

## DRIVE-IN DATE WITH MOM

"21 years old. I can't believe it, Will."

Mom looked at me across the dining room table with her usual adoring eyes. It was my birthday, and I'd just blown out the candles on the cake she had baked for me.

It was just the two of us. Dad had been out of the picture for a few years, having left Mom for his secretary, who was 15 years younger. I thought he was an idiot, and our relationship suffered for a long time. Mom grieved over Dad's infidelity and the breakup of the marriage for a while, but it didn't take her long to bounce back. She had a good job, and she could support herself just fine. I was studying business in college but lived at home to save expenses.

Mom had cooked chicken enchiladas and a chocolate cake, my favorites. She was a great cook.

"This is great, Mom," I said. "Thanks so much. I really appreciate it."

"It's my pleasure." She reached a hand across the table and squeezed my arm. I was struck by how young she looked, her eyes wide and

skin unblemished, and chestnut hair flowing over her shoulders. As she leaned over the table, her shirt revealed cleavage--a lot of cleavage. I felt a strange tingle. A son doesn't usually feel that sort of tingle because of his mom. But I did.

Mom seemed unaware of the impression she was making, and I shrugged it off, or tried to.

We cleaned up the kitchen together when dinner was over.

"21," Mom said, while we were both cleaning dishes. "That was your football team number, right?"

"Yeah," I said. "Both years of varsity." I had played strong safety on the high school team.

"You know," Mom said, "I was a cheerleader in high school. I was head cheerleader my senior year."

"I didn't know that," I said. "I think this is the first time you told me that."

"Really?" she asked me. "I'm surprised you didn't know that. I think I still have my cheerleader uniform in the house somewhere."

"Mom, I had no idea. When was the last time you wore it?"

"Not since high school," she said.

"Why don't you try it on?" I asked her. "I'd like to see that."

After the words left my lips, I thought that maybe it was a strange thing to say--to want to see my 40-something mom in a cheerleader outfit. But I did want to see her in it.

"I don't know, Will," she said.

"Come on, Mom," I said. "Humor me. It's my birthday."

"I'm not sure where it is," she said. "But since it's your birthday, I'll look for it. Even if I find it, I'm not sure I'll fit into it."

"Take your time," I said. "It's early in the evening."

It WAS still early. Mom had come home early from work to make my birthday dinner, and we were done, and it was only 6:30 pm.

Mom looked at me, bemused, and sighed. "Here goes nothing," she said.

After Mom left the room, I left the table, too, and went to my bedroom. I pulled my old football jersey out of my closet. Mom had gone to the same high school I had, twenty plus years before, but I was pretty sure the colors--white and green and gold--were still the same, and I thought it would be fun to see if we matched. I pulled off my t-shirt and slipped on the jersey. I returned to the kitchen and sat at the table and waited.

It took what seemed like a long time, but eventually the sound of Mom's soft footfall came to my ears, and she rounded the corner--and voila!--there stood Mom in her old cheerleader outfit.

She looked embarrassed. She stood in the doorway, fidgeting.

"What do you think?" she asked in a small, tremulous voice.

What did I think? I didn't know what to think. I had never seen Mom look like this before. I had never seen her wear such a short skirt. It was tiny. It showed off a lot of leg. Her legs were slender but shapely beneath the little pleated skirt hem. Considering the uniform had fitted her in high school, it was amazing how well it fit her now. It was a little tight, especially around the tummy and, well, her breasts, which bulged under the white top and green and gold lettering of the high school name.

But altogether, Mom looked amazingly good. I was a little bit in awe. I didn't say anything at first.

"Um," Mom said. "You haven't said anything, Will. Do I look ridiculous?"

"No, Mom!" I said. "You look fantastic. I can't believe how well it fits you."

"Thanks," she said. She looked relieved but skeptical.

"We match," I said, pointing to the green and gold number on my jersey. Unlike Mom's uniform, my jersey had grown roomier since high school, since I had lost some of the muscle I'd gained back in those days from hours in the weight room.

"You look very handsome," Mom said. Mom said that sort of thing all the time to me, but it felt a little different this time, with her looking at me in my jersey and me staring at her--yes, I was staring--in the tight cheerleader skirt and top.

We just stood there for a moment looking at each other, maybe both of us feeling a bit nervous, a bit ridiculous, and a bit . . . something else.

Mom broke the silence.

"That was fun. Time to stop looking silly and take this thing off." She turned to go back to her bedroom.

"Don't do that!" I blurted out. "Stay like this. I'll keep wearing my jersey. It'll be fun. It'll be like I'm the team captain, and you're the head cheerleader, my date."

I wasn't sure where that came from. I hadn't been a team captain--that job had gone to the quarterback, a swaggering, cleft-chinned asshole. But I had envied him because he HAD dated the head cheerleader, a redhead named Allyson that I'd always had a crush on.

I had wanted to take her to homecoming, but my hopes were dashed when I found out she was going with him.

"Date?" Mom looked at me quizzically. "Uh, where were you planning to take me?"

I had no idea. We had no plans for the evening.

I wracked my brain for an idea, and after a few moments of thinking and not talking I realized I was staring at Mom's tightly-clad breasts because she suddenly folded her arms over them. She tapped a foot.

"Let's go to the drive-in," I said, the thought coming to me out of nowhere.

"The drive-in? I can't remember the last time either of us went to the drive-in. Why there?"

"I don't know. It just seems to fit with what we're wearing. A football player and a cheerleader, going to the drive-in." Inside, I had to admit, it was a ridiculous idea.

"Well, it's your birthday, so if you want to, we can, but if I'm going to the drive-in, I have to change. I'm not wearing this out."

"Come on, Mom," I said. "You look great. And as you said, it's my birthday. You have to do what I want."

She raised her eyebrows at my remark. She wasn't convinced.

"Come on, Mom, let's do it," I said. I pondered my choice of words as soon as they left my mouth. A hint of a curl of her lips suggested she caught the implication of my words as well.

"I don't know--"

"Nobody will see you but me," I urged. "It will be dark, and you can stay in the car while I get the popcorn."

Mom's resolve seemed to waiver.

"What's playing?" she asked. Now I was encouraged.

I looked at my phone.

"There's the new Fast and Furious movie playing in half an hour. We can get there if we go now."

"Those movies are stupid," she said.

"But they're fun stupid," I replied. "That's the kind of movie you should see at a drive-in." Actually, on the few times I'd taken a girl to a drive-in, it was to an erotic thriller. But this was Mom, so that didn't seem appropriate.

"OK, Will," she said. "It's your birthday. But I'm not getting out of the car. You'll have to get the popcorn and drinks. I don't want people seeing your old mom looking ridiculous."

"You don't look ridiculous at all, Mom. You look really pretty."

I think she almost blushed.

"Thanks. I can't believe I look any good in this outfit, it's so tight, but thanks."

Actually, Mom looked good because the outfit WAS tight. It hugged her curves incredibly well. It might have been a bit tight, but to my eyes, not too tight. Just right. Her waist was surprising small, and the tight fit of the shirt accentuated the size of her bust. The skin of her legs was smooth, and I was struck by how high on her thighs the hem of the tiny, pleated skirt hit.

"We gotta go now," I said.

"Like I said, it's your birthday," she said, resigned at last.

"It's a date, then," I said. "Thanks, Mom!" I beamed. "Hey, since I just turned 21, let's bring something with us. I ran to the liquor cabinet and pulled out a bottle of rum, two-thirds full.

"I don't think we're supposed to bring alcohol to the theater, Will," she said, being a mom.

"No one will know," I said. I took her hand with my free hand and pulled her toward the garage.

Off we went. I opened the door to the garage for Mom, and then opened the door of the car for her, holding out my hand in an exaggerated gesture of chivalry. Mom smiled at me, appearing to appreciate both the silliness and the thoughtfulness of it. I closed the door behind her, stepped into the driver's seat of the small family sedan, and off we went.

We arrived at the drive-in theater with just 5 minutes to spare until the movie started. Twilight had faded at last to night. The sky overhead was dark and clear, and the stars blazed with no moon in sight.

"I'll get drinks and popcorn," I said. I knew what Mom liked--Diet Coke, and popcorn light on the butter. I preferred regular Coke. I ran to the concession stand and was back at the car with the food and drinks and plenty of napkins in hand, and only a minute to go before the movie started.

I opened the door and got in the car and took my seat.

I noticed right away that the seat wasn't especially comfortable, and I had an idea.

"Let's sit in the back," I said. "It will be roomier and more comfortable. I'll take the headrests off and push the front seats all the way forward to give us more room."

"Whatever you say, birthday boy," she said.

I liked hearing Mom in a compliant mood. It was rare.

I adjusted the front seats and tossed the head rests to the front, and we took our places in the back seat. I quickly discerned that the only problem was the seats in front of us. I was tall enough that it made no difference, but Mom, being short and petite, would have trouble seeing over the passenger seat. So, she scooted to the left to sit in the middle, right next to me, with no seat blocking her view. Since the back seat was a smooth, leather-clad bench, it was far more comfortable for watching a movie than the front bucket seats. But with Mom sitting in the middle, next to me, it was a tighter fit than I expected. I wondered if I had made the right choice, but the trailers started, so we settled into the backseat to watch the movie.

I turned to Mom.

"Thanks for saying 'yes' to this. You're a good sport and it's gonna be fun."

"No problem," she said, turning to me with an adorable smile.  
"Whatever I can do for the birthday boy."

Once again, strange, half-formed thoughts rose in my brain before I pushed them back down.

I poured a little rum into each of our cups of Coke as the movie started. OK, maybe more than a little. It was my birthday, and I was in a mood to indulge.

Mom was right, of course: the movie was dumb. It was full of stunts that could never happen in real life. But that was part of the fun.

We sat quietly through the first 15 minutes. I felt a pleasant buzz expanding through my head.

"Wow," Mom said, breaking the silent. "You put a lot of rum in this Coke. I can suddenly feel it."

Mom was a lot smaller than I was, so I guessed the alcohol would have more effect on her than on me.

The popcorn bowl was at our feet, between us, and I reached down to get a handful, but in doing so slightly lost the grip on my cup, and some Coke spilled on my jersey.

"Shit," I said. "Mom, could you grab the napkins? The extra napkin supply lay to her right, on her seat.

Mom picked up a clump of them and pressed them against my jersey to soak up the spilled drink. She mashed the napkins with her hand over my torso.

It felt strange, but really good, to feel Mom's hand pressed against me. My head swelled a bit, from the rum and from something else.

"Some of it soaked through the jersey to my skin. Can you get that?"

I pulled the jersey up and Mom blotted the napkin bunch over my exposed torso. When it was reasonably dry, she pulled her hand away.

"Jeez, Will," she said.

"What?" I asked.

"Your abs. They're like a rock. You have no fat."

She stuck a tentative finger out and pressed it against my torso. She pulled it away quickly, as if it might bite.

"Thanks." I warmed still more inside. It felt good to be praised, even if the words came from my mother.

"I don't know how you can eat like a horse and stay so lean. You're just like your father was when he was young. It was one of the things that attracted me to him when we met."

"I put some effort into it," I said. "I don't bulk up the way I did on the team, but I exercise and stay fit."

"I'll say," she said, her eyes lingering on the lines of my exposed, bare abdomen.

That buzz. That buzz. It was from the alcohol, but also from her gaze and her words.

I pointed to her legs.

"You're in good shape, too, Mom," I said, putting an unexpected emphasis on the word "Mom." "Look at your thighs. They're pretty tight."

Without further ado I reached out and put a hand on her nearest thigh, squeezing it gently. The skin was soft and smooth, but I felt the muscle underneath.

"You're in such good shape," I repeated.

Mom flinched slightly under the touch of my hand, but she didn't pull away.

"It's all that stairmastering at the gym," she said.

I pulled my hand away, and we continued watching the movie in silence for a while. We finished our Cokes and our popcorn, and I

definitely felt the buzz. I thought Mom did too, because when I glanced to the side her eyes looked glassy and lips were parted. In profile, her face looked beautiful, and in the dim light, I could almost imagine she was a girl of my own age, and that this was a normal date.

But if this was a normal date at a drive-in movie theater, we would be making out by now.

I turned back to the movie and shook my head to clear it. It didn't really work.

I was still thirsty, but not for Coke. I pulled the rum bottle from the floor at my feet and poured an ounce into my cup. I offered the bottle to Mom.

"A little more?" I asked.

"I shouldn't," she said.

"You're not driving," I said.

She waivered, and then held out her cup. "Just a little."

I poured an ounce into her cup. I capped the bottle and lay it back at my feet. We sipped pure, clear rum from our cups and continued watching the movie in silence.

It really was a dumb movie--just a lot of improbable but well-produced action scenes stitched together by the thinnest plot imaginable. But the stars were familiar and at times the action was so outrageous they made us both laugh out loud. I was glad to see Mom obviously enjoyed the movie, despite its childishness. The rum probably helped her enjoy it.

We both sipped from our cups until the liquor was gone.

Mom broke the silence.

"Will, I have to say, this is nice. A little strange, but nice."

"I'm glad you enjoy it. It's fun to be here with you. And you look great as a cheerleader."

She giggled. "Thanks."

She put a hand behind my neck and ran her fingers through my hair.

"You're a great son. I've appreciated your support the last few years. They've been hard. Happy Birthday."

"You're welcome, Mom. I'm glad I could be there for you."

Her fingers felt fantastic, running over my skull.

She pulled her hand away and wriggled in her seat. She was a little closer to me than before.

Without thinking about what I was doing, I draped my arm around her shoulder, and gently pulled her toward me. Mom stiffened and resisted at first, but then she relaxed, and she leaned over, and she lay her head against my shoulder. I inclined my head to her and took in the sweet scent of her chestnut hair.

I'd been in this position before, with other girls, but never with Mom. And yet, just as with other girls, it was arousing.

I felt a faint stiffening between my legs.

I pulled Mom more tightly to me, slowly and gently. This time Mom didn't resist. Her body squirmed and she scooted even more closely to me until her bare thigh was pressed against my denim-clad leg.

She sighed so softly I barely heard it over the din of the movie noise, but I heard it.

I started squeezing her right shoulder, softly and rhythmically. Again, Mom did nothing to resist. She continued laying her head against me, and staring forward, appearing to watch the movie. But I didn't think either of us were paying much attention to the movie at this point.

My gaze shifted from the movie screen to Mom's legs. I marveled again at how much of her smooth thighs I could see beneath the tiny skirt. Her legs were parted, some, and I couldn't help but think that the skirt was so short she almost exposed herself. That got me to musing about what lay under the skirt.

I felt bold.

"Mom?" I asked.

"What?" she replied, without moving her head.

"This may sound like a funny question, but what do you wear under your cheerleader skirt?"

At that question, Mom sat up and looked at me.

"You want to know what's under my skirt?"

"Well, yeah. I was just thinking about it, and I was curious."

"You played football, Will. You know what cheerleaders wear under their skirts. You've seen that many times."

"I know that," I said, with what I'm sure was a sheepish face. "I just . . . uh . . . wondered if it was the same in your day."

"My day," she replied. "It wasn't that long ago."

"I'm not trying to be offensive. I just wondered if it was the same."

"Will--" she began.

But she looked at me, and any sense that she felt compelled to draw the line somewhere seemed to soften and waiver under the effect of alcohol and the peculiar intimacy we already had shared. I saw her face slacken.

"Okay," she said.

Her hands went to hem of her skirt at the sides, and she pulled it back, very slowly--maybe out of reluctance, or maybe because she wanted to put on a show, I don't know which--but soon white spandex briefs, matching her skirt perfectly, came into view. She was right. They were no different from briefs I had seen on other cheerleaders doing their routines during my team's games, many times.

There was nothing especially sexy about the design of the briefs. They were solid-colored, not see-through, and tightly in place so as not to reveal anything. But I was mesmerized by the way they

sculpted her pubic mound. I couldn't see her pussy, but I could see the shape and contour of it perfectly. And I thought I detected a faint cleft, a little camel toe.

I felt that stiffening between my legs again.

"Satisfied?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said, my voice unsteady. "Thanks."

She pulled the skirt back down, covering herself.

"Let's keep watching the movie."

Mom resumed her place with her head on my shoulder, and I draped my arm over hers, and we were as snug together as before.

My hand resumed its caress of her shoulder.

This time it moved down. Mom responded by snuggling against me more tightly still.

I had a routine at this point, and I knew what I wanted to do next. I was good at reading a woman's readiness for the next step, and on the occasions I had taken that next step I had never been rebuffed. But this was my mom. Could I take that step?

Did I want to? Yes, I did. I felt enough alcohol and arousal running through my blood that I had no doubt I did. But what would Mom think? She might react badly and sit up, and then our snuggling would end and the date--heaven so far--might finish badly. I didn't want that, on my birthday.

But the devil got the better of my angel that night.

To hell with it.

I snaked my hand down from her shoulder across her chest until my forefinger touched the top of her right breast, and I ran it back and forth over her breast under the cheerleader top. I waited for Mom's reaction.

She said nothing at first.

I kept tickling my finger on her boob, moving it in wider circles, tickling it over the side of her boob.

At last, Mom said, "That feels nice."

Bingo. I pushed my hand down farther, scooping the front of her boob in my hand. I squeezed.

Mom moaned. Yes, my mom moaned when her breast was squeezed for the first time by her son.

I mashed her breast more aggressively. I grabbed it and squeezed it and pushed it up and down, and side to side. I brought my thumb and forefinger together at her nipple, which, even under the fabric of her cheer top, I could tell was hard.

Mom moaned more loudly.

I put my lips close to her ear.

"Does that feel nice?" I whispered.

"Yes, it does."

She began to run her hand back and forth over my chest, over my own nipples, as I pinched hers.

I'd never seen my mom like this before. So soft and compliant. Since the separation from Dad years ago, especially, Mom had become more businesslike and assertive. But here she lay in my arms, seemingly ready to do . . . whatever.

I wanted to see what she'd be willing to do next.

I pushed my left hand across my body and set it gently under her chin, and lifted it, until her head was raised enough that I could see her face and her eyes looking into mine.

I cupped her cheek and I kissed her--just a soft gentle peck on the lips.

"Will," she said, eyes boring into mine, and I couldn't tell what she meant by it. There were a thousand meanings swimming in those eyes, and I couldn't tell which one prevailed. Was she about to

rebuke me? Tell us we had to stop? Tell me we had to leave and go home now?

She did none of those things. Her body moved forward, and her right hand went to the back of my neck, and she pulled my head toward hers, and our lips met again, more urgently this time, and Mom kissed me deeply and passionately. Our lips mashed, and then they opened, and our lips touched, and then they danced together, swirling and thrusting.

Mom and I kissed deeply, with abandon. Mom and I were making out in the backseat of the car at the drive-in.

Mom clung to my neck with both hands, and my free hands went back to her boobs, taking both of them in my outstretched, eager fingers. I mashed her breasts eagerly while we kissed.

She pulled away from me for a moment.

"We shouldn't be doing this," she said.

"It feels good to me," I said.

"It feels good to me, too," she said. "But we still shouldn't be doing it."

"I want to," I replied. "But whatever you want to do, Mom."

She paused, but only briefly, before she attacked me again, more ardently than before. Our lips crashed together again.

This time, I rose as we kissed, and I pushed her shoulders back. It wasn't easy to do in the backseat of the small car, but I half-stood and half-crouched over her and Mom's knees went up and soon I was on top of her, groping her and kissing her, while she raked her fingers through my hair.

It felt weird, and I'm sure it felt even weirder for Mom. But something pent up inside her obviously had been unleashed. Her body moved with as much ardor and eagerness as mine did.

With all the arousal and the buzz of alcohol coursing through me, there was no gate to hold me back from doing what I wanted to do next. As we made out, with my body on top of hers, one free hand went down until it cupped her pubic mound. My hand pushed, and her mound pushed back. Holy fuck, Mom. She bucked her hips off the seat against my hand. I took my other hand and slipped it up,

under her top, snaking its way over her belly button and the velvet skin of her torso until it reached the edge of her bra. There was no way it could stop. My fingers wormed their way under the edge of her bra and kept going, until finally my fingers were over Mom's bare breast, and I felt a hard nipple press against them.

"Yes, Will," she said.

Mom was like someone I'd never known before. I didn't know who this woman was. But she was gorgeous and had a great body and she was offering it up to me and my hands wanted to explore it. The entire time we writhed against each other, Mom kissed me, ardently, passionately, lips attacking me like wild animals. I attacked back. It was like we were both hunting and devouring each other.

And then, suddenly, Mom pushed back against me, and I gave way, off her, until I was seated upright again, staring at her, wondering. I didn't wonder long.

"Will," she said. "You don't mind seeing your mom like this, do you? You don't think badly of me?"

"God no," I said. "Mom . . . I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything," Mom said, in a husky voice.

She pushed against my chest, and it was my turn to fall back against the leather car seat.

Mom's swift, nimble fingers went to crotch of my pants, and against the loud noise of the absurd movie we were supposed to watch I heard the sound of a zipper being unzipped.

Holy shit, Mom was going to . . .

Yes, she was.

Her hands worked their way into the open fly of my pants, and soon they returned with their prize: a rock-hard cock that had strained against the tight pants and now sprang wild and tall, pointed toward the car ceiling in the low light.

Mom wasted no time. She wrapped her fingers around my tumescent shaft, and she squeezed it. She bent at the waist, until her face was inches from my swollen bulb. We locked eyes again, and Mom smiled, and there was an infinity of thoughts and emotions

and history behind that smile. Then she stuck out her tongue, and she went to work.

The instant her tongue touched my cock, time stood still. Lightning struck and thunder rumbled. I had no idea where Mom acquired her skills, but skills she had. Her tongue flickered over my cock tip, and then it swirled over the base of my cock head. With her hand she then angled my cock up so she could better run her slurpy tongue up and down the length of my cock. Ah, it was heaven. No girlfriend I'd ever had had done it better. I kept thinking, Damn, Mom, how are you so good at this?

When her manual ministrations to the length of my cock shaft were done, she looked up at me, as though to say, Now is time for the main course. And then she opened wide, and her mouth descended on my dick with an expertise and enthusiasm I had never before seen or felt. She took my length into her mouth, rapidly, and I heard her gag, but she didn't stop.

In the low light I saw slender streams of drool trickle out either side of Mom's mouth, but she kept going. Her mouth worked overtime over my hard shaft, not stopping, not taking time off, not slacking. And I watched, entranced, as the gorgeous puffy lips of her mouth descended on me, giving me pleasure I had never felt. I looked into Mom's face. I saw lust and fury and longing and desperation, as though all her life she had craved something and never gotten it, and

now, at last, in the backseat of her car, with her son, no less, she had the chance to get it, and she wasn't going to be denied. She attacked my cock with her lips--those exquisite lips--and now and then, in the scant light afforded by the drive-in theater, she looked up from my hard cock to my face with those eyes--those exquisite eyes, full of love and lust and emotions I didn't know or understand.

She worked my cock like that for a while, and I lost track of time. We had both long since given up on paying attention to the movie. I briefly fretted about the possibility that someone might see us inside the car, but it was dark, and the windows were tinted and everybody else was watching the movie, and I didn't fret too much. Mom didn't seem to fret at all. She was too busy servicing my hard cock.

"Feels so good, Mom," I told her.

"Mmmmph," she said back, her mouth stuffed with hard meat.

I pushed my hips up every time her mouth descended, to make sure my cock got as deep inside her as possible. Mom took every thrust I gave her.

I felt a warmth and swell inside me, and I knew I was close. I was going to come inside Mom's mouth. God.

But Mom, as though sensing my thoughts, pulled her mouth away from my desperately hard cock.

"Don't come in my mouth, Will," she said. "I want you to come somewhere else."

That sounded OK to me, but before I gave Mom what she wanted, I needed something. I rose from the seat and took her by the shoulders back until Mom was, again, lying face up on the back seat and I half-stood and half-squatted over her.

Mom looked quizzically into my eyes, but she didn't resist. She lay back at the manipulation of her body by my hands.

"Mom," I said with a heavy sigh.

"Will," she said in return.

I didn't wait. I ran my hands up her bare, cool thighs, until my fingers felt the waistband of her cheerleader bloomers. Then I pulled. I felt that initial resistance, and it was delicious. But soon

enough the tiny garment descended, past her waist, past her hips, down her thighs, until they lay pooled at her knees.

"How do you feel about being naked at the drive-in, Mom?" I asked.

"Nervous," she said.

"There are worse things than being nervous," I said, and I pulled the panties all the down, past her knees, past her shins, awkwardly over her feet, until they were just a clump of latex in my hands, and Mom lay spread before me, bare, pussy on display.

I tossed the panties aside.

Something was going on in the movie at the theater. I had no idea what. The Rock was doing something heroic, or Vin Diesel was being a badass. None of it mattered. All that mattered was that my mom lay nude and spread-eagled before me, and I was 21, and I was horny, and I wanted her more than I'd ever wanted any woman before. She looked at me and we locked eyes. If I could have bottled that look, I would have.

My hands went forward and grabbed her thighs. My hands pushed them back.

Mom's pussy lay before me like a ripe fruit, ready to be tasted.

So, I tasted it.

My hands went to her pussy, and they peeled back her lips. It was so dark I could barely see what I was doing, but, still, I saw the interior of her pussy glisten in the light coming from the movie. I had never seen anything so beautiful or erotic.

I could not resist. My mouth descended on her, and I tasted my mother.

I started with her clit, lips puckered in a small circle and tongue darting forward to touch her. I teased her tiny, precious pearl.

My tongue moved down, into the groove of her cleft, and I tasted Mom's sweet, riotous depths--that exquisite flavor, elusive and defying all description.

I had heard girls say a guy shouldn't go down too fast or too rough, but take his time, and I tried. But it was hard. I didn't just want to eat Mom, I wanted to devour her.

"So good, Mom," I said, lifting off of her just long enough to get the words out before going back down on her.

I lapped at her sweetness, over and over. I felt those fingers digging into my hair again, too. Mom moaned and squealed.

Anybody walking by could have looked into the car and seen us. Maybe they did. I didn't know. I was aware of the risk, but I wasn't going to stop.

I could have licked Mom all night like that, assuming the movie theater wouldn't have kicked us out. But I needed to do something else. I lifted off her. Mom lay back on the car seat, a sexy mess: hair disheveled, top pulled up over her boobs, skirt up and pussy fully on display.

"I want you," I said. "I need you."

"We're awfully exposed," she said. "Maybe we should go home."

"I can't wait," I said. I couldn't. I needed Mom right then and there. And, to tell the truth, I liked the risk. I liked the idea of fucking my mom, for the first time, in a public place, surrounded by people in their cars.

I pushed my hips forward until the purply head of my cock nestled against the lips of her pussy.

"I'm going to fuck you now," I said.

"OK," she said. She was reluctant to say it, but she wanted it to.

I pushed forward, and I was surprised at how much resistance I had at first. A weird thought popped into my head: my last encounter with Mom's pussy was 21 years ago today. I was back.

At last, the head pushed past her delicate lips. I kept pushing and watched with joy as my shaft disappeared, inch by inch, into her. Her pussy was snugger than I would have guessed. It encased me like a tight glove, although her intense wetness smoothed the way forward. I pushed, on and on, until at last my cock had disappeared completely inside her.

"I can't believe I'm really fucking you," I said.

Mom said nothing for a few moments. She just looked at me with an expression that was impossible to read. The noise from the movie was getting louder. I think a car chase was going on. I didn't care. I couldn't turn away from Mom.

"It feels good," she said, finally.

I pulled out, almost all the way, until part of my cock head emerged from between her pink lips, and then I pushed in again.

It was pure heaven.

I rocked in and out of her, and Mom rocked her body back against mine, writhing and moaning. The moaning was sometimes interrupted by an exclamation of "Oh Will!"

I couldn't think of much to say. Stroking my way into her depths felt so good that my brain wasn't functioning very well, and words weren't coming easily. I concentrated all my attention on the rapturous sensation of her tight, wet pussy gripping my cock.

I could hear it, too: the sound of my hard cock slapping its way into her wet pussy. I could hear her pussy getting wetter with every stroke. There was no sweeter music than that.

"God, that's so good," Mom said, panting.

I looked up and noticed the condensation beginning to grow on the windows of the car. Yikes. People would get suspicious if they noticed that--and the fact that our heads weren't visible. They would know what was going on.

I wasn't going to stop, though. Fucking Mom felt too good to stop. And I could tell it felt good to Mom, too. She wasn't paying attention to anything but being fucked. I marveled at the sight of her naked body under mine--heaving breasts, wet pussy, hair strewn all over the place.

She looked . . . slutty. I'd never thought of my mom as a sexual person before. I'd never think of her any other way again. Mom, with her naked body bucking off the car's back seat, looked as horny and sex-crazed as any girl I'd ever met.

My Mom was enjoying being fucked by her son.

She didn't enjoy it any more than I did, though. I loved it. My cock was a rocket, blasting into her inner space, exploring depths of her I'd never encountered, never even thought about before. Her pussy fit me like a glove. God, what a feeling.

"Tell me how much you like it, Mom," I said.

"I love it, Will," she said.

"More," I replied, breathing heavily and getting the words out with effort while I rocked inside her. "Tell me more about how you feel."

"I love the way you fuck me, Will. I love that feel of your big cock in me."

"Oh yeah," I said. I was too far gone to think of much to say. 99% of my brain was focused on the sensation of my cock shaft moving back and forth between her wondrous pussy lips. There wasn't enough brain power left for words.

"You're going to make me come soon, Will," Mom said. "I want you to come in me."

I didn't say anything in response, but I fucked her harder still, pushing with all my core strength into her, rocking my hips, concentrating all my strength and effort on my cock and the wet velvet sensation of Mom's pussy. With each stroke I slammed into her, to the hilt. Mom squealed with every push.

"Yes!" she cried. "I'm coming."

Mom's body shook under mine, and the feeling of it, combined with the knowledge I had just fucked my mother to orgasm, set me off, too. I felt the surge inside me, and the release inside Mom's pussy. I emptied myself into her, wildly and uncontrollably.

I collapsed on top of her.

Both of us were sweaty. There was a humid, jungle feeling in the car, and the smell of sex in the air. The car windows were misty.

Mom and I lay naked together for a few minutes, until my attention refocused on the sound of the movie we had long since stopped watching. It was over. I sat up. The credits were rolling.

"We better get dressed," Mom said, although she didn't move. She lay still and naked and magnificent below me, stretched out on the back seat. Her pussy lay clearly on display for me.

I handed her clothes to her. We both got dressed.

I felt awkward about getting out of the car to get back into the front seat. I wondered if people would look at Mom and suspect what I had been doing with her in the backseat. I wondered if anyone at the drive-in might recognize us.

There wasn't much we could do. After I'd pulled my pants back on and Mom had clothed herself in her cheerleader uniform, we opened the back doors and reclaimed our places in the front seat. I didn't see anyone I recognized. Cars were beginning to pull away and leave the movie.

We drove off, too, back home.

Neither of us said anything for a while. I think both of us were on fire from the sex, but embarrassed about it, too.

Mom was the one to break the silence.

"Will," she said.

"Yeah, Mom?"

I turned to her. She was looking at me, and I'd never seen such a mischievous look on her face.

"We don't have to wait until your next birthday to go to the movies again."

THE END