

DATE NIGHT WITH MOM

GRIMBOUS

I am hanging around the apartment by myself one night when the phone rings. I glance up from the textbook I was reading and over at the phone with some annoyance. It was the landline which meant it was almost certainly for my roommate Craig. It was probably his work calling. Besides telemarketers they were the only ones to really use that number. Despite needing the shifts Craig refused to give them his cell phone number. He had a standing request of me to answer these calls and accept whatever was offered on his behalf as long as it wasn't the same day. I hated doing it but if I wanted to see his half of the rent on time, I had to do my part to make sure the guy got work.

With a sigh of exasperation, I get up and walk to the phone mumbling about how I should get a commission for each shift he got like this for secretarial duties rendered. Without even looking to see who was calling I answer the phone.

"Hello."

There is a slight pause before I hear an unfamiliar female voice. "Hello. Is Noah Miller there?"

It was for me but I had no clue who this was. I reply warily. "Yes, this is Noah."

The woman's voice says in a friendly tone. "Hello Noah. I apologize for calling you so late. My name is Doctor Amy Nelson and I am your mother's psychiatrist."

I am hit with a bolt of worry followed immediately by confused curiosity. Why in the hell was my mom's shrink calling me? "Uhhh, okay. Is...she alright?"

"There's no emergency or anything Noah. There is nothing to worry about." She says in a calm easy manner. "Since I've been seeing her I can honestly say that her mental health has never been better. But to answer your question. No, your mother is not alright in one important way."

This answer did nothing to assuage either my confusion or concern. "What's the matter? I just talked to her today and everything seemed fine."

"Yes, she puts on a brave face but..." She sighs. "Michelle is doing great with everything except...she's lonely Noah. She's desperately lonely."

I wait for more but I am greeted by silence. This was not news to me. My mom was divorced from my asshole father just over two years ago now after catching him with another woman...for the second time. The first one she had been able to rationalize away but having it happen again was too much for her. The ego crushing indignity of it destroyed the vibrant and vivacious woman that she had been and left a sad shadow of what she used to be in its wake. I cut him out of my life at the same time. It killed me to see what that bastard had done to her.

In the aftermath she decided to move to the city I was living in to be closer to her only child and the most important person in her life. My mother and I had always been close. This decision had been a

mixed blessing. On the one hand she and I got to see more of each other plus she didn't have to see all of the people and locations that would bring back so many hurtful memories. On the other hand she was now in a city where she knew almost nobody at a time of her life she was at her most withdrawn and introverted.

"I visit her at least a few times a week Dr Nelson. As often as I can."

"Call me Amy."

"Sure, Amy. If you want me to visit her more I suppose I can try to..."

"No, no. You misunderstand." She interjects. "No, you are doing everything right Noah. It's not about spending more time with her..." Once more she falls silent. I could tell she was edging around something.

"Dr Nelson, Amy, why did you call me?"

"Listen, Noah, just by contacting you I am breaking patient - doctor confidentiality."

"It's good. I won't say anything. If there is any way I can help my Mom I am all ears."

There is yet another odd pause before she finally speaks again.

"Noah, I believe Michelle is very close to a breakthrough. There have

been so many positive signs in our sessions lately and I think...I think she just needs a little...nudge."

"A nudge?" I ask.

"Noah, do you have any Oedipal issues? Are you sexually attracted to your mother Noah?"

"What!?" I exclaim. "NO! Of course not!"

"Good. Sorry but I needed to ask that. Ahem." The psychiatrist clears her throat. "What I am going to request is extremely unorthodox. But..." I wait with rising impatience. Out with it already! "Noah, I was wondering if you would ask your mother out on a date."

I wait for the punchline but none was forthcoming. "A date?"

"Yes, a date." Suddenly her voice was all cheerful again. "A first date. Like you would a girl you recently met."

I laugh out loud convinced this had to be some sort of joke. "Are you for real? Who is this? Who put you up to this?"

She is patient and steady in her response. "I am who I say I am Noah. You can look me up if you doubt me. I have a website and I am in the office right now. You can look me up and call me back if you wish."

Shit, this lady was serious! My laughter fades. "No, that's okay. I believe you. You're...actually...serious?"

She lets out a tense laugh. "Yes, believe it or not I am. Listen. You aren't just her son. You are her best friend Noah and the only person she is really close to in the city. She adores you. But...when I say she is lonely I am not talking about the type of loneliness a visit from family can address. She might be your mother but she's also a woman Noah. A woman with all the needs and desires that go along with it."

"You want her to start dating again."

"Exactly. She's ready for it, she is SO ready for it, and it would be good for her but she won't take the plunge on her own. Your father really did a number on her confidence."

I tamp down the anger that always threatened to rise at the mention of my dad. "Yeah, he sure did."

"Here is what I am thinking Noah. She is comfortable around you like no one else. I'd like you to take her out on a nice 'first date'. I'm absolutely not saying you should try to get to first base or attempt anything lewd. Obviously not! But just a pleasant first date. A dinner and movie perhaps. Dancing maybe? Go through the motions. Be on your best behavior, pretend to get to know her again, and just have a good time with her person to person. Not as mother and son but as two adults enjoying each others company. Treat her like a real special lady, you know?" She waits for a response, of which there is none, before continuing. "I am hoping it might just remind her what she's missing. She's an attractive woman still in the prime of her

life and there is no reason she shouldn't be enjoying it. A night out might help build her confidence in a casual and nonthreatening atmosphere. Because you are her son there obviously won't be any of the usual sexual tension or awkward expectations that a regular date would have. Getting out in public with a young attractive man might be just the thing to nudge her to take the next step in her healing process."

I sit there for a time processing what I was hearing and unsure of what to say. There was a logic to Dr Nelson's words yet the mere suggestion felt so twisted and wrong. Also, how did she know I was "attractive"? I realize Mom must have shown her a picture.

I finally find my voice again. "You have to be kidding."

"I'm not."

"How would I even...ask her?" I can't believe I was considering this for even a second.

"Well Noah, luckily I've already done half the work for you." She replies as if expecting the question.

"Half the work?"

"Yes. Lately Michelle has been talking about you a lot. More than usual. She is concerned that you are working too hard at school and that you never seem to have time for a girlfriend." I cannot help but grumble a defense but she continues. "I told her that it was perfectly

normal for someone in their PhD to put off a serious relationship but she still worries about you. If you ask her out in such a way that it sounds like it is actually you that needs the confidence boost I am certain she would be more than happy to oblige."

"So...you want me to lie to her?"

"Errr, yeah, I guess I am. A white lie with good intentions though. Noah, If I suggest it or if you let her know your real motivation it will only undermine her confidence even more. The last thing she wants or needs right now is to be pitied. She is an attractive and intelligent and spirited woman that needs to see herself as such again."

I was incredulous. "So you want me to ask my own mother out on a date? Like a date date? You want me to tell her it is because I need a boost in MY confidence? And you don't want me to tell her that you were involved with this at all? That it was all my idea?"

"Exactly!" She replies in a cheerful voice, seemingly oblivious to the sarcasm I'd just been dishing out.

This psychiatrist belonged in the loony bin herself!

"I..." I shake my head in disbelief. "I'll think about it."

"That's all I can ask. It is entirely up to you. Thank you for considering it Noah. You are a good son." She says. "Call me anytime if you have any concerns or questions."

I let out a sharp breath. "Sure, yeah, whatever."

She laughs. "Don't worry. It's just a first date. That's all I'm asking."

Just a first date with the woman who gave birth to me and raised me. This was preposterous. I keep my tone cordial. "Okay, thank you for the call Amy. Thanks for looking after my Mom."

"Of course. After hearing so much about you it was a pleasure to finally talk to you. Goodbye Noah."

"Take care." I hang up the phone and stare at it. After a moment I wonder if that surreal conversation had actually just happened. I pinch myself. "Nope, not dreaming."

I then let out a scoffing laugh and return to my studies. A date with my mom. Ridiculous!

I return to the textbook and attempt to start up where I'd left off but the call from my mom's psychiatrist had thrown me off.

"Pfff. A date with my Mom." I scoff. "That shrink is nuts herself. There's no way..." I shake my head and return to what I was doing.

Yet as I sit there in the quiet apartment vainly trying to return my focus to my studies a small seed of concern takes root inside of me. I love my mother like nobody else on this world. The woman meant everything to me. Sure I was a self confessed Mama's boy growing up but it went so much deeper than that. Doctor Nelson had been correct when she said we were also best friends. The pair of us just understood each other. When my mom told me she was thinking about moving here I was extremely supportive of the idea for both altruistic as well as selfish reasons. I wanted her away from those old memories for her own good and I was also happy I'd get to see her more often.

I sigh and lean back in the comfy old wingback chair and stare across the room to the phone.

Mom needed me. If what Doctor Nelson believed was correct all it would take is one night of my time to help Mom into living a more fulfilling life for herself. That was a small price to pay for the chance at finding happiness sooner.

Also, while I'd tried to shrug it off while on the phone, my own dating life had been downright barren this past year and a half. University kept me busy with studying, performing, teaching and tutoring, along with the various conferences and special events scattered throughout the year. Outside of school my various hobbies filled what time remained. I'd had two one night stands in that time but nothing I would call an actual date. I start to convince myself that it wouldn't do me any harm to go out on a practice date myself.

Once more with altruism and selfishness blended in equal measure I begin to come around to the crazy idea. The more I turned it over in my mind the more I realized it really wasn't that crazy at all. It was

dating with training wheels, dating with guard rails, dating with a safety net. It was actually quite brilliant. There would be no worries about where it all might lead and what was expected going forward. Like Amy had said, I just had to go through the motions. Both of us could relax and enjoy the company. A night out would be fun for both of us and a new experience we could look back on with a laugh years from now.

I laugh at my own reticence. What the hell was I really worried about here? What could go wrong? The worst that could happen is the awkwardness becomes too much and we revert to our usual mother and son interactions. That would still mean a nice night out with Mom. Besides, she might not even go for the idea in the first place.

It was then Craig entered our shared apartment. Slamming and banging through the entry way with his road bike over his shoulder as usual. "Fuck it's hot out there!" He gripes as he puts his bike into the closet near the door. He walks into the living room unbuckling his helmet then slinging off his bulging backpack. "Want a beer?" He unzips the backpack to reveal a familiar shopping bag. He reaches in and produces a six pack of Sam Adams.

"Sure."

He enters the attached kitchen and puts four of the beer into the fridge before popping open a bottle for each of us. He comes back and hands me mine. The bottle was wet from condensation but still cool.

"Thanks." I give him a nod.

"Yep." He says.

I cringe as he too roughly shoves my violin off of his usual spot on the couch to the other side then slumps down heavily. His skin glistened with sweat from the hot ride he'd just had. He kicks his long legs out and rests them on the coffee table. Craig was a tall lean rangy man with short brown hair and a thick dark mustache that looked it like belonged in an 80's porno movie. He wipes his brow with the cold beer and asks. "What's up? You look weird."

I laugh. "Weird?"

He looks at me as he takes a swig of beer. "Yeah. Lost in thought. Get bad news or something?"

"Nah." I shrug as I take a long pull from my own bottle.

"Huh."

I look at Craig for a time, weighing out if I should actually tell him what was on my mind. If there was anyone I knew I could confide in it was Craig. We'd roomed together a long time and we both knew where the other kept the bodies buried of our past transgressions. What the fuck.

"Um..." I cannot help but smirk a bit as I say. "I'm thinking about asking someone out on a date."

"Oh...cool. About time." He says. I hesitate for a bit too long, just staring at him, which prods him to say. "It's not me I hope! I like you dude but..."

"Ha ha ha! No asshole, it's not you!"

"Whew, just the way you were looking at me there. So who is it?" He takes a drink.

"My Mom."

"Pffft!" He spurts up a small spray of beer which covers his already soaked t shirt.

I chuckle as I hand him a couple of the napkins we kept on the side table. He wipes himself off and soon joins my chuckling. "What the fuck? Ha ha ha! Your Mom? I didn't know you guys came from Alabama!"

"Shut up!" I chortle. "No man, she needs a kick in the ass. I was talking to...one of her friends and she was saying Mom is ready to start dating again but won't actually do it. I thought I'd take her out for a night and show her a good time. Show her what she's missing. Remind her what it's like. Totally innocent fun..."

"Ha! Innocent, right."

"Shut up."

He leans forward and tosses the napkins onto the coffee table. "Fuck dude, I'll take her out if that's the case. Mmmm mmmm!"

Like a bolt from a clear blue sky I am shook with a pang of...jealousy! I tamp down the irrational emotion and shake my head. "No way. You'd try to score with her."

"Hell YES I would! Yo Mama is fuckin hawwwwt! Craig would show her what she's missin!" He thrusts his hips and pumps his fists in a fucking motion. "HUAH!"

I roll my eyes. "Dude! Come on."

"No man, serious. Bro, she is one fine cougar. A top shelf milf. A..."

"Shut up!" I punch him in the shoulder. "Jesus, that's my Mom you're talking about."

"Hey! Not my fault she's a hottie. Besides, you're the one trying to go out with her." He laughs as he leans away so I couldn't hit him again.

"Christ, I'm sorry I said anything."

He sits back up normally and continues to laugh. "Sorry dude, but it is kinda weird." He thinks a moment. "Actually, I think that's a pretty good idea."

"Really?"

"Yeah man. Why not? Ha! Could be fun." He takes another swig his face staring off into the distance as he thought about it. He now seemed as invested in the idea as I was. "God, think about it. Romancing your own mother...fuck that's...HOT."

"Ooookay, let's talk about something else." I should have known Craig wouldn't take this seriously.

"I am so busting a nut to that shit tonight."

I punch him again even as we burst into yet another round of chuckles. "You're fucking sick! Ha ha ha!"

He mimics jacking off and starts writhing and moaning. "Ohhh Mommy! Ohhhhh Mommyyyy! Yes Mommy! Uh, uh, uh! Noah like it Mommy!"

"Shut the fuck up!" I exclaim as hit him in the ribs and both of us are claimed by gut busting laughter.

When the hilarity finally dies down. He stands up and stretches. He looks back down at me, actually serious for once. "Nah man, joking aside, I still say do it. Your Mom's too nice a lady to be sitting on the sidelines. Get her back out there."

"Hmmm." I ponder. "Thanks."

"Besides...once she's dating again..." Oh no, I knew that shit disturbing twinkle in his eye. Moments of being serious were brief affairs with Craig. "...maybe I'll have a chance...he he he..."

"Nope. Never. She's WAY out of your league." I deflate his buoyant hopes.

He flinches. "Ouch! You sell me short dude." Then after a moment to consider it. "Nah, you're probably right. Shit!"

With that he chugs down the rest of his beer, puts the bottle in the recycling, then head to the washroom to shower.

My eyes pan up from my beer to the phone once more. She was too nice a lady to be sitting on the sidelines. Despite his joking Craig seemed to think it was a good idea as well. Doctor Nelson was a professional psychiatrist, she wouldn't suggest anything that may hurt her patient. I could now see the merit in it too. That was three of us telling me to do it.

I take a sip of beer then take a deep breath before saying under my breath. "No time like the present."

Craig had a penchant for long showers so I knew I had some time that I would be uninterrupted. Setting down my beer I pause, take a deep breath, then stand and walk to the phone. I wasn't sure why I was using the landline but the phone had been the focus of my attention since the doctor had called and it somehow felt right.

My mouth was suddenly dry and my palms clammy. God, I felt just like I did back in grade 10 when I asked a girl out for the very first time. I was being silly about this whole thing.

I take another breath and shake off the unwelcome nerves. Before I knew it I had picked up the phone, dialed, and had it held to my ear.

It was then I panicked. What the fuck was I doing!?! Before I could hang up I hear a voice greet me from the other end of the line.

"Noah! How are you dear?" My mother sounded like she was in a good mood.

"Uhm...good, good."

There is a pause. "No you're not." In an instant I hear her worry begin to ratchet up. "What's the matter?"

I smile. There was no fooling Mom. She could hear the unease in my tone.

I let out a sigh and decide for real right then and there to take the plunge. "I don't know Mom. I'm just..."

"What is it honey? You can tell me." I had her undivided attention.

"Mom, I have something I want to ask you but I need you to promise you won't think badly of me."

There is another pause. "Think badly of you? Noah, you know me better than that."

"I know, I know. But it's a hell of a thing I'm going to ask you."

"Anything baby, you know I'll help if I can." She assures me. God she was a good mom. "What's going on in that head of yours?"

"Mom, I'm thinking about starting to date again."

"Ohhh, that's wonderful!" Her happiness for me is palpable even through the phone. "Is there a girl you're looking at? He he he. Did you meet someone nice?"

"Yeah...uh, the thing is...ohh boy."

"It's okay Noah, what is it son?"

"You see...I...I'm kind of out of practice. My mojo is at an all time low, ya know?"

"Oh Noah. You are an incredible young man." She says, trying to boost me up. "Any girl would be so lucky to go out with you. You'll do fine!"

"Thanks Mom. But..I just...I just feel..." My heart is beating in my ears. Why was this so hard!? "I feel like I'd like a...practice run. Just to get the feel of things again. Get my confidence up. Get my groove on so to speak."

"Okay." She replies, obviously unsure exactly what I was trying to say.

"Mom. God, I can't believe..."

"Go ahead hun, I'm here for you. I'm always here for you."

"Mom...Michelle...I was wondering..." I swallow hard. "...if you would like to go out on a date with me."

There is a painfully long moment of silence before she finally whispers. "Michelle?"

God this was awkward! "Um, I know it sounds crazy but I just thought if you...if I could take you out, like on a date, like a first date. It would let me shake off some of the rust. If we could...pretend to have just met and...oh man. Just a pretend date so that I can...practice. Uh,

um, uhh. Do you understand what I'm getting at? Just a practice run." I was speaking way too fast and I am forced to slow myself down. "Sooo, how about it?"

Another moment of interminable silence, the only sound I hear was my rapidly beating heart. I was bungling this! This had been a horrible mistake! I need to call this off!

"Noah..." My mother's voice is smooth as silk with the kindly patience I was so accustomed to from her. She then actually laughs lightly, not in a mocking way but in a pleasantly amused one. "...baby. My therapist told me you might reach out to me about this. Not like this in particular, but she said you'd need your mother soon. You are under a lot of stress right now. So much is expected of you. You are so busy and don't have time for girls, yet you need someone too. I understand."

I try to pull the plug. "Mom, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have even...it was a stupid idea."

"Call me Michelle."

I am stunned into silence.

I hear her take in a deep breath of her own. "Call me back again Noah. Ask me properly."

"O-okay." I stammer.

Click.

I hang up the phone and let out the huge breath that I'd been holding in. This was actually happening!

I could hear Craig showering. I knew I only had another ten minutes or so. This had to be done soon.

Okay, okay, okay. She wanted me to call back and ask her properly. The game was on. She was Michelle and I was Noah. We weren't related. She was just a pretty girl. I'd gotten her number and I was calling for a first date. I pump myself up. It was go time.

The phone still in my hand I redial the same number again.

Ring...ring...ring...

I smile. She was purposely drawing this out.

"Hello?" She answers as if she had no idea who was calling.

"Hey!" I reply in my most chipper tone. "Michelle?"

"Hi...uh, who is this?"

"It's Noah. We..." My mind is scrambling. "...we met at the cafe the other day. I was at the table next to yours. I asked for your number."

She laughs softly. "Oh yes, I remember you. Dirty blonde, blue eyes, brown leather jacket. How are you Noah?"

"Not bad but hoping to get better."

"Oh?"

"I was wondering what you were up to tomorrow night. I thought maybe, I don't know, you'd like to go out for a coffee or something."

"Coffee?"

"Or maybe a dinner. I'm flexible. I'd just like to have a chance to get to know you. How about it?"

"Hmm, tempting but...aren't I a little old for you Noah?"

"Age is just a number Michelle. I felt like we had some chemistry and...you only live once, ya know? Come on, don't let age be a barrier. I assure you I am very mature for my age." I then add playfully. "Not too mature mind you."

"You were pretty cute." She titters.

"You were looking pretty fine yourself Michelle." Was this actually happening right now!?

She doesn't miss a beat. "Mmm, a dinner does sound nice. Hmmm." The way she was talking to me was so...different. Her tone and tenor just...different. Truly as if she were talking to someone she'd just met. "Ohhh, but I may have plans for tomorrow."

My smile widens. She was making me work for it, not too hard but a little. "No problem. I'm free Friday night too if that works better. Saturday is out though, I told my Mom I'd hang out with her that night."

She giggles, genuinely giggles, before saying. "That's sweet." She hums then adds. "I think I can move things around for tomorrow. Sure. I'd love to go out with you Noah. Tomorrow night would be great. Where should we meet?"

"Can I pick you up?"

"Mmm, a gentleman huh?"

"I try."

"Sure." She gives me her address as if I needed it. "Seven O'clock?"

"Perfect. I'll make the reservations and take care of everything. You don't mind French?"

"French, on a first date? Oh my! How bold!" She quips. Was that a bad kissing joke? Was that a flirt? She then titters. "That sounds great Noah. I look forward to it."

"Great!"

"How should I dress? Casual, classy, something else?"

Normally for a first date I'd say casual but this was something different. This was a one off and I really wanted to treat her like a lady for the night. I knew my mother used to love dressing up but hadn't had a reason to do so since leaving my dad. "Something nice." I say. "Not black tie level or anything but...nice."

"Okay. I can do nice." She says. I could tell she was smiling.

"I can't wait to see you Michelle."

"You too Noah." Her voice was soft and sultry.

"See you tomorrow night, seven o'clock."

"You bet. Can't wait."

I hang up the phone and instinctively fist pump the air. "Yesss!"

It is only a moment later I realize just how stupid that was. For just a second I forgot just what the hell was happening here. I'd gotten a wee bit too much into character. I set the phone down chuckling at my foolishness. God, if that got me going I really did need to make time for girls in the near future. This reaction was pathetic.

It might be a pretend date but my lonely spirit didn't seem to know the difference. A beautiful woman just said yes to going out with me, I was feeling on top of the world!

With a bounce in my step I march back across the room and return to my book. I continue to mentally berate myself for being so fucking happy right now but something inside of me just didn't care. I felt great and that was that.

My eyes scan the page but take in nothing. My attention was now focused on tomorrow night. What should I wear? Should I show up a bit early or right on time? What would we do after dinner? And all of the usual thoughts that ran through my head before a first date.

I eventually give in to my excitement and allow myself to enjoy the good mood I found myself in. I slap the book closed and give up on any further attempt to study tonight. I take my violin, put it in its case, then take it and the book back to my room to put them away.

I stop a moment in front of my mirrored closet doors and take a good look at myself. Six foot one, slender though not at all skinny, shaggy dirty blonde hair, dark blue eyes, and a few days growth on my face. I rub my chin. I had some work to do before tomorrow night. I briefly lift my shirt and flex. Hmm, the six pack was well and truly gone. With such a focus on my studies this past year my fitness had suffered. I was still in fine shape but not the lean mean machine I was back in my undergrad. I really needed to make more time for myself. A man could not live off of music and academics alone.

Through my open door and down the hall I see Craig step out of the washroom followed by huge cloud of steam. He had a towel held with one hand around his waist.

He sees me looking his way and returns the gaze.

"I've got myself a date." I say impishly.

His jaw drops and the towel nearly does as well. "No fucking way!?! Seriously?!"

I nod. "Yep, Michelle and I are going out tomorrow."

"Ohhhh shit! Michelle!?" He lets out a great guffaw. "HA! You're crazy man!"

"You said I should!"

"Yeah, but you should know better than to listen to me."

We both share a hearty laugh. "Wanna go shoot some pool?"

"Yeah man, gimme a sec." He hurries toward his room.

"Hey." I call after him. "The fact she's my Mom is just between you and I."

He glances back over his shoulder. "Obviously." He pauses a second. "Fuck that's hot! That is SO hot! Living the dream."

"You are a sick, sick man Craig." I tease. I was learning a lot about my roommate today. Seems like he had a serious Mama fetish, or milfs at the very least.

"Ha! Me sick? Look who's talking." He disappears into his room and closes the door behind him.

Half an hour later we are in our regular pub getting ready to shoot some eight ball at our regular table. Tara, our regular waitress, was

serving us. She was a tiny thin figured long haired red head with a personality that was ten foot tall.

"Two pints and a plate of nachos?" She asks, already knowing the answer.

"Yep." I reply. Then, remembering the glimpse of my less than ideal midsection from earlier, I change the order. I non-consciously stroke my tummy as I say. "Skip the nachos today actually."

Craig laughs. He looks at Tara and jibes me. "My man's got a date tomorrow night. Guess he thinks he can shed a pound between now and then."

She laughs.

I roll my eyes and rack the balls. "Shut up."

Craig wasn't done yet. He leans down to Tara and says in a hushed conspiratorial voice. "It's an older woman. In her forties."

She pushes Craig back by the face, which wasn't unusual between us. "Never call a woman older you knob. She's...experienced. Mature." She shoots me a wink. "Good for you Noah. She'll teach you a thing or two I'm sure." She then adds. "I think all you young bucks should be with an experienced woman before you're let out into the wild. Teach you how to fuck if nothing else. They'd be doing us all a favor."

Craig laughs loudly. "Young bucks? We're older than you are! And don't you worry, these two bucks know how to fuck! Don't we Noah?"

"What you two do in the privacy of your own home is none of my business." She shoots right back.

"What us two...!?" Craig blusters. "NO! That's not what I meant!"

The three of us laugh. I shake my head at their shenanigans. "It's just a first date. Nothing big."

Tara just smiles. "We'll see." She then leans over to Craig and says in low voice. "He's blushing."

"I know, he's been glowing since he called her." He whispers back.

"I can hear you!" I protest.

Tara giggles and heads back toward the bar to get us our drinks. Craig breaks the ball with a loud CRACK and we settle in to a good game of pool. We were equally matched so every game was a coin toss as to who was going to win.

Tara returns with our drinks and sets them up on our high table. Being a Wednesday evening the place was slow with mostly just regulars

here and there. Tara having nothing better to do at the moment stands and watches us for a time.

"So tell me about her Noah." She prods. "I'm assuming she's good looking."

I can't even begin to reply before Craig horns in. "Good looking? Oh my god Tara, this lady is HOT! I'm talking...GNNGHHH!!" He bites the knuckles of his right hand.

She laughs. "I figured she must be something special to reel in our boy Noah."

I try to ignore them as I line up my shot.

Craig continues. "Nice wide hips, incredible ass, hour glass waist, and god damn she's got a rack on her! Fucking huge tits!" He emphasizes the point by holding his hands out to signify two big breasts in them. My mother was rather well endowed that way. "I could lose myself in them and die a happy man." Just as I pull the cue back for my shot he adds. "I'd love to nut in a big milfy pair of tits like those!"

My shot veers hopelessly off target. I glare at my roomie. "Jesus dude. Do you mind?"

"Ha ha ha! It's true though! You can't deny it." His eyes are full of mischief. "Your lady is smokin hot and you know it."

My eyes narrow and my jaw clenches. "She's not my lady." I growl.

Tara smiles knowingly. "He doesn't like you talking about her like that." She points at me. "You like this one Noah."

"I just met her." I lie as I settle myself and come around the table to let Craig have his turn. "She was...we got along, okay? That's it. It's just a first date."

She nods. "Uh huh, sure." She studies me for a second with her bright green eyes. "Man, you really like this one. This one's special."

"Ha! She's special alright." Craig teases. "Extra special when she's riding that young D!"

This was my mom he was lewding on! I grit my teeth and hold out my cue like a baseball bat. "I swear to God I'll crack this over your empty skull!"

Tara reaches out and guides the cue down again. "He he he! Calm down there Tiger. We don't have a bouncer tonight. I'd hate to have to kick your asses myself." She pats my chest. "I'm happy for you Noah. I hope you have a great first date."

I relax. "Thanks Tara."

She smiles. "You'll do great." She looks over her shoulder toward the bar where one of the regulars looked ready to slump off his stool. "I better go see how Lou is doing."

"Let us know if you need a hand." I say.

She gives me a thumbs up. "I got this, but thanks."

With that she heads back to check on one of her regular alcoholics. When she is out of earshot I point at Craig with a stern look but an amused smile. "You asshole."

"8 in the corner." He winks as he sinks the shot. "Won me the game. You're buying the pints."

I shake my head and huff. "Asshole."

I wasn't honestly upset. Craig was just being his usual dumb ass self. Besides, I was still in way too good a mood to let something like that get me down.

We play a few more games with Craig winning every one of them. He had my number tonight. Some more friends of ours show up and the place begins to liven up, but I decide to retire for the evening. I say goodbye to Craig and Tara and the rest of them and walk back home.

The sun was down and the sky dark but the oppressive summer heat still smothered the city. It was the type of heat where you could actually feel the humid air pressing into you. I climb the stairs of the old brick building where I lived and was glad to get inside the air conditioned suite.

I head to my room and close the door. As usual the first thing I do is put on some music. I keep the volume low. Sitting on my bed with my laptop on my lap I absently look over some news stories then check a few emails.

The strange high I'd gotten after arranging the date had finally dissipated and I was back to my normal self again. It was good to be grounded again. Just "going through the motions" as Dr Nelson had put it had a deeper impact than I'd been expecting. Just the act of it had triggered all too real feelings inside of me. The same nerves, the same uncertainty, and the same elation as if I was arranging a real date. It might have been a fake first date but it certainly fooled my emotions. I would have to keep this in mind going forward.

The whole thing had also brought home just how lonely I was. I had friends and colleagues but I hadn't had a real girlfriend in a few years. A partner to share my life with and wake up beside each morning. I hadn't realized it truly until tonight just how much I missed that.

I run my hand down over my face and let out a sigh. Nothing was going to happen around that tonight and there was nothing to be gained from feeling sorry for myself. Besides, false or not, I still had a date to get ready for. I open a new tab in my browser.

I book a reservation at the restaurant I'd been thinking about when I suggested French food. I then make plans to get a good haircut and pick up a new shirt during my afternoon break. I'd fuel up the car in the morning to get it off my plate.

Tomorrow certainly was going to be interesting. Potentially the most cringe inducing few hours of my life but I was still looking forward to it. It would be nice to treat my Mom to a night on the town. Heaven knows she deserved to be spoiled for a night and I was happy to be the guy to do it.

Looking over my schedule for the next day I see that I had a tutoring appointment I had forgotten about later in the afternoon. It still gave me time to prepare but it wouldn't allow me an opportunity for my usual pre-date tug. As cliché as it was I believed in the advice that a guy should rub one out before a date, especially a first date, in order to be more relaxed and less prone to think with the other head at a time he was trying to make a good impression. I consider briefly canceling the session but I quickly wave those thoughts from my mind. It was a FAKE date. I had to keep reminding myself of that fact. And it was my Mom. I didn't have to worry about being horny around her.

That being said...I wouldn't mind blowing off some steam right now. Some quality alone time was just what I needed to take the edge off.

Closing the other tabs and windows I open up a new one and head straight to Pornhub. I roll over and turn off my lamp and pull the box of tissues I had there closer. Ziiiiip. I pull down my zipper then slip out of my shorts and underwear. I pull up my t shirt. With my right hand I

begin giving my manhood a preliminary rub down as I start to navigate the site with my left. Porn surfing one handed was a skill I'd mastered as most guys had.

I check out a few of my usual search terms but decide I wanted something different tonight. I start to explore more free form than I generally did. I watch a few short clips of hot young girls and I was good and hard. My loosely gripped hand ran slowly up my thick seven and a half inches. I check out another video, then another. Nothing was quite scratching that itch tonight.

My hand freezes as I see a video come up in the suggested section. "Mom catches her stepson jerking it". In a flash my memory zips back in time to when Mom accidentally walked in on me jerkin my gherkin when I was in high school. I remember with crystal clarity that stunned few seconds as we just stared at each other. Her brown eyes wide and locked on my proud standing manhood. We both nearly died of embarrassment as I hurried to cover up and she gasped and scrambled back out of my room. It was the last time she entered my room unannounced.

Fuck, I'd forgotten about that moment. I had cast it out from my memory banks due to the humiliation of it all.

My rock hard cock strains at the memory. A little drop of precum blooms out the tip.

My cursor hovers over the thumbnail a moment. The woman in the picture, the "mom" character I am assuming, had long dark hair...like Michelle. Brown eyes...like Michelle. Big heavy tits...like Michelle. Her hair was straighter and she wasn't as beautiful as Michelle but...

I shake my head and blink my eyes to break the reverie. Fuck Noah, get a hold of yourself!

The next video over was a big titty compilation. I quickly click on it. Big titties I could get into tonight. This would do the trick. I maximize the video and relax back and really start to masturbate. Even as I watch the scenes of bouncing, jiggling, wobbling, flopping fun bags on the screen I can still see in my mind's eye my mother's wide deep brown eyes watching me jerk off. Staring at me. Seeing my big grown up cock for the first time. I remember with perfect detail the tight hip hugging jeans she wore that day along with the pastel green button up t shirt which her huge perfect tits filled exquisitely. I remember the sound she made, the gasp. I remember how her ruby lips were parted. I remember the shade of her nail polish. The moment which only lasted a few seconds when it happened stretches on and on in my rose colored memory. A blissful eternity of my Mom watching her beloved son pleasure himself.

I try to cast the memory away and focus on the hot hardcore scenes playing out on my screen but it refuses to yield.

As memory mixes with lusty imagination I then see Michelle watching me now. Beautiful sexy Michelle. Older than the person in my memory but the years had enhanced and perfected her elegant features like the deep luscious flavors of a fine red wine. She looked better than ever. Michelle, standing there now, in the corner of my room, watching me stroke my cock for her. I'm not even looking at the screen anymore. Her dark eyes are not shocked or horrified but desirous. Her lips are parted not to gasp in surprise but to lick her top lip hungrily. Her right hand slowly traces up her curved hip, across her flat tummy, then up over her magnificent bust. Between her long finger and thumb she grips the top button of her pastel green t shirt...and with a slowly growing grin she unbuttons it...

"UNGHHHHHH!" I blast my load with a suddenness I was unprepared for. I nut HARD! The first powerful jet arcing straight over my bare stomach and down onto my shirt that I had bunched up at armpit level. The forward tip of that first blast even touches my chin! The rest of my load erupts out in fat juicy wads down my belly.

"Unghh..gunnnhh..gnnnnggh!" I milk myself through to conclusion then go slack.

I lay there staring up at the ceiling. The music was still playing as was the porn video. I lay there a few minutes just enjoying the afterglow and convincing myself that I hadn't just nutted to the thought of Michelle watching me jerk off. Denial is a hell of a thing and by the time I am cleaning myself up I am making a mental note of the big titty compilation so that I could watch it again sometime. It really did the trick tonight!

With everything I had to do the next day whizzes by in a hectic blur. Before I knew it I was driving home after the last tutoring session to get ready for my date!

Last minute first date jitters hit me far worse than they ever had before. I wasn't ready!

Sure the car was fueled up, washed and cleaned out. Sure I'd gotten my hair done. Sure I picked up a new shirt for the evening. The reservations were confirmed and everything seemed to be going off without a hitch but...I wasn't ready! Michelle was such a stunningly beautiful and classy and...

I snort with pent up worried frustration and grip the wheel hard. This really wasn't like me at all. I was generally quite confident during my previous first dates. What was wrong with me today?

As my nerves hit this peak I AGAIN am forced to remind myself that this wasn't a real date. Why wouldn't that plain and simple fact sink in through my thick skull? THIS ISN'T A REAL DATE NOAH! CALM THE FUCK DOWN! I remind myself AGAIN that I was doing this for Mom because her therapist requested it of me. Mom needed a boost. She needed a night of wining and dining. She needed to rediscover what a special lady she really was and how enjoyable it could be to connect with someone. I was just going through the motions to help her flex some muscles she hadn't used in a very long time.

By the time I am pulling into my parking spot I'd grounded myself once more. God, ever since Dr Nelson had called my emotions had been going through a very confusing roller coaster. I needed to center myself so that I could help my mother as best I could. I needed to be at ease so that Michelle could be at ease.

I hurry from the car to the back door of the apartment, moving as quickly as possible to escape the baking heat. This was the fifth day of the city's heatwave and I was more than ready for it to be done.

As I enter the suite I see the lanky form of Craig in the kitchen hurriedly eating a bowl of cereal over the sink in his work clothes.

"Got called in?" I ask as I swing the door closed behind me.

"Mmm hmm." He nods with bulging cheeks and a dribble of milk slipping down his chin. "I'll be home by one." He says through a full mouth. "I wanna hear about your date!"

I laugh. "I'll be home and sleeping well before one a.m."

He swallows hard and smacks his lips. "What kind of lame date is over before one?" He drinks down the milk in three big gulps then wipes his face and wet mustache with his arm. "You better stay up. I want all the juicy deets."

"There will be no juicy deets." I assure him.

"Uh huh." He hurries past me and slaps my shoulder on the way by. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"Is there anything you wouldn't do?" I quip.

He smiles. "Probably not. Okay, gotta go. Have fun buddy."

"Yeah, see ya man."

Craig gets his bike out from the closet and slams and crashes out the door. Another wide flake of paint chips off the wall in his clumsy wake. I'd long ago given up any hope of us getting our deposit back on this place. As he struggles to turn his bike around in the hall I walk up and close the door behind him. I was happy to be rid of him as I got ready.

I shit, shower, and shave then really get down to sprucing myself up. I touch of gel in my freshly styled hair. My naturally wavy dirty blonde locks left with just enough length to make it look nicely styled yet also with a dash of casual freedom to it. Antiperspirant and a tasteful bit of cologne. Through habit I add a dab down below as well. Nails trimmed and filed. Thoroughly brushed teeth and minty fresh mouthwash for my breath. The works. It had been a while since I really preened myself to impress a lady and the process of it felt great. It really gave me a lift. I was feeling good and looking good.

I stand in front of the mirror still nude and give myself a thorough once over. It wasn't going get better than this. I turn and head to my room where I get dressed. Tight fitting black boxer briefs that hugged my package snugly, socks, charcoal slacks, a belt, and my watch. Finally I take the new silk shirt that I had on a hanger and slip it on. I'd spent a pretty penny on this but I had been wanting a shirt like this for some time. It was a deep elegant purple. The satin sheen ran across it in waves as the silk rippled and moved. I smile. I knew I was cheating here. Mom loved purple. This was something I wouldn't have known about Michelle had she truly been a stranger. I button it closed, it was a lean but comfortable fit, and tuck it in before doing up the trousers and fastening the belt. I straighten the collar and button the cuffs. I slip on a pair of shiny black dress shoes and give myself a final once over.

I couldn't deny it. I was looking fantastic. Better than ever! The couple of years since my last honest to goodness date had filled me out to look less boyish and far more manly. My features were sharper and more chiseled. I was a man in my absolute prime.

I was SO glad Dr Nelson had called. I knew without a doubt that after tonight I would be playing the field again. This little "nudge" was a godsend.

I can't help to take an extra moment to admire myself. I cut a dashing figure to be sure. The last man Michelle had been with was my father. He was handsome in his way but looking at myself now I realize that I had the old man beat everywhere but in my bank account. Taller, wider shoulders, narrower waist, fuller hair, and easily better looking in the face. I also knew from our trips to the swimming pool that I was packing a lot more downstairs too, not that such a thing mattered tonight but it did give my masculine ego another boost of confidence. I straighten up proudly.

It was time to remind that beautiful woman I loved so dearly that there was a life worth living after a failed marriage.

I give myself a firm nod then turn from the mirror and stride confidently for the front door.

The way to my mom's place was as familiar a drive as any other regular destination I had in the city. I decide to take a new route to Michelle's house this time just to get in the spirit of the illusion we were trying to create. Once more my nerves threaten to escalate again but this time I keep them firmly locked down. My soaring self confidence was now the dominant emotion inside of me. I was determined to enjoy myself one way or another. Tonight was going to be fun!

I pull up to the little white house and park out front. It was a quaint little place in a quiet tree lined cul-de-sac. She could afford much better having taken my father to the cleaners in the divorce, which still pleased me to no end, but her needs were humble and she enjoyed the coziness of the old but well kept house.

I see her sporty red Mini Cooper parked in the driveway.

I step out of the air conditioned cabin of my car and into the evening heat. This heatwave was relentless. I hurry up the walk to the front of the house, trying to minimize the amount of time I was in the sweat inducing heat. I check my watch. Five minutes until seven, perfect.

I ring the doorbell and wait. Thirty heart pounding seconds go by before I hear the bolt lock unlatch. The door slowly swings open.

I smile and go to speak before I am struck mute. Time stands still as I get a full look at my date for the night.

Michelle...was...GORGEOUS!

Her long brunette hair fell in loose curls down her back and over one shoulder. She wore big hanging gold hoop earrings that framed her slender neck wonderfully. Her make up was on point. Highlighting her many attractive qualities in just the right ways. Her fine feminine facial features were a feast for my eyes. A slight blush on her cheeks and a lovely shade of pink on her lips. Her eyes were done dark and smoky, sultry promises being whispered by those rich brown eyes. She shone with a radiant beauty I simply was not prepared for.

Most stunning of all however was her dress. I don't know what I'd been expecting. Something elegant, classy, perhaps a long flowing gown. What I wasn't expecting was a classic shape hugging "little black dress". It was a very nice one, not overtly slutty or anything, but definitely not the style I thought I would see when that door opened. Yes she looked classy and elegant but much more than that she looked SEXY! Smokin hot, head turning, mouth watering, dick swelling sexy!

The garment had a plunging neckline that revealed a tantalizing portion of her impressive cleavage. With no necklace to break it up the smooth skin of her chest was a wide uninterrupted expanse of soft flesh. It was cleavage that dared you to gawp at it. Being so much taller than her I had a good view down onto it! The dress was sleeveless with straps over the shoulders. The hem had a nice lace design along its edge and up the sides. It only reached down to her mid-thigh, allowing her shapely legs to be seen in their full glory. She wore no jewelry outside the earrings and wore no stockings or hose. If she wore a bra it had to be a strapless one and my eyes can't help but note that I saw no VPL anywhere along the tight fabric of her wide hips, though I knew the crinkly design of the cloth was surely fooling my eyes. It was the type of dress that revealed just enough to make the imagination run wild, if you had the body for it. And dear God, did Michelle ever have the body for it! It was so easy to forget that this was my mother I was ogling.

I loved, loved, LOVED the little black dress look on a curvaceous woman! With her standing at only five foot three it accentuated those wide sweeping curves all the more. I'd never seen her done up and dressed like this before. This was not a style her ex-husband cared for on his wife.

It takes me a moment to realize that I wasn't the only one using inside knowledge. I wore this shirt knowing that she would like it and she wore that particular dress because she knew I had a thing for that style. Touche!

I clamp my slack jawed mouth shut and gather my wits about me. I finally offer a warm smile. She is smiling right back at me. She gives me a long appreciative look up and down and I see her gaze particularly admire the sleek collared shirt I wore. Each of us was obviously impressed with the other.

I clear my throat and speak, unable to hide the awe in my voice. "Michelle! You look...wonderful."

Her smile grows and she looks down self consciously, almost bashfully. She tugs at the tip of her hair before looking back up again. "Thank you. You look very handsome tonight Noah."

A strange silence descends between us. Our eyes meet for a single electrically charged second before I tear my gaze away.

I swallow hard and blinking a few times rapidly as I stammer. "Ahem! Uh...Michelle, are you, uh, ready to go?" I point back toward my car. "Your chariot awaits."

I step to the side and offer the lady an arm. She giggles at my old fashioned gesture. She grabs a small hand bag and a light shawl that matched her dress, locks the door behind her, then takes my arm in her hands.

I strut proud as a peacock down the front walk with her on my arm. Her black high heels click clack on the pavement as we go. As we approach my car I feel her slow then stop right at the edge of her property. I look down at her curiously. Her head was down slightly and she wouldn't look up at me. She seemed tentative to take the next step, as if she had come right up to a point of no return.

She says in a soft voice. "If you need to stop this, if you get uncomfortable, just call me Mom and we'll go back to normal. Until then I am Michelle Cassidy." She was giving me a safe word, so to speak, and using her maiden name. Both were good ideas.

I pause, studying her for a moment, then squeeze her arm in mine reassuringly. "Okay Michelle. I really appreciate what you're doing for me tonight."

I watch her shoulders relax and she nods with a grin. I gently press forward and she takes a bold step with me. My date with "Michelle" had begun.

As I open the passenger door for her she says. "I like your car."

I can't help but smile. The metallic gray Subaru Impreza had been a gift from her just last year. "Thanks, it gets me from A to B."

I help her into her seat then close the door behind her. I walk around the front and take a quick glance around. I was happy to see none of her neighbors were around at the moment. I get into the car and look across at my beautiful date for the evening. Seated as she was I cannot help but admire the graceful sexy shape of her leg in profile. I blink and pull my eyes off of her.

I start the engine, turn the radio on low, then pull out to begin the drive to the restaurant.

For a time we sit quietly just listening to the music and watching the street side trees drift by. The limbs of the trees on either side occasionally met above us too form great green arches which we passed through at regular intervals. The other houses were like hers, cozy and well lived in. I could see why she liked this neighborhood. It had a welcoming feel to it.

Our conversation along the way is polite, cheerful, and safe. As it should be at this point. We speak about the heat, we joke about a particularly corny ad on the radio, we talk about a movie that was coming out soon, and other such small talk. At first it was a challenge not to dive straight into our normal comfortable back and forth but the longer it went the easier it got to just speak to her as if she was someone I was just getting to know. The way we were each dressed, being so out of the ordinary, really helped foster the illusion of us being two strangers on our first date. I found I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

I struggle constantly not to sneak peeks at her legs and her ample cleavage. I am mostly successful. If she notices my wandering eyes she doesn't give any indication of it. Once I swear I catch her

checking me out in a similar fashion, though I knew it must be my imagination.

The restaurant I had chosen was quite out of the way. I wanted to stay away from the busier sections of the city and I also wanted to avoid any places where I might run into anyone I knew. The place, simply called "La Lune", was tucked away in one of the older and wealthier areas of the city. We comment on the huge houses with their extravagant front lawns as they pass by. The establishment was an oddity in the area. It was the only business for many blocks around and the only building we saw that had only one floor. It was squat yet sprawling. The building along with a large open deck was surrounded by a lush garden area that filled the rest of the corner plot. A short two foot tall wrought iron fence with a snaking ivy design ran around the property at the front except for the wide entryway. Huge round windows lined the restaurant's butter yellow stone walls and allows a view into the interior. Even from here one could see the dominant motif of celestial bodies in the art and ornaments, mostly moons and stars. The place was three quarters full with three couples waiting for their seats just inside the front doors. I was happy I made reservations.

"Ooo!" Michelle oohs as we pass the place, obviously surprised by my choice. "This is quite a place you've found. Very nice."

I felt pretty damn proud of myself and I straighten up in my seat.

I knew from reviews I had read that parking was a problem as the small lot the restaurant had out back was half of what they actually needed for their seating capacity. I drive two and a half blocks before finally finding a place on the avenue. I pull in between a Mercedes and a Jaguar.

"We'll have to walk from here, sorry."

She has a strangely wistful smile on her pretty face. "That's okay. It's a lovely evening."

I chuckle at her rosy description of the weather. It was lovely if you were trying to bake bread in the open air. The sun starting to go down had helped but it was still hot as hell out there.

I get out and hurry around to open the door for her. She seems amused as if by some private joke as she watches me pour on the gentlemanly manners. I offer my hand. She hesitates but after a moment she takes it and lets me guide her to the sidewalk. I close the door, lock up the car, then offer her my arm once more. She tightens the shawl around her arms then takes my elbow. We begin the short walk to La Lune.

Click, clack, click, clack. Her heels hit the cement as we walk casually toward the restaurant and soak in the opulent surroundings. The buzzing and droning of midsummer insects fills the air with their chorus. The evening sky was starting to glow pink and the fat yellow hung low over the rooftops.

"This is all very nice. So very nice. You didn't have to do all this for a first date Noah."

"I'm happy to. You deserve it Michelle." I say as if it was no big deal then add. "They have a wine list second to none, or so I read. The chef is from Lyon."

"Hm." Is all she says. She smiles politely.

Click, clack, click, clack. We continue our walk through the hot humid evening. Something wasn't right, I could just sense it. There was a tension in Michelle that wasn't there before. We walk past the gleaming luxury cars and the huge pillared multi-million dollar homes.

I just hear her sigh very quietly and then I knew something was up. Was she having doubts? Was I making her uncomfortable? Was the illusion of our fake date breaking down? I knew the restaurant was a slam dunk. She loved French food and French wine and the fine dining experience. This was just her type of place. Exactly the sort of place Dad would have taken her...

I stop dead in my tracks as it hits me like a gold brick, so suddenly that Michelle is jarred to an abrupt stop herself. Up ahead I see the middle aged and older men, almost all of them white, with their younger more attractive wives or mistresses. How easily Mom and Dad could have fit into that crowd just a few years ago. I see the cars, the houses, the glittering jewelry on the women. I hear the haughty forced laughter and see the false smiles. The memories come flooding back to me, it must be happening tenfold for her.

I was leading her straight back into the world she had lived in those many years with my father.

"Noah?" She says with curious concern at my lack of movement and serious expression.

"Uh."

"Are you okay? Is something wrong?"

I look down at her with a guilty half grin half grimace and say. "You know..."

"Hmm?" She tilts her head.

"How do you feel about fish and chips?"

She looks at me hard before an understanding and genuine smile slowly grows across her face. "I love fish and chips."

"There's a place not too far from here. They've got a great beer selection."

She nods approvingly. "Sounds great!"

I then lower my head like a scolded pup and make up an excuse for changing plans. "Sorry Michelle. My ambition may have been too much for my budget. I really wanted to impress you."

She laughs a bright and easy laugh at my mock confession as she walks around me, spinning me back toward the car. "It's alright Noah." She pats my shoulder. "I think I'm more in a beer mood tonight anyway."

The pub I take my date to is a study in contrasts with the fancy restaurant we had just left. While this place was also a neighborhood eatery with a deck area the similarities ended there. The place was called "Roger's Jollies" and was ostensibly a pirate themed pub but in actuality it was just a mishmash of English, Irish, and Scottish elements with a smattering of pirate paraphernalia here and there. Far more Celtic than Caribbean. The building itself was ancient, probably prewar, and obviously had a much different purpose when it was built. The place was a chaotic and wonderful mess.

Michelle gazes out at the three story building excitedly. This time when I park she does not wait for me to come around and open the door for her. She gets out and waits for me on the sidewalk. Her rich brown eyes dart this way and that as she takes it all in. The deck was up on the roof of the old brick building and to get to the main doors you had to go up a wide set of cement stairs. The bottom floor was sunk half into the ground. From the front you could look down into it, past the posters and beer signs, to see that area was for pool and darts. The whole place was bustling, the crowd much younger and more working class than at La Lune.

Even from here we could hear a live band playing inside and Michelle was tapping her toe to the beat. Her eyes sparkled with life as she gets into the mood of the place.

A folding blackboard sidewalk sign stands not far away from us. In hand written chalk letters it proclaims. 'Jollies Fish and Chips Best in Town! Come get your Jollies at Roger's.'

I hear Michelle giggle at the silly joke. Before I can even offer my arm she takes it in hers and squeezes it tight. "This is a much better choice. Come on!"

She gives me a tug. I lead her down the walk and up the stairs into the pub.

The entry area is a hive of activity with people coming in and out and waitresses scurrying this way and that. The floors were a well worn dark wood and the walls were covered in a baffling array of pictures, knick knacks, and seemingly random objects. A stuffed male mallard duck stared down at me from my right. It was warm and close in here but still a lot better than outside. A small sign hung nearby that read 'What are you waiting for? Seat yourself!'

This floor had a restaurant vibe to it. Tables and booths and such. Across the room there was a stairway down and another leading up. We already knew the games room was below us. The traditional guitar and fiddle sounds of the band drifted down from above. I lead my date toward the stairs.

We climb up to the next floor to find it dimmer than below. There was a bar along one wall and a small stage along the back where the performers played and an even smaller dance floor in front of them. Nearly every table was taken but I spied a free two person spot up near the stage. The stairs continue up to the rooftop deck but with

the way Michelle's hips were moving to the music I decide we have found our destination.

Weaving around the tables and the other patrons we make our way to the table. Some of the other customers stomped a foot to the old tune, some clapped and whooped along, while other still just let the band play as they enjoyed the company of their friends. I can see more than a few of the men in the room turn their head to check out my date, one looked a bit too long and was treated by the glare of a jealous girlfriend when he turned his head back again. It felt nice having the hottest lady in the place on my arm. As we take our seat Michelle's face had a humongous grin plastered across it as she watches the musicians play not ten feet away from us. I take a moment to note the technique of the fiddle player. She actually wasn't too bad for what was obviously a local pub band.

A tall buxom waitress seems to materialize out of thin air. Speaking up over the tunes she says. "Hey, what can I getcha?"

"Do you have Old Speckled Hen?" Michelle asks.

"You bet. One?" She looks at me.

"Uh, sure, make it two." I nod.

"Menus?"

"Yeah." I say back, having to keep my voice up. I figured we would have fish and chips but it couldn't hurt to see the selection.

"You bet." She says before disappearing into the hubbub of the place once more.

I look across at my date as she bobbed to the upbeat music and watched the band. She was really getting into it. This had been a wonderful idea. The date, the change of venue, everything. All the cares of the world seemed to have been lifted from her shoulders. She looked ten years younger. For a moment, just a moment, I forget who I am and who she is and let my breath get taken away.

By God she was beautiful!

I reach across and take her small soft hand in mine. When she looks at me I smile and motion toward the tiny dance floor. "Dance with me?"

She giggles and looks left and right. "No one else is dancing."

"You know what it's like. Everyone is waiting for someone else to be the first." I lean in and stare at her expectantly. "Come on, dance with me Michelle."

She throws back her head and laughs, her flowing brown locks swaying and bouncing to her breezy laughter. "Sure!"

I stand and lead my lady to the dance floor. This immediately gets a reaction from the band who call us out.

"That's the spirit young man!" The lead says. There are hoots and cheers from the tables. "A lovely song for a lovely couple." He says to us then looks back to his band. "Swallowtail Jig!"

The music picks up and it only hits me then...I had NO idea how to dance to this type of music!

The fiddle starts the traditional Irish tune off soon followed by the guitar, flute, and percussion. The band watched us with smiling eyes as they played. Every eye around was focused on us. And most importantly, my ravishing date had her rich brown eyes on me and waited for me to take the lead.

I was here now, I had to try. I had nothing lose. Looking the fool while dancing in a pub around a bunch of strangers was hardly anything to be concerned about.

All at once I step forward and slip my hand around Michelle's hour glass waist and with a strong and sudden tug pull her into me. Her eyes flare a moment in surprise by my boldness. My own eyes widen as I feel her soft voluptuous body press into mine harder than I'd meant it to. Her big supple breasts squish slightly into my stomach. She lays her arm over mine and settles her weight into me as she readies herself. We hear whoops from the crowd. I quickly recover, smile, and shoot her a wink. She smiles back and I swear I see the blush on her cheeks darken a shade.

We begin to dance.

It wasn't pretty, especially at first, and it certainly wasn't Irish, but it was one hundred percent FUN! It starts as a clumsy country two step but quickly morphs into a mutated polka. Once we found the rhythm we didn't lose it. There are laughs and cheers from the other patrons, some of them already well into their cups, as we bounce, stomp, spin, and wheel around the small dance floor. Despite her high heels Michelle stays with me step for step, if anything it was me struggling to keep up.

With the band as my wingman they keep the rhythm up for long uninterrupted stretches then shift straight into the next song and then the next. They make sure they keep the music upbeat and appropriate for the strange polka thing we were doing. Michelle and I have an absolute blast as we step together, spin together, move as one, and touch and hold each other. Our blood was up and I was feeling down right giddy despite I hadn't even taken a sip of alcohol yet! In the merriment it was easy to forget that our date was just getting started.

As I'd predicted once there was one couple dancing others soon followed. By the fourth song the area was nearly shoulder to shoulder, which just meant we had to dance closer. Holding her body into mine we dance with added enthusiasm, showing these newcomers that we still ruled this dance floor. It felt nice holding her body next to mine. Real nice. I liked her curves. I liked her wide hips. I enjoyed seeing her perfectly shaped ass as I spun her. And I relished the feeling of her prodigious bosom when it pushed into my stomach. Her shapely legs were sexy as hell and her face was a vision of perfectly ripened beauty. The whole package was intoxicating.

To my eyes Michelle was the perfect woman and I felt a pang of regret knowing she could never be mine. I only had her for a night.

As the fifth tune winded down I motion back toward the table and she laughs and nods her head. Her face was aglow with a flushed radiance and she was slightly out of breath. Her eyes glimmered with an inner fire and her smooth skin had a subtle sheen of sweat across it. A thought burbles up from deep in my mind unbidden and unwelcome...it looks like she had just made love.

I shake the forbidden thought from my head and see her to her seat. She laughs and grabs her beer and downs a third of it! My lady was thirsty. I take my seat and enjoy a pull from my drink as well. There were glasses provided but both of just drink from the bottle.

"That was fun." She says, still buzzing. "You're a good dancer."

I cannot help but laugh at that, but I accept the compliment. "Thank you. It's easy with a good partner."

She titters and runs her fingers over her left ear, tucking a long wavy lock behind it. It was a simple little motion but a strangely sexy one.

We look over the menus but in the end both order the fish and chips. "Two Jollies, coming up." The waitress quips.

Michelle laughs. "We got our Jollies."

I roll my eyes and groan.

Reaching across she taps my hand. "So Noah. We still barely know each other. Tell me about yourself. What do you do?"

She was playing her role like a professional. She knew more about me than anyone else but her character was committed to getting to know me. This was the game we were playing. The music had mellowed into some slower stuff so holding a conversation wasn't as difficult now.

"I'm a student actually." I reply.

She looks surprised. "Oh my! I really am robbing the cradle here."

I laugh. "I'm in my PhD. I'm not THAT young."

"What are you taking?"

"Musicology."

She cocks an eyebrow. I'd seen this look a million times but never from her before. "Musicology? What the heck is that?"

I shrug. "Exactly what it sounds like. I am a student of music. The history, the theory, influences and impacts. My particular focus is on Romani and related music."

"Romani? As in Gypsy?"

"Er, some consider that a slur. But yes."

"A slur? Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize." She straightens up. "You have to be so careful what you say nowadays."

I chuckle. "It's okay."

"So you study music. Do you play anything or sing?"

I nod. "I can play a few instruments." I motion toward the fiddle player. "Violin is my main one."

"Cool! Do you play in a band?"

Again I shrug. "Not full time or anything. I have a group, we play some of the festivals and such throughout the year. Just for fun, not professionally. My degree is an academic one. I'll probably end up teaching." I take a long drink of beer, set down the bottle, then rest my large hand over hers. She glances up into my eyes and treats me with a flash of a smile. "And you Michelle? What do you do?"

She hesitates. "I, uh..."

I laugh. "What?"

"I don't really do anything." She confesses softly, her long nailed fingers fiddle with edge of the coaster her bottle rested on.

I give her a look. "Come on now. You must do something."

"Oh, I stay busy enough. I volunteer a lot. I pick up little odd jobs here and there. I do some art, pottery mostly. I putter around my yard and garden." She slumps. "Sorry, that's not very interesting is it?"

She was out of practice with this sort of thing and it showed. She seemed suddenly tentative and embarrassed. Reluctant to speak of her own situation.

I squeeze her hand and try to keep it light. "Hey, you're living the dream. Retirement in the prime of your life. We all should be so lucky."

"I don't deserve it." She mutters. She then takes the story deeper than I expected her to. "I'm divorced Noah. I never held a real...job." She takes a deep breath and an even deeper drink of beer. "I was the housewife to a wealthy man and...my lawyer ensured I was well provided for in the settlement." She then says at a whisper and bows her head. "He cheated on me. With a younger prettier woman."

I could see a self-conscious insecurity sweep through this lovely and vivacious woman, deflating her before my eyes. She seemed suddenly unsure of how she looked and how she was dressed. She

shifted uneasily and with one hand brought the light shawl up over her arm as if trying to cover herself from people's eyes. How could this radiantly beautiful woman EVER think she was anything but absolutely gorgeous? It boggled my mind and it broke my heart.

I lean across the table and get my head down low so that I could look into her eyes. She peeks up at me. "He was an idiot Michelle." I say bluntly. "Anyone who would cheat on you...is a fool. And the woman might have been younger, but there is NO WAY she was prettier. It's just not possible." She blushes and shifts her gaze to the side bashfully. I then shake her hand. "Hey, this is about tonight. About you and me. The past is the past and the future..." I wink. "...may never come at all. Let's enjoy the here and now."

With that Michelle's sullen mood comes right back up again. She takes a deep breath and looks around. Dancing couples. Lively music. The loud din of dozens of happy laughing people. The company of a handsome young man. I see life flow back into her. With a firm nod she grabs her beer and raises it high. "To the here and now!"

I nod right back and raise mine to hers. Our bottles clink in the air. "The here and now!"

With that both of us drain what we had left of the Old Speckled Hen. Michelle sets down the empty with a thud and waves toward our server. "Two pints of Guinness, right here!"

The server nods our direction shouts over the crowd. "You bet! Coming right up."

Michelle flashes me another bright smile then turns her attention back to the band to bob to the music once more.

I lean back and look across to my date. Seeing her now, enjoying herself so thoroughly, made my heart feel good.

The pints come quick followed closely by the fish and chips. The two pieces of fish were encased in a crispy amber shell of their special batter and the fresh cut fries were deep fried just right. Some salt and malt vinegar on the fries and a smidgen of their homemade tartar sauce to dip the fish and we were eating well. Wouldn't you know it, they really were the best in town. Best I'd ever had anyway. Even the side of slaw was top notch. The deep flavors of our stouts accompanied the food perfectly and washed the tasty but oily film from our palates.

The conversation is light and pleasant, when the music was low enough even to attempt it. We both thoroughly enjoy our meal together. When we were done we order another two pints and return to the dance floor.

Again we share a rollicking good dance. With a few beers into her now Michelle was starting to open up. Among our silly polka steps Michelle begins to add in little flourishes. A snakelike weave of her arms and a hypnotic sway of her hips. Silky, sultry, sexy moves that immediately grips the attention of every guy with an sight line to her. Again I see some very jealous looks my way as the men must have been wondering how I snagged such a stunning bombshell. The little black dress and the tantalizingly curvaceous body within it casts a

spell on the room. Michelle was absolutely the center of attention though she did not realize it. She was still holding back, still a bit timid, but the mood and the music was carrying along in their current and the more we danced the more she relaxed.

We take a few breaks to refresh and chat and joke and laugh. The dancing and exertion had loosened her hair into its natural, slightly wild looking, state and her makeup had faded back from the sweat. It only made her look better. Her true beauty was as natural as the sunset. She didn't need any gussying up. The next round she says she didn't want anything heavy so we order lagers instead. Both of us were starting to feel the effects of the drinks, her more than I. I definitely had a nice little buzz.

There is round of awwws and boos as the band announces their final number. The band's lead waves his hands to settle the crowd and promises they'll be back again Saturday. Something strange then happens. Michelle and I look left and right as we notice everyone gets quiet and turn to face the stage. Drinks get set down. Conversations end. Girls were leaning in to their fellas who had their arms around them. There were smiles in every direction. Everyone knew what was happening except us and there was a charge of anticipation throughout the room.

Michelle looks at me quizzically and I shrug.

The music swells up.

The next thing we knew we found ourselves in the middle of a big singalong of "When Irish Eyes are Smiling". Everyone, man and woman, patron and staff, the drunk and the sober, let their voice

ring out in a cacophonous chorus to the cheery cheesy old song.
Michelle and I immediately join in, holding hands and singing loud
and proud.

There's a tear in your eye

And I'm wondering why

For it never should be there at all

With such pow'r in your smile

Sure a stone you'd be guile

So there's never a teardrop should fall

When your sweet lilting laughter's

Like some fairy song

And your eyes twinkle bright as can be

You must laugh all the while

And all other times smile

And now, smile a smile for me

When Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, 'tis like the morning Spring

In the lilt of Irish laughter

You can hear the angels sing

When Irish hearts are happy

All the world seems bright and gay

What when Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, they steal your heart away

For your smile is a part

Of the love in your heart

And it makes even sunshine more bright

Like the linnet's sweet song

Crooning all the day long

Comes your laughter and light

For the springtime of life

Is the sweetest of all

And there's ne'er a real care or regret

And while springtime is ours

Throughout all of youth's hours

Let us smile each chance we get

When Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, 'tis like the morning Spring

In the lilt of Irish laughter

You can hear the angels sing

When Irish hearts are happy

All the world seems bright and gay

And when Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, they steal your heart away

When Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, 'tis like the morning Spring

In the lilt of Irish laughter

You can hear the angels sing

When Irish hearts are happy

All the world seems bright and gay

What when Irish eyes are smiling

Sure, they steal your heart away

We all hold the last syllable as long and as loud as we could before a huge cheer erupts as the final notes fade.

Applause and laughs and cheers and toasts go around the room as the band takes a bow. Both Michelle and I are laughing at the unexpected singalong and cheering the band with unabashed appreciation. Spirits were high all around. I felt positively buoyant with simple wholesome joy.

The band waves and bow once more before they begin to collect their things.

"They are so good!" Michelle says loudly.

I nod my agreement. As she claps and cheers I am struck once more with her carefree allure. The bounce of her hair and body and that wonderful smile, my heart skips a beat. She catches me looking and gives me a playful scrunch of her nose.

As I look across into the twinkling smiling brown eyes of my date I say. "Well Ms Cassidy, care to join me up on the deck to take in the night?"

She giggles at my use of her Irish maiden name. "Sounds good."

I grab our drinks and motion to our waitress that we were heading upstairs. She nods her acknowledgment. With Michelle in my wake we make our way to the stairs and rooftop deck.

We get to the top of the stairs and exit out the swinging door and onto the patio. We walk into the humid heat, hitting it like a brick wall. I stop and reconsider my suggestion.

"Whoo! I thought it'd be cooler by now." I huff. The sun had fallen and the temperature was tiny bit more bearable, but still damned hot.

Michelle urges me to continue. "It's okay, it's just a bit of heat. Come on, there's a table right at the corner."

The one good thing about the weather was that there were only a handful of brave souls up here with us. I see the table she was speaking of. It usually sat four but two of the chairs had been pulled away and the table had been moved right up against the railing at the corner giving the remaining two seats a wonderful night view of the neighborhood beyond.

Zigzagging through the chairs and tables we get there. I set down the drinks then pull out her chair for her. She gives me an impish look and seems to want to say something before taking the seat presented. I take my seat to her right.

"You are quite the gentleman Noah." She is looking at me funny. "Are you always so gallant with the ladies?"

I put on my most charming grin. "No, but you're special."

She shoots straight back. "I'm old you mean."

I scoff and shake my head. "No! That's not what I meant."

She chuckles and pats my forearm. "It's okay. I am old. Trust me, I'm not complaining but..." She gently rubs her hand up and down the sleek fabric of my new shirt. "...you can just be yourself if you'd like."

I look at her and gradually relax. I had been pouring on the old fashioned charm a bit thick tonight. Far more than usual. I give her a nod. "Of course." I point back over my shoulder. "That band was something else, huh?"

"I love them! That song at the end was the best thing ever. We have to come see them again..." Her voice drifts off. She shakes her head sadly, we both knew this wasn't happening again. At least not with each other. The way we had been dancing down there meant we couldn't come back here as mother and son without some uncomfortable questions being asked. It was an unwelcome dose of reality to our magical evening.

She sighs then raises her pint and says again. "The here and now."

I clink my glass to hers. "The here and now."

We each take a long pull of cold lager. We sit for a time just admiring the scenery. The old building was the tallest for some way and we could look out onto the surroundings for quite a distance in all directions. The street lights dotted the quiet tree filled neighborhood. The houses were nice, though even the best of them weren't nearly as opulent as those we saw around La Lune. It was an area very similar to the one Michelle lived in, but with a younger population and bit more hustle and bustle.

The heat is ever present, bearable but impossible to ignore. I sweat, Michelle sweats, even our beers sweat in the muggy wind still night. I wipe my brow then unfasten my top button and roll up my sleeves. "Quite a night." I comment.

Michelle smiles and simply says. "I like the heat."

I watch a drop of sweat trickle down her neck then run unerringly for the canyon of her expansive cleavage. I lick my dry lips then quickly tear my eyes away and take another drink of beer.

Our waitress comes by to check on us. We order one last round of drinks. Both of us were sensing our time here was almost up.

We sit together. Happy. Comfortable. It was pleasant but...I felt the magic of this night was slipping away. We both felt it. Our little fantasy was disintegrating and we felt powerless to stop it from happening. We are served our drinks and start up another round of chit chat. Very cordial conversation, as a mother and son might

have. The table closest to us gets up and makes their way toward the exit. Everything was signaling to us to wind it down.

I'd done my job. Michelle had a brief glimpse at the good times she could be having. Merriment, dinner, dancing, fun, and laughter. If all she needed was a nudge like Dr Nelson said I didn't have to do anymore.

But I wasn't ready. I wasn't ready for our date to be over. It was a selfish feeling, but I just wasn't ready to quit on this night just yet. We had been having such a wonderful time. The best time I'd had in a VERY long time. I look over to Michelle. Be yourself she told me. She wanted me to ignore the age difference and...that other thing. I willfully banish the thoughts holding me back from my mind.

I clear my throat.

She looks up to me and gives me a friendly grin. "Mm?"

With a trouble making look in my eye I raise a devilish brow.
"Michelle."

"Yeah?" She says warily, she could see I was up to something.

"Tell me something about yourself. Something you never tell anyone."
I whisper like I am conveying something scandalous. "Tell me a secret Michelle."

She stares me in the eyes and I do not flinch. "Noah. We just met! You are a bold one!"

I keep her eyes trapped in mine. "We only have tonight. Why hide from each other?"

Her smile fades as we continue to gaze deeply into one another. I feel her fingertips caress my bare forearm but I don't look, I keep my eyes locked on hers. I lean closer. "Want me to go first?"

She slowly nods. "Y-yeah, you go first."

"Very well." My right hand drifts over to take her free hand while the fingers of her right hand continued to stroke my sweaty arm. I lay it out in a single go. "I was with a man once. Like...WITH a man."

Her eyes widen and I hear her take in a breath. "Noah!"

Before she can get all maternal with me I forge ahead with my absolutely inappropriate confession. "It wasn't on purpose, and there was a woman with us. I was extra frisky that night and we were all flirting and fooling around. The girl..." I laugh. "...she was really hot and quite enjoying seeing me and the other guy together. She kept encouraging us to go further, making requests of us, and...well...one thing lead to another. And we did it."

Michelle's heat and alcohol flushed face blushes a deeper shade of pink and she lets out the most endearing of laughs. "Ha ha ha! No!"

"Yeah. Not gonna lie either, it wasn't so bad."

"NO!"

"Yep, kissed him, sucked each other's cocks. The whole deal."

"NO!!" She was stunned both by my blunt language and the admission, but there wasn't an ounce of judgment in her pretty eyes.

"Not a bad secret, huh?"

"Were you drunk or...high?"

"Nah, just horny as hell and extra experimental that night." I sit up proudly. "You only live once."

"Oh Noah, I never would have guessed that you..." She shakes her head in disbelief.

I laugh. "Yeah. Not that I'd seek it out again. I'm quite happy with the ladies thank you very much." I then shrug. "I don't regret it though."

She sits in stunned silence a moment. Her brown eyes scan my face looking for signs I was bullshitting her. She finally lets out a guffaw.

"Wow. That is some secret."

"Well..." I start to say before immediately getting interrupted.

"Were you top or bottom?" She blurts out.

"Michelle!"

"You started it. Well, answer the question Mr Secret sharer." She presses.

I roll my eyes. "Fine. Both if you must know. And we both did the girl too."

I NEVER would have told this to my mother. But it seemed okay to tell Michelle. Also, the beer likely had an effect as well.

She nibbles her bottom lip between her perfect white teeth and purrs. "That's pretty hot actually."

I laugh. "What is it with women and seeing cute guys go at it?"

"What's not to like!?" She laughs with me. She shifts closer to me and I shift closer to her. Our shoulders were nearly touching now. Her one hand continues to feel my arm and my hand tenderly massaged her other one.

"Okay, your turn." I say.

"Oh!" She tenses up and shifts nervously. "I-I-I don't really have..."

"Come on now!" I object. "I told you my deepest darkest secret. Fair is fair."

She blushes another shade. "It's just...I...uh...ohh boy."

I bring my hand up to rest on her shoulder. I feel the hot damp skin to either side of her dress strap and I gently squeeze. She lets out small gasp at my touch, obviously a welcome touch. I say in a smooth voice. "I swear Michelle. I won't tell a soul. What is said tonight stays here."

She takes a deep breath then helps herself to another big drink of lager. Whatever she was about to tell me she needed the liquid courage to bolster her. I wait patiently.

She straightens up with what I can only describe as a mischievous smile. "Okay, okay Noah. I've got something."

I was all ears. I wait with growing anticipation. I watch another rivulet of sweat flow lazily down her cheek and neck and onto her chest. The moving drop inviting my drifting eye into parts unknown. With a surge of self control I bring my eyes back up to hers once more. She couldn't have NOT noticed me checking out her cleavage this time, but still she says nothing about it.

"Alright." She says again. She glances over her shoulder to make sure nobody was approaching then looks back. "A secret. I haven't told anyone this. Not even my ex." Now I was really curious! "A long time ago, before I was married and before...other stuff." She takes yet another deep breath. She swallows and licks her lips. "I posed for a...a men's magazine. Nude. I posed nude for a men's magazine."

My imagination runs wild! "NO!" I say in an open mouthed gawp.

She giggles and closes my mouth by pushing up with a finger against the bottom of my chin. "Mmm hmm." She nods. "It's true. I was young, I was in Europe at the time, and I was thinking about going into modeling and..." She laughs. "I got a very nice offer and well, I went ahead and did it. I didn't even think about the fact those photos would last forever."

"What magazine!?" I spout out before realizing I shouldn't have asked. "Er...I mean...uh... Sorry."

She nibbles her bottom lip once more and the most wicked look comes across her. "They're online. Someone uploaded scans of them."

"No!"

"Mmm hmm." She says in a naughty little hum. "I've been lucky, the pictures are buried away in some obscure corners of the web. Lucky

for me there are so many nudes out there my little drop is lost in the ocean. No one I know has found them that I know of."

Try as I might I cannot stop my reeling imagination from picturing what they must look like. She was grinning, obviously enjoying the effect this confession was having on me. I saw the hint of that dull glaze of alcohol over her expression. The inhibition tearing alcohol was definitely having its effect on her too.

She then leans in, pauses, thinks a time, pauses again, reconsiders, pauses a third time, then asks in a very low voice. "Would you like to see them Noah?"

It gets very quiet on that rooftop as I process that question. OF COURSE I wanted to see the pictures but try as I might to ignore it some part of me was telling me that this would be something that could not be undone after our "pretend date". Once I saw them I couldn't unsee them.

But...if I did not seize this opportunity now I knew it would drive me mad knowing these pictures existed out in the world somewhere and I hadn't seen them. Also, as crazy as it sounds, I felt that she had seen my goods that day she walked in on me those years ago and it only seemed fair I got to see hers. Besides, she offered at the risk of great embarrassment and it would be rude to decline.

These were the things I told myself. The truth was far more simple and far more primal, I just wanted to see this gorgeous woman's body.

She waits in silence. I think she knew my answer before I did.

"I would love to see them!" I say brightly.

"I thought you might say that." She pinches the hair on my arm. "You bad boy." She giggles.

I wanted to kiss her there and then.

She looks again over her shoulder to make sure we had privacy. Nobody was going to bother us now. There was only a single other couple on the rooftop deck and they looked like they were getting as intimate as we were. She beckons with her hands. "Do you have your phone?"

"Yeah, of course." I pull it from my pocket. I unlock it and hand it over.

With a laugh that let anyone listening know she was misbehaving she leans back in her seat and is careful to keep the screen away from me as she found the pictures on the internet. "I can't believe I'm doing this..." There is a pause. "...on a first date. This is so wrong." She laughs again.

I am smiling ear to ear. "Wrong, right, who is to say which is which."

She shoots me a glance. "It's wrong and you know it." Despite the words she doesn't stop what she's doing. With fingers and thumbs she navigates the web.

I see the moment she finds them by a slight widening of her eyes and a intense focus. She stares at the screen and I watch as so many conflicting emotions pass over her face. It was hitting her now as well that we were crossing a boundary. She was having second thoughts.

I with the speed of a striking viper I snatch the phone from her hand.

"Noah!"

I hold it just out of her reach and tease her with it. "Can I look? Huh? Can I Michelle? Pleeease."

"Noah." She crosses her arms and glares.

I take it down a notch and ask seriously. "Can I look Michelle? I'd really like to see them."

She huffs in mock annoyance but I could see she wanted me to see them too. "Yes, go ahead then." I could tell she was nervous. Concerned with what I would say and what I would think. She adds hastily. "I was a lot younger than and..."

I wave her worries away. "Let me look."

I turn the screen my way.

What greets my eyes is a vision of womanly perfection. A woman that, to this humble observer, was easily the hottest damn thing I'd ever seen in my life!

It was Michelle alright. Same long brown hair, same sultry dark eyes, and the same incredible figure. Her bust was a size smaller but I was expecting that as I knew from overheard conversations that her breasts had grown during her pregnancy with me and never went back down again. She was younger, a bit more slender in the waist, and had a very healthy tan going on. In the first picture, and I could see there were many more below, she had on only a matching set of sexy pink lacy bra and panties along with a gold necklace and high heel shoes. Her skin was smooth and unblemished, as it still was now. She sat on a white armless chair which did wonders to make her tanned body pop from picture. The surroundings had a nondescript though tasteful decor, not that I really focused on anything but the figure that was front and center.

She stared at the camera invitingly. Her shapely legs were together and off to the left. Though her naughty bits were covered this was already more than I'd ever seen of her. It made me want more!

I drink it in like a man just wandered out from the desert. I see a cute little mole just under her left breast and somehow that tiny imperfection made everything better.

I look up from the screen. Michelle was staring at me intently. Her body was still and she was silent. She was studying me to see my reaction.

"Wow! WOW!" I burst.

She laughs and bats her big brown eyes but says nothing else. She waits. I return my attention to the screen and slowly scroll to the next photo with a shaking finger.

Oh my! Now she faced the camera directly, still seated but with her legs spread open. I see the crotch of her lacy panties, they had a cute little bow on them. I admire her trim tummy and her flawless flesh of her inner thighs.

I go to the next one.

My smile grows as I see her naughty expression. Her legs were together now but the straps of her bra had fallen down around her arms. My mind reeled at what promised to follow.

I then catch something on her right ankle. My eyes dart up to look at my date. "A tattoo?"

She nods. "I had a few of them back then. Your..." She clears her throat and gives her head a little shake. "My ex-husband had me remove them. He thought they looked slutty."

"You removed your tattoos for him?"

She shrugs. "I loved him. There isn't much I wouldn't do for love." She takes her beer and sips it. "I've been thinking about getting one again."

I smile and say. "You should."

I look back down and scroll to the next one.

In this one she was standing and turned from the camera ninety degrees. Her bra had been unfastened but she still held it to her body. Her long brunette hair flows down her sleek back. What really draws my attention in this one however was her ass. What an ass it was! The shape, the fullness, the roundness...I'd never seen one better. Men throughout the ages have fought and died for less.

By this point I was entranced. I scroll down.

I lean back in my chair and run a hand through my hair as I gasp. "Ohhh shit!" Michelle sips her beer and continues to grin, she seemed to be loving the effect these photos was having on me.

In this one she stood facing the camera with her bra in her hands.

Staring up from the screen at me were two big, supple, pouting heavy tits. An ideal handful each of them. The areola were round

and symmetrical, just a bit darker than the tanned skin, with pronounced jutting nipples. Again...truly...I'd never seen better. EVER.

I look over to my date. "No tan line."

She snickers. "They have these nude beaches over there and...he he he...yeah."

An eyebrow raises. "You go to nude beaches?"

"On that trip I did. I let loose that summer."

Hot damn! I look back down and scroll ahead.

The next few consisted of her being topless and playing with pulling down her panties. I see her exquisite body from the front, from the back, seated, and bent forward. In each one her panties were at a different stage of coming off, though the garden of Eden was not yet visible. I see more of her tattoos as well and thought they looked good on her.

The fact this woman was my mother, my actual birth mother, was the furthest thing from my mind. This was only Michelle now. Beautiful, sexy, incredible Michelle. I lick my lips then grit my teeth as my inflamed passions spread like a wildfire throughout my body.

I forge onward with growing desire.

In this one she was at last nude, though she sat on the chair side saddle with her legs together again. But just seeing her like that. Naked. All of that exquisite soft female flesh exposed. It was magnificent. What a body. What a fucking body! What a...

It is then I feel a bare foot slip up under the hem of my trousers.

I freeze in place. My eyes slowly rise from the screen to the woman beside me. She was leaned back in her chair, her glass of beer grasped in front of her with both hands, and giving a laser focused look of pure unbridled arousal. Just like the 'fuck me' eyes of the photos but much more intense.

She takes a slow drink of her honey colored lager then says. "Keep going." Or was it, "Keep going?" A question or a statement, I could not tell.

My voice answers before my mind could process it. "Yeah."

What was going on? Was this happening? How far were we taking this fantasy tonight? I push the nattering questions from my mind and let my eyes drift back to the screen.

I scroll.

And there it was. Michelle's pussy. Tanned as the rest. Shaved smooth. A little round tattoo just above it. She sat facing the camera, seated, but with her knees two feet apart. Now I can see it all. Her

breasts, her shape, the toned smooth tanned body, the soft petals of her womanhood.

Michelle's foot presses up my calf to my knee and she strokes up and down as she wiggles her toes.

"Do you like it?" She whispers. Whether she was talking about the picture or her wandering foot I wasn't sure.

"I love it." I say with a dry throat. I reach over and grab a hearty swig of beer then look to her. "You are so fucking hot!" I hiss.

She bares her teeth and purrs. "Keep going."

I flick down.

Now she is leaned back in the chair, as if ready to make love. Her legs aren't wide in a crude pose but just parted enough to invite a man in. Her sweet bald pussy is center stage and I can see it even better now. A fleshy slit with the lips of her labia darker than the skin all around. Oh how I wanted to dive in and taste it then and there.

Michelle's foot slides out from under the hem of my pants then starts to explore up my inner leg!

I shift to make it easier for her and move to the next photo. There weren't too many more now.

Here she is bent forward, her tits hanging like ripe peaches ready to be picked. I wanted to feel them and squeeze them and suck them. I wanted so badly to know how they felt in my hand.

Michelle strokes her foot forward and back along the inner thigh of my right leg. Forward and back slowly and firmly. The tips of her toes stopping jussst short.

I close my eyes and take a long deep breath. I swallow and continue on.

"Oh my God!" I sigh. "Hahhhh!"

I say this for two reasons. The first was because the picture I now stared at had Michelle bent over the chair looking back over her shoulder invitingly. Her immaculate ass and mouth watering pussy pointed straight at the viewer. Her right breast hung there beneath her begging to be grabbed. Any red blooded heterosexual man would mounting that minx in a heartbeat.

The other more immediate reason for my gasp was that Michelle's foot slipped up to between my legs. Her toes were massaging the base of my rapidly hardening manhood through my trousers as the ball of her foot pushed into my balls.

I go to say something but she then begins to stroke my cock up and down in a slow but firm and steady movement. Whatever I'd been about to say is lost in my throat.

"Mmmmm." She hums hungrily.

I stay still a moment, staring at the steamy photo and allowing Michelle to continue stroking me. The heat, the bar, the city, the nighttime view, the big moon, all of it fades into the background.

It is with reluctance I swipe to the final photo.

She now sat on the floor leaned back onto the seat of the chair. She was naked save the shoes and necklace. I loved her wide hips, I loved how her hair ran down over her svelte shoulder, I loved how she gripped her knee with her long nailed fingers, I loved how she peered up at me with the hint of a smile on her pink lips. I loved her tits and her shape and the color of her skin and her cute mole and...and... I love everything about it. I love everything about HER.

I slowly look up from the still picture to look at the real thing sitting within reach of me. Our eyes meet and a bolt of pure sexual energy arcs between us. Her intense brown eyes stared straight into my soul.

All the while...stroke, stroke, stroke...under the table.

Time stands still.

"Have a good night folks!" The loud voice of our server startles us both as she bids adieu to the other couple who were just now leaving.

"Thanks for coming." The pair politely say their goodbye and head for the exit.

My heart drops as I watch the server pick up her tip then spin and head in our direction.

Michelle and I instantly straighten up in our seats. I jam my phone into my pocket and that wonderful foot pulls back from me. The moment was shattered.

"And how are my love birds?" The waitress says in a cheery voice as she comes right up to check on us.

We both smile and nod furiously, acting like guilty children caught with their hands in the cookie jar. "Good, good, all's good."

The woman seems not to notice just how unwelcome her appearance was. "Need another round? An appetizer?"

I shake my head. "No, we're good. Maybe just the bill."

Michelle nods her agreement.

"You bet." The buxom girl says before heading off again.

Both Michelle and I settle back into our seats. We look at each other once then tear our eyes away. We stare out over dark city in

complete silence as the harsh reality of what had just happened sinks in. The heavy quiet hangs between us like a pall. We sit, we drink, and we think. This bill is brought and left on our table. Still we stare out, neither of us daring to look at the other.

My mind chastises me even as my rock hard cock ached for more.

We both stare at the fat yellow moon as each of us are lost in our own thoughts.

I hear Michelle mutter something under her breath. She was surely admonishing herself even more than I was. I was her son, her little boy. She'd changed my diapers, kissed my owies, and taught me to drive. I couldn't imagine what she was feeling right now. I'd pressured her into sharing a secret and she had, then we both got swept away in the moment. The last thing I wanted was her to feel guilty about this. I needed to lighten the mood again.

"That was...easily...the best damn secret ever!" I exclaim too loudly.
"My God! You are HOT Michelle!"

The sudden and brash breaking of the tense silence causes Michelle to let out a nervous laugh. She then turns to me with an accusing finger. "Wait a minute! The best secret? Do you ask all your dates for a secret?"

I shrug and give her a guilty look, pouring on a bit of the old boyish charm in there. "Busted. It's kind of a go to move."

She guffaws. "You ass."

I smirk coyly. "Can't blame a guy."

"Does it usually work?"

"Eh, fifty-fifty."

"Here I thought I was special."

"Oh, you are." I assure her.

She shakes her head. "I can't believe I fell for it." She slaps my arm lightly. "I have to be careful with you and your moves."

I look at her squarely. "Seriously though, thank you. Those photos are...gah! You are a beautiful beautiful woman Michelle. I...I'm speechless honestly." I reach across and lay my hand on the warm damp skin of her shoulder near the base of her neck.

I feel her stiffen for a moment before relaxing into my touch. She welcomed it. "I WAS a beautiful woman. That was a long time ago." There is a pause and she has a fragile poignant look. "Don't

squander your youth Noah. Give it to someone who really loves you because you can't get it back again."

I gently rub her soft skin. "You ARE a beautiful woman Michelle. The most beautiful woman I've ever met. As good as they are, the pictures can't do justice to the real thing." I slowly lean in and give her a tender kiss to her cheek. I feel the hot breath of her sigh against my ear and can smell the heady aroma of her musky perfume mixed with her natural fragrance brought out by the heat.

She leans into my touch and we stay cheek to cheek for a few magical seconds. I hear her breathing. I feel her sweat mix with mine. I feel the warmth of her skin. Her soft hair caresses my face. A hand runs up my chest...then pushes me back.

I resist but her push is persistent. I sit back.

"Noah...we can't..." She says with heartfelt regret. "...we can't."

"Say the word...and we end our date." I whisper.

She does not say a thing. Instead we continue to stare at each other with transparent lust and desire. We were way past any pretenses of this being a false date. This was a date, full stop. A man and a woman getting to know each other. This was so fucking wrong but in this dream of a steamy summer night it felt like we were in a realm all of our own, beyond the judgments and taboos of that other place.

Neither of us knew where this evening might end or how far we'd take this along the way but both of us knew the end wasn't here yet.

I settle back in my chair and bring the energy back down from the full boil it was at. "So...now that your right foot and I are intimately acquainted..."

She bursts into an impish giggle and she pinches me through my shirt. "He he he! Stop it."

"...I'd like to get to know the rest of you. Tell me about that summer. You're in Europe. You've got tattoos. You're going to nude beaches. You do the hottest fucking photo shoot in the history of mankind..."

She laughs at my over the top praise. "Stop."

I wink. "It's true."

She rolls her eyes at my flattery but accepts it. She begins. "It was my gap year. I was young and free and ready to see the world. I'd saved for years and my parents chipped in as well. I'm not sure what to say but...it was wild time. I experienced so much that year, learned so much." I gradually move my hand down to rest it on her bare knee. Her eyes flit down, noting it, but she doesn't address it. "I was in France for most of the trip, though I popped over to Spain a number of times and went through Germany once." And so her story goes. She tells me about a woman I'd never met before, never even heard about before. A woman unburdened by the cares of being a proper wife and devoted mother. A carefree and wild young woman hungry to experience the world and live every day to its

fullest. There were tales of misfortune, adventure, and downright debauchery. She does not flinch from the lurid details. There were many short term friends and a host of one night lovers in her tale and I find myself fantasizing about traveling back in time to meet this incredible young dynamo.

My mother's eyes sparkle with life as she reminisces and her graceful features express emotions of remembered joy and freedom. I slide my hand an inch up her thigh...her legs part slightly...welcoming the advance. I listen to her with rapt attention, only interrupting to make exclamations of disbelief or ask a quick clarifying question.

There was so much more to Michelle than I ever realized. It wasn't long after that trip she met my father and soon after got pregnant. I actually find that I feel guilty to be a part of the taming of this free spirit, though it was through no fault of my own.

My hand slides up another inch up the warm supple skin of her inner thigh. Both of us were damp with sweat yet neither of us cared a whit. Michelle stares into me nibbling her bottom lip and weighing up how to respond to my wandering hand. She hesitantly opens her legs more, my hand takes the invitation and slides higher...the tips of my fingers now reaching under the hem of her little black dress. Her flesh was so warm, so tender, so smooth. This was a woman who looked after herself. I take the risk and press higher and again she opens to my touch. Her chest heaves my way as she takes in a deep breath. My hand was half way up her skirt and I could feel the heat and humidity of...

"There are my lovebirds!"

AGAIN, at the worst fucking time, we hear the server make her appearance back out to the rooftop deck. The world around us comes flooding back in. We pull back from each other, this time reluctantly.

Seeing us respond to her presence the waitress clues in that she had just walked into an intimate moment. "Whoops! He he he. Sorry. Uh..."

I give her a look and wave her over. "It's okay." I put my credit card on the bill. "It's time we got going." The bill is payed and the server hurries away to give us our privacy once more.

As I look back to beautiful Michelle I see sanity had reclaimed her. She turns from me and moves to get a bit of distance between us. She had a wonderful smile though as she was absolutely soaking in the positive romantic feelings between us.

"We're a foolish pair, aren't we?" She chuckles softly and wipes a stray lock of hair from her face.

"I come by it honestly." I quip.

She shakes her head at my attempt at humor. Taking her glass she raises it my direction. "The here and now."

"The here and now." I repeat our toast of the evening.

Clink. We both down the dregs of the piss warm lager then set the glasses back down.

"It was a lovely date Noah." She sighs. "Just lovely. Thank you."

Here was an exit ramp being offered. All I had to do was take it.

"Oh, its not over yet." I reply.

Michelle is quiet for a long still moment before finally replying. "Oh?"

I smile a devilish smile. "We haven't had dessert."

"Dessert?" Her left eyebrow raises.

I nod. "Dessert. Something sweet and sinful. I can't treat a lady to a meal without dessert."

I see her weighing up the decision. She didn't want this night to end anymore than I did. She finally croons in sultry voice. "You saw the pictures. You heard the stories. I am no lady Noah."

I grin. "Not the kind of girl you bring home to...the folks?"

She slowly shakes her head. "No."

"Good."

"Noah..." She says at a hushed whisper.

There is another moment of weakness...followed directly by a firming up of moral resolve. Like me her body was pulling her one direction and her mind another. It had been over six months since I was last laid and from what I knew it had been much longer for her. How far would we test these boundaries we were pushing against? How much longer would we continue to play with this forbidden fire? Our past demanded we stop. Our future begged us to stop. But in this pitched battle for the here and now, of fantasy versus reality, the outcome was far from certain.

"Noah..." She says again, her voice dipping into a familiar maternal tone.

"It's just dessert." I say with a twinkle in my eye, as if it was the most innocent suggestion in the world. "Come on, it's just dessert."

Another long quiet moment, in the dim light our eyes flirt through the silence. Finally, mercifully, she nods. "Alright then."

"Ha ha!" I say triumphantly.

Standing up I offer her my hand. After another pause she takes it. She wobbles slightly as she stands, definitely tipsy now. She surprises,

instead of taking my arm like before she slips her arm around my waist and squeezes herself into me. I put my arm around her slender shoulders and pull her soft body in tight to me. The top of her shoulder was at my armpit, she was the perfect height to walk like this with.

With my sexy date held to my side we make our way down the stairs.

We make our way out onto the sidewalk and through a gathering of smokers out grabbing a puff. I see more amorous glances in my date's direction. She was a stone cold fox and it made me feel so damn good to have a woman this fine at my side and holding me tight. After they would give her the once one over they would look my way with a look of "you lucky bastard". I did feel like the luckiest guy alive just then. Their lingering looks of desire on Michelle's hot body brought things into sharp focus.

Growing up she had simply been "Mom". Lovely and wonderful and beautiful as only a mother can be. She glowed with a saintly sort of beauty. Pure, chaste and untouchable. She wasn't a creature of the earth but of the heavens. Her word could soothe a broken heart. Her touch could heal a wound. She fed me, guided me, taught me, and gave me succor in my darkest times. She was an angel come down to love her child in all of the ways that were good and right.

But tonight I had finally awoken to the reality that she was first and foremost a creature of the crude and dirty natural world. An animal like the rest of us. She ate and slept and shit and fucked like the rest of us. She was a top shelf piece of ass and a hottie of the highest

order, but she was no angel. This was a woman that flirted and teased and yearned for a man's touch. A woman with primal desires as real and as powerful as my own.

Beyond the physical she was fun and funny and smart. Fragile in some ways yet tough as steel in others. She had the experience to be comfortable in her own skin and it showed in a million little ways that were impossible to describe but unable to be missed. She neither took anything too seriously nor too lightly. She was simply someone you wanted to be around.

She was everything a man could ever want. This man at least.

Once she was playing the field again she'd be able to get any guy she wanted. I suppress the reflexive jealousy emerging inside of me and pull my date closer. Other men would have to wait. Tonight she was mine.

At random I lead Michelle to the right and we begin to walk. We walk right past my car, I knew wouldn't be driving again tonight. Despite my promise of dessert I had no plan or destination in mind. Roger's wasn't close to many other businesses and all of them were closed. I thought that, with a hell of a lot of luck, we might run across a little cafe or something. Although just walking was pretty damn nice in itself. It is not long before we leave the light and noise of the bar behind us and it is just her and I walking through a quiet residential area.

For three blocks we walk slowly and casually, her still pressed into my side and both of us enjoying the feeling.

While the stroll was pleasant it quickly became apparent that it was also aimless.

Michelle looks up to me. "Where are we going?"

I chuckle and confess. "I have no idea."

She laughs and shakes her head. "You're the worst." She says with good humor. Pulling out her phone she starts looking up a number.

I watch her curiously for a moment before asking. "Who are you calling?"

"My dealer. She lives in the area." Michelle answers nonchalantly. "We can get a cab or uber from there."

I blink twice as I register the words though not the meaning. Three...two...one...the light goes on. "Excuse me!?"

She has the phone to her ear. "Shhh!" She holds a finger up. After a moment she is speaking with the person on the other end of the line. "Hello? Laura, it's Michelle. ... Yes, that's right. Hey, I'm in the area and I was wondering... ... Yeah, exactly. ... Mmm hmm. ... Just an eighth. The usual stuff is good. Hell, even just a few joints if you don't mind. ... Mmm hmm. ... I'm bringing a friend. ... Yes." She giggles. "He he he! Yes. ... He he he! Yes he is. ... You'll see. ... Okay, yep. ... See you soon." She hangs up the phone. As we get to the next corner she steers me with her arm to make a right hand turn. We walk a few

more paces through the hot sticky summer night before I find my voice again.

"Your dealer!?" I exclaim. I couldn't believe what I had just heard.

She looks up at me with big innocent eyes but I could see just under the surface she was loving my reaction. Had this been anyone else it would have been no big deal. While I didn't partake regularly I wasn't above taking a hit if a joint was being passed around. But I had NO idea that my mom... I banish the thought from my mind. No, not Mom. This was Michelle. And now that I thought about it, it didn't surprise me in the least that Michelle smoked up recreationally. It fit.

"It's just weed." She says teasingly in exactly the same playful tone of voice I'd used to say that it was just dessert just minutes ago. "You're not a prude, are you Noah?"

I let out a loud laugh. "No. I just...Ha ha ha! I just wasn't expecting..." I give her a warm look. "You are full of surprises."

"Good." She rests her head against my chest and hugs me tight. Staying clutched so closely made walking slow but neither of us were complaining.

We walk another six blocks. We joke, we laugh, and we flirt all along the way. I tease her about being a secret pothead and she gives it right back saying that I sounded like her Dad and that I needed to loosen up. The free spirited young woman that spent that year in

Europe was still in there and it was a joy to see her peeking out again. When we weren't chatting Michelle would hold me close and lightly hum "When Irish Eyes are Smiling" in time to the steady matching sway of our bodies. It was the nicest six block stroll I'd ever had.

Laura's house was a large old bungalow that had seen better days. The white paint was cracked and peeling and the shingled roof looked long overdue for repair. It was a nice place but it desperately needed some TLC.

I unlatch the waist high gate and swing it open for Michelle. She leads the way up to front porch. Both the screen door and inner door were currently propped wide open. The sounds of light adult contemporary music drifts out into the night from inside.

"Laura?" Michelle calls inside.

"Come in!" A reedy voice responds.

We walk in and quickly find ourselves in a shrine to decades gone by. The easy listening music along with the stereo it came out of was from the 80's, the furniture and shag carpets were straight out of the 70's, and the groovy hippy décor was pure 60's. The place was stifling, even hotter than outside, and the loud buzz of a large floor fan vibrated in the corner. The ceiling was close enough to touch with ease and the light from two huge elaborate mismatched lamps was low and yellow, giving the den the feel of a fire lit cave. There was no computer, no television, no sign of any sort of digital technology at all. Books sat in unsorted one to two foot stacks along the walls and between the furniture and there was a bundle of three

rolled up yoga mats lined up beside us at the door. The place smelled of incense, weed, and freshly baked bread.

We hear some activity going on down the hall in the north corner of the room and head that direction. We enter into a bright cluttered kitchen and I could immediately see the source of the bread smell as three loaves sat cooling on a rack next to the oven. Across the room the back door was also propped open in an attempt to allow a breeze to flow through the house.

The woman I assume is Laura stood at the sink drying a handmade clay mug with a worn old cloth that looked older than me. She turns and gives us a sun-creased grin.

"Why Michelle! Would you look at you!" The woman says. "Looking good babe!"

Michelle straightens the hem of her dress. "He he, yeah, I'm on a date...with him." She thumbs my way. There was a subtle slur to her words though she tried her best to act sober, it didn't seem to bother Laura one bit. "Sorry to bother you so late."

"No bother at all. I can never sleep when the moon's so close." Laura says as if that was a normal thing to say. Her pale icy blue eyes shift to me.

Laura looked to be in her late fifties, though her tanned and wrinkled face made it hard to guess. She could be anywhere from fifty to her early eighties and it wouldn't surprise me. Whatever her age she looked in fine health. She was wiry and she stood and moved with a

robust vigor. Her hair, which was held back in a simple pony tail, was the color of brushed steel and it stood out in contrast with her caramel sun spotted skin. She was small, about Michelle's height, but had a big energy about her. She wore a plain grey-blue cotton linen dress and had a flour dusted brown apron tied around her waist.

She gives me a good hard look up and down then says bluntly. "Well! You're a dashing young stallion."

I give her my most dashing smile.

"Can't be much older than your son." She adds.

Michelle glances nervously my way then answers. "He's mature for his age."

Laura squints her eyes, takes in a deep breath through her nose, then says. "Yessss. He is." She crosses her arms and studies me. "You...are an old soul and a very wise man. Inhibited though." She then gives my date a sidelong dart of her eyes. "I see why you called."

Michelle laughs as I look back and forth between them wondering if this was some sort of private joke between them.

"Uh...thanks, I think." I respond. "Good to meet you Laura, my name is..."

Michelle suddenly clears her throat and gives me a flash of her eyes. I quickly clue in. She'd just mentioned Michelle's son, she had surely heard his name mentioned somewhere along the line. There was nothing to be gained by inviting a comment on the identical name. I grasp for the first name that pops to my alcohol dulled mind.

"...Craig." I finish my statement.

My mother has to stifle at laugh at my use of my goofy roommate's name.

Laura looks suspiciously from one of us to the other. "Okayyy." We were busted. She knew it was a lie but she didn't know why we'd told it. Michelle and I both giggle like the tipsy fools we were.

I pause as Laura looks at me closely and takes my measure. She nods slowly, obviously approving of what she saw.

"These for me?" Michelle asks to break the scrutiny, motioning to the three spliffs sitting on the square green kitchen table.

"Yep." Laura nods without looking her way. She waves her hand. "Pay me next time."

"Thanks."

Laura comes around the table continuing to give me the eye even more closely. "You are creative. A reader, definitely. You have empathy. An artist? A...teacher? Hmmm."

I look to Michelle who just shrugs.

"I'm a man of mystery." I quip.

"Pffft!" Laura scoffs. She walks right up to me and feels my new silk shirt between two of her strong knobby fingers. She looks to Michelle. "The boy likes you."

"I hope so. He asked me out after all." Michelle giggles.

Laura's pale eyes narrow. "Did he now?" She looks back up at me with what I thought was a glare, instead she surprises me by reaching up and pinching my dimpled cheek like a grandma would. "Smart boy!" She pats my cheek with a calloused palm and backs away. "You figured out nature's second greatest joke. Good for you lad." I noted she was making a point out of not using the fake name I'd provided.

"Joke?" I ask.

She smiles and nods. "Aye, and a cruel one it is. The male libido blossoms in May, the female's in September. A whole season between them. As the woman's flower opens to her full bloom..." She gives me a puckish smirk. "...the man has begun to wilt."

I chuckle and puff up defensively. "No wilting here, I assure you."

She nods approvingly. "Atta boy." She looks to Michelle. "I expect you won't be staying for a visit."

There was some serious unspoken woman to woman communication going on right now between them in the few seconds they look at each other.

Michelle nods. "Nah, just long enough to get a cab. We should get going. We're still on our date."

"Here, take some bread with you." She doesn't wait for an answer. Turning she finds an old paper bag she had tucked in behind her spice rack, empties out old crumbs with a shake over the sink, then slips one of the still cooling loaves into it. She comes up to me and pushes it into my stomach.

I take the offering. "Uh, thanks."

"Yep." She says. She takes one last long look at me before proclaiming, her eyes focused around the loaf she'd given me. "Musician! You're a musician."

Off to my right I see Michelle's head snap her way, panic in my date's brown eyes. That had been way too close to the mark for her liking.

Keeping my cool I nod. "You got me."

The eccentric old gal takes my left hand and runs the tip of her finger over the hardened tips of mine. "You're a guitar player."

"Got me again." I lie.

Laura waggles a finger my way. "Ha! Man of mystery my wrinkled old rear end."

I chuckle as Michelle relaxes once more. Placing the joints into her hand bag she says. "Thanks for this Laura."

Laura gives her a wave. "Not a problem. You can see yourselves out."

Dialing the cab company Michelle heads out of the room.

"Nice to meet you." I say politely as I give Laura a nod of a goodbye.

"Hmmp, you too...Craig." The false name was bitter in her mouth but her tone was pleasant enough.

I turn to leave then pause and look back. "What's the greatest joke?"

"Hm?"

"Nature's greatest joke. What is it?"

Her wrinkly face brightens. "Armadillos." She replies directly. "You ever see one of those little buggers run on those teeny legs of theirs? HA! Silliest damn thing I ever saw."

I'd been expecting something puzzling yet wise and profound. The answer to the mystery of life wrapped in a bow of enigma. Instead I got Armadillos. Turns out Laura was just a daft old pothead after all.

With a plunder of three joints and a loaf of freshly baked bread Michelle and I make our way back out to the front stoop and sit hip to hip on the creaky old porch to wait for our cab.

Michelle leans into my shoulder with a bright laugh. "I thought we'd been made. Caught red handed. Ha ha ha ha! I feel like I'm in high school again, skipping class or something. Ha ha ha ha!"

I cannot help but laugh along with her, the joy was infectious. "I can't believe I said Craig!"

"Ha ha ha ha!" Our duet of laughter rings out into the quiet street beyond.

Michelle pulls one of the joints from her purse, brings it to her lips, then lights it up. Hers was a practiced hand. The intense and unmistakable sickly sweet aroma of pot instantly fills the air. She tosses the lighter back into the handbag, takes a deep toke, and hands me the spliff.

I take a long draw and hold it in my lungs as Michelle slowly relaxes and lets the smoke drift from her mouth and nose, a halo of white smoke hovered around her for a brief moment before gradually fading. I hold it down as long as I could. It tasted of earth, lime and pine needles. I try to let the smoke out as smoothly as my date had but I was not as experienced with this as she was and I soon find myself in the grips of a coughing fit. Michelle rubs my back and takes the joint back from me.

"Smooth!" I croak as my coughing jag finally subsides.

She giggles. She takes another long deep drag from the joint and passes it back. I was more prepared for the experience this time and take my toke with just a bit of wheezing and throat clearing. We sit quietly as we share the joint, each simply enjoying the physical presence of the other in this moment of sharing.

"Laura's quite a character."

"He he, yeah." Michelle croons blissfully.

"Good marketing mind." I joke. "Free loaf of bread with your reefer." I motion to the bag sitting off to my right.

My date giggles.

We settle once more into a pleasant shared quiet.

The high hits me like a ton of bricks! One moment I was sat there a bit tipsy but overall okay and the next I was floating on air. The whole world bends around me and I feel my perceptions and my anchored sense of self shift off axis. A wave of warped euphoria quickly follows.

"Oh damn. That stuff's strong." I mutter. "Oh wow!"

She laughs. "They call it Trainwreck."

"No shit! I see why."

She takes another quick toke, flicks the cherry from the tip with one of her long nails, then stashes the roach away. I put my arm around her and she snuggles in close as we ride our high and await our taxi. We listen to the 80's easy listening drifting out from the open door behind us and savor the moment.

The heat didn't even bother me anymore. Nothing was bothering me anymore. I was out with the girl of my dreams and having a damn good time. Everything had an ethereal waver to it now yet there

were touchstones of reality all around. The feel of Michelle's warm flesh, the smell of her sweat and perfume and marijuana, the very real urges pulsing up from my groin. The lovely buzz accentuated the little things. Every brush together was a delight to the senses. Tonight was a fantasy made real, a wonderful dream come to life.

Michelle was feeling good too. She relaxed into me and her soft hands ran up and down my leg, then up my stomach and chest, then across my exposed forearm and hand. She even nuzzles my pec once and comments on how good I smelled. She plays with one of the buttons of my shirt but leaves it fastened. To get any closer together one of us would have to crawl inside the other, yet still we tried. I had an arm around her shoulder and she had hers around my waist. She made cute little mewling hums as she too succumbed to the magic of the evening.

Emboldened by my high I really look at my date. Openly staring at her fine body. I drink in those healthy womanly curves and allow my eyes to feast on what I could see of the sweaty mounds contained within her dress. She sees me ogling her and she does not disapprove. She likes my eyes on her. She runs the tip of her middle finger up the crack of her cleavage. She bites her bottom lip and with nervous eyes waits for me to say something.

I give my head a shake. This was my fucking MOM!

"Do you always get your date's blazed?" I ask suddenly, purposely trying to sever the flow. "Jesus I'm baked! Ha!"

She sighs wistfully and shrugs. "Maybe I should. Could be my 'go to move'." She finger quotes the last three words, referencing my own tactic I'd confessed earlier.

We chuckle politely. She is giving me a long lingering upward look from the corner of her eye. I could sense something building. Changing.

She reaches up and...hesitantly...strokes my cheek with the palm of her hand. I smile.

She lets out a huff, pulls her hand back, and looks away. She then asks with transparent frustration. "What the fuck are we doing here Noah? What the fuck are we doing!?"

"Having a date. A pretty damn good one too."

"Noah."

"It's just a first date. We're just having a good time."

"It's been...a long time..."

"I know. I know. Me too." I say softly. "Let's just enjoy the time we've got."

There is no smile this time. No giggle or flirty quip. She sits still, staring out into the night. I can feel that she wants to pull away from me but I don't let her.

I brighten my voice and try to get things back on track. "So, you still want to go grab that dessert now or...?"

"Noah..."

"Mm?"

"Noah..."

"Michelle?"

I feel her shoulders rise and fall with a deep breath. She was gathering herself. She looks back up at me and gazes deep into my eyes. There was such such an exposed vulnerability to her all of sudden. Oh my God she was beautiful!

She swallows. "...I've got some dessert at my place." She waits a beat then asks in a voice just barely loud enough to hear. "Would you like to come back to my place Noah?"

It goes silent as I look down into her deep brown eyes. The desirous fire that had been smoldering in that gaze all night long had now become an open flame. However, at the edges of this libidinous inferno was an underlying fear, true chilling fear, that threatened to

douse the fire. The booze and the weed helped suppress this fear, but it was still there. I recognized it because I was feeling exactly the same way.

Fear and lust are strange bedfellows and I found myself feeling new emotions I never had felt before. Highs and lows unimagined before this moment. We can't...yet we must. The bodily fought the cerebral, each knowing it was now or never. Life or death. Michelle and I were each being torn in two but we were suffering this agony together. Each of us could see the taboo dilemma reflected back at them from the other.

I loved my mother but I lusted for Michelle. She adored her son but yearned for the handsome young man holding her now. What should be simple was anything but. It was all messy and confusing now. What had been black and white just hours ago was now only gray. The clarity of right and wrong muddled together into an opaque haze.

We hear the cab pull up in front of Laura's place but our eyes are locked on each other.

"I can't keep doing this Noah. You don't know what you're doing...to me." She whispers. "Take me home or...we need to stop this. Now." She takes a breath to say something more...

I grab her head in my hands and pull her into the deepest, hardest, and most passionate kiss of my life.

"MMMMM!" She tenses at first, unprepared for wild intensity of it, but after a second she melts in my hands. Sliding her arms around me she embraces me with all of her strength and kisses me back with all she had. "Mmmmmmm!"

Hours of escalating barely contained sexual tension are released into this single kiss. I had kissed this woman countless times throughout my life but never like this. This was a wild lovers kiss fueled by base instincts. Deep and uninhibited and blissfully ignorant of consequences. Two hot sweaty and aroused animals doing what came natural. We truly tasted each other for the first time and it was but an appetizer for what was to come. The first flash of lightning in an approaching storm.

Her hands grasp at my back. Her soft body pushed into mine. Our tongues battled and danced in equal measure. Our smacking sucking lips stay firmly together.

The forbidden nature of our kiss...made it all the sweeter.

A sharp brusque voice invades our private bubble. "Hey! You guys need a cab or what?"

We part and stare at each other with fierce lust in our eyes. The only thing I wanted in that moment was to throw her down on this old porch and fuck her like savage beast.

"Here and now." I hiss.

Michelle bares her teeth and snarls right back. "Here and now."

I take her in my arms. We are nearly tripping over each other as we scramble our way to the waiting taxi.

Laura's gift of bread sits forgotten on the front step.

We pile into the backseat of the cab in a clumsy heap of arms and legs. I bark Michelle's address to the driver then proceed to forget his existence. With our first lover's kiss having broken the boundary into the forbidden zone our lust for each other had now been unleashed.

As the car starts to move Michelle and I were all over each other!

Kissing, heavy petting, and making out like two horny teenagers left alone for the first time. She smelled good, tasted good, and felt good. We were both hot and sweaty and I wouldn't have wanted it any other way! The musky animal scents tapped into primal desires. I wanted to clean her sweaty body from head to toe with just my tongue. We growl and sigh with escalating passion.

"Hey, settle down back there." The cabbie warns.

We ignore him.

I have Michelle pinned into the corner. My right knee is panted between her legs and she hugs her thighs hard around it and presses her crotch into my knee. Even through my pants and her panties I could tell it was hot down there! I press down into her, kissing her hard and deep, as she runs her long nails up my back.

"Calm down I said!" The pesky voice intrudes.

We ignore him.

I pull back to stare into her eyes. Arcs of sexual electricity sizzle between us. I run my fingers through her flowing brown hair with one hand as the other grabs her left tit and gives it a hard squeeze. Her eyes flare and she sucks air in through clenched teeth. Bringing her hands around from my back to my front, her nails clawing me all the way. She slips the fingers of one hand into the placket of my brand new silk shirt between two of the buttons. I feel her fingertips touch the skin of my chest. She then brings the other hand in from the other side and hooks her fingers into the buttoned seam. Both hands hook the cloth and grip it tight and I watch a devilish grin spread across Michelle's beautiful face.

I look down then back up to her. My eyes widen and I whisper. "You wouldn't dare!"

Her evil smile widens.

With an explosive burst of strength she tears my expensive silk shirt wide open! Buttons go careening around the interior of the cab, ricocheting in all directions. In an instant her hands are on me, one

hand pawing at my suddenly exposed chest and abdomen while the other grips my cock through my trousers. Michelle was off the hook...and I loved it! I grip her hair and pull her into my bare tummy.

SKRRCHHH!

I am suddenly flung into the back of the front seats and Michelle lurches into me.

"What the fuck!?" I bellow.

The cabbie spins in his seat. He is a portly Latino man with heavy five o'clock shadow and graying temples. You could tell by his stern expression this was a guy who had seen some shit. "I said, calm down back there!"

Michelle and I straighten up and return to our seats. I glower at him. "Just drive for fuck sake!"

He scowls right back. "This is MY cab, you don't tell me my business. I ain't listenin to you two humpin and I cleanin your shit up. Sit down and buckle up or pay the fare and go get another cab." He points out the door with fat stumpy finger.

Jesus Christ what a buzzkill!

Michelle and I look at each other. The LAST thing we wanted was to have to get out and wait for another ride. I wanted, NEEDED, to get Michelle alone as quickly as possible. Arguing with this asshole was

really ruining the moment and continuing it wasn't going to help a thing. Without a word we each take our seat and buckle our seat belts.

"There ya go." He says. He turns back around, puts the car back into gear and continues the trip.

I shake my head at the nerve of this asshole. My gaze is boring a hole into the back of his skull and I try to think of some withering insult that would put this guy in his place.

"You're bad." I hear an impudent voice to my side.

I look back to my date and she's got a strange sort of jolly look to her. Her hair was still tussled from me grabbing it and it only made her look sexier. Her eyes were twinkling with mischief and she was failing to hold back a silly grin. I see her shoulders tense and quiver. "Pfff...pfffft..." Now I'm smiling too.

"You're bad." I say back. I pinch the fabric of my loose open shirt and flap it. "You tore my new shirt."

"I know." She says with zero remorse. "It's purple."

"Right?"

"You grabbed my boob."

"You grabbed my cock."

"I know."

"I know you know."

"You're bad."

"You're bad."

"We're bad."

"We're SO bad!"

"He doesn't even know."

"I KNOW!"

"Pfff..."

"Pfft..."

There is a split second of mirthful silence.

"BWA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!" In perfect unison the pair of us explode into a roaring round of reefer fueled giggles. The cabbie shakes his head and mutters something unflattering about us under his breath which only makes us laugh harder. "HA HA HA HA HA!!!"

By the time we are pulling up to Michelle's house we are on our very best behavior. Obnoxiously so. We sat erect with hands on laps like a good boy and girl. Along the way we spoke in overly chipper tones and what we said was oh so very polite. We did all of this with only a few more fits of giggling. With our passions on hold we funnel our energies into messing with the driver and have a blast doing it. We are juvenile and stupid but never mean-spirited.

Considering his sour mood the driver takes it all in stride. The guy drove drunks and hos around for a living and he'd seen it all before.

I produce a twenty with a flourish and pay the man. I don't wait for my change. I take Michelle's hand and lead her out of the car. Having had his fill of us he is pulling out even as the door slams shut. Michelle and I are left in the dark out in front of the very familiar little house. The night air feels nice against my bare torso.

Our childish silliness soon fades as the gravity of what we were about to do sets in. We might regret it later but for this night the die had been cast. The army had not yet reached Rome but the Rubicon was already in the rear-view mirror. This was happening and it needed to happen soon, before we sobered up and allowed second thoughts to creep back again.

I keep the thought firmly in my mind. This was Michelle. She was just Michelle. My lovely and sexy date for the evening.

I turn to her, lean down, and in the light of the big gibbous moon I kiss her. I feel her relax in my arms as we are both reminded why we were here. We both sigh as the kiss parts.

In silence she leads me up her front walk. She fumbles a bit to get her keys out of her hand bag but soon the deadbolt clicks and the door is open. We slip in as smoothly and silently as two tipsy high horny people can. The light is left off and it goes almost pitch dark as the door is closed. I hear the bolt lock.

Michelle's small bungalow was a simple affair. You entered into a hall down the middle of the house with a washroom at the other end of it. A closet for coats and shoes was beside us and a linen closet further down the way. Along the right of the hall were doors to the lounge and the kitchen-dining room. To the left were the two bedrooms.

I go to lead my date toward the bedroom but instead I am pushed back against the door. I hear the handbag drop to the floor. Hands slip into my open shirt and push up my stomach as she gives my chest a wet sucking kiss.

"You taste as good as you smell." She whispers before giving me another. She caresses her hands across my pecs. "Such a nice wide chest. Mmmm. Hahhh...I like your body baby."

Kiss...kiss...kiss. Little bursts of pleasure spread out from each spot she kisses across my chest and upper abdomen.

"You are so fucking hot!" I say back to her.

"He he he...mmm...thank you." She croons.

I comb my fingers through her long hair, grip the back of her head, and pull her into me tighter. "Mmmm." She hums approvingly as she sucks and licks at my flesh hungrily. Her sharp nails claw at my sides.

With my other hand I slide it down over her shoulder and feel along upper edge of her LBD. I soon find the zipper and ziiiiiiip it all the way down the curve of her lower back. I slip my hand in to feel the hot flesh beneath.

Michelle kissing, licking mouth doesn't miss a beat as she pulls her arms back through the straps then pulls the top of the dress down to waist level. Though I couldn't see them or feel them I knew that her tits now hung free, and that thought drove me wild! I grasp her hair tighter and I am bitten in response. A lover's bite, not enough to break the skin but definitely enough to feel.

"RRMM! Again!" I tell her.

Again she bites me, just below the nipple, followed by a swirling lick, followed by another nipping love bite. I bring her up and she sucks my nipple HARD then nibbles it between her sharp front teeth.

Leading her with the grip I had on her I pull her up then spin her around so that it was now her pinned against the front door. I lean my body into her and feel her big supple breasts squash into my stomach.

I fill my hands with them and there was more to spare! I pull back to really feel them, really fondle them. They were big, they were heavy, they were plump and soft, they were fucking perfect. GNGH! The way the ample flesh molding around my outstretched fingers was incredible! I LOVE tits. All shapes and sizes. From cute little bitties right on up. But there is something about feeling a huge and hefty set of knockers that fires up the caveman part of my brain.

Pressing her shoulders back against the door she thrusts her chest upward and she lets out a soft moan. "Mhummmm..."

Resting my hands on her wide hips I dive down and bury my face in that oh so welcoming cleavage that had been enticing me all night long. "RRRRMMMM!" I growl. I kiss and lick the sweat from her and press Michelle's big tits into either side of my face. The silky smooth skin encompasses me, my senses are engulfed. It was...heaven. I could die a happy man between these fat breasts. I suck and I slurp and I lick with unabashed gusto. In my amorous enthusiasm I even motorboat them. God how I adored that soft flesh brushing over my lips and face.

Michelle runs her razor sharp nails roughly over my scalp. "You like my tits? Hm, baby? Ohhhh fuck, that's it baby, that's it! Yeah, suck 'em baby."

I open my mouth wide and suck in a plump nipple. I could feel its shape with my lips and with my tongue. Despite the darkness I could see it in my mind's eye thanks to the pictures she had shared with me. As my tongue taps and flicks the tip I pinch the other one and give it a tug.

"Mmmahhh!" She gasps and arches her back.

I trace the shape of one puffy areola with my tongue as my thumb does the same with the other. I switch sides and go again. And nibble the stiff little tips between my lips followed up by a furious tongue lashing. All the while Michelle pushes into me and pulls against me with her soft little body.

As I continue to lavish my oral attentions over Michelle's perfect rack she pulls my shirt over my shoulders and caresses the sensitive flesh along the back of my neck. My lips locked on I pull my shirt from my body and toss it away. With my bare back exposed Michelle runs her hands up the contours of my body, feeling the shape of the muscles with her soft palms and fingertips.

I indulge myself in her breasts. I slide the blade of my hand up the cleavage and cup one from both sides as I kiss it passionately. My tongue presses deep into the nipple, probing this way and that, before pulling back and suckling it. Suckling deep and hard.

"Mmmmm!" She moans, her breath hot against my ear, and pulls my head into her with both hands. "That's it baby! Ohhhh!"

Her flesh filled my mouth as I sucked and tongued her big full tit. As hard as I was trying to ignore it the awareness that I had suckled these exact tits as a nursing babe... GAH! I push the forbidden thoughts from my mind. This was Michelle. My date. Nothing more.

Breathy sighs and moans escape her open lips as I worship her breasts. Her hands are never still. They comb through my hair and scratch at my shoulders. Her fingers squeeze and pull on my earlobes and reach down to grasp and pinch my nipples.

Then I feel a subtle pull. Then another.

I pick up her signal and stand tall. I look down at her. My eyes had adjusted to the darkness and I could now just make out her beautiful face from the dim light filtering down the hall from the doorway to the kitchen. We kiss. Oh how we kiss. Each one better than the last. I move to kiss and lightly suck the nape of her neck and she nibbles my ear as I do so.

Michelle's hand trace the waist of my pants. They reach in and pull me against her. Her fingers tickle the flesh just above the belt line. I feel a sudden tug at my belt buckle and it comes undone.

I look down at her again and she stares up at me with an intensity that takes my breath away. I feel her finger unfasten the button of my trousers. Down goes the fly in one swift motion. With no hesitation at all she reaches straight down into my boxer-briefs and grabs my cock!

"Gahhhhh!" I lurch over her, planting my elbow against the door for support.

She grips it firmly but gently, her small hand unable to get all the way around the already rigid organ. She pulls out into the open air. It stands tall as she gives it a lovingly long slow stroke up and down its entire length.

"Ohhh fuck baby!" She breathes, her eyes still locked on mine. "What a nice cock you've got! Ohhh baby, it's so fucking hard already. Mmmmm!"

Oh Jesus fucking Christ! Just the guttural way she said "cock" made it seem even dirtier.

Leading me by my dick and the hand she had at my side she guides back against the wall at the right of the door. She was getting me into what light there was so that she could see me. I stroke her feathery hair and caress her slender shoulder.

She looks down and continues to feel me and squeeze me and stroke me. Her hand was so soft against the velvety skin of my penis. She seemed as enamored by my manhood as I had been with her breasts. She sighs lustily then looks up into my eyes once more. "Ohhhh. You've got a beautiful cock Noah. A big beautiful cock. I love your cock."

Hearing these words from any woman would have been an ego inflating experience. But hearing it from my own Mom, hearing the love and lust and pride in that most familiar of all voices, hearing it

come from the one and only person in my life whose praise and approval I TRULY cared about...OHhh MY GOD! This is so fucking wrong!! My already rock hard cock somehow swells even harder in her hand.

"Ohh shit baby! Ohhhh! You're a big boy, aren't you?" Her hand squeezes tight around the center of the steel stiff shaft.

"Gngh! Michelle..." I somehow gasp through held breath.
"...ohhhhh..."

Pushing forward she gives one last lingering kiss...then begins to lower herself.

Her breasts drag down my torso as she slowly lowers herself to a squat. My skyward reaching manhood quickly slips between her tits as if it was meant to be there. Never had a pair of tits so perfectly engulfed my hard on. It was as if they were custom made just for just such a purpose.

I let out a soft sigh and Michelle picks up on it. She rises back up and slowly sinks down again, my hard rod sliding from tip to shaft through her prodigious sweaty cleavage. The skin there was so soft, so supple, so warm, and so wonderful! She goes again and my dick flexes diamond hard as it becomes fully nestled in her pillowy mams.

"Jesusssss!"

"Mmmm. You like my tits, hm baby?"

"Fuck yessss!" I whisper. "I love your tits Mo..." I let out a huff.
"...Michelle."

She goes up and down one more time and I grab her fat jugs to squeeze them around my dick.

"Hmm, he he he. You want to fuck my titties baby? You wanna fuck my big tits with your...big...thick...cock?" She didn't so much say the hard sounding ck's and g's as much as she ejaculated them from the back of her throat. She had an incredible way of making even the dirtiest words sound even nastier. She gives the very tip of my crown a little kiss as it peeked up through. "You wanna cum on my titties baby?"

"You feel so fucking good...oh my god..."

After a few smooth easy thrusts it quickly became apparent that the mechanics of this just weren't going to work. With her at just over five foot and me standing over six either she wouldn't be able to settle into a kneeling position or I couldn't stand comfortably as we did this. Not that such a detail was going to stop me. We just needed a change of position. The sooner the better. As I said, there was something about big tits that brought out the caveman in me and I give into those instincts now.

Bending over I first lift her to her feet then, ducking my head beneath her arm and heft her up over my shoulder with ease.

"Heeeeeeee!" She squeals with surprise and delight. Grabbing the hem of her dress, which she still had on folded down around her waist, I roughly pull it down and off of her kicking legs. I throw it into the corner with authority. "Fuck YES!" She howls at my brutish display and claws at my back. "Take what you want you son of a bitch!"

Smack! I give her thick round ass a playful little spank. "Behave."

"OH!" I feel her flinch, stay still a moment, then reach down to grab my butt.

Smack! "Behave." I say again with ZERO expectation she would do so.

"Ahhhhmmm yesssss!" She hisses. Smack! I get a hard spank right back.

"Harder!" She wiggles her tush.

Smack!

"He he he!" She writhes and wiggles against me. I had to keep both hands on this small but spirited beauty to keep control of her! "He he he he!" I then feel her bite me! Like actually BITE me.

I kick my shoes off then allow my trousers to fall to my ankles. Struggling to keep my balance I step out of them then I swiftly though carefully carry the squirming Michelle into the nearby living room, she gropes my ass the whole time. This room was even darker than the hall but luckily I knew the layout well. I carry my date to the corner where I knew a wide wing back chair sat, my Mom's favorite place to read. I deposit Michelle gently down onto the thick wool area rug that covered a good portion of the room.

I take a seat and reach to my side to find the small reading lamp I knew was there. With a click I turn it on and soft warm light illuminates this corner of the room.

The sight I am greeted with was something from my deepest darkest fantasies. Michelle, in only a black lacy sexy pair of panties, is on the floor in front of me on her hands and knees. She is half in darkness and the shadows highlight her smooth shapely flesh enticingly. Her teeth are slightly exposed and her upward gazing eyes had the predatory look of a Bengal Tigress focused on her prey from hidden in the deep foliage. Those feral eyes are locked on my manhood. Her lips spread into a wicked grin and she crawls toward me. Her ample breasts hang heavy beneath her.

The pent up energy from every second of her two year long sexual drought now emanated from her voluptuous body like heat from an open flame. There was nothing motherly in this sex starved animal. She was pure primal lust made flesh.

"Rrrrlrrr." She purrs as she prowls up between my half spread legs. Moving like liquid silk she glides in. Sliding her cheek up along my inner thigh she commences to chomp down on the edge of the right leg of my boxer-briefs. Hands still on the floor she tugs and pulls

against them like an impatient puppy tugging on a rope toy. I shift as needed to allow her to pull the underwear from my body. When she slips them from my feet she holds them triumphantly a moment between her teeth. She rises up to stand on her knees and sways her body back and forth, her broad hips leading the movements. It was sex for the eyes.

Without an ounce of exaggeration, she truly looked BETTER than the nubile goddess I had seen in those pictures from yesteryear. She was a little softer in the belly, a little thicker in the hips and legs, and noticeably heavier in the breasts but it all just worked for her. Yes it was the body of an older woman but she carried it all with effortless grace. A sweet and juicy peach at its full ripened peak. I could not wait to taste it and feel those juices run down my cheeks. The more I looked up and down her incredible body the more her confidence grew. My obvious desire seemed to nourish her, she loved having a man's eyes on her. She slaps her hands into her tits with a loud clap and squeezes them tight.

She spits my underwear to the side and with a wild look in her eyes purrs. "I'm gonna eat you up!"

Dear God! If this was Michelle chilled out on weed what was she like normally!? What had I unleashed in her!? How the FUCK did Dad ever give this up!?

She lowers herself and crawls back to me with a smooth seductive sway. I reach for her but she ducks my hand and bolts forward in a flash.

Wasting no time at all she opens her mouth and sucks in a testicle. My eyes flare, my back pushes back into the chair, and my legs stiffen as I grunt to the unexpected boldness of it. There was no hesitation or second guessing in Michelle, she went at me with total unbridled commitment. She couldn't care less I was musky and sweaty from the hot night. Hell, I think she actually liked it!

Reaching down I grip her long brown hair and she hums lustily. "Mmmmm!" Holding my right ball in her tightly wrapped lips she sucks...HARD...and pulls back.

"Gnghhh!" I groan as for a moment it seems like she was trying to pull the nut right out of my fucking sack! Pop! The gonad pops from her hard sucking lips. "FAH!" I gasp. She growls and slurps in the other one. Her lips hold it in place as her tongue presses firmly back the other way, squeezing the ball in a way I had never felt before. All the while the hard suction continues. "Guh...fuck...guh...!" I grunt and squirm. Grabbing her head in both hands I hold on tight. She literally had me by the balls and for the time being I was at her mercy.

Pulling back, ball firmly held in her mouth, she stretches out my scrotum to its limit. There she suckles with long powerful sucks. Eyes rolling back I tense up at the intense sensation, my hands grip into her hair as I shudder. "Hm hm hm." I hear her giggle through her mouthful as she watches me with lust burning in her eyes. "Pah!" She lets me go all at once and my testicle springs from her lips.

"Holy shit!" I jolt in surprise. In the mind bending moment I lose my grip on her and she slips from my grasp.

She is on me again in a nanosecond. Pressing her tongue forcibly in between my balls she wiggles it back and forth, bouncing off one then the other, before giving my sack a little nip between her teeth.

"Mmmm, mmmmm, mmrrmmmm." She growls into me as she starts to nibble the sensitive skin in a way that straddled the dizzying line between pleasure and pain. Her long nails dig into the flesh of my inner thighs.

Jesus, if I thought being with Michelle was going to be a misty magical romantic experience I was quickly learning the opposite. The language, the looks, the sharp nails and bites and nips. This was a woman who liked a heavy dose of spice to her lovemaking. I was learning a whole new side to this woman I'd known all my life. I already knew I'd have some battle scars in the morning.

With one hand she grips my cock around the middle as she widens my legs with the other arm and her shoulder. Extending her tongue fully she runs it back and forth from one nut to the other before slurping and tonguing the top of my taint just below my scrotum. I cup her head in my hand and pull her in hard. "MMMMMM!" She responds. Her strong tongue jabs and rubs the spot between sucking wet kisses. Latching back onto a nad she slurps from one to the other and back again. My whole ball sack was wet with her spit.

Michelle then kisses the base of my cock. Stroking me in her right hand she admires my unit up close and in proper light. "Ohhh God! What a fucking cock!"

I bite my bottom lip and grip her hair harder. She LOVES it. Her untamed eyes dare me to go further. "You like it hmm?" I growl. "You like my cock?"

"Like it!? Baby, I fucking LOVE it! It is beautiful." Taking it by the base she starts to club it across her lips and face. Then she runs her nose

up along the side and takes a deep inhale. "Mmmmm. God, it's so hard! And...mmm..." She wets her lips and runs them up and down the shaft. "...mmm...it's fucking HUGE! God, it's so fuckin thick!" She giggles with kinky delight. "I don't know if I can fit my mouth around it."

"You'll manage." I tell her as I pull her higher, her lips run along the shaft as she goes.

"Mmmmm!" She hums as she starts ravenously slurping at side of my rod, I feel her teeth slide against the saliva lubricated skin. "He he he." She hooks two finger just below my glans and, like a lever, pulls my achingly stiff manhood down as far as it would go. She holds it for a second then lets it spring back up like a catapult to batter her in the cheek. "He he he, strong and hard. Mmmm, fuck what a cock you got baby! I hope you know how to use it."

At that I hold her head down against my lower abdomen with one hand then grab the base of my unit with the other and start to bat and club her face with it. She loves it! She kisses and licks at the hard meat stick as the fat knob buffets her pretty face.

"You want that, hm?" I tease her. "You like that cock?"

"Yes! Hmmm, nmmm. Yes baby, yes! I want it!" She begs. "I love your big hard cock Noah!"

She adores the feeling of being slapped by my engorged dick. She pulls against my firm grip to try to at my manhood but I keep her held where she was. Her left hand reaches up and pinches a nipple

hard as her right hand comes up to squeeze and slap and claw and yank at my balls. She is not gentle about either, not in the slightest, and it sends me through the stratosphere.

She was already going places I'd rarely been before and we were just getting started! There was a song lyric or poem or something I had heard her listening to once that said: 'You came to me this morning and you handled me like meat. You'd have to be a man to know how good that feels, how sweet.' Michelle certainly knew how to handle a man like meat. A guy could get addicted to this.

I go to shift my hand but the moment I loosened my grip she slips from my grasp once more. I have no time to wonder what was next before I feel a hot wet mouth slide down over the tip of my cock.

Contrary to her worry earlier she fit her mouth around my girth just fine. Not that it was easy for her, I was a mouthful, but she managed.

"Mmmmmmm!" She hums lustily as she takes me half way in.

"Mmmmmmm...lmmmmmm..."

Warm and slippery and sucking, her slick mouth felt incredible. I relax back into the chair and rest my arms on the rests at my sides.

"Hoohhhhh..." I sigh as I just savor this moment. She holds still, seeming to do the same.

She verrrry slowly slides back up and lets my meat slip from her lips.

"Holy fucking shit baby. You ARE a big boy!" She strokes my cock and stares at it like it was the second coming of Christ. "How big is this motherfucker?"

I cannot help but smirk. If she'd purposely used the term "motherfucker" in a joking yet literal sense she gave no indication of it.

"Big enough to get the job done." I reply deadpan.

"Fuck yes it is! You're twice as big as your fath..." The words die in her mouth but I knew what she was about to say and damn if that didn't feel good! I already knew I was significantly bigger than Dad but hearing it from her...exquisite. Twice as big might have been an exaggeration but I wasn't going to argue.

"Mmmmmm!" She growls as she slurps my unit in again. Keeping her grip around the base she bobs up and down frantically before pausing to suckle and tongue wash the knob. Turning her head she runs her wet lips up and down the front of my dick corncob style then gives her purse lips and gives herself few hard smacks with my cudgel. This was a woman who simply and unabashedly loved the D. She loved smelling it, tasting it, feeling it, and sucking it. And she certainly knew her way around one!

Holding my manhood down so that it stood out ninety degrees from my body she wraps her lips tight around the center of my knob and begins to suckle super fucking hard. "Gnnghhh." I groan. Her Irish eyes smile up at me as she sucks me with the power of a shop vac. Following hard...comes soft. She lets me go with a pop of her lips.

Slowly and tenderly she runs her tongue around my tip, her flexible oral appendage bends and shifts to the contours of my glans. Up and over, around and swirling, even a few orbits using just the tip of her tongue around the rim of bell shaped tip. I let out a long sigh. "Hhhhooooohhhh..."

She smiles and bites her bottom lip...before suddenly biting me! Not a true bite, like she had done to my back, but she takes my tip between her front teeth and slowly but carefully bites down. The spit lubed spongy flesh slides along her sharp incisors. As quick swirl of her skillful tongue and another slow bite. The contrast of soft tongue to hard teeth is mindblowing. "Hahhhhhhh..." I hiss.

She pauses just long enough to make me wonder what was next...before all at once swallowing half my length and starts up a full on rapid make you cum blowjob! "MM! MM! MM! MM!" She hums with each fast and deep bob of her head. I grip the arms of chair and hold on tight. She goes...and she goes...and she fucking GOES! Thirty seconds...a minute...two minutes! Just relentless hard sucking face fucking. Her tongue was going wild inside of her and her vacuum locked lips never loosened or wavered. "MM! MM! MM! MM!" She growls with every stroke.

Ohhhh shit this was feeling good!

She stops suddenly and with an impressive force of will pushes herself to go deeper. Another thick inch disappears into her sucking maw and I feel myself hit her throat. She pauses...I see her back and shoulders heave as she holds in a wretch...but she holds it and holds it for as long as she could. Three quarters of my dick was now in her warm mouth. She wanted to go further but she couldn't.

She finally comes up for air and gasps. "Whooooohh...fuck, you're too big baby. I'm not used to it. Sorry, I can't take it all." Her right hand continues to stroke me as her left massages my nuts.

"Your doing fine." I assure her. I go to move but she reaches up and pushes me back into the chair.

She keeps up the steady handjob for a time along with the firm nut rub. Occasionally she would tug or slap my sack but mostly her attention was focused on my cock. She seemed infatuated by it. She openly and lovingly admired it. I had never had a woman look at me like she was right now. I knew then if I ever found another that did...she would be one I married. She strokes me hard and rough, treating me like meat, and I wouldn't have had it any other way.

Licking her lips and leaning in she shifts her attention back to my tip. She gives it a quick open mouthed kiss, and then another. She does this for a time as if she was making out with it. She slides her lips around it and suckles and nibble using just her wet lips. Next comes the flicking tongue ratta tat tapping the ultra sensitive frenulum area at the front where knob meets shaft. Tap, tap, tap, tap. Her tongue peppers it like a cat drinking water before she plunges her tip into the hole itself. I claw into the chair and buckle forward. "Fuck!" I grunt. She growls back at me. Wriggling and twisting she tongues my cock hole hard and as deep as she could.

"Fuck...fuuuck...fuuuuuck..." I groan. Shit, I couldn't take much more of this! If I wanted to do more with her it had to be now.

I reach for her and grip her shoulders. She gives my cock another loving kiss then looks up at me. Her dark eyes looking deeply into

mine and she could see what I was thinking. She slowly shakes her head 'no'. Reaching up she gently pushes my arms away again and back to rest at my sides.

"My man always cums first. I look after my man right." She whispers. "Don't worry baby, we've got all night. A young virile man like you can go all night, can't you?"

"Ohhh Michelle." I nod. "Yessss. All night long."

She kisses my dick once more. "Atta boy."

Shifting forward she raises herself up and sandwiches with shiny wet cock between her big breasts. Holding her soft mammaries tight together she starts to move them up and down, my dick sliding between her warm tits.

She is still looking into my eyes with a beautiful though wicked smile on her face. "Is this what you wanted baby?"

"Ohhhh yeah..."

She giggles and picks up the pace on the titty fuck. "I saw you checking out my tits all night long. Is this what you were thinking about? Were you thinking about fucking my tits Noah?"

I nod.

"I thought so." She stops to suck and slather my rod with another coating of saliva then picks right up where she left off. The darker tip of my dick peeks out the top of her pale cleavage every time she bottoms out.

Her tits, her big fucking tits...God almighty! They felt so fucking good. The blowjob was off the charts but something now was happening that was more visceral. It was getting more and more difficult to deny the reality of what was happening here. These tits, these weren't just any tits...these were Mama's tits. Not Michelle's, not my date's...Mom's. I had nursed on these babies. As a child my head would get mashed into them as she embraced me or held me. As an adult an indelible part of her motherly hugs was that feeling of these soft mounds pushing into my stomach. These were Mom's big breasts and they were the best god damned tits I had ever felt!

"Gunnngghh..." I growl as I feel things building inside of me.

Seeing and hearing this only spurs her on. Faster and faster she bounces her huge melons up and down. A damp fleshing slap, slap, slap, slap fills the otherwise silent room. Her dark gaze holds me enraptured.

"You gonna cum for me baby?"

"Hoahhhh...yeah...fuck...yeah..." I breathe.

She goes faster and harder. Her globes ripple with each clapping impact. Slap, slap, slap, slap!

"Cum for me baby. Come on baby. Gimme your big load."

Slap, slap, slap, slap!

"Your balls getting tight baby? You gonna cum for me? Come on baby, cum for me. Paint my titties white baby. Cum for me!"

Slap, slap, slap, slap!

My abs and pecs and ass tightens, my grip on the arms of the chair is white knuckled. "Gnghh...nngghhh...rrrrnnnghhh..." I am groaning uncontrollably. Her upper body keeps on going up and down and up and down in a continuous and steady rhythm. My steel hard manhood sliding through my mother's great mashed together bosom as I am taken past the point of no return.

Slap, slap, slap, slap!

I grab her tits, putting my hands over hers, and squeeze them even tighter together. Holding her still I start thrusting upward hard and quick. The building pressure in my balls is at the limit.

Slapslapslapslapslapslap!

"That's it Noah! Fuck my titties baby! Fuck my big tits! Cum for me. Cum for Mo..."

"GAUHHHHHH!!" I howl. "Michelle...Michelle...MICHELLE!!"

Slapslapslapslapslapslap!

"Michelle I'm gonna..." My whole body is rocked as my nut hits me like freight train. "MOM!! GUHHHHHHHHH!!"

I slam home. My tip juts up from its tit cocoon and erupts with hot cum. The first gout paints a rope of jizz across Michelle's nose, lips, and chin. The second and third arc through the air and land down on soft breast meat. Holding things still was after thick creamy was pumps up from below to fill Michelle's ample cleavage.

"Gunnghh...gnnnngghh...ohhhhhh Fuuuuuck!" I heave and buck through the best fucking orgasm of my life.

"That's it! Yeah baby. Gimme that cum baby. Gimme all your hot cum." She encourages me the whole way. "Oh fuck you're still cumming. Oh my god, look at it all! That's it. Mmmmmm, that's it baby." She licks the cum from her lips and swallows it hungrily. "Mmmm. You taste so good. Yeah baby! I want that load ALL over my tits baby. Fuck yeahhhh!"

It felt like I nutted for a half hour. When it finally ends I collapse back into the chair. Every muscle in my body goes slack and I let out a long joyful groan of satisfaction. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh wowwww!"

What comes next was almost as good as the titty fuck itself.

Gently, tenderly, lovingly she takes the tip of my cock in her lips. Latching on around the jizzy hole she softly suckles every last drop of cum out of me.

"Hoahhhhhhh..." I sigh.

When she is positive I was drained she gives it a wet kiss then licks her lips. "I told you I look after my man. God you taste so good." She whispers. Keeping my spent dick firmly held between her boobs she commences to licking and sucking the milky white nut butter from off of her tits. She takes a long lick up her right breast and scoops my seed onto her tongue. She holds it for a time, as if showing it to me, then gulps it into her mouth. A watch as she swirls it around, coating ever bit of her tongue and mouth, before slowly and deliberately swallowing it. "Mmmmm." She hums. "You taste like pure fucking manhood you young fucking stud. Mmmmmm."

I was agog. This was all so much lewder than I'd been prepared for. She'd been right when she said she wasn't the type of girl you brought home to meet your mother. She was a bad bad woman. The fact she wouldn't stop staring into my eyes made it all ten times more intense. Her hunger for me hadn't abated in the slightest. She was still looking at me like a tasty morsel.

Pursing her lips together as if she had a straw in them she then slurps in another long rope of my cum off of her sweaty skin.

Sssshhhllllrrrrpppp. The rude wet sucking sounds fill the room. With just as much gusto as the first time she swirls it in her mouth, like I'd seen her do countless times with one of her fine wines, then swallows it down. She smacks her lips. "Mmmmm!" Again and again she goes back for more, her dark eyes still locked on mine, and I watch her tongue bathe herself clean of my spunk. She even swipes the bit off of her nose with a finger and sucks it clean. The top of her big tits shone with saliva.

"Noah." She says in a low voice.

"Yeah?"

"You...you said the...word." She leans down to nuzzle down between her tits and takes a long hard suck of my already resurgent knob. She lets me go with a loud pop of her lips. "You said...Mom. You don't want to stop yet? Do you baby?"

I sit still a moment before I slowly shake my head no. Stopping was the LAST thing on my mind. Our prearranged safeword had just slipped out in the moment of release.

She nods approvingly. "That's my man. He doesn't leave his lover wanting, does he?"

I shake my head no again.

"It's okay...if...you want to call me Mom..." She raises up to stand on her knees and releases her breasts to let them fall heavily down to their natural resting state. My cock slaps wet against my stomach. "...I won't judge you Noah. I'll never judge you baby. Tonight...just this one night...let's just be free." She runs her hands up and down her curvaceous sexy body. "I love you baby."

"I love you...Mom." I sigh.

The sex kitten fades for an instant and she smiles at me like the proud Mom she was. "That's my boy." The touching moment only lasts a few seconds. Her warm wholesome smile, her whole beautiful face, transforms before my eyes into that of the devil herself. "Now come show Mama what you got boy." She waves me forward like a prize fighter. "Come on Noah. Come and get it."

I reach up to stroke her long hair and she suddenly slaps my hand away. I look up at her confused and her wicked smile only grows. I reach for her again, this time toward her breast...and again she slaps my hand away. Her demonic countenance challenges me, challenges my very masculinity. She was DARING me to do something.

She pinches my stomach. "Ow!" I protest. She pinches me again lower down then scratches my skin with a sharp nail. I straighten up in the chair and go to say something only to be greeted with a stinging SLAP to the face! Not a gentle one either! I could feel my cheek burning.

I am dumbfounded as I gawp at her! She had never raised a hand to me before and for a second I just didn't know how to process what had happened.

"You gonna do something boy?" She goads. "Hm?"

The room goes still as we stare at each other in silence. Me in shock. Her waiting for me to do something.

Holy fuck she was a kinky bitch!

She swings for me again and I catch her wrist midair and hold it tight. Her wild eyes flare wider and she lets out a hiss. Like a striking snake I dart my hand up to grab a handful of her hair. Gripping it so tightly I can feel a few strands rip from her scalp I forcibly twist her head to the side and pull it lower. I sit tall to loom over her.

With a firm deep voice I say. "I thought I told you..." I yank her into me so that our faces were just inches apart. "...to BEHAVE!"

"YESSSSS!" She snarls. "THAT'S MY BOY!"

I kiss her...HARD. Our lips crush between our snatching teeth and our deep plunging tongues wrestle for dominance. I can still taste my seed on her breath.

"Mmmrrrrmmmm!" She growls into my mouth.

"MMRRRRMMM!" I growl right back.

We kiss, we suck each other's tongues, and we bite and nip at each other's lips. I keep a firm hold of her hair and wrist which allows her to claw at my back with her free hand. At first I ignore the scratching pain, until I come to relish it. Each stinging talon stroke from her a lingering memory of the flesh. I had never felt more alive!

I feel her struggle but I hold her firm. She pulls her arm but I hold her wrist tight. She tries to shake her head but my grip in her long soft hair was inescapable. She brings her free hand around to push against my stomach but my strength is much greater than hers. With every failed tug and twist comes another lusty growl. "Mmmrrrrmmmm!"

She wasn't trying to escape. She was testing my control. I give her no quarter. With one last sudden burst of strength she struggles to regain the upper hand but I keep her under my power, not giving her an inch.

Eventually I feel her body slowly relax. Only then do I let the kiss part. This time when I look into those deep dark eyes I don't see a challenge, I see an invitation. Just as fierce but, for the moment, tamed. Michelle was mine to do with as I pleased. She breathes heavy and shallow through her flared nostrils and parted lips. I had wrested control from her and she was abuzz with anticipation.

I stand and pull her up with me. With almost a foot difference between us I tower over her. Letting go of her wrist I immediately fill

my hand with a big round tit. She lets out a small gasp. I then loosen my grip on her hair and stroke my hand down over her shoulder and upper chest to grip her other breast. Before she can even think of doing anything I turn and push her up against a nearby heavy oak bookshelf.

Pinning her there with my body weight I slowly slide my left hand from her breast, down her delightfully plump though far from fat stomach, and straight down into her panties. First I feel a small fuzzy patch of very short trimmed pubes. This was no wild and hairy bush, she looked after herself down here.

Looking down at her I keep her gaze held in mine as I slide my fingers further. I feel her soft fleshy petals as I glide the pads of my fingers over her sex. She takes in gasp of air and I feel her body tremor. Her brown eyes never leave mine. She was soooo fucking wet! I slide my middle finger between her labia as the adjacent fingers press firmly against her mound. I run the full length of my digit from bottom to top, allowing it to slip along her slippery slit then drag lightly over her stiff little clit. I do this again...and again...and again. Never penetrating and never putting any real pressure against her love button I slide my finger up and down.

"Unnh!" She moans softly as she tries push her pussy into me. I keep her in place as I wanted to play with her a bit first. Reaching up with my free hand I run it up her arm and take her wrist. Backing away just a bit I lead her arm over to her other one, which was stroking my shoulder, and bring her wrists together. Then, grabbing both her slender wrists in my large hand, I hold them together and bring them up to pin them against the top of the bookshelf she was pinned against. She gives two short tugs of her arms but I hold them firm. "Mmmmm!" She hums excitedly and tries again to press her cunt into my hand.

Having her held by the wrists up top and the pelvis down below I had total control of my wild lover. I back away a foot so that I could really soak in voluptuous beauty as I played with her. I see her chest rise out toward me. I lean down and kiss the top of her right breast.

"You are so fucking hot!" I hiss.

"Fuck me...fuck me baby." She whispers.

I shake my head. "Not yet. I want to play with you first, and taste you first."

"Ohhhh." She breathes.

I pull my hand up and suck the tips of my wet fingers. It tasted of raw sex and sweat. Her eyes drilled into me as she watched me taste her womanhood. I wet my fingers with saliva and reach back down again.

I run my middle finger over the hood of her clit and tickle it ever so lightly.

She lets out a snort of frustration and thrusts her hips forward. With the base of my palm I keep her at bay. With the merest hint of a feather light touch I flit my finger over and across her engorged clitty.

She snarls through clenched teeth and struggles once more. I easily hold her in place. "Nnnghh...fuck...quit teasing baby." She grunts.

All at once I hook my middle two fingers and slide them fully into the hottest, wettest, and tightest pussy I had ever felt.

"Ohhhhh fuuucckkkk!" She moans loudly as she sinks her weight down into my palm.

"Is that what you want?"

"Yes...yes...yes baby, YES!"

I pull them right back out again as quickly as I put them in.

"No."

"NNNMMMM!" She mewls. "Baby please!"

I return to my teasing. This time I give her the pressure she so desired...but I do it about a half an inch to the left of her bean. There, so close yet so far, I start to rub firm and steady.

"Mmmmmmm!" She whines. She shifts to the left, desperate to get the attention where it needed to be, but I move with her. The furious passion in her gorgeous face was quickly transforming to lustful

agony. "Ohhhh...mmmmm...don't tease me...nnnghh...like that...baby..."

Some strange twisted part of me enjoyed this teasing. Now knowing how wild she could be it felt incredibly empowering to be able to take control of her. I felt like she was a sexy marionette and I held all the strings, though in reality it was probably more akin to holding a tiger by the tail. It is a funny thing the human libido, as you succumb to one kink another appears tantalizingly on the horizon. Tonight, this one perfect night, I would go where angels feared to tread.

I trace my finger up and around to rub the other side. Her whimpers were taking on an almost pained quality to them. She struggles hopelessly again, then again, only to be treated with the feather soft teasing again. I was driving her mad with lust. "Baby...baby, please." She begs at a whisper, her once fierce eyes now pleading me for mercy.

I lean in and kiss her. She wanted more but I just kiss her for an instant.

"What are you?" I ask her.

"Nnnngghh...huh?" She gasps.

"What are you?"

"I'm...god...I'm whatever you want baby. What...ohhh god...what do you want?"

I shake my head. "No."

Splitting my fingers apart like a Vulcan salute I start to rub quickly up and down to either side of her clit, careful not to touch it. Occasionally I might pinch her vaginal lips with my knuckles, but never would I touch the clit.

"Hahhnnnn! Nnnnghhh!" She pules. "Please!"

"I'm not playing." I tell her. "Tell me what you are. Who are you...really?"

Her breath is rapid and ragged. Her passion inflamed mind casts about for what I was after. "I'm...I'm a whore. Is that what you want baby? I'm your slut baby...mmmmmm!"

I slowly shake my head again and she lets out a whimper of frustrated defeat.

"What do you want baby? Tell me!" She begs.

I lean in kiss her again. "Who are you...to me?"

I see her eyes widen as she finally clues in. There is a moment of silence before she finally answers in a low soft voice.

"I'm...your...mother."

"Mom." I sigh.

My already hard cock flexes to its full glory. In reward I bring my fingers together and lightly start to rub her sex in a slow circular motion. Her whole body trembles to my touch and I swear she damn near climaxed there and then. "Ohhhhhhhhh!"

I kiss her again. "I don't care about whores and sluts...but I love my Mom. I love my Mom...more than anyone." I kiss her again. "For my Mom...I'll do anything. Anything." Our eyes meet once more.

"Unnnhhhhhh..." She moans. "...harder baby...harder..."

I lighten my touch.

"Ohhhhhhh god..." She whines. "...touch Mama harder baby."

Hearing what I wanted I finally push my fingers firmly against her and rub strong and hard. A delirious expression of relief comes across my mother as her body melts into mine.

"OHHHHHH! Yeah, yeah, yeah, just like that my boy! Ohhhh yessss!"

With steady powerful circles I rub her cooch.

"Mnnnnhhh! Yeah, yeah, that's it. Rub Mama's pussy baby! Just like that."

With that I pick up the speed and the strength.

"Ohhhhhh shit! Ohhhhhh fuck! Ohhhhhhhh god!"

Her whole body writhed in time with my stroking hand. I watch as her pupils dilate and her gaze encompasses me to take on the deep and connecting power that only true lovers shared. Her parted lips suck in and blow out air in a fast steady pant.

Moving in one smooth quick motion I push lower then slide my two fingers into her once more. As wet as she was before she was twice as much now! Without missing a beat and keeping up the same rhythm I finger my Mom's pussy as my thumb takes over on the clit. As a lifelong violinist I had a mastery of my left hand that few could match. A former girlfriend of mine even joked that being with me was like being in a threesome. Her, me, and my left hand.

With the hard won dexterity that a life of dedicated practice had given me I play my mother's pussy as surely as I would a Stradivarius. My outer two digits grip tight to either side of her slit. My middle two fingers hook and curl to stroke the front wall of her tight wet tunnel as they plunge deeper and shallower at a steady beat. I soon find her G spot and press into it surely, as if bending violin strings with my stroking fingers. The pad of my thumb takes up the firm circular rubbing over her clit.

She twitches and writhes as she lets out breathy moans.
"Ohhhhh...ohhhhh...ohhhhhh...yeah. Just like...that...ohhhh
God...ohhhhh."

I keep at it with power and endurance as I watch her get taken higher and higher into the clouds of her ecstasy. She was so fucking wet now. The slick sounds of my finger fucking her joined the rhythm of her rapid breath.

"That's it...that's my boy...ohhhhh. You make...Mama's...pussy...feel so goooood. MMMMM!" I watch as her gaze loses focus and a ripple runs through her soft body. "You're...gonna...make Mama..."

She suddenly goes still and the room goes silent. Her wide eyes snap into focus and stare straight into mine as time almost stood still.

A powerful spasm takes hold of her with such violence that books are sent flying off the shelves above her.

She HOWLS! "OHHHHHHHHHH FUCKKKKKKKKK!!!"

Letting go of her wrists I shield her from the falling books with my arm, shoulder and head as she throws her arms around me and rides out a bone wracking, window shaking climax. It was a release in keeping with the vision of that sex crazed creature I saw when I first turned on the light.

Her body quakes as she holds me for all she was worth. Her legs clamp crushingly tight around my hand, her pussy soaks my fingers,

and her supple sweaty breasts squash between us. I let my thumb off her button and smash my palm hard into her as my fingers continue to slide in and out of her. I keep on just like this as she rides out her bliss.

"AOHHHHH! UHHOHHHHH! OHHHHH GOD!!" Her voice sings her sexual euphoria.

Now I've lived a good life. A full life. A life chalk full of achievement and recognition. But nothing...NOTHING...made me feel so good or so proud as bringing my mother to orgasm. Knowing that I had brought this out in her, that it was me who had made this woman whom I love more anyone feel this good...it was a drug like no other.

"Mmmmmm...mmmmmmm...nnnnmmmmmm." She heaves in a rhythmic succession of long tensing throes. A long satisfied sigh marks the end of it. "Uhhmmmmmmohhhhhhh."

I pull my hand from her panties then hold her close, and she holds me back. I feel a gentle kiss to my chest and I kiss the top of her head. There is a moment of tenderness after her cumming like banshee, but it is short lived. As she coasts down the other side of her peak the dirty talking demon inside of her takes over once more.

"Ohhhhh fuck baby! You made Mama cum so fucking hard! Holy shit! Holy SHIT! I haven't cum like that since...ohhhhhh..." She bites my chest and I welcome the pain. "My boy...my bad boy...my naughty boy. You nasty dirty fucker. You just made your Mother cum!"

She looks up at me panting and wild eyed.

I look down at her confidently and dominantly...until she gives my right testicle a brutal flick of her hard sharp nailed finger. Whack!

"Ngh!" I grunt and instinctively cover up.

In that moment she slips out and around me. I turn to look at her and give her a hard glare. She grins like a maniac. She waves her torso back and forth causing her big tits to swing left and right. Holding her arms out to her sides she waves me on with her fingers.

"You want to taste me? Hmm?" She reaches down and grabs her pussy. "You said you wanted to taste me Son?"

The unbridled hellcat was back with a vengeance. I look at her, my hand literally dripping with her love, and I take a step forward. She lets out a giddy laugh.

"Hee hee! You wanna taste me Son? You gotta catch me first!" With that she darts off around the the couch.

I shake my head at the silliness of it all. Catch her? Like when I was little and we used to play tag together? She wanted to play at this now of all times? My mother had always had a playful side, it was part of what made her such a great mom, but did she actually expect me to...

Boof!

I am hit in the head with a pillow from off of the couch.

She giggles and I point across to her with a facade of stern reproach. "If you don't behave I swear..."

"You'll what...spank me?" She turns her back to me and bounces her ample booty in my direction. "I have been a bad bad girl tonight." With that she starts to twerk her sexy caboose in a way that would make a woman half her age jealous. Looking back over her shoulder with nothing but mischief in her eyes she urges me to play along. "Come on Noah, come and get me."

I wait a few seconds just so I could watch that milf booty bounce. It was...hypnotizing. Fucking hell she could work that ass!

"You little tease!" I cry then I sprint forward without warning, hoping to catch her unawares.

"EEEEEE!" She squeals with girlish abandon and darts away. I may have been feeling the booze and the weed but not nearly as much as she was. I vault the sofa in a bound. I hit the floor on the other side, knocking my knee hard in the process but in my lust I was oblivious to the pain, and in the blink of an eye I am hot on her heels. "Ahhhh!" She wails as she tries to escape me.

I could have caught her there and then but I was enjoying watching her body shake and jiggle as she ran. She had a body that was a full course meal to the eyes and I wanted to savor it. Beside, the chase was fun.

I pinch and swat at her ass as I stay right behind her. She leads me around the room then out into the hall. She tries to play dirty as we pass through the dimly lit kitchen by attempting to pull a chair out behind her as she passed but I swatted it out of her hand before she could do it. We are both laughing like crazy kids as we head back into the hall. Cutting off the route back to the front of the house I leave her with only one option.

Smack!

I give her perfect ass a hard stinging spank as she ducks into her bedroom.

"Aaaaaa!" She yelps.

Staying right on her trail I chase her into the dark room. Grabbing both butt cheeks in my hands I shove her forward to where I knew the bed was. I hear her impact the soft mattress, bounce, then scramble around with ever more giddy giggles and squeals. "EEE! He he he! HEEEEEE!"

Using her voice as my guide I blindly dive through the darkness toward her.

Besides an errant elbow driving straight into my ribs my landing couldn't have been better. There is a clap of flesh on flesh as I come down onto her butt and back. The curves of our bodies fit together like Lego pieces, my hard-on slots in perfectly between the cheeks of her ass. Pinning her to the bed with my much larger and heavier frame I immediately begin to kiss and suck at her neck and shoulder.

"Yes! Yessss!" She says, welcoming my weight on top of her. "Take me!"

Continuing to smooch her smooth hot skin I reach down and roughly begin pushing her panties down over her curvy hips. I kiss and lick down her back as I push her underwear lower and lower down her legs. Finally I pull them off of her and hold them in a bunch in my clenched hand. I can feel the dampness. Bringing them to my nose I take a deep inhale to smell her musky intoxicating sex causing deep primal instincts roar to life inside of me.

Taking her by the knees I flip her over onto her back. She spreads herself wide for me. I run a hand down the butter soft flesh of her inner thigh. I could barely see her in the darkness yet somehow her beauty shone out like a full moon on a clear winter's night.

"Come get Mama's pussy baby. Come and fuck myMMMPHH!" Her talk is cut short by the balled up panties I had stuffed into her mouth. I pull my fingers out just before her chomping teeth come down. "RRMMMM!" She growls through damp fabric.

Smack!

I give her ass a hard slap to reprimand her. "Behave!"

"Mmph!" She flinches.

"I said I was tasting you first."

"Mmmmmrrrrmmm!"

I consider teasing her more or doing more power play stuff but I had waited long enough. This time there is no build up, I dive straight in. With my legs off the side of the bed I go down on her like an addict getting their fix. I French kiss her pussy with every bit of passion that I had her mouth. My tongue plunges deeply inside of her and I press my lips hard into hers. I kiss her long and I kiss her deep, my tongue delves and explores around as my lips smack and suck against her. My lips, cheeks, and chin are immediately soaked with her arousal.

"MMMMMM!" She moans through her gag. Reaching down she grabs my hair in both hands then wraps her legs around my neck. Hugging a separate leg in each arm I go to work.

First my tongue takes a lashing lap around her sex before running smoothly up from cunt to clit.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" She moans once more.

There is a peculiar yet deep satisfaction hearing her, specifically her, moan like that for me. It is love and lust and power and surrender all at once and it spurred me on.

I was ravenous for her. I'd never had a pussy so fucking juicy and so honey sweet. Now I am a huge fan of munching rug but hers was the first that I could honestly say tasted good! Like it was actually delicious! If they sold this flavor in stores I'd go broke buying them out.

"Shhhhhrrrrmmm...nllrmm...shllp." I growl and hum as I eat her out.

My teeth sheathed under my lips I turn my head and nibble her flesh folds. Left, right, then both at once. I slurp and suck and lick her cunny like a man possessed. I couldn't get enough of her. I run my full tongue down then up her slit before starting up on a soft but rapid lapping on her clit.

Her sharp nails claw into my scalp and she pulls me into her harder. Her legs tighten around my neck and head. I could barely breath but I didn't give a fuck. If it was my destiny to go out eating my Mom's pussy...so be it! I was already in heaven. Her animal smell, her sweet taste, the smooth slick feel of her slit against my lips, the lusty sounds she was making, all while seeing her beautiful body in my mind's eye...she owned my every sense.

I could feel her building up in the way she breathed and the way she moved. Shit, I'd only been going a few minutes and she was already on the verge of a climax. I keep up the the steady tap, tap, tap of my tongue lashing.

"Mmmm...mmm...mmmphhh..." She groans deeply through her panties, hissing intakes of air through her nostrils punctuate the libidinous moans. Her noises begin to soften and take on a higher pitch. Her back arches and she grinds into my face.
"Mmmmuurmmmmph!"

Switching it up I nibble her bean with my lips then lick the flat of my tongue against her entrance.

I stop for a beat. With a tremble and a whimper she yanks at my hair. I take a long deep breath and swim in her natural aroma before opening my mouth wide, leaning back in, and latching onto the entire area around her clit with a hard suckling suction.

"MMMMNNNMMMM!!!" She lets out what would have been a wild howl. I hear her spit out the panties then moan loudly out into the open air. "OHHHHH GOD! Noah!"

Hearing that voice say my name brought it all flooding back yet again. This was my Mom. This was my mother's vagina. The very site of my entrance into the world. My cock strains beneath me and I suckle her button even harder with a bestial growl.
"RRRRMMMMRRRR!"

Interlocking her fingers around the back of my head and holding me immobile with her legs she grinds hard into my sucking mouth with a steady thrusting, effectively face fucking me with her clit. My tongue massages her as I keep up a constant suckle, suckle, suckle.

She is damn near hyperventilating as she keeps up her grinding.
"That's it! That's it! That's it! That's it! Ohhhhh...ohhhhhh...ohhhhhh...
Suck Mama's clitty baby...suck..mmmmm...mmmmmmmmmm..." Her
steady thrusting pelvis suddenly wavers and powerful quake takes
hold of her.

"AAWWOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Like before the power of climax is released in her wailing voice. Even
with her soft inner thighs crushing in from both sides I hear her scream
out her pleasure. If her neighbors were in their back yards they
wouldn't be able to miss these cries of wanton release. And like
before...it is sinful music to my ears.

She humps and heaves her way through another orgasm, nearly
breaking my nose in the process, before I eventually feel her slow
down and then actually start to pull away from me as her body
becomes super sensitive. My suckling slows then stops. With tender
loving kisses I sigh happily. That feeling again...that pride and
joy...that sense of ultimate masculine accomplishment...of making
my mother feel this good...of making my own Mom cum this
hard...it's...it's...simply indescribable.

I KNEW how fucking wrong this was, how fucking wrong this ALL was,
yet that twisted knowledge worked against itself and somehow only
made it all the better.

Her whole body goes limp and she lies there panting and cooing.
"Ohhhhh... Ho...ly...shit, you can eat pussy baby... Ohhhhh..."

With a whisper I say through dripping wet lips. "I love your
pussy...Mom." I could feel her warm juice run down my neck.

Her fingers gently stroke through my hair. "Ohhhhh wow. My boy. My man. My Noah. Mmmmmm."

I continue with light kisses and gentle playful licks as she basks in her afterglow and she continues to sigh and pet my head adoringly.

After a time, after she had come down from her high and caught her breath again, she says in a firm maternal no nonsense voice that I knew from a lifetime of experience meant she was dead serious. "Noah."

"Yes Mom?"

"I need to feel you...inside of me...now."

"Mom?"

"Get your sexy young ass up here boy. I'm gonna fuck your god damned brains out!"

Never one to be a problem child...I do as Mama says.

I kiss my way up her soft hot body. As I get to her breasts she suddenly grabs my head and pulls it into her chest. Wrapping her legs around my torso she twists and turns us both over so that she was now on top of me. Crouching down she kisses me with a near crazed passion, I return the kisses with every bit as much verve. Her musk in my mouth and my spunk in hers mixed into a heady concoction of sex between our swirling, dancing tongues.

She claws at me and tugs at me. I suck her titties and slap her ass. Her soft supple weight on top of me, our bodies skin to skin, was an aphrodisiac of the highest potency. I ached to be inside of her.

Settling her weight on my stomach she sits up tall. With my vision adapted now to the small bit of light coming in through the open door from the lamp we left on back in the living room I could make out a few details. Her voluptuous womanly curves were impossible to miss but I could now see the shape of her nipples and her intense expression. My hands reach up to explore her body. I feel her legs, her wide hips, the swooping curve of her sides, the soft flat expanse of her stomach, and of course I fill my hands with those incredible big heavy tits. I loved these tits so fucking much!

Resting her hands atop her head she stretches and bends her torso side to side, relishing my hands and eyes on her. Like an acolyte prostrate before their goddess I worship her with my hands and my gaze and my voice. She soaks in my adoration like only an incredibly beautiful woman can. She knew she was as hot as the fires of hell, but it stroked her feminine ego to hear it confirmed. What a body! What a woman!

This moment of intimacy, while incredible, breaks our frantic flow. Her bravado from moments ago was fading quickly and I knew why.

We had felt each other up, we'd played and tickled and slapped, she gave me a titty fuck and blowjob and I fingered her and ate her pussy, but even all of these forbidden acts paled in comparison to where we were about to go. Ahead of us lay the ultimate taboo.

Michelle's hands glide down her body then over my arms. She grips me.

"We shouldn't." She whispers even as she moves down to mount me. "We shouldn't do this Noah."

I watch as she rises her hips up and reaches down between her legs. I feel her take my dick between her fingers to guide it. Her body seemed to be moving independent of her suddenly doubting mind. That niggling bit of my conscience was also nagging at me but it must be so much worse for her. I was her child. She was the parent. She was supposed to be the wise teacher, the ethical example, the moral guide.

"We can't...we can't...but..." She sighs. "I can't...stop myself. I need this."

"I need it too! I need to feel you."

"Tell me Noah...tell me it's going to be okay." She whispers. "Tell me we'll be okay."

I reach up and tenderly stroke her smooth cheek, as soft as a butterfly's wing, with the back of my fingers. "I love you Mom...I'll always love you. That will never change."

"Oh Noah..." She sighs as she moves her face against my hand. I could see she was smiling. She was happy, so very happy, as happy as I was.

"Here and now..." I repeat our mantra for the night. "...nothing else matters. Here and now."

"Here and now." She repeats.

With fingers splayed wide I reach down and grasp her ass cheeks. The very tip of my cock nestles between the petals of her pussy. The heat and the wet of her sex beckoned me onward.

There she tries to pause as another moment of doubt takes hold but I don't let her. Holding her butt tightly in my hands I push my forearms hard into her hips and pull her slowly but irresistibly downward.

My cock slides into her hot and super wet cunny inch by inch by inch. Gradually but steadily deeper and deeper. Despite her full arousal, despite how wet and lubed with spit she was, despite her age, despite the fact she'd had a kid...she'd had ME...it was one hell of a tight fit.

Our voice groan simultaneously from the blissful sensation of entry.
"OHHHHHHH!"

The whole time I am entering this beautiful woman I loved so deeply I am thinking...this is my Mom...my Mom...my fucking MOM! Despite this I feel no shame, no regret, and no doubt. The thoughts of taboo only acted to accentuate the pure rapture of this magical moment.

I keep pulling her down onto me, sinking my rock hard pussy stretching unit ever deeper inside of her, until at last she sets down completely and lets her weight rest atop my pelvis.

Her groan shifts to a reedy high pitched whimper as we both pause in this moment of maximum penetration.

"...uahhhhhhhh...ohhhh...my...god...nnnnmmmm..."

Warm, encompassing, wet and pulsing with life energy. Man enters woman, the first and most powerful collective memory of our species. Entering a woman the first time was always a special moment, but doing so with a woman I loved so completely and unconditionally took it to an entirely different level.

Even on a purely physical level this was beyond the ordinary. I had been with my fair share of women but among them I could not remember ever experiencing a more snug pussy as this. There is a firm yet pliant pressure squeezing in on my dick from base to tip. I could feel every inch of her bearing in around me. Any tighter and we would have had a problem. It was everything I could have dreamed of and more. It was...perfect. Absolutely perfect.

I never could have guessed the very birth canal I had entered this world through would end up being the best god damned pussy I'd ever experience! It was as if her pussy and my cock were made for each other. There was something poetic about it.

I go to move but she slaps her hands down on my chest and gasps. "Wait...wait...fuck...wait...let me...let me...stretch...mmmmmmmm!"

"Jesus. You are so fuckin tight."

"Ohhh Noah...you...you...you fill me." She lightly rakes the tips of her nails down my chest and stomach. "You FILL me! Ohhhhhhh!"

I shouldn't care, it really shouldn't matter, but knowing how much larger I was than her previous lover was an adrenaline shot to my male ego. I didn't know what Dad had done with her in their years together but I vow to myself that I would out perform him in every way possible this night. I'd show Mom that there were better men out there than my two-timing father, specifically I would show her I was a better man than him. I flex my cock as hard as it would go and push up into her so that not a millimeter wasn't inside of her.

"Unnnghhhhh!" She moans and tightens around me with equal power. For a moment the extreme tightness was vice like. Neither of us gave it up until we had to.

"Come on." I squeeze her round ass before slapping both cheeks at once. "Ride me baby. Ride your young stud."

Rising up a few inches I feel her slick tunnel grip hard along my shaft before she pauses then settles back down once more. "UNGHHHH!" She groans. "Fuck! That stretch! JESUS! MMMM! You feel...soooooo good!"

I swat her booty again. "Come on! Fuck me! Show me what you got...bitch!" SMACK!

NOW I was talking her lewd language. I was calling out her inner sex fiend and I could see the words have their desired effect. The whites of her eyes and glowing teeth widen in the shadowy darkness. She pinches both my nipples hard and I simply hiss through the pain.

Rising up, quicker this time, she goes nearly to the tip before impaling herself back onto me gingerly. "Uahhhhh!" She moans louder and I see her eyes roll up into her head. "FUCK you're big! GNGH!"

"You can take it." Cupping my grasp over her ass I pull her up off me and slowly sink back into her.

"MMMMMMM!" She arches her back and presses hard down into me, really starting to get into the full feeling I was providing her. "Ohhh shit baby! Fuck...yesssssss!"

Moving with a fluid grace she goes up and down my pole three more times. The strokes are long and deliberate as she starts to fully appreciate the satisfying feeling. Each time her lilting moan gets

more erotic. Each time the penetration gets smoother and easier.
"Ohhhmmmmm!"

"He he he! That's all you got? Hmm?" I goad her. "Come on, I thought we were fucking here. I'm gonna fall asleep at this rate."

"RRRRMMMMM!" She growls like a caged beast. Bending forward she pants her hands onto my shoulders and grips them tight. Her now tousled long hair cascades down around her face. Sparks fly as we stare into each other's eyes.

Again she raises her hips and again I feel every inch of her love tunnel hug my manhood as it slid along her smooth clenching walls. This time however I don't wait for her. As I feel her pause at the zenith I hammer my cock up into her tight pussy. CLAP!

"GAUHHH!!" She wails at the unexpected thrust. "FUCK!"

"Come on, you can take it." I grind hard into her, making sure she felt every bit of me.

"RRRR!" She snarls, her nails digging into my shoulders. "I can take anything you got, boy!"

I grin ear to ear at the challenge. I pull back down then drive up into once more. CLAP! Our bodies smack together at the impact. Her tits bounce and wobble delightfully. She valiantly tries to hold it in but I force a bleating yelp from her as my thick cock fills her super snug cunt. "AH! Fuck! FUCK!"

"Too much for you?" I bring a hand up to swat one of her swaying tits.

She lets out a huff. "Don't get cocky you big dicked son of a bitch."
She flexes her cunt muscles hard around me. "I'm just getting started."

"So am I!"

Wrapping my arms around her waist I pull her down onto me. She lets out a grunt as I bear hug her against me, her big breasts providing a wonderful cushion between us. With no warning at all I let loose a long barrage of hard rapid pounding pistoning thrusts.

Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap!

I thrust up into her like a horny jackrabbit.

"Ohhhhh FuuuuUUUUUCKKKKKK!!" Her high deafening cries shake the very pillars of heaven. "AHHHHHHH!!"

Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap!

Any other woman I might have gone easy on but this was Michelle and I knew Michelle could take it. I fuck my mother's sopping wet pussy as hard and as fast as I could go.

Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap!

"GWAAAAA! NNNNNN! FUUUUUCK!" Her wails meld straight from one lustful noise to another and then another without even a breath in between as I pile drive into her with all the subtlety of a runaway train. "GAWWWWWWD! FUUUCKKKK!"

Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap!

I don't bring her to orgasm, I MAKE her orgasm. I fuck the climax out her quaking flesh by sheer brute force. I feel her cunny tighten and spasm around me.

Her body tenses up and she fucking screams! "UAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap!

Her body writhes and bucks but I hold her into me tight, showing her no mercy, as I keep the hard clapping thrusts continue at a fever pitch.

"GAUHHHHHHH!!!"

Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap!

I slam fuck her right through her peak and down the other side before I finally relent.

I loosen my embrace around her but she doesn't move a muscle. She is a quivering puddle on top of me. In a tiny mewling voice she whimpers. "...ohhhh myyyy goddddd...Noah...ohhhh..."

Caressing her sweaty back I delight in the feeling of her soft body resting on top of mine. I kiss her and nuzzle her cheek and whisper into her ear. "That's my girl."

"...ohhhhhmmmm..."

Knowing what I knew of Michelle I realized this delicate moment would not last long. She would quickly recover and the ravenous she-devil would return. I savor every second of intimacy while it was here. There are kisses and nibbles and whispered sweet nothings and playful little giggles, all the while my hard manhood stays deep inside her.

As I had guessed however, the cuddly tenderness is short lived.

Letting out a long hot breath across my cheek she sighs. "My turn."

She had survived the onslaught and had adapted to the size and feel of her new lover. Now she could start having some fun. I was loving this tenuous back and forth of who had control between us. It

was her turn in the driver's seat and I could not wait to see where she was taking me.

"Hands behind your head." She orders me.

"Yes Mother." I say with a smirk.

I hear her giggle then she pats my broad chest. "Good boy." Leaning down she bites my shoulder, the sensation of her sharp teeth on my flesh was becoming familiar to me. "I could just eat you up." She whispers.

I link my fingers behind my head and lay back to see what came next. My mind and body buzzed with anticipation. Sitting up tall she runs her hands up and down my torso and then up and down her own curvaceous body. What follows then is a slow and awkward transition. I do my best to follow her lead but without knowing what we were doing my movements were clumsy. Making it all ten times more difficult was the fact that she kept me inside of her the whole way, as if she couldn't bear the idea of not having my cock in her pussy for even the few seconds it would take for us to change position.

One of my legs is brought up in front of hers and is then pushed up so my thigh was right up against my stomach. Holding my leg there with a hand gripped at the crook of my knee she then turns her attention to the other leg. Only then do I realize what was happening. She was about to fuck me in the Amazon position! I knew of it, I'd seen it in porn, but I'd never done it before. It was the epitome of a female dominant sex position and I was about to experience it the first time

with my fuckin Mom! This was all so nuts...and from the bottom of my heart I thank the powers above and below for all of it.

In the transition of my other leg I accidentally drive a heel her right one of her tits. She grunts but we quickly laugh it off. Pushing her other hand into the back of my knee she leans her weight forward and pins both my legs down against my body and looms large over me. I could feel my asshole exposed to the open air as my pelvis tips up. The energy between us switches in the blink of an eye. Yin becomes Yang. Holding me down by my legs and my dick she looks down at me with a commanding presence I had NEVER seen in her before.

Jesus Christ. I'd done some stuff in the bedroom over the years but never had I felt this open and exposed and...vulnerable. Even the one night of bisexual debauchery I'd confessed to paled in comparison to this. If this were ANY other woman I'm not sure I would have been comfortable with this strange role reversal.

But this wasn't any other woman. This was my Mom. I loved my Mom. I trusted my Mom. I wanted my Mom to be happy. For my Mom...I would do anything.

"Mmmm." She croons as she pushes my legs even further down. I let her do so. "My young man is flexible too. Strong, handsome, funny, intelligent, a big dick, flexible... Could you be more perfect? Mmmmm."

"I love you Mom." I sigh.

"Mmmmm." She hums happily. "I love you too baby."

And then she fucks me. She FUCKS me. She fucks me with power and confidence. She fucks me with long, slow, hard thrusts, making sure to pound right down to my base every single time. Each of us let out a little groan as she takes me full hilt again and again and again. My straining steel hard manhood was forced back to its absolute limit and actually to the point of pain in this position yet it only added to the delirious experience. Her tight wet pussy gripped my cock hard and I knew one wrong move from her and it could mean an embarrassing trip to the emergency room.

Clap! Clap! Clap! Our sweaty bodies came together like hammer on anvil.

Something about this had my already frenzied mind going completely haywire. This sort of bizarro universe missionary position where the roles of this most familiar of sex acts were swapped had a peculiar feel about it. I was on the other side of the coin and I didn't know how to think about it. She thrust down onto me as if she were the man and I was the woman. I don't exactly know why but laying there passively, hands behind my head and my legs spread, as this beautiful woman fucked my god damned brains out like this had me all shades of confused.

This confusion combined with the unforgettable fact that this was incest, pure and simple incest, made it a psyche twisting contradiction that I simply couldn't have been prepared for. I'd already been fucking her hard for some time before this as well...I knew wasn't going to last much longer.

"Mom...nnnghh..." I grunt. "I'm...close..."

Clap! Clap! Clap! Her hands grip tighter and she fucks me harder.

"Don't." She snarls. "MM! Don't cum until I do."

"Nnnnghh...fuck!" I flex my abs and pecs as I recenter myself to hold back the oncoming climax.

Clap! Clap! Clap! She is totally ruthless. I'm not sure if she was trying to make me cum before she wanted me too or if her warped mind just couldn't help itself but she chooses then to hit me with the dirty talk.

She lets out a breathy laugh between her moans. "Your Mama's fucking you baby. What do you think of that?"

"Ohhhhhh fuuuuuck...!" I groan.

"You fuck your Mama's pussy so good baby!"

"NNGHHHH!!!"

"You like fucking your Mom? Hmm baby?"

"YES!"

She slams down even harder. "Ohhhh God baby! That's my boy! You fuck so much better than your Dad."

"MOM! GAH!" My whole body is tense and hard with flexed muscles. In this position however all I could do is lie there and take it.

"You fill me up so good!"

"NNNNNGGHHHH!!" I was shaking with barely contained passion.

"Don't cum baby, Mama's almost there! MMMMM!" She lets out a snort. "Fuck! MMM! Your father would never let me fuck him like this. Ohhhh God! You're so good baby! You're so fuckin good!"

Clap! Clap! Clap! Flesh claps flesh as she brings her weight down onto me with rising urgency. Her exquisite soft body shakes on each hard impact.

I couldn't resist. Bringing my hands out from behind my head I reach up and fill my hands with her huge tits once more. I squeeze them hard and squash them with my palms. God I loved her breasts so fucking much!

"OAH!" She yelps and clenches her pussy with a vice like pressure.

"GAH!" I yelp right back.

Grabbing her breasts roughly I pull her body down on top of me and kiss her hard as she lands. With her tits now mashed between us I reach down and around to hold onto her equally amazing ass.

"MMMMM!" We both groan into the others' mouth. Her long hair creates a veil all around our kissing faces creating a tiny world of just the two of us. We kiss deep and we kiss hard.

Still she fucks me unabated. The hard claps are now replaced with a smooth and fast up and down rhythm.

"Gunnngghhh!" I let out as our kiss parts. "Fuck! I'm close!" I say again. "I'm...real close!"

"Uhhh...unhhh...unnngghhh..." She moans as she rides my dick faster and faster, the wet sounds of sloppy sex fill the air. I couldn't get over how wet and tight she was! She urges me on. "Not yet...uhhh...not yet baby...not yet...unnngghhhhh...almost...almost...!"

Up and down she rides. As I had done to her earlier she shows me no mercy. She doesn't give me a moment to try to settle or recuperate. Up and down her hips drive with relentless lust.

She felt good. She felt soooooo fucking good!

"Oh fuck...oh Jesus...Mom...Mom...MOM!" I held back with every thing I had. I was so close and she wasn't letting up one iota. Her slick clinging cunny just kept riding up and down, faster and faster. Then it hits me, an awful realization. She had total control right now...!

couldn't pull out! We were going at it raw and I was moments away from nutting. I try to push against her but she was relentless.

"Mom...wait...shit...I'm gonna...UNNNGHH...Shit! You on...the...pill!?"

"Shut up. Fuck! Shut up!" She grunts. She was totally focused on only her own body and its imminent climax, lost in the now where future and past were meaningless. This was sheer insanity. I could have stopped had I REALLY wanted to...but I was lost in the present as well. Her panting breath washed over my face in hot hard puffs that matched her stroking snatch. "NNNN! Huhhnnn! Yesssss...Noah...yesssss! Fuck, fuck, fuck...yesssss!"

"Mom...!"

"Noah...!"

"GUHHHHHHRRRRRRR!!" I growl as I hold back my load longer than I ever thought possible. I grip her tits for dear life as my whole being shakes with violent tremors. That tremendous high just before orgasm is held...and held...and held until I thought I might go mad. I was seeing stars! "GNNGHH!! FUUCK!!"

"Hold on baby, hold on! NN...NNN...NNNNNMMMMM!"

Our sex is a blur of wild erratic thrusts as she brings it on home. I feel her bliss hit her just as I hit my final breaking point.

She cries out at last and slams down to impale every inch of me inside of her. Throwing her head back she wails her bliss.

"AUHHHHHHHHHHH NOAHHHHHHHHH!!"

This time my deep voice joins hers in orgasmic rapture.

"MOMMMMMMMM!! GRRNNGHHHH!!"

I had just experienced the best fuckin nut of my life earlier this night to the titty fuck in the living room...yet that one paled in comparison to this heaven on Earth. I erupt deep DEEP inside of my wildly bucking Mother. My throbbing cock pumping out fat loads of hot cum in perfect synchronicity of her milking palpating love tunnel.

We cling to each other as if our lives depended on it. Together we share an ecstasy that was simultaneously crude, base, and physical yet also impossibly transcendent.

As my cock continues to pulse inside of her, flooding her insides with my virile seed, she gasps in a hushed awed voice. "I feel you...Oh God! I feel you inside of me..." Throb...throb...throb. "I feeeeeel youuuuuu!"

Sweaty, panting, and exhausted we hold each other as our climax fades as one, as we breathe as one, and as our hearts beat as one.

Our high ebbs and the unwelcome tentacles of reality creeps back into the spaces passion recedes from. I hear her moan quietly with fear in her voice. "Ohhhhh...ohhh shit. Oh shit. What have I done?" She rises up to let my spent manhood slide from her pussy. It lands on my stomach with a heavy wet splat. I feel my warm jizz dribble down

onto me. Reaching down she feels her creampied pussy. "Oh no."
She whimpers with sudden regret. "I'm sorry baby...I got carried
away... Ohhh no!"

Sitting up I take her in my arms. "Shhhhh." I kiss her sweetly. "Here and
now." I say yet again, little did I know the first time I said it how far
we'd push that attitude. "Here and now." I hold her tight. "No regrets."

"I love you...so much Noah." She whispers as she slides her arms
around me. "So much."

"I love you too Mama."

Mom cuddles into me, allowing herself to be encompassed by my
large frame and strong embracing arms. I direct her down beside
me and we lay together, each of us afloat in our shared afterglow.
Physically spent from her many hard orgasms she at last truly relaxes
and I experience the other side of the until now wild and insatiable
Michelle.

Tender kisses.

Soft caresses.

Gentle whispers.

Deep loving gazes.

Heaven.

Delicate dove like coos escape my mother's sweet lips as we nuzzle and smooch and cuddle.

We snuggle in our afterglow for many beautiful precious minutes. In the near dark I allow myself to be carried away by the fantasy we were in. I'd found "The One". The woman of my dreams. And for this short time I allowed myself to dream that we had a future together. As I feel Michelle's gentle hands stroke my body, as she tenderly kisses my chest again and again, as I hear her soft noises, I believe she was doing the same as I.

Neither of us say a word. We simply hold to each others' warm naked body and treasure this quiet and magical moment of bonding.

After what must have been at least a half an hour she lets out a long contented sigh. Looking up she gives me a quick kiss to the lips.

"Thirsty?"

"Parched." I answer honestly.

She kisses me again. "Come on big guy."

Michelle rolls slowly from my embrace and comes to stand next to the bed. She holds out her hand for me to take it. As I look up at her waiting for me, hand extended, a million little memories of my Mother standing just like this from all through my childhood come flooding back all at once.

I reach out and take it. She squeezes my hand in that familiar way of hers. I get up out of bed and together we walk hand in hand into the kitchen. The light in the hood over the stove is turned on then my Mother closes the curtains on the window. With each of us naked, sweaty, and sticky in each other's sex juice the last thing we needed was a nosy neighbor looking in on us right now.

"We're not done." I tell her flat out, leaving her no room argue.

She chuckles as she pours us each a tall frosty glass of water from a pitcher she kept in the fridge. "I know, I know. As if I was going to let you off so easily."

I laugh. "You are something else Michelle."

She looks at me with an enigmatic look in her dark eyes. "You too baby." I notice her eyes flit down to my side. "Oooo! Are you okay?" I could hear the maternal worry in her voice.

"Huh?" I look down to see a nasty looking bruise on my ribs, right where her elbow had caught me when I jumped on her in the dark. I wave it off. "It's nothing." Looking over my body I now notice scrapes,

scratches, bruises and bite marks all over. Looking back to my mother's luscious body I notice a hickey on her neck and her tits were reddened with near perfect hand prints from where I'd squeezed them too roughly. We both had battle scars.

She passes me my water and takes up her own. We clink our glasses together then drink down the much needed hydration. The ice cold water felt wonderful going down. We kiss and tease a bit afterward but neither of us was ready for another go just yet.

Next we headed back to the living room to share another joint. Michelle laid out a blanket so that we didn't stain her couch then we cuddle together and pass the joint back and forth until it was finished. Sitting there stoned, me sat in the corner of the couch with her resting back against me, we recover our strength like two boxers between rounds. I wrap my arms around her, bringing them around just beneath her breasts, and hold her warm soft body close. She holds my arms with hers. Man did I love the feel of her naked body next to mine. This feeling of skin on skin with my Mother was as deeply rooted in me as anything could be. Before thought or memory or even a sense of self was this warm soft reality. An experience starting with the first time she'd held me and nursed me in my first few minutes of life. God I loved her!

"This was a terrible idea. This date." She says at last to break the silence. There wasn't worry or regret in her voice, it was a simple statement of fact. I couldn't really argue...I'd just cum inside of my own Mom for fuck sake.

I kiss the back of her head. "Yeah. I'm still glad we did it though."

"Yeah."

I hug her tight.

"I..." She sighs. "I...um..."

"What is it?"

"I need to explain..." I could feel her tense up in my arms. "I've got a problem Noah." She swallows hard. I go to say something but she pats my arm to indicate she had more to say. "Noah...your mother is...I...I have a condition...I..., um..."

"Go ahead." I say quietly. "It's okay."

She lets out a breath then blurts. "I'm a nymphomaniac Noah. I...I can't... I've been going to therapy, a lot of therapy, and...I thought we had it...under control. I really did." She shakes her head and says with a defeated tone. "I was wrong. Dr Nelson was wrong. We were so wrong."

"A nympho?" I say. I would have been shocked but it certainly fit with what I'd experienced of this wild woman tonight.

She nods. "It's why your father left me. He...he couldn't keep up. I was...too much for him. He needed someone...less...well, intense. He never really could keep up if I'm honest. Not like...you. You can keep up with me. You are...quite a man...my son." She looks back up at

me over her shoulder. "Oh Noah, my son, my love. When I...get in the mood...when the mania takes me...there isn't anything I wouldn't do. I lose myself. I lose control."

I hug her firmly. "It's okay Mom."

"No, no it isn't. With what we just did, with what we're going to do, it obviously isn't okay. Not one bit." She takes another huffing breath of frustration. "That's why I haven't been dating. I need to get this under control first. When you asked me out...I thought this would be a safe first step. I mean...surely I wouldn't come onto my son. God, what kind of mother am I? I'm terrible!"

"You are not!" I keep her held tight. "You're my Mom. The best Mom. I love you!"

"I love you too kid. With all of my heart." She brings my hand to her lips and kisses it.

"Besides, it takes two to tango." I say. "The fault is not just yours."

He laughs at that. "No, it is my fault. You men...you're always thinking with your dick. You can't help yourselves. But thank you for trying to comfort me."

"That's so sexist."

She pinches my arm. "It's true!"

I just laugh.

Her tone turns serious again. "This ends after tonight. Okay? We get only this one night then we go back to how it was. I've already fallen off the wagon so we may as well enjoy the rest of the night, but... I...I don't want to lose you. I don't want to ruin...us. You are...the most important thing in my life Noah. This is one and done. It needs to be."

"You will never lose me." I assure her. "Never. Just tonight, then we go back to normal. As if nothing happened. I swear."

"You swear?"

"I swear."

"You won't judge me?"

"Nope. Hell, I'm fucking in awe of you. You are incredible!" I nuzzle her neck. "I promise, no judgment. After tonight we go back to normal."

She sighs happily. "Thank you for understanding."

"I'm high as kite right now, not sure how much I'm really understanding. This shit is strong!"

We both laugh.

"You are going to make some lucky guy really REALLY happy some day." How I wished that guy could have been me. But for tonight at least I had her all to myself.

"Thank you sweetie."

"I'm serious. You are...you are...oh my God, you are the best lover I've ever had. There isn't even a close second."

She titters. "Stop."

"I'm serious!"

She lets out a long breath and cozies back into me. With a distant dreamy voice she says. "You too baby. You too. You are incredible my son. I LOVE your cock! You didn't get that from your Dad I can tell you. You are the best..." She hugs my arms into her tummy then adds. "...but..."

I cock an insulted eyebrow. "But!?! What do you mean...but?!"

"There's that male ego." She giggles. "Listen, after our break...I'm going to need it a bit rougher. A lot rougher actually."

"Rougher!?" I am incredulous. "You're joking."

She shakes her head. "No." She pauses a moment then continues. "Choke me, spit on me, call me your whore. Just...do whatever you want to me. Whatever you want. You've got my consent...for anything. Use me, use my body, use me like you don't even know me. Don't hold back. I don't know when I'll have sex again and...and...I just...I need this. Do you understand Noah? I...I need this."

"Err..." I didn't know how to react to that. Rougher!!??? And that pleading voice, she sounded like a junkie!

"Please?" She says in a small begging tone. "Please. For me? Please baby?"

"We should have a safe word or..."

"NO!" She snaps. "No, no safe word. No, no, no. That would ruin it. I consent to everything, I'm telling you that now. I don't care what you want, just use me Noah. Please. Please. For me."

"Okaaay." I say, suddenly unsure of myself and my limits. How far could I go? How deep did this rabbit hole go!? I knew damn well I really should cut this off here and now...but that sure as hell wasn't going to happen. Fuck, she was right about men, about me anyway, little head beats big one every single time.

"When I go in deep...I... Hahhh. I'm...probably going to say some stuff... Some fucked up shit. Don't take it personal, okay? It's just...your

mother's kinda fucked up Noah. Just, I want to let loose tonight. It's been so long...and we only have tonight."

After a long pause I finally say. "Okay. I'll...do my best."

"Mmmmm. You'll do fine my boy." She tells me. "You already have."

In our drug fueled haze we stay snuggled together as my mind races forward to guess at what was to come.

Now that the confession was made and the proverbial cat was out of the bag it didn't take long for my mother to warm up once more. She couldn't wait go get going again. Her sexual appetite was incredible. And true to her word she soon started saying some of the "fucked up shit" she had warned me about.

Reaching back behind her her she squeezes my chubby, still half flaccid, cock. Slowly she turns around to face me. I had seen her wild and crazy now, but the twisted demented expression I saw on her now was something else entirely. It was as if...she wasn't all there. As if some other person had stepped into her body.

She locks eyes with me.

"You okay?" I ask.

She is silent for a time as she slowly begins to stroke my dick. "Why'd you have to have such a good cock baby? Why'd you have to be so good?" I let out a flattered chuckle but my mother's intensely serious expression doesn't crack a bit. Her gaze never wavered, her voice never faltered. I had never seen her like this before. She seemed simultaneously ashamed, guilt ridden, and irresistibly horny. "Why'd you have to go and make me a whore for your big cock baby?"

"Mom?"

"Why'd you make your Mama your whore baby? Don't you know I...I can't help myself when the cock is this good?" She mewls pathetically. "Your cock is so good." Then, in the blink of an eye, I see her wild side take hold.

HWATHOO! She spits directly into my face! I could feel the warm slimy spittle slide down my cheek.

"FUCK YOU!" She snarls. "Fuck you, you piece of shit!"

"HUH!?"

"Why'd you have fuck your Mommy's cunt so fuckin good? Huh!? A boy isn't supposed to fuck his Mama that fuckin good! You tryin to ruin me Noah!? You trying to make me yours? You disgust me! Why'd you have to have such fat hard fucking cock? And where'd you learn how to use it so good, hmmm? Those tight little college

bitches? Huh!? Fuckin all those bitches with this big fucking hog. They won't fuck you like I can baby, I promise you!" Harder and harder she dry rubbed my manhood, to the point of pain! Still she went on. "Piece of shit, making a whore out of your own mother. Fuck you...FUCK YOU!" She spits on me again and berates me. "Just gonna sit there? Huh!? After fucking me so good, now you just sit there? Lazy ass mother fucker, just like your Dad. Fuckin useless, just like your sissy ass father. That's okay, I'll use that big dick of yours and take what I want from you."

Comparing me to my Dad!? I was stunned that she would go there! Even with the warning of "going deep" I just hadn't expected it.

She teases me. "What's the matter Noah? Would a man make this better? Hmm? Like that threesome you told me about. Would a man get you hard right now?" Her eyes narrow. "Make me yours and I'll do anything a man can do for you baby. ANYTHING!" She licks her lips. "Wanna fuck me in the in the ass? Wanna fuck your Mother's backdoor, huh? Want me to eat your asshole? Hm, Noah? I'll eat your asshole. Make me eat your asshole baby, fart in my fuckin face like the piece of garbage whore I am! I'll finger your ass...I'll fuck your ass...just fuckin take me! Make me do it! USE ME!"

"Mom! Jesus Christ!"

She snorts her frustration. I wasn't playing along like she wanted me too. She shakes her head angrily. Her mad eyes dart down to her stroking hand. "GRRR! Fuckin useless piece of shit bitch boy. Just sit there then. Get hard for Mommy you fucking fuck boy! If you're not gonna do anything, I will! I'm gonna fuck you dry you big dicked mother fucker!"

Her hand is a blur as she strokes my hardening cock with escalating needy impatience.

Holy hell, this was crazy! This unhinged sexual freak had been hiding inside my Mom all these years!? I could barely believe it. Even thinking to earlier tonight and my date with Michelle, the drinking, the laughter, the singalong at the bar...I never would have guessed. In her mania however she glowed with a lustful brilliant energy. She had never looked more beautiful.

By God...she was magnificent!

I had lost control of her and I knew that wasn't what she really wanted. To go from cuddling to this shit so quickly had taken me completely flat-footed, but I was now starting to catch up. I wipe the spit from my face and flick it back at her. She glares up at me, daring me to do something. I love my Mother. I would do anything for my Mother. If Mom wanted nasty...I'd give her nasty.

Reaching down I grab her stroking arm and grip it tight, forcing her to stop. She goes to say something but I reach up and grab her face roughly, squeezing her cheeks and lips forward. TCHWATHOO! I spit directly into her scrunched open lips.

Her eyes flare and her breath catches in her throat.

"Noah!"

I glower down at her. "How...many...fucking times...do I have to tell you...to...BE-HAVE!!"

"Let go." I order her.

Her steady eyes narrow and challenge me, her grip goes tighter around my shaft. Letting go her cheeks I unleash a stinging slap to her left tit. She flinches and lets out a small grunt.

Smack!

"Let go!" I say again in an even sterner tone.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Three more hard slaps to her soft breast. She bites her bottom lip and hums lewdly. "Mmmmm!"

"I said let go..." I couldn't believe I was about to say it to my own mother. "...SLUT!"

Her breath catches. "Yes! Yes Son! I'm a worthless slut! Your Mama's nothing but a worthless slut!"

SMACK!

"AHHH!" Her body jolts as I reach down and spank her ass. This was no normal playful lover's spank, I'd open hand slapped her booty as hard as I could. Enough to knock a grown man from his feet. Her ass instantly glows a rosy pink.

SMACK!

Another wicked blow rains down on the other cheek.

"HAHHHH!!!"

Slowly, reluctantly, she loosens her grip on my cock. With a trembling hand she pulls it back.

The moment she releases me I haul her up by the arm then roughly toss her down onto her back on the sofa. I stand up and loom over her. I bring my barefoot down between her tits and pin her to the cushions.

"Is this what you want? Hm?"

The look she had in her eyes...it was awe. Pure worshipful awe. With a mewling whine she nods her head yes. "Use me! Use my whore body! I'm only good for pleasing cock!"

In that moment something snaps inside of me. All doubts and hangups evaporate. Every nasty thought and desire I'd ever suppressed rush in to fill the space. My inner dominant is woken for the very first time and the feeling of raw potency is exhilarating.

Sliding my foot up I slip my big toe into her mouth. "You filthy whore." I growl with disdain.

"MMMMMM!!" She moans as she starts to give head to my toe, sucking it for all she had. Her tongue slurps between my sweaty digits. I pop it from her lips and smear the spittle over her cheek. "Yes Son!" She sighs.

"Shut the fuck up!"

"Mmmmm!"

I kneel down between her spread legs, jam three fingers up her creamy cunt and start finger blasting her hard and heavy.

"GAWD! SON!"

"I said shut up whore. Your not my Mother." Her eyes widen. With my free hand I grab her by the throat and spit on her face. "You're nothing but fuckmeat to me!"

I feel her shutter, her wide eyes shake and go unfocused, and I am stunned as I watch her cum hard. Her soft body shakes and heaves.

We'd barely gotten started! I was definitely hitting her buttons with this shit! It only spurs me on.

"Fuuuuuucckkkk!" She quivers as her entire body is wracked with a powerful climax.

"You're just a three hole whore to me you worthless slut!" I hiss as I squeeze her neck tighter and finger fuck her with hard pounding punches. The wet sloppy sounds fill the room. "Just a cum dumpster. That MILF pussy is mine now and soon your ass will be too! Fucking cocksleeve jizz loving slut cunt piece of shit!"

"FUUUUUUCCCKKKKKK!!!" Her climax transitions straight from one into another. I yank my hand free mid-orgasm and watch a spray of liquid arc through air from her pulsating pussy. Her hips hump the air as she squirts another gout of piss warm pussy juice over my leg. "GANGHHHHH!!!"

Smack! I give her still cumming cunt a stiff slap before moving on.

I grab a handful of hair and pull her up by it, she scrambles to move with me. With the other hand I let go her throat and hook my grip around the back of her head then ram my rod down her whore throat. I go deeper than I had before, pushing my tip right down her throat. Her body heaves as she is forced to gag on my meat.

"Gllrrrrkkkkkkkkk!" Her eye bug out as she desperately tries to hold the wretch back. I hold it...hold it...hold it... At the last possible second I pull out. "GWAHHHH!" She takes a big gulp of air before coughing and sputtering.

I slap her face with wet slimy cock. "Still like it? Hm?"

"YES! FUCK YES!" She gasps in hoarse voice, spittle dripping from her lips and chin. Her wild eyes told me she was in her glory. "You son of a...Gllllrrrgggg!!"

I slam my meat back through lips, through her mouth, and past her spasming tonsils. "GRRRLLKKKK!!" Her body heaves again as she valiantly tries to suppress her gag reflex. Instead of holding it this time however I pull back and slam in again, this time bottoming out. My balls slap her chin then I yank her back by the hair again. "NOAH! FUCK!" She cries in the instant before I ram home again. "GLLLRRRRMM!!"

Having taken it easy on her long enough...then I really start to face fuck her. I fuck her mouth as hard and as deep as I had her pussy. Mom asked me to use her like I didn't know her, I took it a step further. I was fucking her like cheap hooker that I actively HATED and I could tell by the way she was grabbing her tits and playing with her cunt that she was having the time of her life.

"GLAW...GLWWW...GLG...GLAW..." She gabbles as my knob plunges in and out of her throat. Tears rolled down her cheek and a steady flow of saliva streams from her wide open lips as I fuck her maw with as much care as I'd show a fleshlight. "GLLB...GLAW...GLNG..." I fill her mouth and gullet again and again and again, my nuts bouncing off her slimy chin with a steady slap, slap, slap.

I pull out and she gulps for air. "Oh my God!" She cries out. Right back in my cock goes, stuffing her maw full to the brim. Going balls deep I

hold her there for a long...long...time. After the throat pounding she'd just endured she could take it nice and deep now. Her brown eyes widen and she seems to stare off through time and space as her face slowly turns red. I pull out all at once. "GAHHHHHHHH!" She sucks in a chestful of air.

I wrench her head to the side, slap her tit hard, and spit in her face yet again. "Still havin fun Fuckmeat? Huh?" I spit again then reach down and smear my spit and her own all over her face and through her hair. "That rough enough for you Fuckmeat?"

"NNGGHHH!" She moans like an animal. "Fuck me! Use your fucktoy! Fuck meeeeeeeee!"

I take her by the throat again and haul her up to face level. "I'm gonna fuck your ass Fuckmeat."

"MMMMMMMMM!" She whimpers.

"Beg for it whore. If you want my cock...beg for it!" I hiss not an inch from her face.

"YESSSS!!" She growls through the choke. "Fuck my ass with your big cock! Split me! Split my ass wide open!"

Spinning her around by her shoulders so that she faced away from me I then push her upper body down. She plants her hands into the cushions of the sofa and moans like a cat in heat. Grabbing a handful of hair I wrench her head back.

"GAH!" She gasps at the rough treatment.

I look down and see her pretty little sphincter clenched tight. My cock was already coated and dripping with a copious layer of spittle. Gripping it around the base...I sink it straight into her tight puckered asshole! I sink it balls deep on the first go!

"FUUUUCCCKKKK!!" She screams in equal measure lust and genuine pain. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck, you're a big mother fucker! FUCK!! FUCKKKK!!"

"Oh fuck you got a nice hole slut!" I grunt. "Don't worry Fuckmeat, won't hurt for long. I'll stretch you out soon enough."

Her eyes strain to look back at me. "Grrrrr! Yes baby! Stretch my fuck hole! Break me you fucking stud! Fucking break me!"

Smack! I lay a stinging slap across her already rosy ass.

Going from nothing to hyperdrive in the space of ten seconds I grab her sweaty hair with my other hand as well and pound her backdoor like a rented mule.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

My hips drive into her soft round ass as my cock plunges deep into her bowels. Her white knuckled hands grip the edges of the couch cushions for dear life.

"OH! GOD! FUCK! SHIT!" She yelps single syllable words at each anus filling thrust.

"That enough for ya? Huh Fuckmeat? That rough enough for ya you dirty whore?"

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

"GUH! FUCK! GAH!" She grunts before letting out a long pathetic mewling whine. "Unnnnghhhhh!"

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

She grits her teeth and her eyes roll into the back of her head. "NNNNNGHHHH!! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck meeeeeeeeeee!! Donn'n't stooooop!"

Still holding her tangled hair in my tight fists like the reins of a horse I ram into her plump ass with a relentless hard driving rhythm.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

"GUHNGH! FUCK! FUCK! FUUUUCK!!" She howls.

"Gonna...make...me...CUMMMMM!! GAUHHHHH!!!"

I yank my meat from her and watch her sphincter gape and spasm. Before... Smack! ...another brutal blow across her ass cheeks.

"Mmmmmmm!" She whimpers.

"Too much? Huh bitch?"

She shakes her head, her eyes wild. "No! No! Use me! Use your little fuck toy! Use me up!"

I smile. "Lube my dick again bitch. Suck my cock you filthy whore."

With zero hesitation she spins and is on her knees sucking my dick once more. The fact it had just been inside of her ass didn't slow her down in the slightest.

"You like the taste of your ass Fuckmeat?"

"MRRLRRMM!" Is all she can say as fill her throat with my cock.

After another round of tonsil hammering, gag inducing, face fucking I pull her off of me and shove her back onto the sofa.

I grab her legs under the knees and push them up so they are pinned against her shoulders. I press her whole body down hard into the sofa. "Fill my hole baby! Fuck my hole!" She begs before I slam home up her poop chute, anally penetrating her with the tender mercy of a .44 magnum.

"GAWWWWD!" She cries out. She initially tries to push her legs back against me but I keep them pinned down tight and I stay balls deep. "GRNNGHHHHH!!"

Her dark eyes stare up at me in awe. I sneer back down at my Fuckmeat.

I spare nothing. I fuck her as hard and as fast as I was capable of. Beyond anything I'd done before and beyond what I thought possible. I was a machine tonight! There is a violence in my motions I didn't even know was possible during sex.

I fuck my whore mother within an inch of her god damned life. Somewhere along the line I start finger banging her cunt then smearing her slick pussy nectar all over her face and hair after each of her orgasms. I slap and squeeze her big tits like they owed me money. I choke her for twenty, thirty, forty seconds at a time before letting her breath again. Her eyes bulge as her face goes pink. I stick my pussy soaked fingers down her throat. I spit in her mouth and in her cunt, I call her every filthy name in the book, I handle her with rough hands, and all the while I keep fucking her ass with my fat rock hard cock.

I give my Mama everything she wants. I do my Mama proud. I treat her like the worthless slut she always wanted to be. I had never seen her so happy.

The bleating animal noises she makes are part agony, part rapture, and all consuming. She had given herself completely to the experience. Michelle the doting mother and respectable member of society was long gone, only the degraded lowly cock slut I called Fuckmeat remained now. Her intense body wracking climax's came one after another after another after another. She was drenched in sweat and I could feel her trembling flesh weakening. She was tiring and I wonder briefly if I might actually fuck her into unconsciousness. Not that she wanted me to stop, far from it! Her spirit still begged for more even as her weary flesh was flagging.

I spit on her face then slap her across the cheek. "You're my whore Fuckmeat! Tell me you're my whore!"

"I'm your whore." She wails in a tired voice. "I'm a good little cock whore for my boy. I'm a good little cock whore. I'm your good little cock whore!"

"Three holes for fucking, that's all you are to me. Shit hole, mouth hole, and that cum bucket cunt! Three holes for fucking and a filthy slut body for using."

"Yes! Fuuuuck yes! Use me up!"

I was nearing the end now. I am grunting and laying down a hard pounding rhythm that rocks her petite frame to her bones. Her big

tits, pink and red from their rough treatment, flop and quake to the pounding impact of my body into hers.

"MMMMM! MMMMM!" She hums deliriously. "You gonna give me your cum baby?"

"Beg for it Fuckmeat!"

"Please baby, gimme your hot load. Mama wants all your cum baby!" She begged like her very life depended on it. "Give it to me all over my whore body. I'm only good for fucking and taking your creamy load! Please give me your cum!"

I pull my cock from her stretched out gaping asshole. Holding her down by the head against the cushions of the couch I blast my hot load over her eyes and nose.

"GRRRRMMMMMMMM!!" I growl as I deposit my nut over my mother's face in a series thick creamy ropes.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" She moans in triumph. "Yes! That's my boy! Cum all over me baby! Cum all over your Mama! I love your cum! I love your cum!"

"Ohhh!" I squeeze the dregs of my nut over her cheek then wipe my tip off through her hair like it was cum rag. She wipes a slimy wad from her cheek and slurps it off her fingers.

An instant later, my passions spent...the spell is broken. I stand there not believing what had just happened. I look down at my mother. She lay there limp with a thousand yard stare, a thoroughly broken but ecstatically happy woman.

"Ohhh fuck. Mom? You okay?" I ask, my normal concerned son voice returning.

She is silent a moment before a high thin whine emanates from her throat. "...uhnnnnnnnn..." Her hands are shaking and shivers run through her body as she goes to move. Her face and hair was smeared glossy with drying spit, pussy juice, sweat and cum. Streaks of mascara ran down her temples. She opens her eyes, her long lashes thick with jizz. With an exhausted but deeply satisfied look she gazes up at me as if I were her god. "...noone's...ever...fucked me...like...that...ohhhh..." She smiles weakly and whispers in a raspy voice. "...I...love...you...Son..."

I lean down and kiss her tenderly on her parted lips. "I love you too Mom."

I help my mother up off the sofa. Holding her close I lead her to the shower to clean off our filthy bodies. Her mind seemed in some other place, her eyes were distant and she had a small unwavering smile. She was in a strange state of euphoria that went far beyond the usual fuzzy afterglow. She trembled and made soft happy cooing noises. Her fingers would lightly stroke my chest and stomach and she would kiss me softly. She stayed right next to me, never wanting to leave my loving embrace for even an instant.

I clean her beautiful body off. Like mine it was battered and bruised and spent, like me she didn't seem to mind one bit. It felt good. I clean her hair and then I clean myself. We dry off, take in some water, then I lead her to her bed.

We climb in together and she immediately nuzzles into me and sighs softly. Her fingers delicately dance and play through the hair on my chest. Still she doesn't say a word.

"You okay?" I ask with rising concern. "Mom?"

"Mmmmm." She hums. "Never better my love, never better."

"That was...crazy. I'm so sorry I..."

She kisses my chest and whispers. "Shhhh. I've never been so happy. I've never felt this way before. Mmmmm. You did so good Noah. I'm so proud of you. You were everything I ever wanted. Thank you...for everything."

"I love you Mom."

"I love you Noah."

We kiss one last time. A tender beautiful lover's kiss. Snuggled up against my side, head resting on my shoulder, my exhausted mother soon drifts off to sleep.

As tired as I was I lay there staring into the darkness and relishing the warm soft body pressed against me. I listen to her deep, calm, steady breath.

The loving loyal mother that raised me. The kinky fun-loving weed smoking wildcat. The sex addicted whore.
Mom...Michelle...Fuckmeat. Three women in one perfect package.

My mind casts back over my date night with Mom.

I remember getting ready and being teased by my roomie. I remember the heat of the muggy summer night. I remember picking up my stunningly beautiful date at her door. I remember abandoning the snooty La Lune and finding Roger's Jollies. The food, the drink, the music, the dance, and the rousing singalong. I remember sitting on the rooftop patio and confessing our deepest secret to each other and seeing her nude body for the first time. I remember the laughter and the flirting, the wonderful walk to Laura's under a fat yellow moon and meeting my mother's eccentric drug dealer. Nature is a joker she had said. I remember the smell of fresh baked bread and then I remember Michelle and I getting baked ourselves out on the front step. I remember the moment we both knew what was going to happen tonight and how long that cab ride felt. I remember the transformation of my mother from date to aggressive sex demon to wanton slut. And I remember the mind blowing sex, that I knew I would never forget.

I loved it all. I loved it when we were playful and fun. I loved the charged sexual tension. I loved getting high with her. I loved her confidence and her vulnerability. I loved it when it was raw and nasty. I loved it when we were equals. I loved it when she took charge. I loved it when she unlocked my inner dominant. I knew so much more about her than I had before and she had taught me more about myself in one night than the rest of my dating experiences put together.

I was a changed man. I could feel it in my soul. I'd found the perfect woman...and she was my mother. She blew any other woman I'd been with out of the water. There was no contest. I had now tasted how good things could be with a woman. I had a new measuring stick to compare all future partners. I cannot help but wonder how I would ever find someone like...her.

I ponder what the future would bring. Was Michelle on the pill? I had cum inside of her and I knew she hadn't hit menopause yet. I regret nothing but this was something that would have to be dealt with quickly. And what would Mom say to Dr. Nelson? Would she confess everything? How would the shrink respond? Would tonight be a setback or a breakthrough? I already knew Craig would tease me about not getting home tonight. I can't help but smile. Craig had thought it so "hot" that I was going out with my Mom. If he ever found out the truth, which he couldn't, he would blow a gasket. And Dad...ha! I'd just fucked his former wife like he never could. I knew I'd stand a few inches taller the next time I saw him.

Mom and I had a secret now. A dark secret that could ruin us both. It must never see the light of day. I pray our friendship and our bond would not be damaged by it.

"Here and now." I sigh into the darkness.

The date was over. It was only ever going to be a one time thing. We had no future outside that of a mother and her son. In the morning things would go back to the way things were.

But...we would always have tonight. No matter what happened nobody could take this dream of a night from us. These memories would last a lifetime, along with the fantasies of what might have been had our connection not have been one of blood.

I pull her in tight and she hums contentedly in her sleep. I lean down to kiss her head.

Fuckmeat...Michelle...Mom. I loved each facet of this incredible woman with all of my heart. Two of them would be denied to me now but I felt blessed to have met them.

I kiss her again. A wholesome kiss. A son's kiss. "See you in the morning, Mom."

Closing my eyes I allow my fatigue to claim me at last. With my mother held in my arms I drift into a deep and peaceful slumber.

The End...?