifteen," I said, correcting my mistake. "Show me 10-41." That's the radio code for "on duty."

"10-4 County fifteen," the dispatcher said. "Or should I say 4125 - fifteen?" This time she didn't try to hide her laughter.

I can't remember having an odder shift than the one I worked that night. It wasn't that so much weird stuff happened, it was more that I was distracted most of the night. At least a half-dozen speeders got a break because I was sitting in my car lost in reveries about my mother's nude body and not paying attention to the readout on my cruiser's radar unit.

I was lucky it was early in the week, because my shift was relatively quiet. We had one fight at the local bar, but it only involved three patrons, not the dozen or so we can expect Friday and Saturday nights. Most of my time was spent on patrol, which gave me a lot of time to think. And the only thing I could think about was my mother. By the time I headed home at the end of my shift, I'd made up my mind that if I could, I was going to help my mother learn what it was like to be loved by someone who really cared about her. She'd spent far too much of her life deprived of that knowledge.

I knew teaching her about sexuality meant she would have to have sex with someone. I also knew that whoever she had sex with had to be a person she knew and trusted and who loved her. From the way I saw it, there was only one person who met those criteria. Me. I was going to seduce my mother and cuckold my father.

It was eleven fifteen when I turned off the highway onto the road our house was located on and picked up my radio mike. "County fifteen to dispatch," I said. "Show me 10-42." That meant I was going off-duty.

"10-4 County fifteen," the dispatcher, a different one than had been on when my shift started, said. "You're 10-42 at 2317. Good night, 4125." That last was followed by cackling laughter. I shook my head. It looked as if the mistake caused earlier by my state of mind was going to stay with me for a while.

I pulled my cruiser up to beside my pickup truck next to the barn, shut the engine off, then I got out, locked it up, went inside, and went to bed. I had to go by my parents' room to get to mine. I stopped in front of their closed door and closed my eyes. All I could think of was my mother, in one of the flannel nightgowns she always wore, lying in her bed, sound asleep, with her beautiful long hair fanned out around her face. That caused an immediate reaction. I could feel my penis stiffening. I took a deep breath and continued on down the hallway to my room, took off my clothes, and fell into bed. As I laid there in the darkness, I tried, but couldn't keep sensuous images of my mother from forming in my mind. I visualized her walking through my door, completely nude. Apparently I have a dramatic streak I wasn't aware of, because in my fantasy, Mother was backlit and, somehow, a gentle breeze was fanning her hair. I knew it wasn't real, but that didn't keep my body from reacting as if it was. I think I mentioned that I'm twenty-five years old, so you know masturbation isn't something new to me. Just the same, that night, while my mother's face filled my thoughts, I experienced the most intense orgasm I'd ever had by my own hand.

For the first time in a long time, the sound of my father leaving for work woke me the next morning. I tried to go back to sleep, but I realized quickly that wasn't going to happen, so I got up. I slipped on a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt, went to the bathroom, then headed for the kitchen. Mother was sitting at the

table, holding a cup of coffee in both hands. She smiled at me. "You're up kinda early, you OK?" she asked.

"I couldn't sleep," I said. I started for the stove to get myself a cup of coffee, but stopped, turned, and walked up behind the chair Mother was sitting in. "How did you sleep?" I asked her. I began combing my fingers through her hair. "You have the softest hair," I said softly. "It's like silk."

"That feels nice, darlin'," Mother said.

I pulled her hair back on one side, bent, and kissed her on the neck. Then I wrapped my arms around her, across her upper chest and kissed her on the cheek. "I love you, Mother," I said.

"I love you, too, darlin'," she replied. She put her hand on my arm. "What's this huggin' all about?"

"I think a pretty lady like you deserves to be hugged a lot," I told her. "And I figure I'm the guy to do it."

Mother squeezed my arm gently. "I ain't complainin'," she said softly. "I like when you hug me. I been missin' it since you went off to college and got all growed up and all. I thought, maybe, you didn't like doin' it no more."

I squeezed her even tighter and kissed her cheek again. "No way," I told her. "You better get used to being hugged, because you're going to get hugged a lot from now on."

"I ain't gonna complain 'bout that," Mother said, giggling softly. I nibbled on her ear a little bit before I let go of her and that made her giggle again. "You can keep doin' that, too," she chuckled.

"OK," I said. I finished my trip to the stove, poured myself a cup of coffee from the pot she kept warm there, then sat down at the table across from her. "What do we have to get done today?" I asked her after I took a sip of coffee.

Mother sipped some of her coffee. "I got to get some laundry done," she replied. "Don't know as there's anything you need to do."

"I can help you with the laundry," I said.

"Laundry's women's work," Mother replied quickly. "Nothing a man should be doin'."

"Who do you think did my laundry when I was in college?" I asked her. "I didn't have a woman to do it for me."

Mother put the cup down and gazed across the table at me with an interesting look. "You have a lotta girlfriends while you was in college?" she asked.

"I dated a few girls," I told her.

"You get serious about any of 'em?"

Mother's question surprised me. She'd never asked me about any of this before.

"Not really," I told her. I'd always wondered why I never really found a girl I "clicked" with. I thought I knew now why that was. The only "girl" I wanted was back here in the hills.

"You ever do sex with any of them?" Mother asked.

That was a question I hadn't expected. I nodded. "A few of them," I said. I was surprised by the look I saw in my mother's eyes. Unless I was totally misreading her, she was hurt and, maybe, a little jealous.

"It didn't mean anything," I added quickly. "It...well...it was just something...you know...to do."

Mother's look changed to one of puzzlement. "Why would you do that?" she asked. "You didn't want to get them pregnant, did you?"

"Heck no," I told her. "No way."

"Then how come you did sex with them?"

"Because it's fun," I said. "Because it feels really good."

"I don't get it," Mother said, shaking her head. "I don't see why anybody would do that for fun."

"Because it isn't the way you think it is, Mother," I said. "Believe me, sex is nothing like what my father did to you."

She studied my face for a while, as if she was trying to be sure I was telling the truth. "What is it like?" she asked.

"It can be the most wonderful experience a person can have," I replied. "Especially if you experience it with someone you really care for and who really cares for you."

"You ever have anything like that?" Mother asked.

I decided that honesty was the best policy. I wanted to pique Mother's interest. "Ah...I've had some good sexual experiences, maybe even a few great sexual experiences," I said. "But I'm not sure I ever had a really incredible sexual experience."

"How come?" Mother asked.

I shrugged. "I guess it's because I've never made love with anyone I care deeply about and who cares deeply about me."

"You wrote there were a lot of girls at college who liked you," Mother said. "And there were a lot of really pretty girls in the pictures you brought home. How come you couldn't find one you could really care about?"

I took a deep breath, looked right at her, and said, "Maybe I wasn't looking in the right place."

Mother's face got bright red and she looked down at the cup she was holding in her hands. "Ah...I...I need a little more coffee, then I need to get my work done," she said.

I didn't realize it at the time, but that was the first step in the journey that led to my eventually getting to make love with my mother.

Chapter 3

I woke up early the day after Mother and I first made love and laid in my bed listening to the sound of my father getting ready for work, then I heard the door slam when he left the house. After that came the sound of his truck starting and heading down the road.

I waited in my bed, my heart pounding, hoping my mother would visit me again. The day before she laid in my arms for a while after we finished making love, then she got up, got dressed, and left the room. I have to admit, she seemed a little uptight and distracted the rest of the day, but we didn't have a lot of contact since I was outside working on the woodpile and she spent the day inside, doing laundry, dishes, and cleaning the house.

As I laid there, I could hear Mother moving around the house, doing things, and that told me she wasn't going to be coming for a visit, so I got out of bed and slipped on a T-shirt and sweat pants, then I went out to the kitchen. Mother was standing at the sink, washing the dishes she'd dirtied cooking my father's breakfast. She was wearing one of the many faded loose housedresses that made up the bulk of her wardrobe. This one was once brown and had faded to a dark tan hue.

"Good morning, Mother," I said when I walked into the kitchen.

"Mornin'," Mother replied without turning around.

I walked over to where Mother was, slipped my arms around her waist, bent, and kissed her on the cheek. I was surprised to feel her body stiffen. "What's the matter, Mother?" I asked.

Mother turned, then backed out my arms until she was standing about three feet away from me. Her face was flushed and I could see confusion and hurt in her eyes. "Why'd you do this to me?" she asked.

"Do what?" I asked.

"You know what I'm talkin' about...what we done yesterday...it's wrong," Mother said. "It's against God's law and man's law."

"Why don't we sit down and talk about this?" I said. I poured myself a cup of coffee - carefully because my hands were shaking - then I walked over to the table and sat down. Mother followed and sat down across the table from me.

I took a sip of my coffee. "Mother, why is it wrong for two people who love each other to show their love?" I asked.

"What we done is more than that," Mother replied quickly. "It ain't right for a mother and son to be doin' what we done. Why'd you do it?"

I sipped some more of my coffee, took a deep breath, and continued, "Because after you told me what my father did to you, I wanted to show you what making love is really like." My eyes were locked on hers. It was almost as if I could see into her mind. I knew she was confused.

"That...it don't matter...we...we shouldn't of..." she stammered.

"I couldn't think of any other way to do it," I continued. "What was I going to do, talk you into making love with somebody else? That wouldn't be right, either."

"If we didn't do nothing, then..." she said, and stopped.

"Are you sorry you've learned what you've learned?" I asked. "Are you sorry you felt the things you felt?"

Mother looked at me for a long time, then she sighed and shook her head. "No, I ain't sorry," she said, her voice almost a whisper.

"Would it have been better if it had been someone other than me who had taught you about making love?" I continued.

She looked down at her hands and shook her head again. "No...I...I'd 'a never done nothin' like that with nobody else." She shuddered visibly. "I couldn't 'a done it with nobody else."

"Do you want to stop?" I asked.

Her eyes came up, her face got redder, and she took a deep breath. Her head moved slowly from side to side and, speaking so softly I could barely hear her, she said, "No...God forgive me, no I...I don't want to stop. I...I never knew I could feel that good." Her eyes fell toward the table again. "I...I can't stop thinkin' about how good what we did felt." I could see a tremor run through her. "And I hate that because thinkin' about it makes

me want to do it again." She looked at me again. "We shouldn't be doin' it. If your father ever finds out..."

"There is no way he'll ever find out," I told her. "I'm not about to tell him and I know you won't." Mother shook her head. I got up, walked around to the side of the table where my mother was sitting, and stood next to her. "Stand up, Mother," I said softly.

She looked up at me, her eyes wide. The same look was in them that I saw when she came to my room the day before. Slowly, she rose from the chair and stood in front of me, gazing into my eyes. She was breathing a little harder than usual, her face remained flushed, and her mouth was slightly open.

I took both of her hands in mine and could feel her trembling. "Do you want to stop what we're doing?" I asked softly.

She bit her lip, took a deep breath, and her head moved slowly from side to side.

I leaned forward and pressed my lips against hers. Her mouth opened slightly and she pressed back against me. Kissing her was totally unlike any kissing I'd ever experienced in my life. Her lips were unbelievably soft and warm, and seemed to bond with mine - it's the only way I can describe it. When we kissed, it felt so wonderful I never wanted to stop. All of the softness and connection also served to have an incredibly erotic effect on me and, I'm pretty sure, on her, too.

After kissing for a few moments, we reluctantly lifted our lips from each other, leaned back, and softly gasped for breath. I looked right into mother's eyes, she looked right into mine.

"I...I never knew...it...kissin' somebody could...could feel so good," Mother stammered softly.

"Me, either," I replied, and noticed the surprised look in Mother's eyes.

"Really?" she said.

"Really." I smiled. "I think it may have something to do with the fact that we love each other."

"Oh," Mother said softly.

I leaned forward and our lips joined again. Our hands were still clasped, fingers intertwined, and they remained that way. As the kiss endured, Mother's body leaned against mine, moving sensuously. I'm not sure she was aware of what she was doing. My body surged forward gently, pushing against hers.

Again we needed to break to get breath, and we did. Mother's face was flushed now, and I thought the lovely glow made her look so much more alluring. I began to unbutton the buttons that ran down the front of her dress. Her eyes, full of love, desire,

and trust remained locked on mine. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly as she breathed.

"I'm not going to call you 'Mother' any more," I said as I undid one button after the other.

"You...you aren't?" Mother murmured, looking puzzled.

"I'm going to call you Jonelle," I said. "Jonelle is my lover." I took a deep breath. "And will always be my lover. Won't you?" I can't remember the last time I heard anybody call my mother by her given name. My father generally calls her, "woman" the few times he makes a direct reference to her. Mostly he just says things like, "hey," "come here," and stuff like that. The guy's a real class act. It's why I feel the way I do about him.

Jonelle bit her lip softly, then nodded slowly.

I had her dress unbuttoned all the way to her waist. I slid my hands inside, onto her bare breasts. Fortunately, my father thought bras were a waste of money, which meant my mother had only a few of them and hardly ever wore one. It felt so wonderful to have her huge, rock-hard nipples pressing into my palms. I squeezed her breasts gently.

"Nnnnnnnnnn!" Jonelle groaned, leaning into me, pressing herself against my hands.

"You like that, don't you, Jonelle?" I asked.

"My Lord, I surely do," she murmured. "You make me feel so good."

"You deserve to feel good," I told her. I leaned forward and, once more, our lips joined. If anything, this kiss felt even better than the ones we'd shared earlier. It was more intense and urgent than our earlier kisses had been and almost felt as if, somehow, she was trying to suck me inside her. While it went on, I continued to cup her breasts gently. I also rotated my palms, teasing her rigid nipples with my palms and teasing my palms with her nipples. Tingling, wonderful feelings raced from my hands, up my arms, and down into my body. Additional marvelous feelings were moving from my lips down into me at the same time, and all of them were joining somewhere deep in my middle.

Gasping for breath, we again pulled our faces apart. The look on Jonelle's face told me I was doing exactly the right things. She was clearly caught up in rapturous feelings, feelings I'd evoked in her. Knowing that I was having that kind of impact on her was pretty heady stuff.

"Want to go to my bedroom?" I asked.

"Yes."

Holding Jonelle's breasts in my hands, I slowly backed down the hallway that led from the kitchen to my bedroom, pausing from time to time to kiss her. She moved with me, her eyes never leaving mine, her tongue occasionally caressing her lips as we moved. When we reached the bedroom, I let go of her breasts and finished unbuttoning her dress. She surprised me by grabbing the waist of my sweat pants and pushing them down. The only problem was that I now had an erection and getting the waist past that gave her a little trouble, but she managed.

"Is...is that...is it...because...because of...of me?" Jonelle murmured. She was staring down, at my erection.

"Yes, only because of you, Jonelle," I told her. "See how wet the tip is?"

She bit her lip softly and nodded slowly.

"That's because of you, too. Are you wet?"

She looked up at me, smiled shyly, and nodded. "And that there's because of you, isn't it?"

I leaned forward again, kissed her gently, then said, "It certainly is." I pushed her dress apart. She shrugged and it slowly slid down over her shoulders, then down her arms, baring her body which now was clad only in a pair of mundane white cotton panties. I grabbed the waist of the panties and pushed them

down, too. When I did, I had to bend over a bit and while I was in that position, I gave each of her nipples a little lick.

"Mmmmmnnnnn!" Jonelle groaned. A shudder went through her.

I straightened up again and looked at my lover's bare body. It was magnificent, truly a woman's body. There were no planes or angles, just soft, wonderful curves, and those curves were all exactly right and in exactly the right places. I have no idea how large her breasts were; all I can say is they were exactly the right size. Her belly was softly, gently rounded. I'd been with girls who have flat bellies and have to tell you that Jonelle's belly was far more feminine in my opinion.

"Do...do you like...lookin' at...at me...like...um...this?" Jonelle stammered, surprising me.

I looked at her. "I love looking at you when you're nude," I told her.

She took a deep breath. "But..." she began.

"You have an incredibly beautiful body," I said, interrupting her. "I honestly don't think I've ever seen a more beautiful one." I took hold of her hips, turned her so her back was to the bed, then gave her a gentle push. Her eyes widened a bit, she took a step backward, then hit the bed and fell onto it.

"You're crazy!" she murmured, smiling up at me. She slid across the bed until she was entirely on it. I noticed that she didn't bring her legs together.

I kneeled on the bed, between her legs, and shuffled up toward her. I could feel my erection bobbing as I did. I also noticed that she's stopped looking at me. Instead her eyes were on my erection and never left it. When I had moved as far up between her legs as I could go, I let myself fall forward, catching myself on outstretched arms. That trapped my erection between our bodies. When I rocked my hips, the shaft of my erection rubbed against Jonelle's sopping-wet labia.

Jonelle's face took on the look of lust and need I'd seen when we were making love the morning before. "Gnnnnnnhhhhh!" she groaned. Her hips rose, pressing her vaginal canal tighter against my erection.

"You want me, don't you, Jonelle?" I murmured.

"Lord, yes!" she moaned. "I need it, J.J.! Oh, Lord, I need it! Put it in me! Please, darlin', put it in me!"

I lifted my hips, reached down between us, and positioned the tip of my erect penis in the center of her opening, in the portal through which I would be entering her body. Then I lowered my hips slightly and felt her warmth and dampness engulfing the

arrow-shaped head. It felt so good I couldn't be quiet. "Yesssss!" I groaned. "Oh, yesssss!"

"Mmmmmm! Oh, yeah!" Jonelle groaned. Her hips again surged upward and the movement drew me deeper into her.

I kept lowering my hips until I was all the way into her, my hips pressing hers into the mattress. I lowered my upper body and pressed my mouth against hers. We exchanged another wild, wonderful kiss. The fires of need were by now a free-burning conflagration inside me. Being in Jonelle's body felt way too good. I couldn't keep still. I began to move my hips up and down, sliding my erection in and out of her.

"Yeah! Oh, yeah, J.J.!" she moaned. "So good! That's so good! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Uhh! Uhhhhh!" Her hips were moving, too, pushing up against me, matching my thrusts.

I broke our kiss, pushed myself back up on straightened arms, and continued to work my hips against hers while I gazed down at her face. I experienced a rush of joy from the look on her face. She was clearly receiving intense bliss as a result of what we were doing.

Making love to Jonelle felt way too good. I wasn't sure how long I'd be able to keep it up without coming. On the other hand, from the passionate sounds my lover was making and the increasingly zealous movements of her body, I had a feeling she would be coming very soon.

"Nnnnnahhhh!" she cried, surprising me. Her body went into wracking spasms that were strong enough to make it feel as if I was riding a bucking bronco. "Unnnnnnn! Unnnnnnnnnnn! Ahhhhhhhhhh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Yeah, me, too! Oh, God, yeah, me, toooooooo!" I groaned when my hot fluids came jetting out of me, accompanied by powerful spasms that caused my body to tremble with the ultimate in joy.

Our bodies kept straining and twisting against each other. It was as if Jonelle's body, which had once sheltered and nurtured mine, wanted to draw me back inside and my body wanted that to happen.

Eventually our frantic movements began to lose their force. Our motions became more like a gentle ride on the waves as opposed to the wild bucking I'd experienced earlier. Finally we stopped moving entirely. I again lowered myself and kissed Jonelle, a passionate kiss she returned with equal passion.

When I felt my penis start to soften, I pulled myself out of her and allowed my body to drop onto the bed next to hers.

Jonelle rolled on her side, facing me, and gazed at me wide-eyed, looking awed. "You done it again," she said softly, in a tone that said she was surprised that I'd again made her feel wonderful.

"So did you," I told her.

"But I didn't do nothin'," she said. "I just laid here. You did it all. Lord!"

"I want it to be good for you," I told her.

"Oh, Lord, I can't tell you," she responded. "I never knew...Lord, I never dreamed...I could feel as good as you make me feel when we...you know...do sex."

"When we make love," I told her. I kissed her gently. "Don't be afraid to say it."

"When we...make...love...make love," she repeated. She smiled. "Yeah...when we make love. God, you make love to me so darn good."

"It's easy because I love you," I said. I wrapped my arm around her and was delighted when she snuggled against me.

"I love you, too, J.J.," she said.

Chapter 4

As I said, my seduction of my mother took six months. I didn't know it would take that long when I began, but I was aware that I needed to be careful because if I pushed too hard, I'd lose any chance I might ever have. So I proceeded slowly and cautiously, even though it was difficult, more difficult than anything I've ever done.

I started by giving her hugs and kisses - usually on the cheek - every chance I got. She got hugged and kissed whenever we were alone. When I first saw her in the morning, she got not only a hug, but also a "friendly" kiss on the lips. I did the same thing when I left for work every day. At first she seemed a bit tense about being kissed on the mouth, but after a few days, she was obviously looking forward to it. In addition to my morning and afternoon kisses and hugs, I began hugging her and kissing her other times during the day. I wanted her to get used to being hugged and kissed for no real reason.

As much as possible, I tried to add other ways of touching her to what I was already doing. I loved running my fingers through her hair and did that a lot. She seemed to like that almost as much as I liked doing it.

"You really like my hair, don't you?" she murmured one day while I was combing my fingers through those silken tresses.

"You better believe I do," I told her. "I've liked playing with your hair ever since you taught me to help you cut it."

She giggled softly. "Most boys wouldn't think that was so neat," she said.

"If their mother was as gorgeous as you are and had pretty hair like yours they would have," I replied. "If they didn't, there was something wrong with them." I bent, brushed her hair aside, and kissed her neck. I liked how the silky strands felt against my face. Mother shuddered when I did that.

"Did you like that?" I asked her.

She nodded her head. "When you do that, it makes me feel kinda tingly inside," she said softly.

"It's supposed to," I told her.

She turned her head and looked at me. "But...should...should you...you know...be doin' stuff...stuff like that...to...to me?" she asked.

"I'm making you feel good, right?" I said.

She nodded.

My heart was starting to pound. Her comment told me I was getting to her in exactly the way I wanted to. "Why would it be wrong for me to make my mother feel good?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I...I dunno," she murmured. "I...I was just wonderin', you know?"

I nuzzled into her neck and kissed her there again. And again I felt the little shudder run through her. "Well, don't worry about it," I told her after I finished nuzzling her. "I'd never, ever, do anything to hurt you."

She looked up at me, smiled, and took my hand. "I know you won't," she told me.

By the end of the first month, my mother had to be the most hugged, kissed, caressed, and tickled woman in the county. And I'd started to notice that she was actually leaning into me a little when I hugged her, and it was starting to feel as if she was returning my kisses with more and more forcefulness, too.

I was sitting at the breakfast table one morning, nearly a month after I'd begun my seduction efforts, when mother, who was standing at the stove, surprised me with a question. "What's it supposed to feel like when...?"

I turned to look at her and was surprised to see that her face was bright red. "What's it supposed to feel like when what?" I asked.

I didn't think it was possible for her face to get redder, but it did. "When...when you...when somebody...when they do...um...sex?" she asked.

It wasn't a question I expected to hear, but it certainly was a welcome one. I stood up, walked over to where she stood, and took her into my arms. "It is supposed to feel better than anything ever felt," I told her. "It's supposed to be the best feeling in the world."

She pressed her face against my chest. "Did...when you...when you did sex with them girls at college...did...was it...was it...like that...with...with them?" she murmured.

"It felt really good," I told her. "But I've never had a sexual experience that is as wonderful as I've heard described in things people have written."

She leaned back in my arms and looked at me, wide-eyed. "You...you mean people write about doin' sex?" she asked. "You're puttin' me on, right?"

I shook my head and smiled. "It's called erotic literature," I explained. "People write stories, sometimes books, about what it's like to be in love and to make love."

"Where do you find stuff like that?" she asked.

"There's a lot of it on the internet," I told her. "There are other sites about love-making, too. I saw one called 'The Clitoris.com' a while back. It has a lot of information about love-making and is written by and for women."

She looked puzzled. "You mean it tells you how to do sex?" she asked.

"Sort of," I told her. "But there's more to it than that. It's a guide women can use to learn about their bodies, and about love-making."

"Are there a lot of dirty pictures and stuff?" Mother asked.

"There are some illustrations," I said. "Things that can help women learn more about what pleases them and how to do it."

"Do...do you...um...read...that...that stuff...a...a lot?" she stammered.

"I like some kinds of erotic literature," I told her. "Stories that are well-written and believable. Some of it is junk."

Mother had a very sad look on her face as she gazed into my eyes and shook her head. "There's a whole lotta stuff I don't know

about, isn't there?" she asked. "I mean, I'm just a dumb old country hick, right?"

"You're not dumb," I snapped. "Don't ever let anybody tell you that. You're a bright woman."

"Then how come I don't know much?"

"Because you haven't had the chance to learn," I said. "Remember what my teacher wrote on those papers you wrote and I let her grade back when I was in high school?"

She blushed a little and nodded.

"Miss Dixon said they were good, didn't she?"

She nodded again. "She said they were 'well written and insightful,'" she murmured.

I smiled, thrilled that she still remembered the compliment verbatim. And that it was a good memory I'd arranged for her to have. "See?" I said. "You're not dumb, and it isn't just me saying so. It's just that there are things you haven't had the chance to learn."

"You mean like about doin' sex?"

"I mean about making love," I said. "Would you like to learn?"

"I guess," she said. "But what good will it do me? Your father, he ain't never gonna learn anything about that."

"Let's forget about him for now," I said. "If you want to learn, I'll help you."

"OK," she said.

"I can download and print information for you to read," I said, "or you can use the computer and read it there."

"Print it for me," she said. "I...I still don't feel right usin' your computer."

I can't tell you how excited I was feeling. My plan was working, and things were moving forward...and Mother was setting the pace. "OK," I said.

I printed out a lot of information from the web site I'd told Mother about and gave it to her. "There's a lot of information here," I said. "Take your time. And you can ask me if you have any questions."

She took the sheaf of papers and held them gingerly, as if she wasn't sure whether she wanted them or not. Then she smiled. "It's a good thing your father can't read, isn't it?" she said.

"It sure is," I said. "But there are some pictures in there. If he sees them he's going to wonder what you're up to."

"Pictures..." She leafed through the pile of papers and turned bright red again when she saw some of the drawings of people making love. "Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed. "I don't know 'bout this."

"If you want, I can white the pictures out," I said.

Mother, still blushing, looked at me and smiled. "Don't do that," she said. "If I'm trying to learn something, maybe the pictures will help."

I grinned back at her. "Maybe," I said. Thoughts of what she might learn from both the text and pictures were causing considerable turmoil in my groin.

I wondered what would happen when my mother read the information I'd given her. I knew what I hoped would happen, but wasn't sure whether it would or not.

Chapter 5

On the second night after my affair with my mother began, I had a very busy shift at work and made several arrests. Because of all the paperwork I had to finish, I didn't get home until almost 2 a.m. I fell asleep thinking positive thoughts about what would happen when I woke up in the morning. Those fantasies, it turned out, were far less than the reality I awoke to. In fact, I awoke to movement caused by somebody getting into bed with me. I opened my eyes and saw that the "somebody" was my mother. And, to my great delight, she was totally naked.

"Good morning, Jonelle," I said.

"Mornin'" she replied. She stretched out next to me, snuggled her bare body against mine, and then she kissed me. It was the kind of kiss one lover gives another first thing in the morning, a wonderful, deep, passionate kiss.

"Wow!" I exclaimed when the kiss ended. I put my arm around her and began stroking her back lightly. I was surprised and delighted that my mother had come to my bed and was acting as if she wanted to make love with me. The hesitation and doubt I'd seen the past few days seemed to be gone.

"I could hardly stand waiting until he was gone," she said. She put a "I was awake half the night last night thinking about bein'

with you again today." She took a deep breath. "I couldn't hardly wait until we could...we could make...make love again."

I kissed her and she returned the kiss. I think I've probably told you that kissing my mother is more wonderful than kissing any other woman I've known, but that's how I feel and I can't think of any other way to put it. Jonelle's lips are so soft and the feelings that go through me when we're kissing are so incredible. I can't even begin to describe what it's like. Of course having her wonderful nude body writhing against mine when we're kissing helps add to the pleasure, too.

I'd started to get hard the minute she slid into bed with me. The kisses we shared, plus the contact of her body against mine, had me completely hard in seconds. My erection, trapped between us, was sandwiched between her belly and mine.

Jonelle giggled. "Your thing's hard again," she murmured. "Is it always like that when you're around women?"

"Not 'women,'" I replied. "Just one particular woman. I've never been like this before."

My comment turned her face bright red. "You...you ain't just saying that, are you?" she asked.

"What you're feeling is action, not talk," I said. "I can't fake that."

"Ah...yeah...I...um...I guess not," she stammered. She closed her eyes and seemed to be thinking and while that was going on, her face seemed to get even redder. Then she took a long, deep breath, let it out, and opened her eyes. "Would...would you...uh...if...if I was...if I said I...?" she stammered.

"What are you trying to ask me, Jonelle?" I said. I could see she found her question embarrassing, but didn't have a clue what it was?

She avoided my gaze. "I...I want to...I want to...um...see...you know...um...it," she stammered.

"You want to see my erection?" I asked.

She nodded without speaking.

"Oh...sure...no problem," I said. I pulled the covers off us and rolled onto my back. I sleep in the nude, so that left my swollen penis pointing at the ceiling. Well, all right, the angle it was at probably had it pointing at the spot where the walls and ceiling joined above the head of my bed.

Jonelle pushed herself up on one arm and gazed down my body at my erection. "I...I never looked at a...man's...um...thing...before," she murmured, without taking her eyes off it.

"It's called a penis," I said. "The way mine is now, it's an erection." I know there are people who like to use cruder expressions for their sexual organs. I'm not one of them.

Jonelle looked at my erection for a while, then she turned and smiled at me. "You have a real pretty penis," she said.

It was my turn to blush. Nobody ever told me I had a pretty penis before.

Her gaze returned to my erection. "Can...can I...uh...touch it?" she asked hesitantly.

"Go...ah...ahead...um...help...yourself." It was my turn to stammer. Today was a whole lot different than yesterday and the day before had been. Maybe admitting that she did want our affair to continue left my mother feeling more able to be an active participant.

Mother reached out and touched the shaft of my erect penis with her finger. "It's real hot," she said softly. She slid her finger upward, along one of the veins sticking out on the side of my erection. "And it's real hard, too." She turned back to me. "It isn't always hard, is it?"

"Ah...no...most...of...the time it...it isn't hard," I managed to say. She was just barely touching me, but it felt wonderful.

"And it gets hard like this because of me?"

"Oh, yeah!"

She slid her fingers up and touched the purple, arrow-shaped tip. That felt way too good. I let out a soft groan and shuddered.

Jonelle pulled her hand back. "Did I hurt you?" she asked.

"Oh, God, no!" I told her. "What you were doing feels wonderful."

"Oh, OK," Jonelle said. She turned and again began running her fingers up and down the swollen shaft jutting from my middle. She traced the flared edge of the purple head of my erection, then slid a finger over the tip. "There's something coming out of it," she said, without turning around. "Some kinda slippery stuff."

Incredible sensations were whipping through me. "Ah...yeah...uh...when I'm...ah...um...really turned on...um...like I...ah...am...now, it...um...does that," I explained. "You know...I...um...I told you about it...ah...yesterday."

"Oh, yeah, you did," Jonelle said. She leaned over me a little bit and rubbed her finger over the tip of my erection again. That drew another groan from me. I experienced more fantastic sensations when, as she moved, her hair trailed over my lower chest. I'd never anticipated how absolutely great that would feel.

"You told me one time you did this to yourself, didn't you?" Jonelle asked. She was tickling the side of my erection that faced my feet, a particularly sensitive part of my anatomy, and incredible feelings were shooting through me as a result. "When we ere talking about what I read about women playing with themselves in that stuff you gave me to read." Her fingers continued to explore my erection, sending delicious feelings shooting through me. Her actions were not very expert but I think that made them even more thrilling.

"Ah...um...yeah...I...um...do...ah...sometimes," I stammered. "But...it...when I do it doesn't...ohhh...feel as good...as...ummmm...when...ah...you....do...it."

She turned her head and looked at me. "How do you do it when you do it?" she asked.

I thought I'd anticipated every question she might ask, but I hadn't. I couldn't possibly have dreamed that I'd be lying in bed with my mother while she played with my erection and asked me about the technique I use when I masturbate. I couldn't have dreamed it, but I was living it. "Ah...I wrap my hand around it and...you know...stroke it," I croaked.

"I kinda thought it might be something like that," Jonelle said. She wrapped her hand around my erection and began stroking me.

"Oh, God!" I groaned. My body jerked. I was being masturbated by someone else for the first time in my life, that someone was my mother, and it felt way better than it ever felt when I did myself.

Jonelle heard my exclamation and felt me move and stopped, although she did keep her hand wrapped around my erection. "Did I hurt you?" she asked.

"Ah...no...it feels...incredible," I gasped. "It feels way too good, actually. If...if you keep that up, you could make me come. I'm gonna make a huge mess if that happens."

"Oh yeah?" she said. She glanced at me and smiled. "You mean if I keep doin' this..." She began sliding her hand up and down on my erection faster and faster. "...you're gonna shoot your stuff?"

"Ah...yeah...I...Oh, God! I sure am!" I moaned in reply. "Are...are you sure you...want me...to...to make a mess?"

"Go ahead," she replied. She'd gone back to staring at my erection while she stroked it. I could see the side of her face and noticed that she was a little flushed and that the tip of her tongue was jutting out from between her lips. It made me wonder if she wasn't getting a little turned on by what she was doing.

I lifted my hand and started to caress her back while she stroked me. She didn't turn her head or give me any indication she was

aware of my caress. She did keep stroking me, though. My insides were churning and I was feeling better than I'd ever felt before from masturbation. If what I was experiencing was any indication, I was going to hit the ceiling when I finally did come.

Only a few seconds later, I could feel it starting to happen. "Oh...God! Oh...God! Oh...God!" I groaned. My hips were bouncing up and down, then I was coming. I had my eyes closed, but felt the first jet of my erupting fluids splattering on my belly. Mother's hand kept moving, and what she was doing was aided as my gushing fluids lubricated me. . "Oh...God! Oh...God! Oh...God!" I was feeling better than I ever dreamed it was possible to feel outside of actually making love with a woman.

Mother kept stroking me well past the time I had stopped shooting any fluids. Even though I wasn't ejaculating, it still felt incredibly good, so good it verged on being painful. She finally stopped when my penis began to soften noticeably. I could feel puddles of my warm, sticky fluids on my belly and running down my sides. I knew I should get up and get myself cleaned off, but I couldn't move. I felt the bed move, opened my eyes, and saw mother sitting there, gazing at me, with a smile on her face. "Did I do that good?" she asked.

"It was unreal," I replied. "But...but what about you?"

She continued to smile. "Stay where you are," she said. "I'll get something to clean you off." She slid over and got up, slipped on her bathrobe, and walked out of my bedroom. I'd never have expected the things that had transpired so far today. I heard

water running in the bathroom, then footsteps coming down the hall and mother walked into my room carrying a washcloth and towel. She came back to the bed, sat down, and began wiping the puddles of come off me.

"Wow, that washcloth is hot," I exclaimed.

Mother giggled. "You want me to go make it cold?"

"No, actually that feels nice," I said. "How long has it been since you've washed me?"

"Long time," she said. "I useta like givin' you baths. You'd get to playin' in the water and stuff, and laughing." She finished wiping my belly and began cleaning off my penis, which was soft and lying against my belly.

"I don't remember much about that far back," I said, "but I'll take your word for it." Having her wash my penis felt good. Very good. In fact...

"Hey, your th...ah...penis is starting to get hard again," she said.

"Yeah...I guess it likes when you wash it," I told her. I gasped when she dragged the warm, wet cloth over the tip. "Oh, God," I said.

Mother had a grin on her face and her eyes were sparkling. "I get the feelin' you like my washin' you," she said. She wrapped the warm cloth around my penis, now fully erect, and began to stroke it gently. "This here feels as if you like it a lot."

"Oh, yeah, I sure do," I replied. "I don't just like it, I love it." Mother still had her robe on. I slid my hand inside the robe and, as she parted her legs, I slid it between them, and found that she was sopping wet. "Looks to me as if you like washing me, too," I commented.

Mother continued to "wash" my erection and nodded. She had a smile on her face that was a mixture of love, pleasure, and desire. She gasped softly when I slid a finger up between her labia and teased the tip of her clit. I did it again and this time her gasp was a little louder and her body jolted. We continued to tease each other a little longer, then Jonelle leaned over and kissed me. I've already mentioned how wonderful it is to kiss her, but there was a fabulous new addition to our kiss this time. When she leaned over me to kiss me, her soft hair tumbled across my face. God, did that ever feel wonderful!

While we exchanged kisses that grew more and more passionate, I slid my hand up and began toying with her breasts and nipples. The next time we paused for breath, my lover's face was flushed and she was gasping. Her huge nipples were as rigid as rocks.

"Move over...so...so I can...lay...down," she gasped. "I...I want to feel you...in...me."

"You go on top this time," I told her.

She looked puzzled. "Don't...don't know how to...do that," she panted.

"Just move so you're kneeling over my legs," I said. She did as I suggested. "Now slid up a little," I added. She did that, too. She was kneeling over me, her arms out straight, her hips were above mine and her hanging breasts were tantalizingly close to my face. I grabbed my erection. "Lower your hips slowly," I told her, and she did. Eventually I felt her warmth and slippery wetness on the tip of my erection. Her hips continued to drop and I was enveloped in the wonderful snug grip of her vaginal opening.

"Oh, yeah!" she murmured as she sank onto me. "I saw pictures of people doin' it like this in those papers you gave me. This feels good!" She pushed herself up so her body was at a right angle to mine. I slid her robe down over her shoulders and she shrugged it off.

"It sure does," I told her. As wonderful as it had been to have her caressing my erection, that was nothing compared to how it marvelous it felt being inside her. I groaned softly when I felt Jonelle's vaginal muscles contracting around my swollen penis. I thought, maybe, she was close to coming, but when I looked up, she was smiling down at me. The contractions happened again and I moaned again.

Mother chuckled. "You like that?" she asked.

"Oh, God, yes!" I groaned.

"I read how you can do that in the papers you gave me," she said. "Thought I'd see if it actually worked." She grinned. "Guess it does, huh?"

"It sure does," I told her. "That feels so good." I found the fact that my mother was being more sexually aggressive extremely exciting. As far as I was concerned, it was a good omen for the future. Mother continued to contract her vaginal muscles on me, then she leaned forward, put her hands on my shoulders, and began lifting and lowering her hips. As she leaned over me, supporting her upper body on outstretched arms, her long hair formed a kind of tent covering my face. Her breasts had swung down and her huge, rigid nipples were dangling very near my lips. I lifted my head, gently drew one nipple into my mouth, and began suckling it and lashing it with my tongue. It was my mother's turn to groan and shudder.

"God, I love when you do that to my breasts," she murmured. Her hips kept rising and falling and the contractions I felt became closer and closer together.

I switched my attention to her other breast. That caused her movements to become even more urgent and the sounds coming from her to be more impassioned.

"Oh, Jesus!" Mother groaned. "Oh, God, J.J., it's gonna happen again. I...it's gonna happen again!"

I grabbed her bottom and began shoving my hips up against hers while she ground her hips down against me. "Come for me, Jonelle," I told her. "Go ahead, darling, come for me! Don't wait."

"Uhhhh! Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh!" she moaned. Her body went into a series of undulating movements. I was clutching her buttocks and could feel her muscles tightening and loosening as her orgasm detonated. "Unnnnnnn! Ummmmmm! Ohhhhhhhhh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Yessssss! Oh, God, yessssss! Yessssssssssssss!" I groaned. I was surprised to feel my hot fluids bubbling up and jetting into my mother's vibrating body once more. I'd never had two orgasms in one love-making session before.

Mother lowered herself so she was lying against me while our bodies continued to writhe and we labored against each other for a little longer. As our passion began to calm, our movements did, too. Eventually we laid still. Even then I could feel her vaginal walls making small spasms around my softening penis.

Mother was lying with her head buried in my neck. I felt her take a deep breath. "Lord, J.J. I needed that so bad," she whispered. "You always make me feel so good."

I began to trail my fingers up and down her back and felt her shudder against me. "You deserve to feel good," I told her. "You went far too long without knowing how good it's possible for a woman to feel."

"You got that right," she said. I felt her kiss my neck gently. "I wonder why my momma never told me nothin' about this. Or one of my sisters."

"Maybe they didn't know," I ventured. My penis, continuing to soften, slid out of her.

"Oh, darn, you ain't in me no more," Mother murmured. "It tickles when you come out of me like that."

"There are times I wish I never had to come out of you," I told her. "I love you."

"I love you, too, J.J.," she replied. "You're my baby. My only baby."

"It's more than that," I said. "I love you the way a man loves his woman. I think, maybe, I always have."

"Oh," Mother said. She laid there, quiet, for quite a while. Then she pushed herself up so she could look down at me. "I love you that way, too, J.J.," she said. "I know it probably ain't right, but I do." She lowered her face to mine and we kissed, deeply and

tenderly. When the kiss ended, she pushed herself up and we looked at each other lovingly for what seemed like a terribly long time. I think that was the first time I realized my mother wasn't just attractive, she was lovely.

"I gotta get up and clean myself up," she said after a bit. "And I gotta get busy. I have lots of stuff I need to get done."

Her comment seemed to break the spell that had formed between us. She slid off me, got out of bed and slipped her bathrobe back on. Then she leaned over and kissed me. "You got me all messy," she said, grinning at me. "Now I gotta take another bath."

"You complaining?" I asked.

Mother blushed and shook her head. "You know I ain't."

"OK," I said. "I love you."

"I love you, too," she replied. She turned and walked out of my bedroom.

Chapter 6

My campaign to seduce my mother continued to move forward, although I was never sure when it would move to another stage. Almost three months to the day after I started it, I got up one morning, slipped on sweatpants and a T-shirt, and went out to have breakfast, just like I always did. The house, as always, was filled with wonderful smells from Mother's cooking. She was standing at the stove when I walked into the kitchen. Today she was wearing another of her faded housedresses, this one a faded blue color.

"Good morning, Mother," I said. I walked over, slid my arms around her from behind, gave her a hug, buried my face in her hair, and kissed her on the neck, just below her ear. Mother's response was a soft, sensual giggle and a little wiggle of her body. Her bottom was pressed against me and that wiggle caused an immediate reaction in my groin. I pulled my hips back to keep her from feeling my body's response to contact with hers.

Reluctantly I released her, turned, and poured myself a cup of coffee. Then I walked to the kitchen table and sat down. Mother brought a plate holding a heap of with corn beef hash that had poached eggs atop it over to the table and set it in front of me. She walked back to the counter, got herself a cup of coffee, then she joined me at the table, sitting in a chair next to mine.

"How was your night?" she asked.

I finished chewing what I had in my mouth, swallowed, then washed it down with some coffee. "Busy," I said. "Scott and I had to bust a guy who's been stalking his ex-wife. He broke into her house and was beating the crap out of her and her new boyfriend when we got there."

Mother shook her head and frowned. "Your job is so dangerous," she said. "I'm always worried you'll get hurt."

I took her hand and squeezed it. "I try to be as careful as I can," I told her. "The thing I'm always thinking about is keeping myself safe so I can come home to you."

Mother squeezed my hand back. "You darn well better come home to me," she said. "I'd be real upset if you didn't."

I grinned at her. "I'd be upset, too."

I finished my breakfast, got up, took my dishes to the sink, and rinsed them off. As I did, I heard Mother sliding her chair back. When I turned around, she was walking toward me. I noticed that she'd left her coffee cup on the table. She walked over to where I stood in front of the sink, wrapped her arms around me, buried her face against my chest, and gave me a fierce hug.

"I worry about you getting hurt every night," she murmured. She tightened her arms again. "I don't think I could live if something happened to you."

I'd slid my arms around her and squeezed her back. "Nothing's going to happen to me," I told her.

"Having you around is the only thing that keeps me from goin' crazy," Mother said softly. She gave me another squeeze.

It felt way too good having her body pressed against mine. My body was responding the way the body of any sensible heterosexual male would have. I tried to keep my hips pulled back so Mother wouldn't feel the erection that was starting to tent my sweatpants.

"It was awful here when you was off at college," she continued. "I didn't have hardly nobody to talk to."

I could feel her shaking a little, then I felt wetness soaking through my T-shirt and realized she was crying. "Mother, it's all right," I said. "I'm home now and I'm not leaving."

Mother leaned back in my arms and looked up at me. Her eyes were red and still filled with tears. "Someday...someday you're...you'll find a girl, then you'll get married and leave me here alone again," she said softly. A tear seeped out of her right eye and made a trail down her cheek.

I wiped the tear away with one finger, then I kissed her on the forehead, pulled back, and looked her directly in the eyes. "I'm

holding the only woman I ever want in my life in my arms right now," I told her. "I'm never, ever going to leave you...unless you tell me to go away."

Mother pressed herself against me again and gave me a hug that was even stronger than the ones she'd given me earlier. The way she her body was plastered to mine, she had to have felt my erection pressing against her. "You aren't just sayin' that, are you?" she murmured against my chest.

I combed my fingers through her hair as I held her. "No, I'm not just saying that," I said. "I mean it. There is no way I'm ever going to leave you again. I'm not planning to leave this mountain, but if I ever do, I promise you'll be going with me."

"What...what about your...your father?" she murmured.

"He can stay right here on the mountain," I said.

My comment got me another powerful hug. Mother continued to hang on to me for a few more moments, then she leaned back in my arms again. "You really do love me, don't you?" she asked, looking at me wide-eyed.

"You know I do," I told her. "And you better know I always will."

I wasn't expecting Mother to kiss me, but she did. And what a kiss! It was unquestionably the hottest kiss I ever shared with a

female. My penis wasn't just stiff any more; it was throbbing. I experienced such an intense rush of pleasure I was afraid I'd come in my pants. Mother's body was pressed against mine as if she was trying to meld the two of us. And even more surprising, it wasn't a French kiss. Mother's mouth was open, but her tongue stayed home.

We finally broke apart because we had to breathe, I think. Mother stood there, looking at me, gasping, her face flushed. "What...oh, Lord, J.J., what happened?" she panted. "I...I ain't never felt like this."

"Me, either," I admitted. Part of me wanted to grab her, drag her into my bedroom, and jump her bones right there. But I didn't. I doubt if she'd have resisted, but somehow I knew she wasn't really ready to have the kind of relationship I wanted to have with her. I wanted her to come to me, to be fully committed to the relationship I hoped to have with her.

"I...um...I gotta go...do...do the...um...dishes," Mother stammered. She turned toward the sink, put the stopper in the drain, and turned on the water.

"I love you, Mother," I told her.

"I love you, too, J.J.," she replied, without looking at me.

I shuffled down the hallway to the bathroom. I had to do something about the throbbing erection I had, and did. Images

of what I believed my mother's nude body looked like played in my imagination like the most wonderful erotic movie ever made while I masturbated. It took every last bit of self-control I had not to scream out Mother's name when I finally came. I can't remember ever coming as much as I did then, either.

After I had relieved my built-up pressure, I went out and did some work on making our front yard look nicer. I had put in a white stone walk that led from the porch down to the road and I'd raked, roto-tilled, and re-seeded the yard so we'd have a nice, even green lawn. The last job was to put flowerbeds along the front of the porch, on either side of the steps. I was edging them with special edging bricks I'd bought. Mother had talked about having a nice front yard for as long as I could remember. My father never had time to do it, and didn't really care how the house looked. He also didn't care enough about Mother to do anything she wanted, either. I did, thus my work on the yard. When he saw what I was doing, he started to complain, but he shut up when I said I was paying for everything.

Mother came out with some sandwiches and soda at lunchtime. "The yard looks really nice, J.J.," she said.

"You're going to have to tell me what kind of flowers you want," I told her. I noticed she was sitting by herself, almost as if she was afraid to get too close to me. I took that as a good sign.

After lunch I worked on the yard for another couple of hours, then I put my tools away, went in, took a shower, and got ready to go to work. I walked out to the kitchen and found Mother

there. She was just putting my lunch things in the small cooler I carry.

"I could have done that," I told her.

She turned and smiled at me. "I like doin' stuff for you," she said. I saw her looking at me. Her face reddened a little. "You look so handsome in your uniform," she added, sounding almost shy.

"Lots of women love a man in uniform," I said, grinning.

"Well, they damn well better stay away from my man in uniform," Mother said, then she blushed furiously.

I chuckled. "How about I shoot any that try to get too close?"

"If you don't shoot 'em, I will," Mother said, grinning back at me.

"Well, I better get going," I said. I held my arms out, Mother stepped into them, and we kissed. The minute our lips met, I knew something was different. The kiss was far more fervent than the ones we normally shared before I went to work, although it wasn't nearly as stirring as the one we'd shared earlier., but it was a whole lot hotter than the way she normally kissed me before I left for work. I could feel it having an impact where I really didn't want it to, especially since I was about to leave for work.

I broke the kiss and stepped back. "Uh...I...um...I'll see you in the morning, Mother," I croaked.

"You be careful, come home safe," she said.

"I will," I told her.

Chapter 7

It wasn't a surprise when my mother slid into bed with me on the fourth day of our affair. Her lovely warm, bare body molded itself to me and her lips pressed against mine. Wonderful passionate feelings began arcing between us like high-voltage electricity. My arms wrapped around her and my penis reacted immediately. Well, actually it had begun to react the minute she walked through my bedroom door and, by the time she'd taken her dress off, it was pretty much as erect as it was going to get. As we continued our voracious kiss, our tongues probed and jostled, adding to the excitement exploding between us.

"Wow!" I gasped when the kiss finally ended. "Jonelle, you sure do know how to kiss your man. Nobody ever kissed me like you kiss me."

Mother's pretty face turned bright red. "You're just sayin' that," she murmured, but I could tell she was thrilled by my compliment.

"You know what?" I said. I brushed her long, silky hair back behind her ears.

"What?"

I grinned. "I think it's your turn today."

Mother looked puzzled. "My turn for what?"

"Yesterday you did a whole lot of things that made me feel really good," I said. "I think today it should be your turn to have me do things to you that make you feel really good."

Mother looked even more confused and maybe a little worried. "What're you gonna do to me?" she asked warily.

I grinned at her and shrugged. "I don't know, is there anything in particular you read about in that information from 'The Clitoris.com' I gave you that you want to try?"

Her face turned bright red. "I can't even say some of the stuff they tell about," she replied.

"Well, if you won't tell me what you want me to do, I guess I'll just have to figure it out myself," I said. "Roll on your back."

"Ah...OK." Mother rolled onto her back, but she kept her head turned to the side, watching me carefully with wide eyes.

I pushed myself up on my elbow a little, leaned over, and kissed her again. I know I'm repeating myself, but I get more pleasure out of kissing Jonelle than I did out of having sex with a few girls I dated in college. Our kisses always started gently and lovingly, but quickly evolved into passionate couplings. I've already used the analogy of high-voltage electricity arcing between us, but I can't think of a better way to describe the way it felt when our kisses became truly hot. It was as if we were trying to devour each other, or perhaps join our bodies into one in some way. It was, simply put, an unreal, totally fabulous experience.

As wonderful as necking with my mother was, I did have other things in mind so I eventually began kissing her elsewhere. I started by kissing my way across her cheek, down toward her ear. When I first started teasing her ear with my lips and tongue, she giggled, but the giggles soon turned into soft murmurs of delight. At the same time I was kissing her, I began lightly "dancing" my fingertips over the skin of her upper chest, just below her breasts, trying to make my touch as light as I possibly could. My plan was to take as long as I could to tease and arouse her, showing her new ways I could rouse her and make her feel wonderful. Every day I learned more and more about what turned her on and I tried to use all of that knowledge.

"Ummmm!" she murmured, squirming a little.

I eventually left her ear and kissed my way down her neck, then along her collar bone. At the same time, my fingers kept dancing lightly over her chest. From time to time I'd lightly caress the underside of one breast or the other and each time I did, I heard a soft gasp. Using my peripheral vision, I could see that Mother's huge, wonderful nipples had grown erect and were jutting proudly from her breasts. I intended to explore quite a bit of my mother's body today, and those mouth-watering buds of flesh were one of the important stopovers in my journey of exploration.

My lips ventured onto the upper part of Mother's chest and I licked and kissed my way across from one side to the other, then back. She was gasping softly, causing her chest to rise and fall delightfully as she did. I imagined that her pulse was pounding, too, and almost thought I could feel her thudding heartbeat when I was kissing her silky skin. I lifted my head and looked down at the woman who'd given me birth. Her brown hair had fanned out on the pillow, framing her attractive face. Her eyes were closed, but her face wore a look of bliss, a look I'd put there.

I bent and pressed my lips against hers. For the next few moments we shared more wonderful kisses. This time Mother's hands lifted and cupped my head as we did.

I did return to my journey of loving, lustful exploration, however. I again began kissing and teasing mother with light kisses, little licks, and my dancing fingers. I was caressing the under slopes of her breasts much more now, while my kisses were offered to

the upper slopes. I was slowly, gradually, and inexorably working my way toward her nipples and, with great effort, I kept my advance slow. I kissed, licked, and touched every square centimeter of breast skin, except for the nipples, which were so swollen I began to wonder if they hurt. I kissed my way just to the upper edge of her right areola while at the same time marching my fingers up to the lower edge. Mother groaned softly and her back arched a little. I knew she desperately wanted me to take her nipple into my mouth, but I didn't. Not then. I would, soon enough.

I think she was surprised when, instead of taking her nipple into my mouth, I returned to kissing her again. Once more her hand cupped my head and held it as we kissed. This time her tongue lashed mine with much more fervency. I didn't have the least doubt that my mother was aroused, but I wanted to arouse her far more.

Back to her breast I went after a few sweet kisses. Again my kisses circled her nipple, as did the caresses of my fingers. Mother's back was arched almost constantly now, and equally constant were the sounds of passion coming from her. I circled the large, rigid bud of flesh capping her right breast with my lips yet again, while circling it's mate with my fingers at the same time. Mother groaned softly, most likely because I'd teased her about as much as she could stand. I know I'd tantalized myself about as much as I could stand.

I lifted my head and moved so my mouth was hovering directly over her nipple. I was so close to it I could feel the warmth emanating from it on my lips. Mother's hand fell on my head

again, putting pressure on it, pressure I resisted. I pursed my lips and blew softly.

"Oh, Lordddd!" Mother groaned. She pushed harder on my head. I resisted harder and kept blowing on her nipple...for a second.

"Uhhhhhh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" Mother gasped, then moaned when I opened my mouth, dropped it over her rigid nipple, and began to lick and suckle it. At the same time I began twirling her other nipple between the thumb and forefinger of my right hand. Her body began a series of wild undulations and her hand continued to put a lot of pressure on my head, holding it against her breast. I'd hoped to give her an orgasm this way, and it seemed I'd accomplished what I'd set out to do. The first phase of my plan was successful, incredibly successful judging from the sounds and movements my mother was making as what appeared to be a very powerful orgasm exploded through her.

When her movements began to lose their urgency and her grip on my head relaxed, I lifted my mouth from her breast, stretched out next to her, and cuddled her in my arms, combing my fingers through her hair and caressing her while she calmed. I kissed her gently on the forehead. "You all right?" I asked.

Mother opened her eyes, smiled, took a deep breath, and said, "My Lord, J.J., I felt like I was going to explode. Where'd you learn to do all this stuff?"

"I read a lot about love-making," I told her. "And I did practice a little. But I've never done anything like I just did to you with anybody else before." It was important to me that she understand how special I felt she was.

"Really?" she asked.

I kissed her forehead again. "Really," I told her. "First of all, I've never known anyone who has breasts as beautiful as yours." I paused and watched her flushed face redden more. "And second, I've never cared about anyone enough to want to do anything like that with them."

"Oh," she said. "I love you, J.J."

I kissed her softly on the lips this time. "I love you, too, Jonelle," I said. "You're the only woman I've ever loved...or ever will love."

This time, she kissed me. That kiss led to another bout of necking, and when we finally paused from that, it was clear my mother was again becoming aroused. I was already aroused and the fact that my erect penis was pressed against her belly let her know that in no uncertain terms.

"You're hard," Mother said. "I can feel it. You wanna...?"

"Not yet," I said, interrupting her. "I told you today was for you and I meant it. What we just did was only the first part."

"Oh, Lord!" Mother murmured, rolling her eyes. "I'm not sure I can take any more of what you just done. What else are you goin' to do to me?"

I knew exactly what I was going to do to her, but I wasn't sure she'd let me if I told her, so I shrugged. "Depends," I said. "Like I said before, if there's anything you want..."

Mother shut me up by kissing me and starting another session of passionate necking. While that went on, she reached between us and began gently stroking my erection in her cupped hand. That was a very nice addition to the festivities.

Once more our kissing evolved into my kissing my way down her neck, across her chest, and onto her breasts. Her response was just what I expected, fervent murmurs, gasps, and an arching of her back while I suckled first one nipple, then the other. She reacted to what I was doing almost as strongly as she had earlier, and I'm pretty sure I could have given her another orgasm from suckling her nipples, but I had other plans. I couldn't ignore her breasts completely, I'm not sure there's a heterosexual male alive with that much will power, but I did move on after a brief and extremely enjoyable visit to Mother's breasts and nipples.

I was still using the tips of my fingers, touching her lightly, teasing her, trying to make her skin tingle, ahead of my kisses. I thoroughly kissed her upper abdomen, from under her breasts down to her navel. My kisses were preceded everywhere by the light caresses of my fingertips. Mother was soon murmuring

softly, her chest was heaving, and her hands were clutching the sheets. Her hips had started to rock gently, too. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Ohhhhhh! Oh, Lord!" she chanted softly, over and over, as I kissed my way over her smooth flesh. Her body wasn't flawless; there were faint stretch marks attesting to my gestation and birth. I paid special attention to those reminders that I'd once been on the other side of the skin I was kissing.

I was kissing her navel now, an outie, one of the few I'd ever seen, but lovely nonetheless, and her stomach was moving in and out as I did. At the same time my fingers were teasing the edge of her pubic forest, tracing the outline of the patch of soft brown hair, venturing partway in. Her hips continued to rock, as if her body was begging me to touch her, or to make love with her. Eventually I'd do just that, but not for a while yet. I began gently caressing the skin between her legs and vagina and the outside of her labia, and found her middle sopping wet and slippery.

"J.J., Oh, Lord, J.J.!" she murmured when I began kissing the verge of her pubic area, down to the crease where her legs and body joined, and back up. "J.J., Oh, Lord, J.J.! J.J., Oh, Lord, J.J.! J.J., Oh, Lord, J.J.!"

I slid my finger up through her slit and gently caressed her swollen clit. Her hips lifted off the bed. "Uhhhhhhhhh!" she gasped, her body quivering. I used every caress I could think of, slipping my finger inside her, sweeping it over her clit, caressing her labia, caressing the little expanse of skin under her vagina. All of them produced wonderful, impassioned responses. I glanced up and saw that mother's eyes were closed and her head was turning from side to side. "Uhhhhhhh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!

Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" The fervently expressed chanting of her happiness, repeated again and again, filled my ears. I wanted her so aroused she wouldn't be aware of what my next move was going to be until I actually did it and I had a feeling she was at that point.

I continued to touch and kiss her as I repositioned myself between her splayed legs. I later confirmed that she had no idea what I planned to do. She believed I was getting in position to make love with her. Instead, once I was kneeling between her legs, I bent, clamped my mouth over her slippery vagina, and dragged my tongue up between her silky labia and over her clit.

"Gnnnnnaaaaaaaa! J.J., oh, Lord, son! Please! Oh, Lord! Don't! Please, son! Please!" she cried. She tried pushing at me, but her efforts were feeble and became more so as I intensified what I was doing to her with my lips and tongue. I lashed her clit, pushed my tongue as deep into her as I could, and licked every part of her vagina I could reach. Her verbal protests continued, though weaker, but her hips told me her murmured protests were a lie with their increasingly feverish movements. I cupped her lovely buttocks in my hands and continued devouring her, using everything I'd ever learned about oral lovemaking to give her pleasure. I could feel her muscles clenching and unclenching as my actions caused spasm after spasm of joy to rock her body.

When her orgasm did erupt, it felt almost as if she was having a seizure. Her buttock muscles tensed and quivered in my hands and her body arched up against my mouth and stayed that way, also quivering powerfully, for a surprisingly long time. While all this was going on, she let out a strange moan, a sound unlike

any I'd ever heard her make before. I knew it meant I'd made her feel more wonderful than I'd ever made her feel before and sent chills through me.

I didn't break contact with her until she began to relax and I knew the most intense part of her pleasure had passed. When that happened, I gently lowered her bottom to the bed, kissed her one last time on her clit, then I slid up, took her in my arms again, and cuddled her until she finished calming. This time she pressed her face against my chest, as if she didn't want to look me in the eye.

"I hope you aren't mad at me," I said. I could feel her shaking her head, but she didn't say anything, so I continued to hold her. I did plant a soft kiss on the top of her head, though.

After a few moments, I felt her take a deep breath, then her head lifted from my chest and she looked up at me. "How come...how come you...you put your mouth...on me...down there?" she asked.

"Because I knew it would make you feel good," I said. "I love making you feel good. I really love seeing and hearing you have orgasms."

"But...but I'm dirty down there, I..." I laid my fingers on her lips.

"Your vagina isn't 'dirty,'" I said. "Nothing about you is dirty. I think everything about you is wonderful. I know that oral sex was explained in the information I gave you to read."

Mother's face reddened. "It...it was," she admitted. "But...I...when I read it, I kept thinking it had to be gross for the man to do that...isn't it?" She studied my face carefully while she waited for my reply.

I smiled. "It's anything but gross," I said. I chuckled softly. "I happen to think you taste wonderful."

"You really mean that, don't you?" she asked after she'd studied my face for a few seconds.

"Of course I do."

"But...but...I...I don't understand..." she stammered. "I...I...I don't think I could...you know...put my mouth on your..." She nodded downward, toward my crotch.

"That doesn't make any difference to me. I believe the point of making love is to make my partner feel as good as I possibly can," I said.

"Well...you sure do that," Mother said.

"I also believe lovers should only do those things they want to do or feel comfortable doing," I continued. "Like what I did today and what you did yesterday."

"I...um...I guess," Mother said. "But...but if you do that to me...it...it isn't fair if I don't do it to you, is it?"

I leaned forward and kissed Mother gently. "Making love is fair if you make your partner feel good," I said. "And Lord, do you ever make me feel good."

I noticed that Mother licked her lips and had a puzzled look on her face. "Is...is that what I...what I taste like?" she asked softly.

"Delicious, aren't you?" I replied.

"Don't know if I'd call it delicious," she said, smiling a little. "But I guess I don't taste all that bad."

I caressed her face and combed my fingers through her hair. "It isn't just how you taste," I said. "It's the way it feels to kiss your vagina, the incredible softness of your labia, the sounds you make, and the way your body moves. You have the most incredible orgasms. When I can give you one with my lips and hands, I can watch, hear, and feel you having it."

"But what about when we...when we...you know...do it?" she asked, looking puzzled. "Isn't that...isn't that good?"

"It's even better," I said. "But when we have intercourse, I'm involved and feeling all those fabulous feelings, too. I've never felt anything better than making love with you, but I'm so busy having my own orgasm I don't get to see and feel yours."

"Oh," she said. "I...I guess I understand...sort of. Yesterday when...when I made love to you, I could see how good I was making you feel and that really felt nice."

"Exactly," I said.

Mother blushed a little more. "It...it turned me on, too," she said softly.

"I know," I told her.

"You did?" she asked, looking surprised.

"First of all, I can tell when you're turned on," I said. "Second, making love to you turns me on, so..."

Mother giggled. "Yeah, I guess I should have known that," she said. She reached down between us and wrapped her warm hand around my erection. "Like now, right?"

"Like ever since you got in my bed," I told her.

Mother slid her cupped hand up and down on my erect shaft, an action made easier by the copious amount of lubricant I'd produced. "We gonna...you know...do...ah...make love the regular way now?" she murmured.

"Do you want to?" I asked.

"More than anything," she replied. "You want me to go on top, like we did the other day?"

Having her ride me would have been wonderful, but I had another idea. "Turn around so your back is to me," I said.

Mother frowned and looked puzzled. "Don't you want to look at me?" she asked.

I kissed her gently. "I love looking at you," I told her. "But I want to try something. I think you'll like it."

"All right," Mother said. "I guess you know what you're doin'." She turned so her back was to me and I slid against her, spoon-fashion, my erection nestling itself in the cleft between her wonderful, firm buttocks. I slid my arm over her, reached down, and cupped one of her breasts gently in my hand, loving how it felt to have her huge, erect nipple pressing into my palm.

"Doesn't this feel nice?" I asked. It sure did to me.

"Uh...yeah, it does feel kinda nice," Mother said. "But how are we gonna...you know...make love like this?"

I rotated my hand a little bit, letting her nipple tickle me and, I hoped, tickling it at the same time. The fact that she shuddered told me she liked what I'd done. "I bet, if you think about it, there probably was something about making love in this position in that stuff I gave you to read," I said. I kissed the side of her neck through the silky hair that lay over it.

"I saw it," Mother said. "I just wasn't sure how it worked."

I slid my hand from her breast down over her belly, onto her upper leg and eased it back up over mine. That freed my erection from the delightful clutch of her bottom. I repositioned myself and when I did, I felt the tip of my penis brushing her slippery labia. I guided the tip a bit with my fingers and soon felt it being engulfed by warmth and wetness.

"Oh, Lord!" Mother murmured as I slid into her. "I guess you can...ummmmm...make love like this."

"I like this position almost as much as having you on top," I told her. "Because it leaves my hands free to touch you." While I rocked my hips, moving my erection in and out of her, I took her right nipple between my thumb and forefinger and twisted it gently. "See?"

"Oh, Lord, J.J.!" Mother groaned. "That feels so good!"

"It's supposed to," I said. I toyed with her right breast for a while, then transferred my attention to her left one. She continued to murmur softly with delight while her hips were moving in a cadence that matched mine.

The longer I played with her breasts, the more feverish the sounds she was making became. Finally I released her left breast, slid my hand down to where our bodies were joined, and could feel my erection sliding in and out of her. I moved my fingers to the top of her vaginal opening, onto her swollen clit.

"Gnnnahhhhh!" Mother groaned, her hips bucking. "Oh, J.J.! Oh, Lord, J.J.!" I continued to caress her clit and her hips - and the sounds she was making - grew progressively more passionate.

I continued to stroke her clit but kept my hips locked against hers, my erection embedded inside her as deeply as I could. Her hips were making erratic, almost spastic movements in response to my caresses. I felt myself getting closer to coming and knew she had to be getting close, too.

Then she was coming - and so was I.

"Ohhhhhhh! Oh, yes, J.J.! Oh, yes, J.J. darling! Oh, yessssssss! Yessssssss! Ahhhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!" she cried, the spasmodic movements of her hips grew even stronger.

"Me, too! Oh, God, yes! Me, toooooooooo!" I cried. My hips jolted, too, as powerful spasms in my middle sent my hot fluids jetting into my mother.

Our bodies continued their struggle for passion and I kept caressing my mother's clit, although more gently until, finally, her movements stopped. I didn't want to move, so I laid there, my hand on her hip, until my erection softened and slid from her. After that, I repositioned myself so my body was again spooned with hers and kissed her gently on the neck. "I love you," I told her.

"I love you, too," she replied softly, almost dreamily. "That really was nice darlin'."

"I agree," I told her. "What do you think about the position we used?"

"It was great," Mother replied. She laid her hand on mine and squeezed it. "How'd you manage to get through college if you were spendin' your time learning stuff like that?"

"Actually, I didn't spent a lot more time on my school work than I did on learning sexual techniques," I said.

"Good," Mother said.

It pleased me that Mother was a little jealous of girls I'd had relationships before her. "You know you are the only woman I want, don't you?" I said.

"I better be," Mother said.

Chapter 8

It was a long time after I gave my mother the information I printed from "The Clitoris.com" web site, before she mentioned it. In the interim, I had no idea whether she was reading it and I admit that not knowing was killing me. Our kissing continued to be more and more passionate and our hugs included far more body contact than they had in the past. Mother seemed to have fewer and fewer reservations about what we were doing, and that encouraged me.

It wasn't until the middle of the fourth month of my campaign of seduction that I learned that she had read the material. That morning I came out for breakfast, gave Mother her usual morning hug and kiss, then I sat down at the table. She served me my breakfast - hotcakes and sausage that morning - and after she did, she poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down at the table with me. She didn't normally do that, so I was surprised, but I didn't say anything. I did notice that her face seemed a little flushed, though.

"I been readin' that stuff you gave me," she said, her voice very soft.

Her answer surprised me and I almost choked on the food I had in my mouth. "Ah...yeah...and..." I stammered in reply.

"Well...it...it's kinda...interestin'...I guess," she said. "Ah...do...um...do people really do the stuff they write about?"

"Like what?" I asked. I figured that not eating while she and I were having this conversation was probably a good idea. If I got into a serious choking spell, it could spoil the mood.

Mother's face got noticeably redder. She took a deep breath. "Um...well...they...they talk about...about a woman...um...you know, touching herself on her...ah...private...um...parts. Do...do women really do that?"

"I'm not an expert on what women do," I told her, "but I believe that quite a few women do masturbate, probably more than people think."

Mother had a puzzled look on her face. "How come?" she asked. "How come they do that?"

"Because it feels good," I replied. "It feels good when I do it, so I assume it would feel good for a woman, too. Maybe you should try it."

"When I was little, my momma used to tell me to never touch my privates," Mother said. "She told me God didn't like it when you did that."

I smiled. "God made us, didn't He?" I asked.

Mother nodded.

"And the way He made us, it feels good if we masturbate," I said. "If that's how God made us, how can doing what he made us able to do be wrong?"

Mother shook her head and smiled. "I never thought about it like that," she said.

"I have a feeling that's exactly what your mother wanted you to believe," I told her. "You listened to her, stopped thinking about sex, and grew up never knowing a lot of things."

"You mean most people know all this stuff about sex?" she asked.

"Most people know quite a bit more about sex than you do," I told her. "But that isn't your fault," I added quickly. "You weren't supposed to know it. Your parents didn't want you to know it, and my father certainly didn't."

"Oh," Mother said, a little tentatively. "How come you want me to know it, then?"

"I want you to know it because I think you should," I said. "Sexuality is an important and wonderful part of a person's life and shouldn't be denied. Your life can be so much richer if you have access to all of it, especially your sexuality."

Mother still looked puzzled. "What's gonna be better?" she asked.

"You'll be opening yourself to a totally new world of pleasure," I said.

"You mean touching myself in my private parts will make me feel good?" Mother asked. She sounded very skeptical.

"I can tell you it feels very good when I masturbate," I replied. "I'm positive it will feel just as good for you if you masturbate." This had to be one of the strangest mother-son conversations on record.

Mother sat there quietly for a while. I could tell she was thinking. Then she looked down at her lap and took a deep breath. "I...I don't know how...to...how to...um...do it," she murmured.

I have a pretty good idea of what female masturbation involves, but I'm far from being knowledgeable enough to give instructions. And I was pretty sure Mother might balk at my doing hands-on training with her. I remembered some videos I'd downloaded to my computer some weeks earlier. "I'm not sure I can explain it," I told Mother, "but I think I can show you. Come on." I stood up, so did she, and we walked into my bedroom. I sat down at my computer desk and clicked my way into a folder that contained my downloaded adult videos. I had downloaded several videos of women masturbating and thought maybe they could help my mother learn how to masturbate.

"These are videos," I explained. I hadn't taught Mother this aspect of computing. "To play them, all you need to do is double-click the video..." I showed her. "...the movie player will open and play it. After you've played one, click here..." I clicked on the open file window, bringing it to the front. "...and then double click on the next video you want to watch. Got it?"

"Ah...yeah...um...I, ah...I guess so," Mother replied. "You...you gonna stay here while I...um...watch the...um...videos?"

"You watch them, I'll finish my breakfast," I told her. I got up, kissed her, and left the room. I could hear the sound of the videos while I ate and couldn't keep from wondering what was running through Mother's mind as she watched them. I was encouraged by the fact that she was watching them. I was pretty sure it meant my campaign of seduction was moving forward.

When mother finally walked into the kitchen, her face was bright red. She didn't look at me as she walked over to the counter and poured herself a cup of coffee.

I couldn't help myself. "Did the videos help?" I asked.

She stared into her coffee cup. "I never seen nothing like that before in my life," she said. Her voice was very soft. "I can't believe women do that kinda stuff and let people make movies of them doin' it. How come you got that sex stuff on your computer?"

"It...it turns...you know...it turns me on," I admitted. I figured honesty was the best policy.

Mother lifted her head and looked at me. "You do it so you can...um...masturbate?" she asked.

I nodded. "Did it turn you on?" I asked.

Mother shrugged. "It...um...it made...made me feel...kinda...funny inside to watch them," she admitted. "Especially that one older lady."

I knew exactly which video clip she was talking about and was thrilled. It did turn her on! Of course, knowing that turned me on. I could feel my penis start to swell in my jeans. "What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

She looked back down at her coffee cup and shrugged. "Dunno," she mumbled.

I was pretty sure that whatever she was thinking about doing didn't involve me, and that even my being in the house might inhibit her. "I have some work to do on my car," I told her. "I'll be out by the barn."

"Yeah...OK," Mother replied. She hadn't looked directly at me since she came back from watching the videos on my computer.

I stood up, rinsed off my dishes, then put them in the sink. After that I gave Mother a hug and kiss - noticing that she was pretty stiff when I put my arms around her - then I went outside.

As I walked toward the barn, it occurred to me that despite my father's stated dislike for computers, he'd be a huge computer fan if he ever found out how readily available things related to sex were on the internet.

My personal vehicle is a Dodge Durango SUV, the R/T version with heavy-duty suspension and the big V-8. Because of the area we patrol, the sheriff's department uses similar rigs, but without all the bells and whistles my Durango has. I used a shop vacuum cleaner to clean out both my Durango and my work Durango. Then I got some wipes that have cleaner and protectant on them and began to clean off the dashboard of my personal rig. I wasn't doing as good a job as I usually do because I couldn't keep from

wondering what my mother was doing back in the house. I was sure she was at least partially aroused when I left the house, but what was she doing about her arousal? Was she doing her chores, desperately trying to ignore the feelings I'd awakened in her? Or was she in her bedroom, lying in her bed, masturbating?

I didn't think much about the first possibility, but I couldn't keep my mind from conjuring up images of my mother, naked, lying on her bed masturbating. I'd left the house half-hard and the prurient thoughts I couldn't keep myself from having soon had me completely erect.

At that point in my life I'd never seen my mother naked, and I later learned that some of the images my mind created did differ from reality, but at the time, my visualizations were a huge turn-on to me. I walked into the barn and leaned against the wall. After fighting the impulse for a few seconds, I unzipped my pants and took my erection in my hand. I couldn't recall it ever being harder. Then I closed my eyes and saw...

...my mother lying on the bed in her bedroom, her lovely nude body flushed and twisting while her hand whirled on her clit. Soft murmurs came from her slightly parted lips and her head turned from side to side on her pretty hair, which had fanned out around it. Her hips were rocking up and down as what looked like wonderful sensations shot through her in response to her masturbation. Her nipples were hard and her breasts looked swollen. They rose and fell rapidly, keeping time with her gasps of pleasure. Her cheeks were flushed brighter red than the rest of her face. As I stared at her, her gasps turned to groans and the groans got louder. The rocking of her hips grew even

more rapid, then she stiffened with her back arched and her hips rocking from side to side, her body going through tremors that looked as if she was vibrating. "Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned. The moan sounded surprisingly real and surprisingly familiar, I could almost feel how good Mother was feeling...

...and I realized that was because I was the one feeling wonderful as the erection I held in my hand - and had been stroking without knowing it - was spewing my warm fluids onto the hay-covered floor of the barn while my insides churned delightfully.

I felt a little embarrassment, but was willing to accept that, mainly because it did seem as if my campaign to seduce my mother was heading for success. At least I hoped it was. I had no idea what I'd do if it failed.

Having relieved my internal pressure, I managed to finish getting both of my vehicles cleaned up, then I went back inside to get ready to go to work. Mother was walking out of the master bedroom when I came in the door. Our eyes met, she turned bright red, and she quickly looked down at the floor. "Whatcha been doin'?" she asked.

I felt my face getting hot. Even though I knew it wasn't possible, part of me wondered if she somehow knew what I'd been doing. Guilt creates some odd thoughts, doesn't it? "Ah...um...ah...cleaning up my cars," I responded. For a fraction of a second I'd been tempted to say, "Jerking off thinking about you doing the same thing," but I made what I think was the wise decision and kept my mouth shut.

I took a shower and put on my uniform, then I went out to get the lunch I knew Mother would have ready for me. She was standing at the sink, washing some dishes, when I walked into the kitchen. I slid my arms around her from behind, allowing my hands to graze the sides of her breasts before I slid them down onto her upper belly and pulled her back against me. Then I burrowed my face into her hair and kissed her neck.

"I love you," I said.

"I love you, too, J.J.," Mother replied without turning around. I could see enough of her face to know she was blushing again. "You keep yourself safe tonight."

"I will," I said.

I had no more luck keeping images of my mother pleasuring herself out of my mind while I was at work that night than I had during the day. It led me to do something I'd never done before. I found an isolated place and, while images of my mother's nude body again flashed through my mind like the best erotic film ever made, I masturbated leaning against my police car. If my seduction plan didn't bear fruit soon, I was liable to get myself fired.

Chapter 9

I woke up the morning of the fifth day of my affair with my mother facing a bit of a dilemma. It was Saturday morning and that meant my father would be home. He'd be around until he hooked up with a few of his drinking buddies and headed off for his usual weekend of whoring and bar-hopping. Unfortunately, I had the day off, too. I was looking forward to my father's departure so Mother and I could spend some quality time alone, but knew it wouldn't take place until at least mid-afternoon if it was a typical Saturday for him. That meant I had more than a few hours to kill before Mother and I could do anything. At least that's what I thought. I slipped on some undershorts, jeans, and a T-shirt, then stepped into the pair of loafers I often wear around the house and headed for the kitchen.

Mother was, as usual, in the kitchen making breakfast, when I got up. She was wearing yet another of her loose fitting faded dresses and was standing at the stove. She looked over her shoulder at me and smiled. "Your daddy's dead to the world," she told me. "Probably will be for a while yet. He sounded and smelled like he was drinkin' afore he came home last night."

I walked over to her, put my arms around her waist, pulled her back against me, and kissed her on the neck. She wiggled her bottom against me and murmured softly. "We're gonna haveta be careful today, with your daddy around and all," she said.

"I know," I said. "Hopefully he won't hang around too long."

Mother was making sausages and pancakes, a typical Saturday morning breakfast. She put the sausages in a bowl and had the pancakes in a pan in the oven to stay warm. I picked up the bowl of sausage and carried it to the table. She used a hot pad to bring the pan holding the pancakes to the table and we sat down to eat. "You got anythin' you gotta do today?" she asked me.

"I've been thinking about partitioning off a corner of the barn for a workshop," I told her.

Mother looked puzzled. "A workshop?" she asked. "What do you need a workshop for?"

"When I was at college, I learned a little bit about wood carving," I said. "I'm not sure I'm all that good at it, but it relaxes me."

"Don't that beat all," she responded, grinning and shaking her head.

"Don't what beat all?" I asked.

"My grandpappy was considered to be some shakes of a woodcarver back in the hills where we lived," she said. "If you like it, must be in your blood, huh?"

"Could be," I said. "Seems to me I got a whole lot more traits from your side of the family than from my father's side."

"Seems that way, don't it?" Mother replied, smiling. "I kinda like that it's that way."

I grinned at her and said, "Me, too." I would never want to be anything like my father.

We finished our breakfast and I was washing the dishes when my father shuffled into the kitchen, announcing his arrival with a loud burp. He had on a pair of boxer shorts and a sleeveless undershirt and nothing else. The shirt was hard put to cover potbelly and that left a hairy section of abdomen exposed. His thinning and graying brown hair looked as if he'd combed it with a blender, his eyes were bloodshot, and he desperately needed a shave. Looking at him, it pained me that Mother had to be alone in the same room with him, even if she didn't have to share a bed with him. He walked unsteadily to the table and dropped into a chair. "Need some breakfast," he growled at my mother. She who walked to the stove, took out the sausage and pancakes she'd left warming in the oven, and put them on the table. Then she went back to the counter, poured him a cup of coffee, and put that on the table in front of him, too.

I'd stopped washing dishes when he came into the room and was watching him. He peered at me through bloodshot eyes and shook his head. "Damn, boy, whatchoo doin' goddamn women's work for?" he grumbled. He jerked his head in Mother's direction. "No reason she can't do that."

Anger surged through me. What an incredible jerk he was! "Maybe I think it's nice to help with the work around the house once in a while," I said. "Unlike some people." I made no attempt to conceal both my anger and my contempt for him. My father has never been particularly perceptive, but he picked up on how I felt. I could see his face redden.

"Man ain't supposed to haveta do that shit," he retorted. "It's why we got them..." He jerked his head in Mother's direction again. "Women're supposeta take care a the house and have kids, that's what they're for." He looked at mother, snorted, and shook his head. "'Course some women are only good for half of what they're supposeta be good for."

I saw red. It took every bit of self-control I could muster to not run across the kitchen, grab him, and beat him within an inch of his life. He was lucky I'd already washed the cast iron skillet and Mother had put it away. I glanced at Mother and saw that her face was red.

"From the smell of you," I said, "you came home drunk last night."

He glowered at me. "Yeah, so?" he retorted.

"You drive like that?"

"What if I did?"

"You ever do it again and I see you, you're going to jail," I said.

What was happening between my father and me had nothing to do with whether he broke the law by driving drunk or not. It was a power struggle, the young buck challenging the old one for primacy, for the right to the doe. That was my motivation and I think that thick as he was, my father did understand that his position as head of the household was being challenged. He didn't like that, not one bit.

"You fucking little prick," my father yelled. "You think you can arrest me, you little cock-sucker?"

I smiled at him. It wasn't a smile of pleasure; it was a smile of assurance. "There isn't even a question," I said. I dried my hands on the dishtowel and walked over to the table. When I got close to him, the foul smell of sweat, second hand cigarette smoke, and stale booze filled my nostrils. He looked up at me, his wide eyes showing more than a little fear. I think at that point he believed I was going to do him harm. "Another thing," I said, making my voice cold and hard. "If you ever use that kind of language in this house, in front of my mother again, or if you ever talk about her as disrespectfully as you did this morning, you will be sorry you did until the day you die. Do you understand me?"

My father continued to stare up at me, his bleary eyes wide and full of fear. He's had pale skin as long as I can remember - working in the mines will do that to you - but he paled even more. I was using intimidation tactics I'd learned in the police academy and they were working very well. My father looked about cowed as anyone I'd ever seen.

"Do you understand me?" I said again, louder and more forcefully.

He finally broke his eyes away from mine, looked down at his plate, and picked up his fork. I could see his hand trembling.

"Tell me you understand what I told you," I said.

"I heard you," he grumbled, without looking up.

"You damn well better remember it," I said. "Because I won't warn you again." I went back to the sink and finished washing and drying the dishes. After I put the last one away, I headed back for my room to get my tape measure and a notepad to write on before I headed out to the barn.

My father was still sitting at the table when I walked through the kitchen to go out the back door. He'd eaten nothing, but his coffee cup was empty. He stared into the cup when I walked by. "This ain't over," he said softly just as I opened the door.

I turned and gave him another cold smile. "Any time," I said.

The minute the door closed behind me, I began to have second thoughts. Should I have done what I did? I'd forced my father to back down, and in front of my mother. As far as I knew, my father never backed down for anyone. I was pretty sure his ego wouldn't allow him to let me take control as easily as it seemed I had. The only question I had was what he'd do if he did decide to retaliate. I fervently hoped he wouldn't wind up turning his wrath on my mother. If I'd done anything to cause her to get hurt, or to make her situation worse, I'd never be able to live with myself.

I walked into the barn, which wasn't really all that big, and looked around. One of the back corners didn't have too much junk piled up in it, the roof over it looked solid, and hardly any daylight showed between the barn boards on the wall. There was one small window on the rear of the barn in that area and another on the side wall. It might work. I made my way through the rusted, broken equipment my father had stashed in the barn over the years until I got to the spot I'd been looking at. The junk hadn't piled up against the wall yet, so I was able to take measurements. It looked as if I could make myself a nice little shop, maybe ten by ten or even twelve by twelve. While I was taking the measurements, I heard the house door slam, then the sound of my father's truck starting. After that I heard the sound of him driving off. It wasn't hard to figure out he was angry. I heard his spinning truck wheels spraying gravel as he went.

Not long after my father's angry departure, Mother appeared in the doorway of the barn. "You in here, J.J.?" she called.

"Back here."

She carefully made her way to the part of the barn where I was standing and looked around. "You think he'll let you do this?" she asked.

"I wasn't planning on asking him," I said. "I'll be improving his building. Don't see where he should have a problem with that."

"Maybe," she said. "What are you plannin' to do?"

I hadn't completely decided what I wanted to do, but I had a rough idea. I explained what I had in mind to my mother. "What do you think?" I asked when I finished. I'd been looking around as I spoke and when I turned and looked at Mother, I noticed she was gazing at me with an odd look in her eyes. "What's up?" I asked. "Why the funny look?"

"What were you tryin' to do this morning?" she asked softly.

"You mean with him?"

She nodded.

"He made me angry...especially the way he talked to you," I said.

"You shamed him," she said. "You shamed him in his own home, in front of me. I don't think he'll let that stand." She walked over to me, put her arms around me, and hugged me tightly. I could feel her shaking. "I don't think he can let it stand. He's gonna haveta try to get his pride back."

"He can't do it," I said. "He doesn't know it, but he didn't have any pride to start with."

"Don't matter," Mother said. "He won't be able to live with himself if he lets you get away with what you done this morning."

"There's nothing he can do," I said.

Mother continued to keep her arms locked around me and tremble. I could feel dampness against my chest and realized she was crying.

I caressed her hair. "You don't think he'll hurt you, do you?" I asked.

Mother didn't say anything, but she did nod her head.

"I'll never let him hurt you," I told her.

She leaned back, sniffled a little, blew her nose with a tissue she carried in her dress pocket, and gazed into my eyes for a second. "That...what you did to your daddy...it was about me, wasn't it?" she asked.

She was dead right. I had a feeling she understood what I was doing when I saw the look on her face while it was happening.

"I didn't like the way he was acting," I protested, knowing I didn't believe that any more than she did.

A sparkle had appeared in her eyes. "You purposely shamed him in front of me," she insisted. "Didn't you?"

I was caught and I knew it. I nodded. "Don't ever try telling me you aren't smart," I said, hugging her.

She leaned back in my arms again. She blushing a little and there was something else in her eyes now. "You don't have to prove how much of a man you are to me," she said. "I already know you're more man than he ever could be."

I'm not sure who made the first move, but then we were kissing. Our kisses were fierce, almost animal-like. I was clutching at Mother's body and she was clutching at mine. Our tongues lashed each other and we were pressing our mouths together so hard I was afraid I'd bruise Mother's lips - or that she might bruise mine. And at the same time we were making sounds that were almost animalistic.

I vaguely recall unbuttoning the buttons on Mother's dress. The next thing I recall is having one of her huge nipples in my mouth and sucking on it while she clutched my head. I could hear the sounds she was making much more clearly. "J.J.! Oh, Lord, J.J.! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" I suckled one nipple, then the other, while continuing to unbutton the dress. When I had it open, I parted it and reached between her legs, I was a bit surprised to discover she wasn't wearing any panties. I wasn't surprised to find that her vagina was soaked with her slippery juices.

We were grabbing at each other, rubbing our bodies against each other, feverishly seeking release. Both of us were making feral noises, whimpering, gasping, and groaning while we pawed at each other's bodies. I'm not exactly sure how my jeans got opened, but I heard the sound of my groaning when Mother's hand wrapped around my erection and she began to stroke it.

I had two fingers sliding in and out of Mother's vagina and was caressing her clit with my thumb. She was as wet as I'd ever felt her. She was groaning and kissing my neck and shoulders and ears so fiercely it almost felt as if she was trying to gobble me up. I was probably kissing her body just as frantically. I knew I we could bring each other off by hand, but I didn't want that. I wanted to be inside Mother, feeling her come, coming in her. The problem was there weren't any flat spaces, clean or dirty, in the barn and I certainly couldn't throw her down on the filthy floor.

We were moving around a little, in a kind of dance of desire, and in doing so, I bumped into one of the big beams that helped support the barn's roof and hayloft. It had to be twelve inches by

twelve inches or more. That, and the fact that Mother and I weren't too different in height, gave me an idea. I turned her around and guided her until her back was against the beam. Once she was in that position, I got my leg between hers and managed to get her to spread her feet apart. Then I moved forward and, after a little fumbling, I managed to get my steel-hard penis into her.

Mother had both arms around my neck, hanging on to me. "Oh, Lord, J.J.!" she groaned as I shoved myself up into her. "I didn't know...you could...do...this...standin' up! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

I clutched her bottom in my hands as I lunged into her. She was hugging my neck so tightly it lifted her a little off the floor, which actually made it easier for me to plunge into her. I hoped the dress, which she still had on even though it was totally open down the front, would keep the beam from scratching her.

We were so aroused that neither of us was able to hold back for long, nor did we want to. My Mother's moans grew louder and more impassioned and the movement of her body became more and more heated. It's hard to describe how wild it felt to have her bottom in my hands and feel the muscles in it contracting and releasing more and more rapidly as her orgasm neared.

We both achieved orgasm at the same time and when we did, our gasps, moans, and cries of delight filled the barn. My erupting juices felt scalding hot as they jetted from me, into Mother, and her bottom was rocking so hard and fast and her body was jolting against mine so hard it was hard to believe we were

leaning against the big beam. It felt the way I've always thought it would feel to be in an earthquake, I guess.

The only thing about making love that isn't all that great is that it has to end. And maybe I should say I've only been thinking like that since my affair with Mother started. If there was some way I could manage to share a constant orgasm with her I probably would. I know that sounds silly; we'd have to stop to eat and do other things, but it's fun to dream, isn't it? Anyhow, after our passion exploded, we did begin to calm down and were soon leaning against the beam, gasping for breath, clinging to each other.

"My...Lord...J.J." Mother panted. "Wha...what...what happened?"

"I...think we...um...made love," I panted back. I'd gotten enough strength back to stand up again. And my senses had returned enough to allow me to realize that my T-shirt was pushed up to my armpits and my softening penis was dangling from the open fly of my jeans. I had to look ridiculous. Mother, on the other hand, looked incredible. She was still leaning against the beam, her dress spread, her lovely body bared. The juices of our loving glistened on her middle and upper thighs. I wanted to drop to my knees and lick her clean, but wasn't sure she'd let me.

Mother reached out and caressed my face with her fingers. "You make me crazy when you kiss me," she said softly.

"Yeah, and you do the same thing to me," I said.

"We shouldn't 'a done this in here," Mother noted. "'What if your daddy had come back and come in here lookin' for you?"

I have to admit I hadn't thought about that. Actually, I hadn't thought about much more than my need to possess Mother's body once we started kissing, but she was right. As wrapped up as we were in our lust for each other, a brass band could have probably marched into the barn drums beating and trumpets blaring and we wouldn't have noticed it.

"Yeah, I guess we could have been more careful," I said. I grinned at her, leaned forward, and kissed her gently on the forehead. "I'm not sorry we did what we did, though," I continued, tracing a finger around one nipple that was still partially erect. "That was so wild."

Mother shuddered and nodded. "I know it was," she said. "It was wild for me, too. But havin' your daddy catch us could cause all kinds of problems."

I pulled her into my arms, hugged her, and kissed her hair. "I know," I said. "I don't want anything to mess up what we have."

"Me, either," Mother murmured into my chest. "Now that you taught me about makin' love, I don't never want to stop."

"Me, either," I told her. "I'm not going to stop making love to you. Not ever."

"I...I need to go in the house and get cleaned up," Mother said after I'd held her for a little while. She backed out of my arms and buttoned her dress. She seemed embarrassed that I watched her do it.

I managed to get my clothes back in a semblance of order, too, and decided cleaning up wouldn't be such a bad thing for me to do, either. "I have dibs on the bathroom after you're finished," I told her.

We made our way carefully out of the barn and walked to the house, holding hands. Even if my father were to show up and see us doing that, he wouldn't think anything was amiss. He didn't like the fact that Mother and I were touchy with each other - he thought it made me a "sissy" - but he'd long since stopped carping about it.

In the house, Mother went into the bathroom and shut the door. I headed for my room and sat down at my computer to check my e-mail.

Chapter 10

I find it interesting, as I look back on how my seduction of my mother progressed, that the steps occurred almost exactly a month apart. It began with a conversation Mother and I had about sex during which I told her that sex was actually something people did because it gave them pleasure, not just to have babies. I knew that concept was alien to her, but she listened with some interest. I also intensified the extent to which I touched and kissed her. She and I had always been "touchy" but I tried to make my touches a bit provocative without making them overtly sexual.

Mother's interest about sexual matters was piqued by that first conversation we had at the woodpile and by the slightly more passionate hugs and kisses I was giving her, but it took a month before things moved to another level. I began studying her reactions to my kisses and caresses and learned where I could touch her that seemed to turn her on a little. I also noticed as the second month went by that she had begun to return my kisses a little bit and that she was pressing her body against mine when she could. I stepped things up a little more by giving her some information about women and love making that I'd printed from an internet site called "The Clitoris.com".

Mother was obviously embarrassed by the stuff I'd given her to read, but she took it. It was almost two months before I learned whether she had read it. However, a month later I noticed that she was returning my kisses more and more like a lover does and that when we hugged, she was moving her body against

mine in a much more sensual and seductive manner than she ever had before. She also became much more flirtatious, and even displayed some signs of jealousy toward girls I'd had relationships with in the past. Her behavior encouraged me and gave me hope I'd eventually be successful.

Mother finally did bring up the subject of the information I'd given her. Apparently she was struggling with the concept of masturbation and decided to ask me about it. The bright red flush on her face and her hesitant speech were obvious signs of how much it pained her to ask me the question she did. "Um...well...they...they talk about...about a woman...um...you know, touching herself on her...ah...private...um...parts. Do...do women really do that?" she stammered.

Even though I thought I knew how sexually naive Mother was, developments - like that question - kept occurring that reminded me. The environment she grew up in, with religiously conservative, strict parents, seemed to rank with some Eastern cultures in terms of wanting to keep information about sexuality away from its females. I've often thought that if my maternal grandparents had known about female circumcision, they'd have practiced it. It was clear that my grandmother told my mother absolutely nothing about sex, other than that it was bad, something God didn't look on favorably, and something you only did with your husband to have babies.

Things didn't improve for Mother when she became my father's property. I know my parents were married by a preacher, but in reality, their marriage was more of a business transaction between my father and her family than a joining of two people in

holy matrimony. From everything she'd told me, Mother was regarded by both my father and her family as a chattel, something to be bartered, not a person. She had no say in who she married. And I've already noted that my father essentially "paid" for her by giving her father a pickup truck.

I decided I couldn't give mother a very good lecture on masturbation techniques. I was afraid I might lose control and try "hands on" teaching methods and I was sure Mother wasn't ready for those yet. She was clearly having a hard time accepting what was happening between us, but I was making progress and didn't want to blow it. Instead, I let her look at some video clips of women masturbating that I'd downloaded from the internet. I chose the videos carefully, to show real people who are really masturbating, not flawless hardbodies who are clearly faking it. One video, in particular, features an older woman who seems somewhat plain until several self-induced orgasms leave her glowing and beautiful in the aftermath of pleasure.

After I provided Mother access to the videos, I again waited. She used my computer quite often, but seemed to be using it more after I showed her how to look at those videos. Although I know enough about computers to check on how much she was using it, and what she was doing with it, I purposely didn't do that. I wanted her to tell me, in her own good time and in her own way. I knew it would be far more exciting if it happened that way, and I was eventually proved right.

It actually took a little longer than a month before Mother asked the question that moved my seduction campaign forward another step, the step that eventually led to it being a success.

It was a Friday when it happened, the fifth Friday after I'd shown her how to look at the videos. But who's keeping track besides me? I'd gone into the kitchen that morning and we'd kissed and hugged the way we always did. Our morning greetings had long since evolved into something much more like what two lovers would do than a mother and son, and we'd gotten used to it. After getting my morning kiss and hug, I poured myself a cup of coffee and sat down at the table. Mother brought me my food, then she sat down, too. That wasn't unusual, quite often she'd sit down and chat with me while I ate breakfast.

"You were right," she said.

I looked up and saw that her face was bright red, but I had no idea what I was right about, or why she seemed to be so embarrassed that I was right. "Right about what?" I asked.

"About...about..." She hugged herself and took a deep breath. Whatever I was right about was difficult for her to talk about. "About...you know...touchin' yourself...you know, on your privates and...and about it feeling good," she finally said, her voice fading away almost to nothing by the time she got it out.

I had a mouthful of pancakes and almost spit them out in surprise. My heart began pounding and it felt as if someone had wrapped a steel band around my chest and pulled it tight. Mother was admitting to me that she'd been masturbating...and telling me she enjoyed it. At least that's what I thought she was saying. I forced myself to chew and swallow the pancakes while

I fought to get my emotions under control so I could talk. "So...um...you...ah...you tried it?" I croaked. I wasn't as under control as I wished I was, but...

Mother's face got even redder, she stared at the coffee cup she'd wrapped her hands around, and nodded.

"And it felt good when you did it?" I ventured carefully.

Mother took another deep breath, then she nodded again.

I wasn't sure how what kind of follow-up question to ask, so I didn't say anything. Mother sipped her coffee, kept blushing, and didn't say anything, either.

"Do you understand why I masturbate now?" I asked, finally.

Mother nodded again and sipped a little more coffee. Finally she lifted her head slowly and looked at me. Her lovely brown eyes were wider than I'd ever seen them. "I never knew a person could feel as good as doing that makes me feel," she said softly.

I could have said, "I told you so," but I didn't. I sensed that Mother had more to say, so I remained silent.

"How...how come my momma didn't want me to know about that?" she asked. "How come she was so against it? She said God hates people who touch their privates."

"I'm not exactly sure what she was thinking," I told her. "There are some religions who claim that masturbation is a sin, even though most people do it. Knowing what I do about your family, I think your mother taught you what she did a little because of religion, but maybe more because it was a way of..." I stopped because I realized that I was about to say could have sounded hurtful to Mother.

Mother looked puzzled. "Why didn't you finish what you were saying? Because it was a way of what?" she asked.

"From what you've told me, where you grew up, teenage girls usually had their husbands picked for them by their parents, right?" I asked. "They made deals like my father did for you."

Mother nodded. "Yeah, that's how it was."

"I have a feeling a virgin might be a better deal than a non-virgin, right?" I asked.

Mother nodded again. "My momma always said that no man wanted a woman who was...she called it 'ruined.' I never knew exactly what it meant." I saw her eyes widening as realization dawned on her. "She told me all that stuff so they could get a better deal for me from the guy they married me to," she said.

"I think so," I said. "And probably that's what happened to your mother, too."

"Oh," Mother said.

"The more ignorant you were about sex, the more she was able to have you repress your sexuality, the more value you'd be to a prospective husband," I said. "They might not admit it, but they did have a vague understanding of how powerful sexuality. They were afraid that if they left your sexual feelings develop normally, you'd 'do something', wouldn't be a virgin any more, and they wouldn't be able to get as much for you when they 'sold' you to a prospective husband."

"So I was just a thing to them?" Mother asked. "Something to sell?" Her eyes had reddened and she sounded upset.

I reached over, took her hand in mine, and squeezed it. "Don't beat up on yourself...or them," I said. "I have a feeling what you went through is a process that goes back to the time your ancestors came here from Europe, maybe even before that. Your parents grew up in an isolated area, with other people who thought and acted like they did, so didn't know any different and they couldn't be any different." I squeezed her hand again. "I think the fact that they worked so hard to keep you a virgin may have been because they did realize how special you were and went to some length to keep you safe."

Mother looked at me carefully. "You...do you really think that?" she asked.

I nodded. "You are special. I know that. Any idiot could see that," I said. I realized what I'd said and snorted. "Well any idiot except one, I guess." My father certainly had no idea how special Mother was.

"So...so they didn't tell me about sex stuff because they didn't want me to find out how good it felt?" Mother asked. "They were afraid I'd like it and maybe want to do it more?"

I nodded. "You like the way it feels to touch yourself...to masturbate...don't you?" I said.

Mother blushed and nodded. "I never knew anything could feel that good," she said softly. "I...I...think about it a lot...I...almost all the time."

"You've discovered something new and wonderful, feeling that way makes sense," I said.

Mother looked at me, surprise in her eyes. "It...it does?" she said. "You mean I'm not goin' crazy?"

"I doubt it," I said. "You really like how it feels?"

"I think it's about the best feeling in the world," Mother admitted, her face still rosy. "I...I guess I see now why you do it...and why you wanted to do sex with girls at college." She looked at me and took a deep breath. "Does...does doing sex...does that feel as good as...you know...touching yourself?" she asked hesitantly.

"It feels better," I said.

Mother's eyes widened. "You gotta be kidding!" she exclaimed. "My Lord, if I felt any better, I think I'd go crazy."

I was still holding her hand and squeezed it gently. "Making love with another person feels way better than masturbating," I told her. "And it won't make you crazy. There's only one thing that feels better than making love with someone you like."

"What's that?" Mother asked.

"Making love with someone you love," I said softly. I squeezed her hand again. "I love you."

Mother's eyes were wide again and she continued to gaze at me. "You...you want to...do sex...ah...make love with...with me?"

"More than anything," I told her.

"But...but you're my...my son...my baby," she responded. "Ain't...ain't that wrong...for us to...you know?"

"There are people who think it is," I said. "And there are laws against it in some states. But I think those beliefs and laws came from a different time. I honestly don't believe they make sense when the two people involved are both adults, know what they want, and want each other." I took a deep breath. "When you masturbate, what do you think about?" I asked her. "What gets you turned on?" I gave her hand another gentle squeeze. "When I masturbate, I think about you. I imagine what it would be like to make love with you."

Mother's face got as red as I'd seen it all morning and she went back to staring into her now-empty cup. "You," she said, so softly I could barely hear her. "I...I think about...ah...making love...with you...sorta." She looked up at me. "You really do want to make love with me?"

I nodded again. "More than anything I've ever wanted in my life," I told her.

"Do...do you want...want to...to...to do it now?" she stammered.

"Do you?"

She shrugged. "I...I don't know...I...I'm kinda scared...I don't know what...what to...to do," she said.

I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "When we make love, I want it to be because both of us want to," I said. "I want you to come to me because you want me as bad as I want you and for no other reason." I stood up. "Don't make a decision now," I continued. "Think about it, and when you've made a decision you can tell me..." I paused and took a deep breath. "...or you can come to my room and show me what you want." I leaned down, kissed her on the cheek again; then I straightened up, carried my dishes to the sink, and went outside to work on the woodpile. My heart was pounding, I had one of the hardest erections I'd ever had, and I was fighting the urge to scream out in joy. I was almost positive that, before too much longer, I'd be making love with my mother. Of course, she did struggle with her decision for a little more than a month, but then, one morning...

Chapter 11

When Mother was finished in the bathroom she walked into my bedroom. She'd changed into a different dress; this one might once have been red but had faded to the point it was now almost pink. It was also one of the few sleeveless ones she had. "I need some stuff from the store," she said. "You want to drive me?"

I grinned at her. "If I want to eat, I guess I better." Normally my father took shopping lists she made up and bought the things she needed. I've always believed that was another of his ways of

keeping her isolated. Only rarely did she get out to do any shopping on her own. "When do you want to go?"

"I'm ready any time you are," she said.

"Now's as good a time as any," I replied. "Let's go." I shut down my computer and we left.

"We took a real chance doin' what we done in the barn," Mother commented as I drove down the winding dirt road that led from our house to the paved county road that, eventually, led to what passed for civilization in our neck of the woods. "Your daddy coulda' come back and caught us."

I glanced over at her and smiled. "Was what we did this morning as thrilling for you as it was for me?" I asked, glancing over at her again.

Mother's face reddened and she nodded. "Yeah, it sure was," she said. She laid her hand on my leg. "How come it was so intense? Was it 'cause it we coulda got caught?"

Mother's intuitiveness never ceased to amaze me. I nodded. "I think it may have been the possibility of getting caught," I agreed. "You know, there actually are people who go around trying to get away with having sex in public places for the thrill."

"Public places!" Mother exclaimed. "What kinda public places?"

"You name a public place, somebody's probably tried making love there," I said.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see her staring at me. "You...did you ever...you know...do...um...anything like that?" she asked.

"I'm not that adventuresome," I laughed.

Before we went to the store, I went through the drive-up at a local fast food outlet and we had lunch in the car.

"You really think this stuff is good?" Mother asked as we ate our burgers and fries.

"It's food," I said. "And it's fast."

"OK, you got that right," she agreed.

Mother got off the mountain and out in the world so little that going to the supermarket was an adventure for her. And it was a delight for me to watch her discover things that had changed since the last time she'd been in the grocery store. She wasn't at all impressed by the items for sale in the supermarket. "I don't believe they sell meatloaf they make in a factory," she said as we

walked by the meat case. "Mashed potatoes, too. Don't people do anything for themselves any more?"

"It's the way it is," I said. "Folks convince themselves they're too busy to cook, I guess."

"I think it's just bein' lazy," Mother snorted.

I was pushing the shopping cart and Mother was walking beside me. I slipped my arm around her waist and gave her a half-hug. "You're right, I think," I said. "Besides, I tried the ready-made meatloaf when I was in college. It tastes like cardboard compared to your meatloaf."

"Seems as though it would haveta. Can't imagine a factory making any kind of good meatloaf...or anything else for that matter."

We continued walking through the store, picking up things Mother needed. I added a few things I needed, too. When we had everything on her list, we headed for the checkout.

The woman staffing the cash register in the line we were in was a buxom blonde who was probably my age but looked older. Her hair was done up in a kind of sloppy bouffant hairdo that most likely required a whole can of hairspray to achieve a look that was years out of date everywhere but here in our county. She had on a bright red pullover shirt that was at least a size too small for her and a straight skirt that looked as if it had been

painted on. Fortunately, much of her outfit was covered by the store's smock she wore. There may have been a time she was attractive, but now she looked pretty much used up.

As she was running items by the scanner, she smiled at me. A couple of her upper front teeth had discolored spots. "Hey, you're J.J. Wallace, ain't you?" she asked, giving me a smile that for her, I suppose, was seductive.

"Ah...yeah...I am," I replied. I could see Mother frowning at me out of the corner of my eye.

"I'm Carol Lee Mabry," she said. She giggled a little. Actually cackled might be a better description of the sound that came out. "I'm actually Carol Lee Barnes now," she went on. "I useta be Carol Lee Mabry. You was a coupla classes aheada me in school."

"Oh, yeah," I said. I remembered her now. She'd been a lot prettier back then. She'd also quit school in the eighth grade after she got pregnant.

"You married Billy Ray Barnes," I said.

Carol Lee grinned and shrugged. "Sorta, I guess," she replied. "But he's gone and run off on me again, so I guess you could say I'm...you know...unattached right now." She tried what passed

for her seductive smile on me again. "I heard you went off to college then come back to work for the Sheriff. That right?"

I glanced over and saw that Mother was frowning. "That's right," I said.

She let out another unnerving giggle. "I always thought you were kinda cute back in school," she said. "But you was older than me and didn't pay me no mind."

It wasn't that I was older that kept me from showing interest in her. When I knew her in school she had the reputation for being sexually available to almost anybody and there were also rumors she'd had various sexually transmitted diseases as well. Being a normal teenage male, I didn't mind the getting laid part, but I did have enough sense not to want to get the clap. That meant Carol Lee wasn't anyone I'd have been interested in. And I'd heard enough about her and her husband from other deputies to know I didn't really want anything to do with her now.

Carol Lee finished with our order and I paid for it. When the machine spit out the receipt, she bent and wrote something on it before she handed it to me. "That's my phone number," she said as she handed the paper to me, being sure her hand and mine made contact. "Like I said, I'm unattached right now."

Mother didn't look at me or say anything when I pushed the cart carrying our purchases out to my car. While I loaded things in the car, she climbed into the passenger seat. It didn't take a

genius to see she was upset about something. It also didn't take a genius to figure out that something was probably a blowzy blonde named Carol Lee.

It was warm out and I did have the air conditioning on as we drove back to the house, but given the frosty way Mother was acting, I probably could have left the A/C off. Things were more than a little chilly between us.

"Mother, what's going on?" I asked as we wended our way back up the hill.

"Nothin'" she murmured. "Nothin' at all."

"You sure are being quiet," I said.

"Don't have nothin' to say."

Since the change in her behavior occurred while we were at the checkout, I was almost positive she was jealous of Carol Lee. The reality was, however, that she had absolutely no reason whatever to be jealous of Carol Lee, or anyone else for that matter.

"Am I seeing the Green Eyed Monster at work here?" I asked. I steered around the sharp curve about a mile below our house.

"What are you talkin' about?" Mother retorted.

"I think you're jealous," I said.

"Why should I be jealous?" Mother snapped back.

"Good question," I said. "Why should you be?"

"I'm not."

"You sure?"

"I'm not jealous."

"OK."

We arrived at the house and carried the bags from the supermarket in without talking. There was no conversation while we put the things we'd purchased away, either. I knew I had to do something. We were wasting time we had alone and that was the last thing I wanted to do.

I had taken the things I bought into my room and put them away, then I returned to the kitchen. Mother was standing at the sink, looking out the window. I could see the glint of a tear in her eye. I walked over behind her and began combing my fingers through her hair.

"You don't need to be jealous of Carol Lee...or anyone else," I said.

"She...she was comin' on to you," Mother said. "She wants to have sex with you."

I couldn't help but chuckle. "Carol Lee wants to have sex with anyone who wears pants," I said. "She always has, ever since I knew her in school."

"Did...did you ever...you know...have...um...sex with her?" Mother asked.

"No way," I said. "There were rumors she had the clap and stuff. No way did I want to get sick." I chuckled again. "You know, she has four kids."

"Yeah, so?" Mother said.

"Well, from what the other guys on the department say, not one of them was fathered by Billy Ray. Apparently Billy Ray's equipment doesn't work. Think about it, he's left her four times, each time he left her she went out with other guys and now she's got four kids."

"You sayin' she let someone else get her pregnant?" Mother asked. She didn't turn around. She didn't want me to stop playing with her hair.

"That's what folks say," I said.

"But...but Billy Ray says the kids are his, doesn't he?" Mother asked. "Doesn't he know they aren't?"

"Billy Ray isn't the smartest guy in the county," I said. "And he always been kind of bull-headed and proud. I think he knows the kids aren't his, but he can't admit it." I began running my fingers lightly up and down Mother's bare arms and could feel goose bumps rising on her skin. She leaned back against me and I felt a little shudder run through her. I'd already started to get an erection; having her bottom pressing against me hastened the effect.

"Why would I want someone like Carol Ann when I've already got the most beautiful woman in the world?" I asked. I bent my head and kissed Mother's neck under her hair. She shuddered again. Another tremor ran through her. It caused her bottom to move wonderfully against my erection. I slid my hands down her arms again, then I moved them and cupped her breasts. This time Mother gasped.

"Do you like what I'm doing, Jonelle?" I had my face buried in her hair, kissing her neck.

"You know I do."

"Want me to stop?"

"No...please..."

I squeezed her breasts gently and began sweeping my thumbs back and forth across her rigid nipples.

Another tremor raced through her, stronger than the earlier ones. She moaned softly. "Oh, Lord, J.J.," she murmured. "We...we shouldn't be...doing...this...here...here in...in the...kitchen."

"Why not?" I asked. "Who's going to see us?" Anyone coming to our house would be driving and we'd hear a car or truck approaching early enough to make ourselves presentable before a visitor - or my father - arrived at the house. I let go of Mother's right breast, slid my hand down, opened a couple just below the waist, then slid my hand inside the dress and inside her soft cotton panties, too. My venturing fingers soon encountered her crinkly pubic hair, then dampness. "You really do like this, don't you, Jonelle?" I whispered and licked Mother's ear.

"Oh, Lord, J.J.!" she moaned.

I let my fingers probe between her legs and her hips rocked forward, as if seeking my caresses. I extended my middle finger and carefully slid it down between her arousal-slick labia.

"Mnnnnn!" Mother groaned. She quivered against me.

I slid my finger back up to the top of her vaginal opening and began sweeping it gently back and forth over her swollen, slippery clit. I was still rubbing the thumb of my other hand over her erect left nipple. Her hips were moving around and in and out and she was making soft gasps and moans.

"J.J., you're makin' me crazy!" she moaned.

"That's the whole idea," I whispered in reply. I kissed her neck, then licked her earlobe and ear.

"You...you keep that up...you...you're gonna...make...me...come," she murmured, her voice plaintive. "I...I want you...I want you in me...please!"

She was shaking and squirming in my arms and I was having a hard time holding her up. I looked at the kitchen table for a second, but I decided making love in the kitchen wasn't what either of us wanted, so I stopped caressing her, scooped her up in my arms, and headed for my bedroom. She teased my short hair with her fingers and kissed me as I carried her through the house.

In my bedroom, I laid her gently on the bed then, as she stared up at me with her gorgeous brown eyes wide open and filled with love, I began unbuttoning her dress. Once the buttons were undone, I spread the dress apart, then I quickly slipped my pants and underpants down and kicked off my loafers and got on the bed, kneeling between my mother's splayed legs, looking down at her. My erection jutted from my middle, pointing at the spot where it - and I - desperately wanted it to be.

I shuffled a little farther up, then leaned over Mother and held my body up off hers on my straight arms. Slowly I lowered my hips and felt the tip of my rigid penis rubbing against Mother's need-slippery vaginal lips. Without any guidance on her part, or mine, the flared head parted the silky skin guarding her portal and began to slide into the heat and dampness of her core.

I lowered myself by flexing my arms, our lips joined, and we shared yet another wonderful kiss while my erection probed deeper and deeper into her and wild, wonderful sensations coursed through me. I felt her hips rising a bit, welcoming me into her. Then I felt our pubic bones pressing against each other and was buried as deep inside Mother as I could be.

We continued to exchange warm, fervent kisses, leaving our hips still. Even so, ecstatic sensations swelled up through me and, judging from the fervency of Mother's kisses, she was having a similar experience. I continued kissing her, licking her tongue, chewing gently on her lips and tongue and wondered if we might wind up sharing an orgasm, even without moving our hips. Even

if it didn't happen that way, I knew that one way or another, we would share one.

I was so wrapped up in necking with Mother I didn't realize she had started moving her hips until I noticed that the sensations rippling through me were getting stronger and stronger. Actually, I'm not sure she was aware she was moving her hips, either, but she was. Unable to lie still, I began matching her movements with my hips. I felt the urgency growing in me, just as it always did when Mother and I made love. We continued kissing and I felt her hands racing up and down my back, pulling at me, trying to pull me tighter against her. At the same time the movement of her hips grew more and more frantic.

We were both moaning and gasping, but the sounds were muffled as we continued to exchange passionate kisses. Our tongues continued to lash. My hips were moving faster, shoving my steel-hard penis as deep as possible into Mother. I'd never dreamed making love could feel as wonderful as it always was with her.

"Oh, Lord, J.J.! Oh, Lord!" Mother gasped when I lifted my mouth from hers so we could both take a breath. Her fingers were locked onto my rising and falling buttocks. I looked down and was again struck by how clearly her face showed the pleasure she was feeling from what we were doing. It was as if she was experiencing the most wonder it was possible for a person to feel, and I was the person causing her to feel that way.

I knew I wouldn't be able to put off my orgasm much longer, nor did I believe Mother would. She continued to clutch at me frantically, her fingers digging into my skin, her body straining against mine. She was panting and moaning and occasionally babbling my name. Her middle was rocking up against mine and twisting and mine was pressing down against it.

Then it happened. I can't tell you if her orgasm triggered mine, or mine hers, but it seemed as if, at the same instant, we erupted into shared ecstasy. I could hear myself groaning Mother's name while she echoed my groans with my name. Our bodies struggled against each other; two entities that had once been a single entity seemed to be trying to become one again. Our pubic bones were grinding and it felt as if my body was pumping an unending amount of hot fluids into hers. Vaguely I could feel her vaginal walls rippling around my embedded erection.

Our frantic motions began to calm eventually. I held the weight of my upper body off her on straightened arms and smiled down at her.

Mother gazed up at me with the look of love and satisfaction I so treasured. "Oh, Lord, J.J., you always make me feel so incredible," she murmured.

"You make me feel pretty incredible, too," I told her. I lowered myself so I could plant a gentle kiss on her lips, then straightened my arms, lifting my upper body again. I was surprised to find that my erection, though a bit softer than it had

been, wasn't completely flaccid yet. Grinning, I rocked my hips, thrusting it into Mother.

"Oh, Lord, J.J.! You're...you're still hard!" Mother exclaimed.

I lifted my hips, pulling almost all the way out of her, then lowered them and buried myself in her again. "That feel good?" I asked her. I didn't need to hear her answer, what I saw in her eyes told me it did.

I began thrusting into her in earnest while holding myself up on my straightened arms. It was almost as good as having her on top because it let me see her face and how it showed what was happening inside her. I could literally see her arousal building in her eyes, almost before I felt it in the way her body reacted to my thrusts.

This time, because I wasn't coming, I could feel the rippling of her vaginal walls when she did. I could also see it blossoming in her eyes at the same time. It was one of the neatest things I'd yet shared with her.

"J.J.! Oh, Lord, J.J.! Oh, Lord!" she groaned, while her body bucked up against mine once more, but with less force than it had during our earlier shared orgasm.

When Mother had settled down after her second orgasm, I slipped my now-soft penis out of her and dropped to my side on

the bed next to her. She rolled over, pressed against me, and kissed me. "I love you, J.J.," she said.

"I love you, too, Jonelle," I replied. "You never have to worry. You'll always be the only woman in my life."

"And you're the only man in my life," she said. "You're the only man I've ever had in my life."

We laid there in each other's arms for quite a while, not saying anything, just savoring having our naked flesh in contact. I occasionally stroked Mother's hair.

"There's one thing I wish I could do that I can't," I said, breaking our silence after perhaps a half-hour.

Mother leaned back and looked at me. "What's that?" she asked.

"I wish there was some way we could spend the night together...all night," I told her. "God, I'd love to wake up in the morning and have you be the first thing I see."

"We can't do that," she said, "I'd love that, too. Lord, I lay there in my bed at night wishin' I was lyin' next to you. But..."

"It's just a dream right now," I said. "Someday, maybe, we'll be able to figure out how we can do it."

Mother kissed me gently. "I sure hope so," she said. "I hate bein' in the same room with that man. Especially at night."

"Maybe I could build another room onto the house for you," I said.

"You already spent way too much money on this place," she said. "You don't have to do that."

"But if it would make you happier..." I said.

"Nothin' could make me any happier than you already made me," Mother said.

After another half-hour or so of lying in each other's arms, we got up, got ourselves cleaned up, went out to the kitchen, and began making dinner. Once the meal was ready, we sat down and ate. After we finished, I insisted on doing the dishes and told Mother to watch TV until I was done. Instead, she sat in the kitchen and chatted with me. She tried drying the dishes after I washed them, but I wouldn't let her do that, either.

When the dishes were finally done and put away, we moved to the living room, sat down on the sofa together, and watched TV for a while. At some point we again found ourselves necking - it started shortly after I began tickling Mother's arm, I think.

The thing is, we don't seem to be able to just kiss, as wonderful as that is. Before long, I was kissing my way down Mother's neck, listening to her groans, savoring the feel of her silky skin against my lips. My fingers, as if acting on their own, began opening her dress and soon I was suckling one of her incredible nipples while she gasped, shuddered, and clutched my head against her.

"Oh, Lord, J.J.," she whimpered. I was continuing to unbutton her dress. "Is...is this normal? To...to want to...to make love...as...as much as...we do?"

I hated to abandon her nipple, but I did. I looked up at her and said, "It apparently is for us." I lowered my head and gently sucked her other nipple into my mouth. Her response was to wrap her hands around my head again and emit a delightful soft, passionate moan.

Our actions grew more and more feverish. I continued to suckle her nipples and, once I had her dress opened, I began caressing her vagina, at first through her panties, then under them. At some point my pants wound up open and her hand wrapped around my erection and began stroking it gently.

Caressing each other and kissing the way we were, as wonderful as it was, wasn't going to be enough for either of us for very long. My need continued to grow and, judging from her constant moans and the amount of wetness I could feel as I caressed her middle, so had Mother's.

It probably would have been smart for us to go into my bedroom, but we didn't do that. I'm not sure either of us could have managed to get to our feet and walk even that short distance. It was late in the evening and even though I knew we were taking a risk that my father might come home, I pushed Mother back on the sofa. As she laid there with one leg on the floor, I stretched out on top of her and felt her hand moving my erection toward her vagina.

"Oh, God!" I groaned when I felt her warmth and dampness caressing the tip. "Oh, God, yes!" I added when I lowered my hips and sank into her.

"Do it!" Mother murmured. Her hips were pressing up against mine, twisting and turning. "Do it now! Don't make me wait! I need it! I need you!"

There was nothing else I wanted to do, nor could have done. I began lunging my hips against hers and felt her clutching my buttocks as I did.

"Oh, yeah! Oh, God, yeah!" I heard myself chanting as I plunged into her delightful warm cavern again and again.

"Yes! Yes! Oh, Lord, J.J., yes!" Mother murmured in reply.

I felt my orgasm starting and made no attempt to stop it, not that I could have. My insides convulsed and my juices shot up through my penis and into Mother. About that time I felt her

fingers digging into my bottom and realized she was coming, too. The sounds we were making were no longer intelligible as waves of ecstasy swept over both of us. I think I remember yelling, "Jonelle, I love you!" but I'm not sure.

After my passion was spent and I could move, I managed to get myself off Mother and collapsed against the arm of the sofa. I looked at her, she looked at me, and we both giggled nervously.

"What woulda happened if your daddy had come home while we was...um...you know?" Mother asked. She was still naked, a little breathless, and her nipples were still hard.

I couldn't help myself. I said, "He'd have seen how a man should make love to his woman."

Mother's face turned bright red. "J.J., this isn't funny," she said sternly. She sat up and began buttoning her dress.

"I know," I said. "We do need to be more careful." I took a deep breath. "But God, I wish we didn't have to."

Mother slid over, took my face in her hands, and kissed me softly. "I know, I wish we didn't, too, but that's the way it is." She kissed me again. "I gotta go to the bathroom and get cleaned up..." She paused and grinned at me. "Because 'a you." I got another gentle kiss, then she stood up and walked out of the room.

I got my clothes back in some semblance of order and flipped over the sofa cushions to hide the wet spot we'd left. I got up, went into my room, and got a spray can of deodorant to hide the smell of love-making that still hung in the air, too. I heard Mother come out of the bathroom, so I headed in that direction.

I met Mother in the hallway outside the bathroom and we shared a gentle, loving kiss and hug. "I think I'm gonna go to bed," she said after the kiss ended.

"Yeah, I guess I will, too," I said glumly. "You know...you could come to bed with me...maybe he..." The sound of a vehicle coming up the road made me stop. I sighed. "I guess he's coming home, huh?"

Mother looked as glum as I felt. "Looks that way," she said. She gave me another quick kiss. "Maybe he'll take off and be gone all day tomorrow, like today," she added, then she headed into her bedroom.

I went into the bathroom fuming about the irony of my situation. That morning I'd established myself as the "alpha male" in the household, but Mother was still sleeping in the same room as my father although, blessedly, not in the same bed. Was there anything I could ever do about that?

Chapter 12

It was raining when I woke up Sunday morning, and the lousy weather fit my mood. I laid awake quite a while the night before trying to figure out a way to move Mother from my father's bedroom to mine but I couldn't come up with any answers that didn't involve committing a crime that would get me a life sentence in prison. I discarded all of the ideas because I didn't want to win the battle and lose the war. When I did fall asleep, I slept fitfully so I woke up a little tired and a lot grumpy.

I slipped on a pair of sweatpants and a T-shirt; then I went to the bathroom to take a shower, shave, and generally make myself as presentable as I could. I could hear Mother working in the kitchen and smelled the things she was cooking. Actually, it smelled a little like she might be making corned beef hash. That helped my mood a little. I love the homemade hash she makes.

After I'd finished in the bathroom, I went out to the kitchen and was surprised to find Mother there alone. She was wearing another of her faded housedresses and had an old apron tied around her waist. She heard me coming, turned around, and smiled at me. "Good mornin', J.J.," she said.

"Good morning," I replied. "Where's he?"

Mother knew I was talking about my father. Her smile got brighter. "Gone," she said. "Believe it or not, he came home sober

- at least sober for him - last night. He got up early, had a cup of coffee and took off."

I wanted to let myself feel excited, but I wasn't sure I should. "He say when he's coming home?" I asked.

Mother's smile got brighter. She turned down the burner on the gas stove, set the spatula she was holding her hand on the stove, and started toward me, wiping her hands her hands on her apron as she walked. When she reached me, she wrapped one arm around my waist, grabbed my head with the other hand, plastered her body against mine, and gave me a kiss that resulted in my getting an instant erection. After the kiss ended, she leaned back and grinned at me. "He said he wasn't sure he'd be home tonight," she told me. "I wonder if he's sick. He looked really shaky this morning."

"It's probably because he didn't have enough to drink last night," I said. I grabbed her around the waist, hauled her into a hug, and kissed her just as hotly as she'd kissed me.

"Looks like you're awake," she giggled, rocking her hips against my erection.

"How could I not be, finding a gorgeous woman like you in the kitchen waiting for me?" I retorted.

Mother flushed a little. I knew she liked when I complimented her on her looks, but I also knew she wasn't totally comfortable with the compliments.

I kissed her again. "You are one hot lady," I said.

Her face got even redder. "Oh, yeah, sure," she said. "This old faded dress is a real hot item. I seen the kinda stuff women wear on some 'a those web sites on your computer. I don't look like they do."

I hugged her against me. "Maybe I should get you some sexy new clothes," I said. I chuckled. "Some fancy underwear, too."

I looked down at her and saw that she was blushing. "What good would stuff like that do me, livin' out here the way we do?" she said. "And how'd I explain havin' fancy undies to your daddy?"

I laughed. "When was the last time he saw you in your underwear?" I asked.

Mother looked thoughtful for a few seconds, then she smiled. "Been a real long time. Maybe ten years, give or take."

"So how would he know if you were wearing sexy underwear, then?" I asked.

Mother continued to blush. "Just the same, you don't need to be wastin' your money on stuff like that," she said softly.

I hugged her against me and kissed her on the forehead. "OK," I said. "Not now. But maybe..."

Mother pulled out of my arms. "Come on," she said. "Breakfast is going to get cold."

We sat down at the table and ate.

"What are we going to do today?" I asked as I ate. "Weather being like it is, we sure can't do much outside."

"I got plenty of stuff to do here in the house," Mother said. "You don't need to help me do anything, though," she added quickly.

I reached across the table, laid my hand on hers, and gave it a squeeze. "You know I like helping you," I told her.

"I know you do," she replied. "Thing is, I have a hard time with you helpin' me do housework."

"Why?"

"I guess it's 'cause I was raised up to believe women're supposed to do that stuff, not men."

"That's bull," I said. "Men should help with housework. Cooking, too."

"I guess you're probably right," Mother said. "But I can't quite get the idea, you know?"

"You will, eventually," I said. "Because I'm going to keep helping you, whether you like it or not."

Mother smiled and nodded. "I know you will," she said. "You're a good son."

We ate for a while, not saying anything. I was just about finished when I looked up and saw Mother looking at me. Her smile had faded and she had a very serious look on her face.

"What's the matter?" I asked her.

"This stuff we've been doin', it ever bother you?" she asked, speaking very softly.

I was surprised by the question. "You...you mean us making love?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yeah, that."

"Not really," I said.

Mother looked surprised. "Not even a little bit?"

I shook my head. I hadn't had a moment's doubt since I began my seduction of her. As far as I was concerned, both of our lives were far better because of what we were doing. "Does it bother you a lot?" I asked her.

I was surprised to see her eyes welling up. She swallowed hard and nodded. "Some-sometimes..." she said. "...when I'm layin' in bed at night...it...I think about it."

I reached across the table, took her hand, and squeezed it. "We aren't doing anything wrong," I said softly. "We love each other and what we're doing is how we show that love."

Mother looked at me and I watched a tear roll down her cheek. "But...but J.J., what we're doin' it really can't be right. It's...it's against God's law, ain't it?"

"There are cultures in which parents are expected to initiate their children sexually," I responded. I wasn't positive that was the case, but I vaguely recalled reading something like that once.

"You sure about that?" Mother asked.

I nodded.

"I never knew that," Mother replied thoughtfully.

"The only difference is that for us, the roles are reversed," I said. "I'm the one teaching you."

"Yeah, 'cause I was too dumb to realize what sex was all about," Mother said. More tears rolled down her cheeks. She pulled her hand from mine, stood up, picked up her dishes, carried them to the sink, and stood there, gazing out the window, hugging herself.

I didn't quite understand why we were having a discussion on this topic, but why we were didn't really matter. Mother was upset and I had to do something about it. I stood up, walked over to where she stood, slid my arms around her waist, and pulled her back against me.

"All that matters is that I love you, Jonelle, and that you love me," I said softly, my mouth close to her ear. I felt a soft shudder run through her. Having her body pressed against mine was having the effect it always did. My penis began stiffening, nudging against her buttocks. I pulled her hair back, away from her ear and neck, and nuzzled my face against her. "You know how much I love you. And I know how much you love me." I could feel her softening in my arms. When we made love, I sometimes

felt as if we were trying to rejoin our bodies again. I started kissing her neck with little nibbling kisses and heard a soft gasp. Her bottom pressed back against me even more firmly and began rocking in what I was pretty sure were movements she wasn't aware she was making. I continued the "nibble-kisses" and began running my fingers lightly up and down her bare arms. Goose bumps rose on her soft skin, I could feel her rate of breathing increase, and at the same time she started making little gasping sounds. I did know what turned her on.

"Oh, Lord, J.J.," she murmured.

I stopped tickling Mother's arms and began caressing her breasts gently through her dress. She wasn't wearing a bra and her large nipples, already hard, were jutting out against the wear-softened fabric of her dress. When I slid my fingers over the swollen, sensitive tips of her breasts, Mother moaned more fervently and a tremor went through her body.

"J.J., darlin', what are you doin' to me?" she whispered.

I was still planting the "nibble-kisses" on her neck and was enjoying having her hair caressing my face as I did. I moved my kisses to her hair, causing her to squirm against me, and whispered, "I'm making love to you. Do you like it?" I took both nipples between my fingers and thumbs and squeezed gently.

After Mother emitted a soft groan, she murmured, "Lord, yes, I sure do!"

I teased her nipples a through her dress a bit longer, then I unbuttoned the dress and slipped my hands inside it, onto her warm, bare flesh. That evoked another soft groan and full-body shudder. Yet another passionate moan happened when I cupped her breasts gently in my hands and began rubbing my thumbs back and forth over her rock-hard nipples. Her bottom was still working against me, but I could feel her trembling, too.

"Oh, Lord, J.J.," she murmured. "You keep this up and I'm gonna fall on the floor in a big heap. My legs ain't gonna hold me much longer."

"We sure can't have that," I said. I released her breasts, scooped her up in my arms, turned, and began moving toward my bedroom. Her arms snaked around my neck and she began raining kisses on my face and mouth as I carried her through the house.

I carried her into the bedroom, across the room, and laid her on my bed. After sharing a few more delightful kisses with her, I began kissing my way down her body, spreading her dress open to bare her charms as I did. Down over her heaving chest my lips moved. Her soft moans and gasps poured fuel on the fires of desire burning inside me as my lips slid softly over her warm skin. Her fingers clutched my head and her body moved sinuously, driven by forces that neither of us could control any longer, or wanted to control.

My journey of kisses and teasing licks continued from Mother's breasts, down over her belly. The further down I moved, her moans grew more impassioned and the movement of her body grew more fervent. I finally arrived at her soft cotton panties. I continued kissing and teasing her belly and at the same time, I slid my hand down between her legs and began stroking her vaginal area lightly through her panties. The crotch was already sopping wet with the juices of her need. Mother's hips began moving up and down. "Uhh! Oh, J.J.! Oh, Lord, J.J.! Uhh! Uhh!" she chanted while I adored her lovely body with my lips, tongue, and fingers.

After toying with her through her panties for a few moments, I slid my fingers under the elastic leg opening and directly onto her slippery silky labia. Her song of arousal grew louder and more passionate, as did her movements. I've always loved playing with my women, especially so with Mother, because of how much I love her. Making love with her, having our bodies joined, is the ultimate experience. But the way she looks, sounds, and feels when I touch her comes close. Giving her what is clearly an incredibly high level of pleasure turns me on, too. I'd give her unending orgasms, if that were practical.

I slid a finger inside her snug, hot opening and could feel the walls of her snug cave beginning to ripple, signaling to me that her orgasm was imminent. I began sliding my finger in and out while at the same time, I rubbed my thumb back and forth over her swollen clit. Her hips continued to pound up and down on the bed and the stream of sounds coming from her mouth no longer contained anything intelligible.

I had continued to kiss and lick her belly, concentrating on her belly-button, while I used my fingers to rouse her. Now I moved my head further down and replaced my thumb with my tongue and began licking her clit.

Mother stiffened. "J.J.! Oh, Lord, J.J.! Uh! Uh! Uh! Huh! Huh! Huh!" she cried. Her hips resumed their rocking, plunging movements, her grunts and groans rose to a crescendo, and the walls of her vagina clutched my finger, which I shoved as far into her as it would go and held there. I loved being able to see, hear, and feel the effects of her orgasm without being so tied up in one of my own I missed it all.

Eventually, Mother's frantic motions and cries calmed and she relaxed onto my bed and laid there, murmuring, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord, J.J.!" over and over. I still had my finger inside her and could feel the walls of her vagina spasming around it as she experienced after-shocks from her orgasm. After even those ended, I slid my finger out of her and stretched out next to her on the bed. She rolled on her side to face me, grabbed my head in her hands, and kissed me with the kind of fervor that was always there when we were making love.

"What...what about you?" she gasped after the kiss ended. "You...you gotta be turned on, too, aren't you?"

I smiled at her. "Of course I am," I said. "Making you come does that to me every time."

"What...what do you want to do about it?" she murmured, her eyes wide. "Do...do you want me to...you know...help you?"

"I want to keep making love," I said.

Mother's eyes widened. "Oh."

"How about you?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" she responded.

"Do you want to keep making love?"

"Ah...yeah...I...I do," she murmured, smiling softly.

"Why waste time, then?" I said. I pushed her gently onto her back, rolled on top of her, supporting some of my weight on my arms and knees, which were between her legs, and kissed her. The kiss told me that the orgasm I'd given her hadn't done that much to dampen her ardor.

"You really do want me, doncha?" Mother asked after the kiss ended.

The way I was lying had my erection pressed against her. "I'm not sure how you guessed that," I teased. I let a little more of my weight press against her. "You want me, too?"

Mother nodded. "You know I do," she murmured in reply.

"Well, then..." I said. I pushed myself up so I was kneeling between her legs and pushed down my sweatpants, freeing my erection. Then I leaned forward, my body over Mother's again, and began lowering my hips. As I did, my erection, jutting from my middle, moved inexorably toward the opening I wanted so desperately to have it occupy.

"Oh, damn!" I groaned when I felt Mother's warm hand encircling my erect organ. As I continued to slowly lower my hips, she guided it. "Oh, yes!" I gasped when I felt the warmth and dampness of my mother's vagina surround the tip. "Oh, God, yes!"

"Take me, J.J.!" Mother gasped. "I need you so bad, darlin'!"

I pressed my rigid penis as far into my mother's body as I could. I was extremely turned on and the sweetness of entering her almost made me come, so I laid there, buried deep inside her, allowing my body to calm a bit. When the extreme urgency I was feeling abated, I began moving slowly, sliding my erection in and out of her with a deliberate pace, enjoying how it felt to have the walls of her love-cave dragging along the sides of my erection. It was, in my opinion, as close to being in heaven as it is possible

to get here on earth and, from the look I saw on Mother's face as I gazed down at her, she felt the same way.

I tried to keep moving deliberately, to draw out the wonderful experience Mother and I were sharing as long as I could, but I was way too turned on. My body wanted more and overruled my attempts to control it. My hips began moving faster and faster, stabbing my erection deep into my mother's body. I felt her hands clutching my bottom, looked down, and realized she was headed for another orgasm, one we'd share.

"Take me, baby!" she murmured. "Come on, J.J., take me!" Her fingers dug into my bottom and I felt her hips pushing up against me.

"Oh, yeah! Take it! I can't wait!" I groaned. I experienced an explosion of pleasure and felt my fluids being pumped up through me and into mother by fabulous contractions in my lower body.

"Yes! Oh, Lord, J.J., yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes-yesss!" Mother moaned in reply.

Our bodies labored against each other and pleasure, like ocean waves, rolled over us, seemingly washing from my body to Mother's and back again. Every time we made love it was incredible. That had never happened to me before. With other lovers, although sex was almost always good, but it was never as consistently great as it was when Mother and I made love.

When, at last, our passion had ebbed, I slid out of mother and dropped on my side on the bed next to her. Once more, she rolled onto her side to face me. She reached out a hand and gently caressed my cheek. "You always make me feel so good," she said softly. Her eyes glistened a little.

"I'm assuming those are tears of joy I see in your eyes," I said, then I leaned my head forward and kissed her gently.

Mother nodded. "I never, ever knew I could feel like you always make me feel when we make love," she said.

"It's the same for me," I told her.

Mother took a deep breath. "I'm sorry I said what I did earlier about us," she told me.

"You don't have to apologize..." I began. Mother stopped me by putting her fingers on my lips.

"I ain't never gonna mention it again," she said. "I love you. I need you. I'd die if you weren't here."

"OK," I said. "I won't bring it up either, then."

We snuggled into each other's arms and laid there, occasionally touching each other gently, loving how it felt to have our naked bodies pressed against each other. In a lot of ways, it was just a continuation of our lovemaking and was just as wonderful.

Our delightful interlude of holding each other ended because both of us needed to attend to the call of nature. Mother went first. After she finished, I took care of my needs in the bathroom, cleaned myself up a little, and put my sweatpants back on. Then I joined Mother, who had returned to the kitchen and had begun to clean up the breakfast dishes.

I walked over to the counter where she was standing, put my arms around her, and gave her a squeeze. "How about you let me make lunch?" I asked.

"What are you going to make?" she asked.

"I'll surprise you," I said. "I want to check the mail, then I'll start making lunch, OK?"

"OK," she replied.

"Be right back," I said as I headed for the door to go out and get the mail.

Chapter 13

I was surprised to find a hand-addressed letter with a South Carolina return address and postmark in the collection of bills and junk mail that normally made up our daily mail delivery. The return address was "Mrs. John Wickes, RFD 2 Box 170, Walhalla, NC 29691." At first I had no idea why we were getting a letter from Mrs. John Wickes, then it hit me. Wickes was my mother's maiden name.

To the best of my knowledge, Mother hadn't had any contact with her family since she left South Carolina to come live with my father. I'd never met any of my relatives, either. What little I knew about my maternal grandparents came from stories my mother had told me. Of course she'd left her family home at age fourteen and had been gone for nearly a quarter of a century, so there was probably a lot about the family she and I both didn't know.

"Who's John Wickes?" I asked when I walked back into the house.

"I have a brother named John," she replied. "Why?"

"His wife wrote you a letter," I said, and handed it to her. I can't quite describe the look that appeared on mother's face. It was a combination of a little bit of longing, a small amount of puzzlement, and even a little bit of fear. Holding the letter in her

hand, she walked over to the kitchen table, sat down, and continued to stare at it.

"Is John one of your older brothers?" I asked. I walked over and sat down at the table, too.

Mother nodded. "He's about ten years older'n me, I think," she said. There was a wistful tone in her voice and she continued to stare at the letter.

"What do you think his wife wrote to you about?" I asked.

Mother kept staring at the letter and shrugged. "Dunno," she murmured.

"You could find out by opening the letter," I pointed out.

Mother looked at me. "What if it's bad news?"

"Maybe it is," I said. "On the other hand, maybe it's good news. You won't know if you don't open it."

Mother went back to looking at the letter she still held in her hand.

"You want me to open it?" I suggested. "If it's bad news, I won't tell you."

Mother looked at me again. A brief flash of anger showed in her eyes, then it disappeared and she laughed. "Yeah, sure," she giggled. "Sure you won't tell me."

"I won't, if you don't ask," I said.

"Like I'm not going to ask," she chuckled.

"So...are you going to open it?"

She looked back at the letter. "I...I guess." She moved to do just that and when she did, I could see her hands trembling. I wasn't surprised. I think I probably would have been shaking, too, if I were about to have the first contact with a member of my family that I'd had in nearly twenty-five years. She got the envelope open, took out the letter inside, and studied it. From the look on her face, I was pretty sure it wasn't bad news. When she finished reading, Mother looked at me. "It's from my brother John's wife. They're having a family reunion and they want us to come."

"Us?" I said. "Him, too?"

Mother shrugged. "I guess."

"When is it?" I asked.

"Saturday, September 27th," Mother replied.

"You want to go?" I asked. Part of me wanted to. It would be a chance to learn about a part of my heritage I had very little knowledge of.

Mother shrugged. "Don't matter what I want. You know he ain't gonna want to go."

"It isn't up to him," I said. "If you want to go, we'll go. If he doesn't want to come along - and I hope he doesn't - he can stay here. Do you want to go?"

She looked at the letter, then at me, then back at the letter. After a while, she took a deep breath, looked back up at me, nodded, and said, "I think maybe I'd like to."

"OK, then we'll go," I said. "I'll put in for vacation for a few days. How big a town is Walhalla?"

"I don't rightly know," Mother said. "We lived quite a ways outside of town, back up in the hills. Didn't get to town much. And it's probably changed some since I was there, too."

"I can probably find us a place to stay on the Internet," I said. "What's a bigger town near Walhalla?"

Mother looked thoughtful for a few minutes. "I think Greenville's not too far away," she said. "Folks always used to go there to get stuff they couldn't get in Walhalla."

I laid my hand on Mother's. "You sure you want to go?" I asked.

Mother looked back at me and nodded. "Yeah, I think I do." She took a deep breath. "It's kinda scary, though. I mean, I ain't seen any of them folks for nearly twenty-five years."

"Do you know if your parents are still alive?" I asked.

A sad look formed on Mother's face and she shook her head.

I squeezed her hand again. "They probably are still alive," I said. "Look, they knew how to reach you to invite you to the reunion, didn't they? If your parents had died, they'd have written."

"Yeah, I guess," Mother said.

I had promised to make her lunch, but had been distracted by the arrival of the letter. I was still hungry, so I got up and began getting together the ingredients I needed to make the quiche I'd planned for lunch. I knew Mother had never made a quiche for

us - it was something I was positive my father would never touch - so I was pretty sure she'd never had it. I like Quiche Lorraine, with bacon and onions, but I didn't feel like frying up bacon, so I made broccoli instead.

Mother had walked over to the counter where I was working and was watching me with interest. "What are you making?" she asked. "Some kind of pie?"

"Sort of," I said. "I'll tell you what it is once you've tried it."

"OK," she said. I knew she was uncomfortable with the idea of my cooking. She'd been told by her parents and my father that cooking was "women's work." Of course these are people who never heard of Emeril or Paul Prudhomme. "How long is that going to take?"

"Should be ready in a half-hour, forty-five minutes," I said.

"OK, I have some laundry to get done anyhow. Call me when it's ready," Mother said. If I wasn't going to let her cook, she'd find something else to do.

I finished the quiche and put it in the oven to bake. Then I went into my room and got on the internet to see what I could find for lodging in the area of Walhalla, S.C. I couldn't find anything in Walhalla, but I did find an incredible Bed and Breakfast in Greenville. It was a bit pricey, but the trip to the family reunion, if Mother and I were the only ones going, would be the first time

we'd be able to spend the entire night together and I wanted to make it special. I booked four nights, Thursday through Sunday. After I finished with the reservations, I checked on something else I wanted to find out before I shut down the computer and went back to the kitchen to check on the quiche. The Bed and Breakfast was going to be one part of the surprises I wanted to give Mother. I checked and found out that I'd be able to get another part of my planned surprise for her in Greenville, too.

After the quiche had cooled enough to eat, I cut pieces for Mother and me and we sat down to eat.

"So this is a kind of cheese and egg pie?" she asked.

"I guess you could call it that," I said. "It's called quiche."

"Keesh?" Mother said.

"It's spelled q-u-i-c-h-e," I said. "French spelling." I chuckled. "That probably means 'cheese and egg pie' in French."

She didn't look too sure of herself as she cut off a tiny piece and put it in her mouth. After she chewed and swallowed, she smiled. "Hey, that's good," she said. "Where'd you learn how to make that?"

"There was a little French cafe down the street from my dorm in college that made them," I told her. "I got one of the cooks to show me how to make them. It isn't hard, really."

She ate some more, and her face again showed me she obviously liked it. "Was the cook who taught you a girl or a guy?" she asked when she finished her second piece.

"Ah...it was a girl," I admitted.

She ate some more quiche. "Was she pretty?" she asked.

I grinned at her. "Not nearly as pretty as you," I replied.

We each ate two pieces. When we finished, I wrapped the remaining quiche in plastic wrap and put it in the refrigerator, then I went to the sink and began cleaning up my dishes. Mother surprised me by not insisting she do the dishes. Instead, she sat at the kitchen table, sipping a cup of tea I'd made for her.

"That girl, the one taught you to make those quiche things," she said. "You do sex with her?"

"A few times," I admitted. Even though I knew my reply might cause Mother a little discomfort, I'd decided that I would always be honest with her.

"She good at doin' sex?"

I glanced over my shoulder and grinned. "She wasn't bad at it. But she wasn't nearly as good as the woman I'm having sex with now," I said, chuckling. I went back to washing the dishes. I was just about finished when I heard Mother's chair slide back and her soft footsteps on the kitchen floor. The next thing I knew, she was pressed up against me from behind and her arms wrapped around me.

"I love you, J.J.," she said softly. She hugged me.

"I love you, too, Jonelle," I responded. "More than anything." Having her marvelous body pressed against me was having the same effect it always did. I was beginning to get an erection.

Mother surprised me by sliding her hands down. I felt her stiffen and heard her gasp softly when she discovered what was going on in my sweatpants. She started kissing the back of my neck, slid one of her hands into my sweats, cupped her fingers around my rapidly hardening penis, and began stroking it gently. She kept kissing my neck. "Feels nice," she whispered between kisses.

Waves of ecstatic feelings were rushing through me in response to Mother's caresses. "Uh...yeah...it...um...it sure...it sure does," I gasped in reply. "God, do you ever do that good!"

She continued pumping my erect organ, and wonderful sensations continue to rush through me. "Glad you like it," she murmured.

"Like it...doesn't come...close to...ah...describing how...um...I feel...ah...about that," I gasped. "Hell...Oh, shit that feels good!...love it doesn't come close."

"Why don't we go someplace where we can do more than this?" Mother murmured, surprising me by how sexually assertive she was acting.

"O...K," I grunted.

We started down the hall and Mother surprised me again. Instead of going to my bedroom, she led me into the room she shared with my father and over to her twin-sized bed that sat along the wall near the closet. She sat down on the bed, tugged me in front of her, and slid down my sweatpants. I couldn't believe this was the same woman who'd been expressing misgivings about our affair earlier in the day, but it was. She cupped the fingers of her right hand around my erection again and resumed stroking it. She used the fingers from her other hand to massage the pre-cum she was pumping out of me over the arrow-shaped tip of my penis which felt as if it might just explode in her hand. She sure had a lot of natural talent at this, because I knew for a fact she didn't have much experience.

"Oh...oh, jeez! Oh, jeez!" I groaned. My hips were rocking, fucking my rock-hard penis against her hand. "Oh, God, Jonelle, you're going to make me come if you keep that up!"

She smiled up at me. Her eyes were wide and in them I could see the need burning inside her. "You like this, huh?" she said. "I like doin' it to you. You want me to make you shoot your stuff?"

"Oh...God!" I groaned as a particularly powerful ripple of joy swept over me. "I...Oh, God!...I want to shoot my stuff...in...you!" I managed to croak. "Oh, God, Jonelle! I want to come with you!"

She smiled up at me and began unbuttoning her dress with her left hand. When she had all of the buttons undone, she pushed it apart, baring her body to my fervent gaze. I noticed she wasn't wearing underpants. I swear, seeing her like that made my erection get even harder. "Put this in me, then," she murmured. Her eyes were hot, almost glowing with need. She gave my erection a squeeze. "Come on, J.J., put it in me!" She released me and laid back on the bed.

I wasted no time getting onto the bed, kneeling between her legs. I shuffled up a little bit, leaned over her so I was supporting my weight on one arm. I reached down between us and centered the tip of my bobbing erection against her opening. A rush of delight went up through me when I made contact with her and I gasped. I vaguely heard a gasp come from her, too. When my erection was in position, I lowered my hips and felt it slipping into her warm, snug, slippery opening. There is no way I can accurately describe how fantastic that felt.

I think the fact that she'd invited me to her bed was what made this session of love making so intense for me. No other man had been with her in this bed. I'd established myself as the dominant male in the house a in a confrontation with my father a few days earlier and now it seemed Mother was acknowledging my dominance by surrendering herself to me in her bed, in the bedroom she'd shared with my father their entire married life.

I began moving in her, trying desperately to keep my motions slow and even, wanting to prolong our delicious contact for as long as I could. Unfortunately, the circumstances I found myself in made that even more difficult than usual. I could feel Mother's body moving under mine, pressing against me, twisting and turning urgently and could hear the sounds of passion coming from her. They sounded stronger, more feral, than usual.

Mother's hands clamped on my buttocks and her fingers dug into my flesh. "Take me, J.J.! Come on, J.J., take me!" she moaned. "I need you, son! Oh, Lord! I need you!" Her face was the familiar mask of passion I'd come to enjoy seeing but there was a fire in her eyes I don't remember seeing before. That look ripped what little control I had been able to muster away from me.

'Oh, damn! Oh, God! Mother! Oh, God, Mother, I'm coming!" I groaned as my insides began the wonderful churning and writhing that signaled my release. I pushed my middle down against hers and held it there, holding my erection deep inside her, as my fluids, a surprising amount given the fact that we'd

made love a bit earlier, gushed up through my body and blasted into Mother's.

I could see her eyes widen when she felt me coming and the most amazing smile formed on her lips. "Yeah! Yeah, J.J., darlin'! Take me! Oh, Lord, J.J.! Oh, Lord, yes! Take me, J.J.! Oh, yeah-yeah-yeah!" She had such a tight grip on my bottom I was almost afraid she'd draw blood. Her legs were locked behind mine and her hips were slamming up against me even harder than I was pressing down against her. I could feel her bed moving and squealing in protest.

When we finally came down from the incredible high of passion we'd shared, we laid in each other's arms, each of us holding onto the other as if we were somehow afraid of breaking contact.

Mother finally leaned her head forward and kissed me. "That was extra-special good for me," she said. "Was it for you, too?"

I nodded and caressed her cheek. "Do you know why?" I asked.

She shrugged.

"I think it was especially good for both of us because we made love in here, in your bed," I told her.

She seemed honestly surprised by my comment. "You think so?" she asked. "You really think that's why it was so good?"

"Yes, I do," I said.

"How come you know stuff like that?" she asked.

"Because I inherited my smarts from my gorgeous, intelligent mother," I replied, and gave her a kiss.

Her eyes told me she was thinking about something, or might have a question. "What's on your mind?" I asked.

"Before, when you were standing in front of me..." she said.

"You mean in here?"

She nodded.

"What about then?" I asked.

"Well..." She took a deep breath. "I...I almost kissed your...you know...your, um, penis."

"I wouldn't have complained if you had," I said.

"Did any of them other girls you did sex with ever kiss you there?" Mother asked.

"A few of them," I replied.

Mother laid there, silent and obviously pondering something, for a while. "Did you like it?" she asked. "You know...when them girls...when they...kissed your...your penis?"

I kissed her deeply before I answered her. "Does it feel good when I eat you?" I asked.

She blushed and nodded. "It feels incredible! Nearly as good as when we make love."

"That's how good a woman can make a man feel by caressing his erection with her mouth," I said.

"I read about it on some 'a those web sites you told me to look at," Mother said. "I know it says guys really like it. But you...your penis...it...it really spits and..."

I hugged her to me and kissed her on the nose. "You don't ever have to do anything you don't want to do when we make love," I told her. "Not ever!"

"But if you like it, and all..." Mother protested.

"Think about it," I told her. "Read more about it. If you decide you want to try, believe me, I won't be upset with you." I gave her another hug. "And I won't be upset with you if you never do it."

The sound of a vehicle engine coming up the hill ended the conversation. When my father, looking disheveled and angry, walked through the kitchen door, Mother and I were sitting at the kitchen table.

Chapter 14

Two weeks passed after my conversation with Mother about oral sex without the topic coming up again. I wasn't disappointed because each day it became more and more obvious that she had put any misgivings she felt about our sexual relationship behind her. When my father wasn't around she was openly flirtatious with me and on more than one occasion she initiated sexual contact between us. Believe me, I wasn't about to complain. It doesn't get any better than having the woman you want feel exactly the same way about you.

The fact that my father was spending more and more time away from home didn't hurt our situation. It wouldn't have bothered either of us in the least if he'd moved out, but I was pretty sure that wasn't going to happen. The land we lived on had been in his family for years and he wasn't about to surrender it when he was still alive, particularly not to me.

Mother and I were sitting on my bed and I was combing her hair. I'd been combing her hair for years, when my father wasn't around, of course, and enjoyed doing it. I loved the feel of her silky hair and I particularly liked the soft, pleased sounds she made while I ran the brush through it. The fact that both of us were naked made the experience even nicer. I'm not sure which one of us was enjoying what I was doing more. Although Mother's back was to me, I could see her upper body in the mirror over my dresser so I was very aware of the fact that her delectable huge nipples were fully extended.

"You write back to my brother to tell him we're coming to the reunion yet?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Darn, I wish you hadn't."

"I thought you told me you wanted to go," I said.

Mother shrugged. "I'm not sure. I mean, yeah, I would kinda like to go...you know...to see my folks and kin and all, but..."

"But what?" I'd been looking forward to the trip to the reunion ever since we decided we'd go. I planned to give Mother a lot of surprises during the trip. We hadn't mentioned the trip to my

father. I knew he wouldn't like the idea, but it wasn't as if he had any say in the matter.

"Well...I...I don't...you know...I don't have nothin' decent to wear to something like that," Mother said. "I...I can't go dressed in the stuff I've got." She took a deep breath.

I continued to pull the brush through her hair. "I thought we could stop on the way down there and get you a couple of nice outfits," I said.

"But who'll pay for it?" Mother responded. "I don't have no money and he ain't gonna give me none."

"I've got more than enough money to buy you some nice clothing," I told her. In fact, I had quite a bit of money saved up and ever since we'd decided to go to the reunion, I'd been picking up as much overtime as I could, adding to that amount. I already had saved more than enough money to do what I planned, and that included a serious upgrade of Mother's wardrobe.

"You shouldn't have to spend your money on clothes for me," Mother protested.

"I want to some new clothes," I said. "I can't think of anything I'd rather do." I'd done the hundred strokes of brushing, so I laid the brush down on the nightstand next to the bed. Then I reached up and combed Mother's hair back over her ears and let it trail through my fingers as I let it all slip through my fingers.

The movement made my already-stiff erection even stiffer. After I did that, I gently laid my fingers on Mother's neck, then trailed them down over her shoulders and down the outside of her arms, to her wrists and hands. She moaned softly and shuddered as I did.

"Lord, J.J.," Mother murmured. "I love when you do that."

"I love doing it," I responded. My fingers slid up her arms, onto her shoulders, and back up to her neck. Then I slid them down again, this time over her back, across her shoulder blades, then further down until I reached her lovely dimpled bottom. Goose bumps were appearing on her skin and more soft, urgent sounds came from her.

"You're makin' me feel all funny in my belly," she cooed. I have a feeling that if she'd been a cat, my mother would have been purring.

My fingers slid upward again, taking a slightly different path as they returned to her neck and shoulders. More soft, pleased sounds came from her and the goose bumps seemed to get bigger. I glanced at the mirror. Her nipples looked more swollen, too. I couldn't wait to get them in my mouth. I slid back a little, so I was sitting against the headboard of my bed. "Slide back a bit," I told Mother, "so I can keep touching you."

Mother did as I asked her and as she did, her bottom bumped into my now-rigid penis. It was my turn to gasp. I heard her soft

giggle. "Is that what I think it is?" she asked while I was repositioning my erection to make both of us more comfortable. I left the swollen tube of flesh nestled against the upper side of her butt crack.

"You better believe it," I replied. My fingers stole down onto her upper chest, getting close to, but not touching, her stiff nipples. I was teasing her and teasing myself at the same time. I'm not sure which of us wanted her nipples touched more.

Murmuring softly, Mother tilted her head back and rested it against my face. Her action had a couple of very stimulating effects on me. It buried my nose in her silky hair, but also caused her hair to sweep over my erection as it lay against her bottom. "Oh, Lord!" I groaned as wild feelings shot up through me.

"You like that, huh?" Mother asked, with a lilt in her voice that sounded like a smile.

"You know I do," I told her. My fingers continued to dance over her breasts, moving in circles ever-so-lightly over her skin, and continuing their journey toward the dark nuggets jutting from the tips of her soft, wonderful globes. "At least as much as you like this."

"I love when you do that," Mother responded. "Lord, J.J., you make me feel so crazy when you touch me."

"That's the whole idea," I responded. I leaned forward and kissed her in the crook of her neck. She moaned softly and shuddered again.

"My insides are doing flip-flops," Mother murmured. "Lord, that feels so good."

I slipped my hands down under Mother's breasts, cupped them in my hands, squeezed them gently, and rubbed my thumbs over the rigid tips. Mother moaned and her body quivered again. She reached back between us and took hold of my erection.

"You going to put this in me?" she asked. "Feels like it's ready."

"You want me to?" I asked.

Mother squeezed me. "You know I do. I always want you in me."

"Move aside for a second and let me put my legs together," I said.

"Ah...OK," Mother replied, and did as I asked.

I slid down a little and pulled my legs together, leaving my erection jutting from my middle. "Now...move so you're on your knees on my thighs, facing away from me," I said.

"What on earth are you planin' to do J.J.?" Mother asked. She sounded as if she wasn't sure she should be doing what I asked, but she did it.

"You'll see in a second," I said. "Get up on your knees, lean forward a little, and shuffle back toward me a little more."

"All...all right." Mother still sounded as if she wasn't sure what I was up to. I held onto her waist while she did what I asked her to do. As she moved back toward me, my erection slapped into the cleft between her buttocks. She looked over her shoulder. "That far enough?"

I grabbed my erection, slid it down and positioned the purple tip between her need-dampened labia. She was in exactly the right spot. "Lower yourself," I said.

She did. I kept hold of her waist to help steady her as she sank slowly down onto my erection. The sensations that rushed through me while she did were incredibly sweet, just like they always were.

"Oh, Lord, yes!" Mother murmured as my erection slipped up inside her. "It...it feels different...having you in me this way."

"It doesn't hurt, does it?"

"Lord, no! It feels great, just different great!" She began rocking her hips slowly.

It did feel different being in Mother this way. It put pressure on different parts of my erection as it moved in her snug, warm sleeve. I began rocking my hips trying to set up a counterpoint to the movement of her hips and managed to do it. Wonderful, delectable sensations continued to rise up through my body from the point where it was joined with Mother's. She leaned forward a little and grabbed my lower legs. The new position allowed her to move more vigorously on me, and she took advantage of that. I began trailing my fingers up and down over her back and bottom. Our bodies labored together and my gasps and grunts of delight were echoed by Mother's murmurs and moans of bliss.

"Lord, J.J.! Makin'...love...like...this...is...really...

wonderful!" Mother gasped. She seemed to be managing to keep her movements steady, but I could see the flush spreading over her body and that told me her level of arousal was climbing steadily. "Only...thing...is...I...I can't see...see your...face."

"You...you can turn around," I managed to croak. Mother's wasn't the only one who was really turned on.

"I want you to be on top," Mother replied. "That's...that's the way...I...I like...doin' it...best. I...oh, Lord...I...want to...look...up at...your face. You're beautiful when you're comin'."

I think her comment made me blush, but I'm not positive about that. I don't think anyone had used the word "beautiful" to refer to me before. At least not since I was old enough to remember. "I think you're beautiful when you're coming, too," I replied.

She rolled off me and stretched out on her back on the bed next to me. I slid down next to her, then I positioned myself over her and began lowering my hips. I gasped when she took hold of my erection to guide it into her and moaned softly when I again was welcomed into her warm, snug opening. "I love seein' that look on your face, baby," Mother purred. "It looks like you're in heaven."

"I...I am...in...in heaven," I replied. "When I'm in you, I'm definitely in heaven." I lowered my upper body and our lips met in a soft, gentle, yet startlingly arousing kiss. While it went on, Mother's hands caressed my head. We'd made love so many times, but it never got old, never seemed repetitious, never seemed mundane. Each time we were together there were some new and different aspects to our lovemaking. It was something I hadn't noticed with other women I'd been with. While we kissed, I could feel Mother's body rocking up against mine. My body automatically responded and soon we had resumed our seeking, rocking motions while pleasure suffused us.

The kiss did come to an end and when it did, I straightened my arms and lifted my upper body off Mother's. I was beginning to move toward an orgasm and from the look on her face, I was pretty sure Mother was, too. I began lunging against her with more and more power, plunging my erection deep into her, thudding my pubic bone against hers. I could hear the soft,

squishy noises our well-lubricated lovemaking organs made while my Mother and I performed the act they were designed to perform.

I watched my mother's breasts dance and jiggle on her chest in response to my thrusts. I saw the flush and look of passion capturing her face. I've always loved watching women have orgasms, but Mother provided a far more remarkable and intense display of passion than any other woman I'd ever been with. I can only say that if you needed a picture to define the words "ultimate passion" a picture of Mother having an orgasm would define them exactly.

Mother's fingers tightened around my arms and the movements of her hips became more and more fervent. "Take me, J.J.!" she moaned. "Please, baby! Take me! Now! Oh, Lord, J.J., take me now!" Almost immediately she began moaning and gasping.

Her body stiffened under me when her orgasm began, then something snapped inside me and I was moaning and shouting just as loudly as she was while my hot fluids were being pumped into her by powerful, marvelous spasms that began deep in my loins. Not only did they send my juices flooding out of me, at the same time, they caused me to experience shock after shock of an earthquake of bliss.

Our bodies kept struggling for what seemed like ages. It was fabulous, as always, a perfect joining, a joyous reconnecting of two human entities that once were one and the same. Joy so intense it bordered on pain faded to ecstasy, which calmed to

bliss, which settled to joy. Eventually all that remained were the gentle spasms caused by the after-jolts fo the orgasm we'd just shared. My softening penis would twitch, then I'd feel Mother's vaginal walls ripple.

"Oh, Lord, J.J., it's always so neat!" Mother gasped. "It's always so neat!"

"It is, isn't it?" I agreed. My penis was now completely soft and had slid from her. I lowered myself onto my side on the bed next to her and she rolled onto her side to face me. "I never knew making love could keep on being as wild and wonderful as it always is with you."

Mother's brow furrowed and she asked, "What do you mean?"

"Every time we make love is fabulous," I said. "Even though we do a lot of the same things, it doesn't feel the same."

"You mean not as good?" Mother asked, looking a little worried.

"No, that's not it," I said. "Every time is different, but fantastic. Even though we do exactly the same thing, like making love with me on top, it feels special each time, and each time is fantastic in it's own way."

"I'm not sure I understand," she replied.

"I'm not sure I understand, either," I said. "I sure as heck can't explain it too well, can I?"

"Are you sayin' that every time we make love, even though we do it the same way, it's like it was the best it could be?" Mother asked. "Is that it?"

I kissed her. "Exactly," I said. "Exactly."

We laid there, our arms around each other, for a while.

"You going to let me buy you some new clothes when we go to the reunion?" I asked.

Mother shrugged. "I guess I don't have no choice," she replied.

I laughed. "No you don't," I said. I kissed her again and she snuggled against me.

THE END