

# Election Day

## Chapter One

Election Day was coming, and Mom was busy getting ready for it. We lived in a small rural community, and Mom was always in charge of the elections, so a couple of days beforehand we would go to the small community house and get set up. The community house was nestled in a grove of trees across the street from the elementary school and when we pulled into the parking lot, Meghan's car was already there.

Meghan was Mom's best friend, her assistant voting officer, and the mother of my best friend, John, or M, as I called him. Meghan opened her car door as we drove up and I was so glued to the sight of her legs swinging out of the door to notice John was standing at my door. He knocked on the glass.

"What are you doing, M? Go to sleep or something?" I called him, "M," and he called me the same thing. It was kind of a secret between us, and even though our parents asked where that came from, we'd never tell.

Of course I hadn't gone to sleep. He had to have seen my eyes on his Mother's legs, and we knew each other well enough that I was sure he knew what I was thinking. Seniors in high school, John and I spent a lot of our time together talking

about the one thing that is most common in teen-aged boys conversations — pussy. We had a kind of game, where one of us would name a girl or teacher at school, and the other would describe what she would look like naked, and what she would do when one of us fucked her. Of course, the two of us were still virgins, which is why we talked about sex and didn't do anything about it.

I got out of the car and punched him on his arm. "Yeah, I nodded off a little."

Mom and Meghan were at the door of the building, unlocking it, and Mom yelled back at us. "Bring the boxes from the back, boys, and then we'll set up."

John shouted back at her, "We've got it, Linda. Be right in."

Then he whispered to me so our Moms couldn't hear. "God, she looks good in those pants. How do you stand it?"

Yep. We talked about our own Mothers, just as we talked about the girls at school. For a long time we had avoided that, acting as if our Moms were not even female and, even if they were, remained off-limits for our fantasies. That had changed one night a couple of months earlier when John was spending the night at our house. We were in my room playing a video game and Mom had come in to tell us good

night. She had on a pair of yoga pants and tee shirt, and was obviously not wearing a bra.

"Good night, boys. Don't stay up too late, and turn the volume down on that thing. You know how the noise bothers your Father when he's trying to sleep."

We mumbled our understanding and she turned to go out of the room. Standing sideways to us in the doorway, she blew a kiss and then closed the door.

John whistled lowly. "Good God, man. Did you see her nipples? I've never seen nipples so hard and standing out like that." Then he paused and looked at me out of the side of his eye. He had just crossed a line, you see, and didn't know how I was going to react. I saw his body tense, preparing for the hell that was to come if he had pissed me off.

"I know, brother. Sometimes she comes in to tell me goodnight with just a tee shirt and panties. I wear myself out every night. Sometimes you can even see her bush through the panties. She has no clue."

That broke the dam. From that point on, our Mothers became the primary characters in about all our mutual fantasies and conversations. We even started calling each other,

"Motherfucker," which would always get a laugh. Of course, you can't call your buddy Motherfucker in every situation, so we finally shorted in to "M." We knew what it meant, and nobody else needed to know.

Like most young men, we wondered if fucking your own Mother was even possible, or if it was just the fevered musings of frustrated guys on message boards. We were experts at every porn site that had mother-son sex, and talked about the actors as if they were Academy Award winners.

But the true stars were always our own Moms. We held nothing back. I knew that Meghan was a true blonde, and John knew that Mom was a legitimate redhead. For my part, I knew that because I had caught Mom getting out the shower once, years ago, and the image was burned into my memory. John knew about Meghan because she was a little more open around him and didn't mind when he barged into her bedroom when she was getting dressed. I guess she never wondered why he seemed to have a burning question every time she was dressing. I had tried that once with Mom, and she flipped out. "What the hell are you doing," she whispered through gritted teeth. "Don't you knock?" I didn't try that again.

But back to the present. I looked where John was looking — Mom's ass as she walked in the door — and sighed. "Yeah.

That is a sweet ass, for sure, but Meghan's is just as good, and you know it."

We laughed together, then went to the trunk to unload the ballot boxes and carry them in. When we walked into the large room that was the polling place, Meghan whistled. "Look at the muscles on our boys, Linda. It took two of us to lift those boxes."

Mom was busy setting up the tables, and barely looked up. "That's because they're not boys anymore, Meg. They've grown up." She looked first to John, then to me. "They've become fine men, and we're not going to have them much longer. I don't know who will help us when they go away to college."

"Maybe you can get Bill Packer to do it," Meghan said, and then laughed.

Mom threw a pencil at her, and then laughed herself. "No chance of that, my young friend." Bill Packer was the school football coach, and his lust for my Mom was pretty obvious. Hell, his lust for about all the team moms was obvious. He was a known horndog, and we wondered just how much pussy he got. The way he stared at the cheerleaders made us all wonder just when he would get fired, but so far he had not. Lecher or not, he was a good football coach, and we just

hoped he didn't get fired before he took us to the state championship.

After the tables were set up, Mom and Meghan hung the skirt around the tables. John and I had asked, once, what the skirt was for and Meghan had said, "So that people will concentrate on voting and not on your Mom's legs." That made sense, because the individual voting booths were facing the tables. The process was that each voter would enter the room, go to the registration table where Mom and Meghan would check their name against the large book that included all registered voters. The voter would receive a ballot, go to an empty booth to vote, then deposit the ballot in a slotted and locked ballot box at either end of the registration table. Smooth and seamless, it was a process that had been the same for years.

When we were kids, John and I would play with our trucks in the corner. Those were some of my favorite memories, as each resident would file in, talk with our Moms, and then do their civic duty. John and I would see many of the parents of our friends, and we'd feel important because our Mothers were in charge. But as election security became more strict, the rules changed and absolutely no one was allowed into the polling place except the staff - our Moms - and the voters. No one was allowed to just hang around inside, and that included John and me. Mom was always a stickler for rules. I'm sure she could have worked around it — we were their kids, after all — but she wouldn't even consider it.

Until John and I got old enough to be on our own, Mom and Meghan would hire a babysitter for us for the time when we got out of school until they got home. Depending on the importance of the election and the number of people who voted, that could be late. After the polls closed at 7:00 PM, Mom and Meghan would carry the loaded boxes to Mom's car, drive them to the county seat, and wait until the boxes were officially opened and the votes tallied. Sometimes it would be one or two in the morning before they got home.

This election day was one of those important ones, with the election of President on the ballot. Our plan was for Meghan and John to spend the night with us so they could open the polls to be ready for the first voters at 7:00 AM, then stay with us again that night since it would be a long one. As luck would have it, both John's Dad and mine were away on business trips, so it would be just us. John and I looked forward to a long night of video games, oh, and porn, of course, while our Moms would gossip the night away.

After we had everything set up to Mom's satisfaction, we drove to our house.

"You boys want pizza or Chinese?" Mom asked when we got there. "Whatever you have tonight, you can have the other tomorrow, since it will be a long day."

"Pizza!" Meghan, John, and I shouted together, and we all laughed.

We decided to make it a party, so we agreed on a movie to watch and after the pizza arrived we moved into the family room. We had two couches, angled toward each other so everyone could see the TV. Mom and I took one, while John and Meghan took the other. Mom and Meghan had changed into comfortable clothes. Mom had on a green robe over her sleeping clothes, which I knew to be a tee shirt and panties. Meghan had a terry cloth robe, tied with a belt, and I just had to imagine what she had on under it. Since it was my fantasy and she could be wearing whatever I imagined, in my mind she was naked under her robe. That brought an instant erection and I squirmed beside Mom as I surreptitiously tried to adjust it in my shorts.

"What's the matter with you, Billy?," Mom said. "Quit wiggling around or you'll spill your Coke."

"Yeah, Billy," John echoed. "Quit wiggling around." He knew I hated being called Billy, and since he probably had his own hard on, he knew what I was doing. I gave him a sneer, and he laughed. "Prick," I said, and Mom slapped my leg playfully.

"Now that's no way to talk to your friend, M," she laughingly scolded, and that caused John and I both to burst into laughter. If only they know what M stood for. John and I looked at each other, and then started laughing again.

Of course, the Moms had selected the movie and it was a kind of romantic movie. It wasn't bad, though, and we all got into it. Plus, it had some pretty good sex scenes. After one that depicted the two lovers doing 69, there was a heavy silence in the room and we all avoided looking at each other. John broke the ice. "Watching porn with our Mothers, M. That's always been one of my favorite fantasies." The whole room roared with laughter. Mom spewed beer out her nose, she was laughing so hard.

"That's probably as close as you'll ever get to it, Boys, so enjoy it while you can," she giggled.

It seemed as if everyone had a release of tension. While we had all been sitting kind of stiffly before, Mom relaxed into me and I saw Meghan do the same with John. We were all sitting kind of close, as couples, so we could share the pizza on the tables in front of us. With the pizza eating done, Mom leaned into my side. I liked it. I could feel her arm on mine, and it was warm through her light gown.

I focused on the movie, hoping for the next sex scene, but secretly I kept glancing over at John. I noticed he had his hand resting on Meghan's thigh and she had hers on his. It did not look overtly sexual, just a Mother and Son sitting together, but I knew John and I knew his thoughts were anything but innocent. The next time I looked, I could see that Meghan's robe had fallen open a little and John's hand was on her naked leg. I gasped.

"You okay, Honey?," Mom asked.

"Yeah. Coke went down the wrong pipe," I answered. "Fuck," I thought. "John has his hand on Meghan's leg, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let him brag all night about it." Mom glanced over at John and Meghan and saw the same thing I had seen. She leaned into me a bit more, and put her hand on my leg. As cool and smoothly as an eighteen-year-old guy can be, I put my right hand on Mom's thigh, over her robe. Because her robe was thin, I could feel the heat of her leg. I didn't know how she'd react — with Mom, you never knew whether you'd get the purring cat or the snarling cat, but I saw her glance again at Meghan and John and then she put her hand on top of mine, squeezing it lightly. "That's nice," she said. "I've always loved snuggling with you, and we don't do it anymore."

That's all I needed. Her redhead temper had not erupted and I figured I'd take advantage of it. I started lightly rubbing her

leg, and she snuggled into me even more. She turned toward me, and instead of her arm against mine, I could feel her breast pushing into my arm. I could feel the hard button of her nipple, and if I had a hard dick before, now it was a diamond cutter. I was getting ready to start moving my hand up her leg when she paused the movie and jumped up.

"I can't hold this beer any more," she said. "Meg, you ready for a potty break?"

"I thought you'd never ask," Meg answered. "My teeth are floating."

They both went running upstairs and John and I just looked at each other, unbelievably.

"Dude," John said. "You had your hand on Linda's leg."

"You started it," I whispered. "You were inside her robe."

"I know," he whispered back. "She has no idea. She thinks it's all innocent and it's all I can do to keep from putting her hand on my dick." We were still laughing when they came back down.

"What's so funny with you guys?," Meg asked.

"We were trying to figure out what that couple was doing when he laid on top of her with his feet up at her head. What were they doing, Mom?" How he did it I don't know, but John kept a straight face as he said it.

Mom grabbed a pillow and, laughing, threw it at him. "As if you don't know. You're not going to get us to explain it to you."

She sat back down beside me. "So that's why they call them 'throw' pillows," I said, and we all laughed again. Mom snuggled back into me and I put my arm around her, pulling her close. I whispered to her, "I don't understand. Can you explain it to me later?"

That got a giggle. "Not a chance, Buster. Figure it out on your own." She put her hand on my thigh again, and squeezed. Because I was wearing shorts, her hand was on my bare flesh, and it felt so hot it burned. I was really getting into it, with Mom's hand only inches from my hard dick, when she jumped up again.

"Damn," I thought to myself. "What did I do?"

But it was nothing I had done. "It's getting chilly in here," she said. "You guys want a blanket?"

"Please," Meghan said, "as long as it's not a throw blanket." We all laughed again and I couldn't help but wish I could be as cool when I was out on a date. Everyone was relaxed and laughing, and that's the way it should be. If she weren't my Mom, in a similar situation with a date, I'd think I might get some later in the evening.

When she sat back down and spread the blanket over us, Mom's hand went back to my leg and she again squeezed it. "That better, Bud?"

"Oh, yeah," I said, and put my arm back around her. We all got back into the movie, but my entire focus was on two things – her hand on my leg, and my hand lightly rubbing her upper arm. Each, inches from Nirvana, and Mom was totally clueless. I spread my fingers out, still rubbing her arm, slowly moving so I could get closer to her breast. She didn't say anything, so I incrementally and slowly moved closer to the target.

Finally there, I lightly brushed my fingers against the side of her breast, and she took a sudden breath. Turning her head to me, she squeezed my leg and whispered in my ear, "Don't. If Meg looks over here, she'll see."

Now think about that. She didn't say, "Get your hand off your Mother's breast before I break it." She didn't even say, "It's wrong to try to touch your Mother's breast." Nope. She said, "If Meg looks over here, she'll see." So what was she really saying? Was it okay if Meg couldn't see? I mean, what she said and how she said it spoke volumes. Volumes of possibilities that I had only dreamed.

I took my arm from around her and put my hand on her leg, under the blanket.

"That's better," she whispered. "Now watch the movie."

I did, trying to look as innocent as I could, but my hand resumed its gentle rubbing of her thigh. I was making little circles, and each circle moved a little higher up until I was brushing the inside of her thigh, only inches from her pussy. I glanced over at John and Meghan and, from the angle of his arm, his hand was at least as high as mine and maybe even closer to her pussy than I was to Mom's.

I was just working up my nerve to make the big move when the movie ended.

"Let's get to bed, guys," Mom said. "Tomorrow is going to come early."

We all got up and cleaned the family room of the last of the pizza party and then went upstairs. Meghan slept in the guest room, and John slept in mine. As soon as we settled into our beds, the whispering began.

"Bill, you dawg. I saw what you were doing."

"Are you kidding me? I got farther than I ever thought I would, but damn, M. It looked like you had your hand on her pussy. Did you? Tell me you did."

"I didn't get to her pussy, but almost there. Think about this. She knew what I was going for. She put her hand on mine to keep me from getting on her pussy, so she knew exactly what I wanted. Don't you think?"

I thought about what he said. It made perfect sense. On the one hand, what each of us was doing could have been viewed as innocent. A guy sitting with his Mother, with his hand on her leg. Perfectly innocent. But that clearly was not how Mom and Meghan looked at it. Mom knew I was going for her breast, and didn't want Meghan to see. Meg knew John was going for her pussy, and held his hand to stop it. In

each case, they were admitting they knew we wanted to fuck them. I explained my reasoning to John.

"God," he said. "My mind is blown. Mom knows I want to fuck her."

I don't know how much John slept that night, but every time I woke up to jerk off again, I could hear him doing the same thing. We were responsible for getting ourselves up and out the next morning since the Moms had to be at the polling place early, but John and I were both 18 and fairly responsible. We were hardly late for school.

After classes ended, we went to the polling place to check in. We weren't supposed to be inside, technically, but there was a lull in voting and no one was there. We walked in and Mom, being always the rules enforcer, said, "Guys, we're glad to see you, but you can't be in here. But, since you are here, come and give me a quick kiss." John and I hurried across the room and bent to kiss them. Mom didn't turn her cheek to me this time, but let me lightly kiss her lips. I sure didn't complain, but acted like it was normal. As far as I was concerned, it was going to be the new normal.

John gave a whistle. "Look at you girls, all dressed up. Why the dresses today? Can't count votes in slacks?" Mom was just getting ready to give him an answer when we heard a

car door slam outside. Mom stood up to look out the window and exclaimed, "Oh, shit!" It's the Board of Elections inspector. You aren't supposed to be in here."

Meghan jumped up, too, and came around to the front of the table. Lifting the table skirt, she whispered, "Quick, you two. Get under there, and don't make a sound." John and I scooted under the table and Meg dropped the curtain. Soon, we saw two feet approach the table.

"Hello, Linda, Meghan. How's the election going? What's your total voter count so far?"

Mom told him, and then they started chatting as he brought a chair to the front of the table to sit down. It sure looked like he was going to be there for awhile. The table skirt in front of Mom had slightly come loose from the table, and I could see her chest and the bottom of her chin. I could see her chin trembling, so I knew she was nervous. When it seemed obvious we were going to get away with it, she calmed and I saw her smile.

John and I were careful to stifle any giggles that would give us away, but our situation was pretty laughable. I was sitting, legs crossed, at Mom's feet, while John was similarly situated at his Mother's feet. Our faces were very, very close to their knees. We were careful, though, because no one wanted to have to explain to an election official what we were doing under the table, or why we were inside at all. I

guess our plan, not stated but assumed, was that when he left, we'd leave. No harm. No foul.

He didn't leave, though, until the after work crowd started filing in to vote. We had no time to get out before the first voter came in. Trapped again. Mom's legs disappeared from under the table as she stood up to look out the window. "Good Lord, the line is down the block," she said, then whispered, "You boys behave yourselves and stay quiet. It may be awhile, so be cool."

John and I looked at each other and shrugged. We could have been in worse places. I looked away from John and, while he was still watching me, I shifted my gaze to Mom's legs. John watched as I leaned forward, almost touching her knees, and looked up Mom's dress. It was dark under there so I couldn't see a lot, but I turned to John and mouthed, "Wow." John was not to be outdone. He looked up his Mom's dress and then, to my surprise and for which he will have my eternal admiration, he leaned forward and kissed her knee.

Meghan gave a little jump, but didn't say anything. How could she? So John leaned forward, and did it again, but this time with a more lingering kiss. I'll swear, it looked to me like Meghan slightly opened her legs, so he turned his head and kissed the other leg inside her knee. I looked through the crack of the table skirt and saw Mom turn toward Meghan.

Angling my sight line, I could see that Meghan had her eyes closed and a dreamy smile was on her lips. Mom looked at Meghan, then I saw her glance down, where Meghan had her hands under the skirt. Mom gave a small smile, then looked up to the voter who had been asking her something.

"Oh. Oh, yes. No. It doesn't matter which booth. Any one will do."

Well, if Mom had an inkling of what Meghan was getting and was okay with it, I was not going to be any less venturesome. I put my hands on the outside of Mom's thighs, leaned forward, and kissed her knee. I did it gently, lovingly, and put as much passion as I could in that kiss. She didn't say a word, but clamped her legs together.

I rested my forehead on her knees and started gently caressing her legs with my hands. Mom had always been a sucker for a foot rub, so I ran my hands down her calves, slipped her shoes off, and began massaging her feet. Looking at John out of the side of my eye, I could see him do the same thing. Meg's legs looked like she had spread them even more than before; John seemed to be getting an eyeful.

Mom kept her legs pressed together, but she relaxed as I moved my hands up and massaged her calves. Mom had good legs, and I was loving this view of them. I marveled at

the lack of stubble on her legs. Even with having to get up so early, she had taken time to shave them. I kissed her knees again as my hands came even with my face, and then I pulled my head back so I could work on her upper legs. I rubbed the outside of her legs, then moved my hands inside her dress to do it again on her bare legs. Her legs relaxed a bit and she spread them slightly. Looking up through the gap in the table skirt, I could see her chin trembling with the same nervousness she had when the inspector was there. I bent forward and kissed the insides of her knees, from one to the other, which encouraged her to spread her legs even farther apart. I turned my head and there it was: her pussy was not a foot from my face. She was wearing white panties and I thought I could see little tendrils of hair sticking under the edges. I took a deep breath through my nose.

John and I were still technically virgins, but that didn't mean we were totally inexperienced. Girls we dated may have wanted to remain virgin, but that had nothing to do with blow jobs and cunnilingus. Sometimes, I had heard, even anal, but I had not gotten there yet. I had been in this position in front of a willing woman, so I knew the smell of musk. I knew what a woman smelled like when she was hot. I smelled Mom. She may not have wanted it, but she was getting turned on.

I gently pressed with my hands on the inside of her legs, and she parted them a little more. I sat back and looked over at John. Damn. His head was buried between his Mother's legs,

even farther up than I had been. His hands were under her legs, far enough up that he must have been feeling her butt and maybe even her pussy. I silently patted his shoulder to let him know that I was with him on this. His right hand came out and he gave a thumbs up, then put his hand back under her leg. John was my hero right then.

I took his lead and put my face between Mom's legs. She wouldn't spread her legs far enough for me to get very far in, but still — my face was between Mom's legs. She knew the night before that I wanted to touch her breast. Now she knew that I wanted to eat her pussy. My Mom knew I wanted to eat her pussy. That's heady stuff, if you'll forgive a pun.

I slid my hands under her legs as I had seen John do. Damned if Mom didn't arch her feet to raise her legs off the chair, and my hands slid right in. I positioned them so she was actually sitting on my arms under her legs and reached as far as I could, slipping my fingers under her panties and onto her ass. I reveled in the fact that my hand was on Mom's ass, my face was between her legs, and she gave every impression she liked it. If she hadn't liked it, she could have stopped me. But she didn't stop me.

You know the rules. You go as far as you can until you're told "No," and then you stop. "No," means "No," but silence is consent. Since I thought I had consent, I pushed my head far enough in so I could kiss her pussy. I did. I kissed Mom's

pussy and then gave it a little lick. I don't know what Meghan could have seen if she had looked down, but I guess Mom was worried about it. At any rate, she reached under the table skirt and grabbed my hair, giving it a gentle tug, then pushed my head back.

Okay. That was a "No," and I took it that way. That didn't stop me, though, from trying something else, so I reached my hand up her legs – still spread apart – until my fingers touched her pussy. She spread her legs a little more and pushed her pussy into my hand. She may not have been ready for me to eat her out with her best friend sitting beside her, but she clearly was down with my touching her pussy. I rubbed it, on the outside of her panties, and I had enough experience to know she was liking it. When she started making little hunches with her hips, I slid my fingers under the leg of her panties and touched her pussy. I could feel her hair. It felt thick and bushy. Sliding two fingers into her, I paused, letting her get used to it. Get used to her Son's fingers inside her. She was as wet as a teenager and her juice dripped down my fingers. I pulled out a little so I could gently touch her clitoris, and she gave a spasmodic jump when I did. Oh, Mom. You little mink, you.

The thing about being a virgin and dating virgins is that you can learn to master the little things, like fingering a pussy, eating pussy, sucking breasts, kissing, licking ass. I don't want to brag, but I knew a thing or two about fingering a pussy. So, I slid my middle finger in, palm up, so I could curl

it to touch her G Spot while making a pinching movement with my thumb, to touch her clit. It didn't take much of that before Mom was making little jerking moves and I knew she was close. I looked at her through the gap and she had her head back, her eyes closed, and a small smile on her lips. I wondered what anyone watching her must have thought. She reached under the table skirt and grabbed my wrist, squeezing as she reached her limit. She squeezed my wrist, pulling my hand into her, pressed her legs together on my head, shuddered, and climaxed. She relaxed and pushed my hand away. She didn't do it roughly, but I think she just needed a rest. I know I did.

I sat back and looked over at John. He must have gotten there before I did, because he was watching me. He gave me a big wink and I grinned back at him. Mom said softly to Meghan, "This has been the most exciting election ever."

Meghan laughed throatily. "I don't think we'll ever forget it, Linda. I know the boys won't."

Then we did it. I'm not proud of what John and I did then, but damn, we were teenagers. He reached his hand out to me and I did the same to him. We smelled the musk of our mothers on our fingers. If that doesn't bond a friendship, I don't know what will.

## Chapter Two

Being under the table and fingering Mom as she sat at the Election Monitoring table seemed harmless enough. Hidden by the table skirt, no one could see us and it was just our little secret. I would not recommend it to anyone, though, unless he has set the stage. So, I guess a little back story is appropriate.

John and I had been friends forever, both deciding to attend the local university instead of going away. We were no different from any other guys, and that meant that once we went off to college and had our first taste of college pussy, we became fixated on our moms. That may sound a bit on the edge of "right," but I don't think our fantasies were any different from the fantasies of any son. You see, every son wants to fuck his mother. Once he becomes a man and knows what real sex, rather than imaginary sex, is like, he wonders how his mother fucks. Every son masturbates to the thought of his mother. Every son makes attempts to see how far he can get. It's just the ten to twenty percent, more or less, who progress along the road to heaven. Every Mother has experienced a sexual moment with her son. Every son has made an overt sexual move on his mother. Maybe it was just a touch on her arm, a playful rub on her fanny, or maybe even more. It's all in the intent of the actor, isn't it? If the recipient is in a receptive mood, a playful rub against her butt might be interpreted as just what it is intended, and lead

to more. If she's not in on the game, then it may not lead to more. But it's there.

I can remember, as distinctly as if it happened yesterday, when I decided to really make my first move on Mom. John and I were in my room, playing a video game and talking smack. When Mom stuck her head in the door and asked if we wanted a snack, we were so engrossed in the game that we said no, we'd get something later. When she left, John missed an easy shot and I punched him on the arm.

"Dude. How could you miss that?"

"Jeez. Your Mom is beautiful. Don't you ever notice that?"

I didn't know what to say. John and I talked about sex a lot, but our Mothers had always been off-limits. It's not that we had an understood rule about it, but talking about our Mothers was just something we didn't do. We talked about our friends' Mothers all the time, but never our own. We each had our favorite among our friends' moms. John liked Tommy's Mom, Beth, and I liked Joe's Mom, Marianna. But our own Moms were off-limits, so I didn't know how to respond.

"Uh. Yeah. She's okay."

"She's more than okay, Dude. I'd put her above Beth. Any day."

Now that was saying something. John had described to me many a time the fantasies he had about Tommy's Mom and if he put my mom above her, then that meant he had some pretty hot images in his head.

The game was paused and I whispered to him, "Would you?"

"Oh, hell, yes," he replied fervently. "Wouldn't you?"

Of course I would. I thought of little else. She was the star in practically all my jerk off sessions. But I didn't know where this conversation was going. Maybe John, with his quirky sense of humor, was trying to trick me into a confession he could use to taunt me endlessly. But what the hell? John was my best friend, and we had few secrets. So what was one more?

"In a New York minute," I whispered back to him. "She drives me crazy." But I wasn't going to put that out there without something from him, so I continued. "Don't you want it with Meghan?"

"Oh, fuck, yes!" John was grinning from ear to ear. He repeated it. "Oh, fuck, yes."

It was like a dam had burst. All those years of talking around the subject and now, at last, we could let it all out.

John took the lead. "Can you imagine that red haired bush in your face while you did 69 with her?"

I laughed out loud. "Are you kidding me? I doubt she's ever done that, or even knows what it means." As far as I knew, that was the truth. I had never seen Mom do anything overtly sexual with Dad. As far as I knew, she only had sex three times, and that had produced me and my sisters.

But John had set me to thinking, and the more I thought, the more reckless I felt. I have always had an analytical bent, so I got a notebook and started scribbling. I established a sort of continuum, with "Do Nothing" at one pole, and "Mom, Would You Like To Give Me a Blowjob" at the other. Clearly, both would produce the same result, which would be no progress, and the more effective response would be somewhere in the middle. Now I just had to figure out what that response should be.

The next time John and I got together, I pitched the idea to him so we could war-game some courses of action. He loved it.

"Bill, my man. I love how you think. So you're saying we go into this with a plan? You think that could work? I mean, really?"

"I think it could. It's at least worth a try. Look, in any interaction, if one person has a plan and the other does not, which do you think has the more likely chance of success?"

John thought a bit. "Well, yeah, I get what you're saying, but this is different. In my case, Mom may not have a plan she's thought about, but I'm guessing there is an established line she won't cross. What Mother has thought about fucking her Son?"

I laughed. "Show me one, and we'll know who to fuck next. Maybe Beth?"

That got a laugh out of John, because Beth was, apart from Meghan, the Mom he most wanted to fuck. "Oh, yeah," he moaned.

I continued. "I'm not sure you're right about that, though, Johnny."

"Right about what?"

"That Mothers never think about fucking their Sons."

"You think?" John furrowed his brow. "You really think?"

"Well, I've read that Mothers do think, sometimes, about their Sons as sexual creatures, especially once the Sons are finally men and have what the Mothers think might be a sex life. They can't help it. They have to think about whether he's a good lover and what his package may be like. From there, it's a short step for the brain to make the connection - what would he be like to fuck? They can't help it."

"But doesn't that leave us out? If there are exceptions to any rule, then our Mothers are the exception to that one."

"John, John, John, John. Don't overthink this. Let's just make a plan and see where it goes. We're going to ease into this gently, so we can stop at any time, but as long as we make progress, we'll keep going."

"So, what's our plan?" John was clearly looking at me to be the leader, and I had no more idea about how to progress than he had.

"Hmmm." I thought. "You may be on to something. Maybe we have to first get that idea that we are sexual in their heads."

"And?," John replied.

"Well, we've been working out, so we're not muscle men yet, but we're looking better than we did two summers ago. You ever catch her looking at you when you have your shirt off? Mom told me the other day that I was looking pretty good. I'd say that's a start."

"Yeah, Mom has told me the same thing, but I think it was pretty innocent."

"Okay," I said. "So we're looking pretty good in their eyes, but doesn't every Mother think her Son is handsome? We have to get to the next step. We have to let them know that we see them as women, and not just Moms. We're going to have to make an overt move at some point. That will be the risky part."

"Risky?" John laughed. "As in getting your head knocked off and thrown out of the house?"

I laughed, too. "We'll do it in a way that minimizes the risk. Tiny steps, so she can shut it down at any time, with no harm, no foul." We thought about it.

John piped up. "Okay. Look, you think Linda's pretty hot, right? You think she's beautiful?"

"Of course I do. Hell, she is."

"Then tell her," John said. "Don't say it in those exact words, but what if you said something like, 'God, you're a beautiful woman,' when it's just you and her? Say it with passion, but don't do anything else. Just lay it out there and see how she responds."

So, that became our plan. We figured there was no use in planning out the whole campaign until we knew whether step one had worked, so we agreed that we'd give it a shot that night and see where it took us.

The next morning, my phone rang early and it was John. "I'm in," he chortled. "You chicken out?"

"Didn't chicken out, but I don't know how it worked," I said.  
"Why don't you come over and we'll compare notes?"

I jumped in the shower and, I have to admit, spent a pretty long time washing my dick. It was still hard when I walked out of the shower to find Mom bent over my bed, making it for me. Her butt looked so good, I couldn't help it. I slapped it playfully and quickly said, "Mom, I can make my own bed. You don't have to do that."

She straightened up and looked at me. "What's up with you? Last night you tell me I'm beautiful and now you're rubbing my butt?"

This was getting way out front. I was not ready for this conversation, but there it was. I could either play it off, or address it. I had my shorts on, but no shirt, and rubbed the towel over my chest. She watched me do it, but I couldn't read her face.

"I can't help it, Mom. You are beautiful. I can't help it. You're the most beautiful and exciting woman I've ever seen."

She laughed. "Oh, those teenaged hormones are raging, aren't they? Well, try to control yourself, Mister Casanova, and don't ever let anyone see you doing something like that. Understand?"

My heart was in my throat. Now I understood that phrase. I could hardly speak. "I understand. I'll be careful."

"You'd better be," she said, and then came over and kissed me on the cheek. "What am I going to do with you?," she whispered.

In for a penny, in for a pound. I laughed and said, "Well, I've got some suggestions."

She guffawed at that. "Oh, I'll bet you do."

I hugged her to me. If she didn't feel my hard dick, it wasn't my fault. She hugged me back for a moment and then pushed me away. "Get dressed," she said. "I'll have your breakfast ready when you come down."

When John got there, his excitement was palpable. We rushed up to my room, shouting to Mom, "Gotta hot game going, Mom." She just shook her head.

John and I both started talking as soon as my door was shut. "No, you go first," I told him.

"You won't believe it." His face was red. "Last night I helped her with the dishes. She was standing at the sink as I was bringing the dishes from the table. I rubbed against her ass as I put them in the sink. When I did it, and I know she had to feel my cock on her butt, she stiffened up and turned around. I didn't know what she was going to say. Well, she didn't say anything, just turned back around and rinsed the dishes. I stood behind her, put my arms around her, and kissed the back of her neck."

"Yeah, yeah. What happened next? That was bold, my man. That wasn't our plan."

"But it worked, Bill. That's what I'm telling you. I kissed her neck and she just kind of hung her head down to let her hair fall away. I kissed up her neck to her ear. I told her how beautiful I thought she was."

"What did she say?"

"She said something like, 'Get control of yourself and remember I'm your Mother.'"

"Oh. That could be a show stopper. What did you say?"

"I said I knew she was my Mother and I knew she was a beautiful woman. We were whispering. I never knew whispers could be so sexy. I still had my arms around her, hugging her back into my cock. Finally she took my hands off her stomach and pushed them away. She said, 'I've forgotten what boys are like. Just try to control yourself. This will pass, you know. It's just a phase.' "

"I told her I wasn't sure it was going to pass. I told her I couldn't think of anything but her. Man, if you could have seen her face. Everything I told her was true, and she was eating it up. Then she said the most beautiful thing."

"What? What?"

"She said, 'I guess I'll just have to enjoy it while it lasts, then. But you'd better be careful that no one sees you doing things like that with me. What would your Father say if he saw that?'"

"So what'd you do then? What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything. Just finished clearing the table. But you know she's thinking about it. You know she is. Now what about you? What did you do?"

I told him. "Last night I waited until Dad went upstairs for bed. I hugged her and told her goodnight, and held the hug longer than usual. She said, 'What's that for? You hardly ever hug me anymore.' I told her it's because she's so beautiful and I'm afraid of her, you know. She told me she missed my hugs, and I did it again. I know she had to feel my dick." Then I told him what happened this morning and how she told me to be careful that no one see me touch her ass.

We talked about what that meant - what they had said to us. We agreed that we had accomplished our goal, and that our Mothers knew we were hot for them. I guess that should be no surprise to anyone, what with Oedipus Complex and all, but we had our cards on the table. What was best, in both cases, was that they had not shut us down. They had told us, in so many words, that it was okay, but we had to be careful.

John blurted out. "Right! If we weren't their Sons and we did that to them, and they told us to be careful, they'd be saying as much as, 'Yeah, we're going to fuck, but no one can know.' I mean, if we were some guy at work and made that move, and got that response, it would tell us something. Right?"

"That's what I'm thinking," I told him. "But we have to be careful. We can't spook them. We have to take tiny steps, you know. Don't rush in, or we'll just scare them off. Remember, we have a plan and we know where we want it to lead, but

they don't. We've thought about our next moves, but they just respond in the moment."

So we decided that we would hold what he had, so to speak, and consolidate our positions. What that translated into for me was that I became more affectionate around Mom when we were alone. When anyone else was around us, I was as standoffish with her as I had ever been. But the minute we were alone, I went in for a hug. I knew I was making progress one evening when Dad and my sisters left the kitchen to watch television, and Mom and I were left to clean up. As soon as they walked out, Mom turned to me and held her arms out, with a sweet smile on her face. It dawned on me - she expected me to hug her - so I did, and made it a long, tight one. I was as hard as a rock, and she had to feel it rubbing against her belly. After a bit, she pulled back and smiled up at me. I did what was natural, and that was to bend down and kiss her lips. No tongue, mind you, but I gave her a nice, gentle kiss. After I had done it she looked up at me and didn't say anything, just held eye contact.

"Was that okay?" I asked. "Are you mad?"

"No, Baby, I'm not mad. I'm just wondering where my little boy went, and where this man came from."

I laughed nervously and we went into the family room together, but inside I was rejoicing. Whether she realized it or not, she had made quite a statement. She acknowledged that I was now a man, albeit still a young man, but a man, nonetheless. And, more importantly, a man who desire her. We all settled down to watch television together and from time to time I would look at her. I don't know what she thought, but as far as I knew, my looks were smoldering. Hell, they had to be, because I was sitting there with a constant boner which I had to cover with a throw pillow to keep it from drawing the attention of my sisters. Once when my eyes were burning holes at Mom, she furrowed her brow and gave me "the look." She kind of hung back when everyone went upstairs, and I stayed to help her tidy up the family room.

"Bill, quit staring at me like that. Do you think the others don't notice? I saw Amanda watching you, you idiot. You can't be so obvious. Just cool it." She was mad.

"I can't help it. You're just so beautiful to me."

"Oh, Honey. This is just a phase. You'll grow out of it. You'll find someone nice and forget about all this."

Hmmm. So she knew what I wanted, and seemed to be willing to talk about it. I knew that John and I had made our

plan to take it slow and easy, but this seemed too much of an opportunity. At least I could take a risk and see where it went. "I don't think I'll ever get over you. Don't you have any idea what you do to me? You are in every dream. All I'll ever want is you." I put my hand on her waist and gently pulled her toward me.

To my surprise, she kissed me. She came to me with her lips pursed and her mouth slightly open, and we kissed like we had never kissed before. I didn't know whether I should go for some tongue action or not, then her tongue gently touched my lower lip. That was it. One thing about being a horny teenager is that you learn to kiss, because that's likely all you'll get from the teenaged girls you date. I gave Mom everything I had. I reached up with my right hand and gently cupped her face, my fingers lightly caressing her cheek, and then smoothed her hair back and put my hand on the back of her head, pulling her into me. My God, was I surprised at how she got into it. My Mom was a sexy woman, and a great kisser!

We kissed like that for awhile - it seemed like ages to me - then she pulled back from me and looked in my eyes. "Baby," she said, "this is moving pretty fast. We'd better cool it. I don't want to scar you for life," and she giggled.

"Scar me for life? Hell, woman, you just made my life worth living," and I leaned in to kiss her again. "Just one more for the road?"

She sighed. "You young guys. That's all you think about." But she let me kiss her and there was no hesitancy this time in either of us. I put my arms around her waist, then slowly slid my right hand down to her ass. I thought she'd probably react angrily at that, but to my pleasant surprise, she didn't. Both hands cupping and massaging her ass now, I pulled her against my dick, while I hunched it against her. This time there was no wondering whether she could feel it or not - I was dry humping the hell out of her, and she was kissing me feverishly.

Funny how your mind works. All I could think was that a week ago I was making tiny baby steps at getting close to her, and now I was practically fucking her standing up. I started moving my left hand up her waist to cup her right breast, and that's when she stopped us. She pulled back from me, took my hand in hers and folded out hands in between us. Whether she knew it or not, she had the back of my hand pushing against her breast. "Billy, I just can't do this. I love you more than anything and there's nothing I won't give you, but I can't give you that. Just understand." She was pleading by this time. "I know what you want, but that's something you can't have. Promise me."

I leaned forward and kissed the tip of her nose. "I love you, Mom, more than you'll ever know. You've always been the best Mother, and nothing could ever change how I love you. I promise that I'll never do anything that anyone could see and embarrass you, but I promise that when we're alone I'm going to be kissing that beautiful face." I wanted to tell her that I couldn't wait to see that beautiful face on my dick, but I did have some discretion, so I didn't. Besides, I meant what I said.

She laughed as she turned away to head upstairs. "That's a deal," she said, and I looked at her butt as she watched me.

"Hubba hubba," I said. "God, Mom, you have a perfect ass."

"Oh, you," she sighed. "Go to bed before someone comes looking for us."

**!THE END!**