

Homesick For Mom



Student gets back to home cooking and more.

Eric had been away at school since September except for a few days at a time during holidays and spring break. His first year of college was over and he was looking forward to spending the summer at home.

Susan Anderson was happy at the prospect of her only son being home for more than just a few days. It had been just her and Eric for the last three years since her husband John was killed in a snowmobile accident. When Eric left for school, she felt abandoned in their large house. She had plenty of friends but in the evenings and early morning hours she felt totally alone and longed for another person to talk to or just share a meal with.

John's life insurance had paid everything off and left her enough to be comfortable and not have to work. The last job she had was selling popcorn and candy at the local theater when she was in high school. There was also a college fund for Eric so that wasn't a worry.

Eric thought to himself as he made the five hour drive home how glad he was to be going home for a while. Before school started he couldn't wait to leave his home town and be on his own, but soon after he realized how much he missed his mother, her soothing smile, home cooking and all the little things she did for him. He didn't want a maid he missed her as a friend too. They had become very close since his dad had been taken away, closer than most mothers and sons.

Eric pulled his old Mazda into the driveway and jumped out, only to be nearly tackled by his mother. She was only a few inches shorter than his 6'2 and had a statuesque figure owing to their shared Nordic blood line. Sue had heard his old beater coming half way down the block. It was old and needed a muffler but Eric liked it and it ran good, besides his father had bought it for him on his sixteenth birthday so it was a link back to him. Eric picked her up in a hug, "Hi Mom how have you been, you look great."

"Put me down and I'll tell you. You look pretty great yourself. I've missed you Eric, I'm glad this is more than just a few days like last time." She felt secure in his arms.

"I missed you too Mom."

Sue dragged him into the house by the hand, beaming with joy at having the love of her life back home. "I made you a welcome home treat. Come into the kitchen."

Eric could smell the treat as soon as he stepped through the door. "Oh boy, fresh baked cinnamon roles. You didn't have to do that Mom, but I'm glad you did."

"Anything for my baby boy, I don't want you to starve. You might not stick around if I don't feed you. Come sit down and eat, I bet you're hungry after that long drive."

Once they got Eric settled in they spent the evening chatting and watching TV. It was good to have someone with her in the evening again. Sue felt whole for the first time in a long while.

Eric slept late and finally got up about 10:00. "Good morning sleepy head, I thought you were going to sleep the day away. Ready for some breakfast? I've got eggs, bacon and hash browns, or would you rather have pancakes or both if you like." Sue loved to cook for her son.

"Just bacon and eggs thanks, but no potatoes, I don't want to get fat."

"Fat. I don't think you have to worry about that, you're anything but fat son."

After breakfast Eric left to see if he could hook up with some of his high school buddy's and spent the rest of the day chumming around with them. About 6 Pm he came home for supper, and spent the rest of the night with his mother, since

he didn't have a steady girl friend at the time That was pretty much the schedule for the next week or so.

One evening while they were watching an old movie, Eric said, "Hey Mom is it ok if I have a couple of the guys over for a pool party and do some burgers or something, tomorrow afternoon?"

"Sure son, you know your friends are always welcome here, but you probably have to clean the pool and the patio up before they get here, there are a few leaves in it. I'll fix some potato salad for you. You can have beer as long as no one is under 19, and if anyone gets too tipsy they will have to have someone pick them up or stay the night."

"No problem Mom, I'll clean it in the morning, and don't worry, nobody's going to get drunk. We just want to swim and chill-out, maybe get some girls to come over if that's ok?"

"I was wondering when you were going to start seeing the girls. That's fine, but remember, no beer under 19."

The next morning Sue busied herself in the kitchen making the potato salad and other trimmings for the cookout. As she stood at the sink, looking out the window into the back yard, she was filled with pride at what a handsome young man her son had grown into. She didn't remember him resembling his father this much. A year away at school had transformed him from a gangly kid into a near carbon copy of his dad. Sue found her mind drifting into the past and longing for her husband as she gazed out the window at her son, cleaning around the pool, shirtless in a pair of cutoffs. All too soon she was pulled from her reverie by a pot of potatoes boiling over on the stove.

Eric had everything ready and his friends started drifting in around 2:30. "Mom, can you just show the rest of the guys to the back as they get here, I don't want to keep tracking water thru the house? Four of Eric's best friends had showed up, three of them with their girlfriends.

"Eric, its four o'clock you better fire up the grill. I've got everything else ready." Sue watched out the window as the

teens played in and around the pool and felt the stirring of need deep in her inner core. She wished she was one of those girls being hugged and held by a pair of strong young arms. When Eric pulled himself out of the pool to light the grill, Sue felt a shiver run thru her as she watched the water cascade down his torso and over his Speedo suit to his legs. For the first time she realized how grown he was, looking at the sizable bulge in the front of his suit. She slapped herself mentally for thinking about what her son would look like naked.

"Mom, why don't you come out and join us? No need in you staying cooped up in the house on a day like this."

"That's okay son, I'd feel out of place with all you youngsters."

Don't be silly Mom, you act like your old or something, come on, the water's great and you don't have anything else to do, everything's done.

Sue thought it over for a minute and decided to enjoy the day with her son. "Maybe after we eat, I'll take a swim." She went to her room and put on her bikini, she had other one piece suits but decided on the bikini because it made her feel a little younger; the girls were all wearing them so she would fit in better. She looked herself over in the mirror and was pleased that she didn't sag or bulge anywhere, all those trips to the gym paid off. On closer inspection she noticed a little pubic hair sticking out on the sides of her suit. "Better take care of that." she said to herself, and stepped into the master bath. She sat on the commode lid with scissors and razor and started trimming. After four attempts at getting both sides even she gave up and just shaved every thing from her belly button to the crack of her ass.

When Sue stepped onto the patio with a plate full of burger patties and hot dogs, she was greeted with wolf whistles from the boys. Her self esteem jumped up a few notches. "Wow Mom, you look hot." She did look good, even compared to the young girls there. Her slender mature figure, contrasted the girl's robust forms still with a little baby fat, kinda like a nice bottle of wine next to a bottle of beer. She was very aware that

the boys were eyeing her, even the ones that brought their girlfriends, when the girls weren't looking.

After eating they all went for a swim, and when Sue got out of the pool it seemed that the boys were staring even more. When she went inside to use the bathroom, she looked at herself in the mirror and found out why. Her wet suit was clinging to her like a second skin, showing the lips of her womanhood fairly clearly with no pubic hair to act as a buffer, and her nipples were prominently showing through the thin top. It excited her to realize she was turning the boys on but slipped into a pair of shorts and blouse as discretion demanded.

Over the next couple of days, Sue couldn't get the image of her son out of her mind. She would picture him naked diving off a cliff or swinging thru the trees by a vine, like Tarzan. When she lay in bed at night trying to go to sleep, she fantasized about him coming into her room from the shower with just a towel around his waist, and then she would drift into sleep and dream of Eric lying with her as they explored each other from head to toe. After much self examination and

soul searching, she finally made the conscious decision to seduce her son and fulfill the desire burning within her. From a few comments she had over heard between Eric and his best friend, Ken, she was sure that he would be willing to make her dreams a reality.

The next Monday was June 17th, Eric's birthday. Sue made Eric a big breakfast and sent him off to meet a couple of friends at the mall. "Be back by one, I've got a surprise for you." His mom always made a big deal out of his birthday so he was sure it would be something nice. She had planed today months in advance, buying him a 05 Mustang convertible and storing in her friends garage. As soon as Eric was gone she drove to her friend's house and then drove the mustang home, pulling into their garage and closing the automatic door.

Eric parked in the driveway and bounded into the living room. "I'm home Mom. She came in and handed him a card. Eric opened the card expecting some hint to his birthday present but finding just a simple birthday card. "Okay Mom, where's my surprise?"

"It's out in the garage sweetie, come on, I'll show you." They walked out to the driveway and Sue stopped beside Eric's car. "I bought you something for your car." He had mentioned that he wanted a new sound system for his car and figured that he was about to get his wish. "Okay, close your eyes and don't open them till I tell you."

Eric closed his eyes and heard the garage door opening. When it stopped and his mom told him to open his eyes he found himself staring at the grill of a bright red Mustang with the top down and his mother dangling a set of keys from her finger. "Wow Mom how did you do this? It's too much, you really shouldn't have spent that much for a birthday present."

"Don't worry Eric; I sold some of those stocks your grandfather left me years ago. Your father has provided for me very well so I can afford it. Now, why don't you take your old mom out for a spin?" Sue had planed the car months in advance but had only planed the ride since the day of the pool party. She had worn a thin summer dress that buttoned down

the front with no bra and the sheerest pair of panties she owned.

Eric moved his old car to the street and by the time he returned Sue was sitting in the bucket seat waiting for him. She had been thinking about her son almost nonstop since the pool party and finally decided to seduce him. Once they were out of town on a winding back road she unbuttoned the bottom three buttons along with the top two of her dress and waited for the swirling wind to do the rest. Eric was finding it increasingly hard to drive as he glanced over to see her dress open and expose most of her right breast or the hem blow up and give him a glimpse of her see-thru panties.

When Sue noticed the tented front of his pants, she said, "Why don't you pull off at that little clearing up there and we can get out and enjoy the view." Eric was enjoying the view just fine anyway but pulled over as she asked. When they stopped he got out trying to adjust his hard on while his back was to his mother. Then she said, "aren't you going to open the door for a lady?" As he opened the door, Sue threw her legs out of the door slightly parted and slid forward on the seat, pushing her

dress up and exposing her panty clad pussy fully to her son. She didn't move except to hold out her hand to him to help her out of the car. Eric stood frozen for a few seconds looking at his mothers shaved mound, clearly visible thru the almost nonexistent panties. Finally her reached out and helped her up.

As she rose, her hand lightly grazed his hardened manhood. "My, My. It looks like I gave you two big presents today, do you mind if I take this one out for a test drive?"

Eric could only stand there speechless as his mother opened her dress the rest of the way showing him all of her charms before kneeling and undoing his pants ,letting them fall around his ankles. She wrapped her fingers around his rigid shaft and brought it to her lips, smothering the head with tender kisses, before slowly sliding her lips over the head and tickling the rim of his cock with her tongue. Sue could feel every vein and ripple of his cock as she worked him as deep as she could into her mouth. She reveled in the musty smell of his manhood and could count his heart beats as he pulsed in her wanton mouth.

"Oh yea Mom, suck me, suck my cock, it feels so good. Soon he felt his orgasm building in his balls and working up to the head of his dick. "Stop Mom, I'm going to cum." But Sue just increased the suction and speed of her attack. Eric was dumbfounded as he watched his mother swallow with every spurt of his cock, smiling around his shaft, her eyes locked on his as she pumped him into her mouth with her lips tightly holding the head and her tongue flicking over the tip.

When his softening cock slipped out of her mouth she asked "Do you want something to eat too?" She sat crossways in the car seat and pulled her panties off offering herself to her son. Eric dropped to the ground, his pants still around his ankles and gazed between his mother's wide spread legs kissing his way up the insides of her thighs, her womanly scent filling his nostrils as his tongue caressed her smooth hairless lips. When he got to her clit she moaned, "Yes baby lick it there, make your mommy cum baby, just like that. You make mommy feel so good Eric, I've missed this so much, you feel like heaven, make me cum." When she calmed down from an

incredible orgasm she said "Eric, take me home so we can finish this in the comfort of our bed."

This was far and away the best birthday of his life, and the words 'our bed' let Eric know that it wasn't just a birthday present and he wasn't going to attend collage outside of town. There is a perfectly good collage fifteen minutes from his house and that's about as far away from home as Eric wanted to get for now.

Chapter 2

Eric's brain was reeling. He could still scarcely get his mind wrapped around how great his twentieth birthday had been, thus far. First, there was the 2005 Mustang rag-top that his mother, Sue, had surprised him with. The moment she'd let him open his eyes in the garage and he got his first glimpse of it, he'd practically pinched himself to see if he was dreaming. It was the perfect 'chick-magnet', all fire-engine-red and gleaming chrome, in absolute 'cherry' condition. He knew

that, with a car like that, he couldn't help but score with the babes.

He couldn't imagine the day getting any better, but it had. His mother had suggested that he take her out for a drive in the new car. Now, that wasn't exactly the sort of 'test-drive' that Eric had been imagining. He'd been thinking more along the lines of cruising the town and looking for some of the girls he'd gone to high school with. Granted, his mom was actually more 'hot' than practically any of the girls he knew, but she was his mom, for cryin' out loud. He had -- maybe -- a snowball's chance in hell of ever scoring with her!

And then? Eric's brain was still boggled by what had happened. No sooner had they hit a back country road on the outskirts of town, than his mother had started unbuttoning her dress. Not all the way, but enough buttons at the bottom and top that -- with the wind blowing over her -- the cloth was flapping away from her body so that her almost-transparent panties and her breasts (oh, shit, she's not wearing a bra!) were open to his gaze.

They'd come across an old dirt side-road, and she'd had him turn onto it and drive along through the meadow until they came to the crest of a hill. There, she'd had him stop so that they could get out and enjoy the view.

Eric recalled thinking that he'd been enjoying the view -- of his mother's near-naked breasts and through her almost-transparent panties -- just fine, and really didn't care to look at anything else. Still, she was his mom, and he obligingly got out and went around the car to help her out. No sooner had she stood up than she'd put the palm of her hand on the lump in his trousers -- the lump that, with a sly expression, she proudly admitted having given him -- and suggested that she "...take IT out for a 'test-drive'".

He still had a hard time believing how calmly -- yet eagerly -- she had dropped to her knees, unfastened his trousers, and slid his throbbing erection between her glistening lips. He hadn't lasted very long; the sheer unexpectedness of having his MILF of a mother attack his cock like that had him hair-triggered, and -- fairly quickly -- he'd found himself telling her that he was going to cum. She'd merely smiled around the

thickness of him and, with utter delight in her eyes, increased her sucking of him until he'd emptied himself into her waiting throat and she'd swallowed everything he had to give her.

After that, she'd let him rest for a moment, as though she'd known he would need time to recover from the amazement of it all. Then she'd removed her panties and offered her bare, smooth-shaved pussy to his tongue. Eager to return the pleasure she'd just given him, he attacked her dripping sex with gusto, valiantly attempting to give her the best tongue-lashing she'd ever had. He'd become almost instantly addicted to the scent of her pussy, and to the taste of the luscious juice it wept. He'd kept at it until her body writhed and heaved on the Mustang's bucket-seat, and she'd screamed out with the intensity of her climax.

Now it was over, and they were back in the Mustang, clothed again and driving back to the house. Eric's mind was awlirl, picturing scene after scene of what might happen when they got back to the house. Her words to him echoed over and over

in his head: "Take me home, so we can finish this in the comfort of our bed."

Not 'my bed', but 'OUR bed' -- as if she was suggesting that, from that night on, they would always fall asleep wrapped in each other's arms.

Sue, likewise, was riding a wave of passion for the entire drive home. She couldn't take her eyes off of the handsome young stud whose cock she'd just sucked, and whose tongue had just taken her so close to heaven. Nor could she keep her hands off him. She would have loved to suck his dick while he drove, but the idiots at Ford Motor Company had decided that -- even though the car was an automatic -- the gearshift belonged on the center console instead of the steering column, and it got annoyingly in her way. So she contented herself with just fondling it with one hand and rubbing her cunt or breasts with the other. She had left her panties on the ground where they stopped for their oral expedition, and

hadn't re-fastened her dress. She wanted to leave herself purposely exposed to Eric, half afraid that -- if he didn't have her near-nakedness as a distraction -- he might begin to have second thoughts about what the two of them had already done. When they approached the end of the side road, however, she realized how impractical this was. Too damned many other people would be able to see nearly as much as her son was seeing. So, reluctantly, she stuffed his cock back into his shorts and buttoned up her dress, not wanting to give passing traffic even the suggestion that they might be anything other than a mother and son out for a drive.

The ride home -- from the point where the side-road met the main road -- took about half an hour, and it gave Sue time to calm down -- for her somewhat-satiated lust to ease up, and for her to do a bit of thinking.

There was a line that society had set, a standard for 'proper' behavior between a mother and son, which she and Eric had crossed. And, although the experience had obviously been magnificent for both of them, what if it had been a huge mistake? What if it resulted in damaging the relationship she

and Eric had enjoyed before they'd crossed that line? After all, she was the mature adult. She had been the one to initiate what had happened. Eric was only responding, was only accepting what she had offered. She doubted that, on his own and without her corrupting influence, things would have progressed to the level that they eventually did. Suddenly, she was very nervous about what they'd done. She knew that the only remedy for it was for her and Eric to talk about it in depth, once they got back to the house.

She glanced over at her son, who appeared to be trying really hard to concentrate on the road despite the fact that his mind was obviously replaying their interlude in the field, and hoped that she hadn't damaged things between them beyond repair.

As they entered the town, she had him pull over into the parking lot of a convenience store, where she purchased a couple of large soft-drinks for the two of them. The talk, she knew, would make both of them thirsty. The refrigerator at home was mostly filled with the leftover beer from the cookout, and she didn't want the creeping effects of alcohol to

interfere with their being able to discuss the situation intelligently. She had turned away from the check-out counter when a sudden urge hit her. She turned back to the counter.

"Can I get a pack of Winston 100's, too, please?" she asked the clerk.

As the young girl placed the pack on the counter, Sue added a disposable butane lighter from one of the displays. Depositing the cigarettes and lighter in her purse, she picked up the bag containing the sodas and returned to the car.

They eventually arrived at the house, and Eric guided the Mustang into the garage, thumbing the button on the remote to bring the big double-wide door down behind them. He rounded the car to open the door and help his mother out, and then opened the door into the house for her, as well.

"I've been thinking, honey," she turned to face him as they stepped into the kitchen from the garage, "We really need to sit and talk, for a bit, about what just happened."

"Alright, Mom," Eric said, a bit warily. His mother had been rather quiet, on the drive home. Had she been having second-thoughts about what the two of them had done in the field? Could it be that she wanted to take their relationship backward in time to a point before they'd shared those moments of intimate delight? Mentally, he crossed his fingers in the hope that such was not her intent. "I need to use the bathroom, first, though."

"So do I," Sue agreed. "I'll meet you in the living room, when you're done."

Eric headed off to the main bathroom. Although he did need to use the toilet, his main intent was to stall for a bit of time in which to marshal his thoughts. The experience he'd just had, with his mother, had been beyond his wildest flights of fantasy, and he wasn't ready to have their relationship return

to its prior status as simply mother and son. He wanted -- no, he needed them to remain lovers -- and he wanted to think of some logical reasons why they should continue to explore this new dynamic. He used the toilet and took a few extra minutes to wash his mother's dried pussy-juice from his face. It had long since dried, and was feeling a little uncomfortable.

Sue watched Eric walk away, and then padded down the hall to her bedroom, to use the built-in bathroom there. She spent a few minutes on the toilet, and then stepped into the shower. Placing the hand-held sprayer on its waist-high wall-clip, she warmed the water and then proceeded to wash the area between her thighs. As she rinsed away the soap, she realized suddenly why she was cleaning herself. She wanted to be clean for her son, in case the conversation went in the direction she was hoping.

She finished her rinse, dried quickly, and slipped the dress back onto her body. As she moved back down the hallway, she heard the sound of running water in the other bath, and wondered if Eric was likewise cleaning himself, for her. Continuing on, she went to the kitchen and rummaged in one

cupboard until she found the couple ashtrays she kept on-hand for when the couple of her girlfriends who smoked visited at the house. Taking one ashtray, she headed for the living room and made herself comfortable on the couch.

Opening the pack of Winstons, she tapped one out, put it between her lips, and raised the lighter.

Back in the bathroom, Eric realized that he could no longer stall for time; he'd taken too much time, already. The thing to do, now, was to go talk with his mother and try to give her several logical reasons why they should continue to be lovers. As he approached the living room, he saw something that shocked him so much that he came to an abrupt stop. Staying just far enough into the shadows of the hallway that it would be hard to see him, he watched as -- for the first time in his memory -- his mother took a puff from a cigarette.

Part of her body-language indicated that she was nervous, and a soft smile curled Eric's lips at the realization. Hell, he was nervous, too -- as nervous as the proverbial long-tailed cat in

the room full of rocking chairs! After all, not an hour earlier, without any real preamble, his mother had sucked his cock and swallowed every drop of his cum, and then he'd slurped her pussy until she'd had a screaming orgasm. How many mothers and sons ever -- EVER! -- found themselves in THAT situation, he wondered. If that wasn't a thing to get nervous about, he wondered what was.

Still, another part of her body-language said that this wasn't her first cigarette. He stood quietly and watched as she raised the cigarette to her lips, took a long, slow drag, and opened her mouth softly. He could see the ball of smoke, hanging there just inside the soft curves of her lips. It was thick and creamy-looking and, for just a split-second, his mind called up the memory of the moment -- not an hour past -- when she'd slid her lips off of his cock. Her mouth had been open then, almost the same shape, and he'd spied the last of his seed lying in a thick, creamy pool on her tongue just before she'd tilted her head back and swallowed it.

His cock shot instantly into a rock-hard state, beneath his briefs and shorts, at the sheer sensuality of his mother's

current actions. Thrusting a hand down his shorts to adjust the position of his turgid organ so that it wouldn't be quite so obvious, he drew a deep breath and ventured on into the living room.

"This is new," he said with a slight smile, trying to sound merely curious. "I can't ever remember seeing you smoke, before."

Sue pursed her lips and vented a thick cone of smoke toward the ceiling, and then gave him a somewhat sheepish grin.

"It's not something I do very often, these days," she admitted. "I started smoking back when I was twelve, and smoked all the time, right up until the day I found out that I was pregnant with you. It wasn't easy, but I managed to quit, then. After that? Well, it was a few years before I smoked again, and then it was only when I was out with one of my girlfriends, for drinks after work. Ever since then, I've tried to limit it to that."

"Then, why now?" Eric prodded her to continue.

Sue took another drag, inhaled, and then answered him, her words punctuated with little puffs of smoke.

"Because nicotine works really well to calm you down when you're nervous, and I'm just about as nervous -- now -- as I've ever been, in my entire life. That's why."

"Well, I guess you have reason to be nervous," Eric shrugged, "after what we did in that meadow. If it helps, you should know that I'm nervous, too."

"I kind of figured that you might be, honey," she nodded.

"And you'll have to go easy on me," Eric added, throwing in a chuckle to make a joke out of it, "because I'm not getting the benefit of any nicotine, to calm me down."

"Are you telling me that you want to try this, or that you want me to put mine out so that it doesn't tempt you?" Sue asked

him, waving the cigarette to indicate what she meant. "Heaven knows, I've corrupted you enough already, today, without adding smoking to the list!"

"I'll admit that I've always been curious about smoking," Eric told her, bashfully, "but that's not what you wanted to talk about, right now. I know that. I'm just telling you that I'm nervous about this conversation, too. If smoking helps calm you down, a little, then you go ahead and smoke. Just remember that I'm as nervous about this whole deal as you are."

"It doesn't bother you?" she persisted, wanting to be sure.

"Mom, I'm around plenty of people who smoke -- at school, and at work. It's not going to bother me that you're smoking. Trust me, on that one."

"You're sure?"

"Mom," Eric let his voice take on a frustrated tone, "I said it doesn't bother me. To be honest, I actually think it's kinda sexy-looking, at least the way you do it."

"Alright," Sue sighed, relieved. A part of her mind, though, was extremely pleased at his revelation that her smoking made her look 'sexy'. Given a chance, she could have quite a bit of fun with that notion. "But I want you to let me know, if it starts to bother you."

"I promise," Eric smiled, purposely taking his right index finger and making a 'cross' motion over his heart.

"Okay," she nodded, taking another puff. She drew deeply on the cigarette, inhaled, and vented another cloud of smoke into the air.

"Now that we're sitting here," she sighed, "I'm not really sure how to start the whole conversation we need to have."

"Then I'll start it," Eric suggested gently. "We're here to talk about what happened between us, in that meadow, about an hour ago."

"You're right, baby," she said, puffing on the cigarette again. "And I have to apologize for my actions. I was wrong to do what I did, with you, and I'm so very sorry."

"If it was wrong, Mom," Eric countered, "then why did you do it?"

"I'm not absolutely sure, honey," she shook her head. "I guess that, ever since we lost your father, you just sort of 'stepped in' and became the man of the house. You took on a lot of the responsibilities your dad used to handle. And, somehow, our relationship took on a change. As I grew to depend on you -- in the same ways I used to depend on your dad -- and, as you grew and matured, it seemed like we became less like mother and son, and more like best friends..."

She paused, looking intently at his facial expression to see how he was reacting to her explanation. Then, grabbing another quick puff, she continued.

"Thinking of you as my best friend, like that... well, I guess it made it easy for me to start seeing you as the strong, vibrant man you've grown into. You know, in so very many ways -- in the way you look, the way you act, the sound of your voice -- even the way your facial expressions look -- you are SO much like your father. All of those things were things I liked, about him -- things that made it so easy for me to fall head over heels in love with him. Since I already loved you very deeply, I guess it was just sort of natural progression that... damn it, there's no other way to say it. Over time, I fell in love with you. I just didn't realize that it had happened, until these last few days."

She paused, suddenly, looking again at his face and wondering what was going on inside his brain. Was he taking this the way she hoped? She looked briefly at her cigarette, then, and found it almost gone. She took the last drag from it,

stuffed it out in the ashtray, and turned more to face him, taking his hands in hers as she exhaled.

"I do love you, Eric," she reiterated. "I've always loved you, as a mother loves her son, but now I also love you as a woman loves her man. I know that society frowns on it. I know that the law says it's so very wrong. Still, I can't help how I feel. I love you, and I want to give you all of my love -- all of me. If you don't want this, I'll understand, and it doesn't have to go any farther. But -- "

"I love you, too, Mom!" Eric cut her off with a gentle fingertip to her lips. "I've always loved you, as a son should love his mother. But, these last few years, with Dad gone, I've found myself wanting our relationship to be so much deeper than that. I've longed for you, sexually, for the last few years. And it's really more than that, though the sexual aspect is pretty strong. I want to love you like a man loves his woman. I want you as MY woman, Mom."

"Do you really mean that, honey?" Sue asked him, scarcely daring to believe what her ears had heard.

"I do, Mom," he answered her. "I really do. Haven't you ever noticed that I keep finding reasons to come into the bathroom while you're in the shower, or poking my head into your bedroom to say goodnight while you're still changing to go to bed? Haven't you noticed how many times I manage to 'accidentally' brush my body against your boobs or your ass, every chance I get -- especially in our cramped kitchen? Mom, I'm really not that clumsy!"

"I've noticed it, in a way," Sue admitted with a bashful smile, "but I never really had any idea that you might feel that way, about me, until I overheard you and Ken talking on the phone, after the pool party. When you told him that you'd like to peel off my swim-suit and kiss me all over? Baby, it made me wet between my legs, and my nipples got SO hard, just thinking about you doing that to me!"

Though the air about them was still charged with an atmosphere of sexuality, their time spent in the conversation thus far had allowed them each to calm down somewhat, and to regain some sense of rational thought.

"Eric," Sue suggested with a sly grin, "Why don't you go out for awhile, and show off your birthday present to your friends?"

Eric's face took on a giddy look, and Sue smiled, understanding his thoughts.

"The one with wheels, baby," she chided him with a gentle chuckle. "Not the one with a pussy. You know that we can never tell anyone about what we've done, or what we might do later on. I could go to jail, for it."

"But, what about the rest of my birthday?" Eric asked.

"Well, I baked you a cake, but it's still early in the day. We can have that, later. Just make sure you don't stay out until all

hours, and that you come home alone. That new car of yours is bound to be a 'babe-magnet', but you have to decide whether you want some sweet young thing, or the 'babe' who's going to be sitting at home, waiting for you to come back to her."

"Okay, Mom," Eric agreed -- though he found himself suddenly reluctant to leave. "Are you sure that you don't want me to stay home, here, and spend time with you? I can go cruising with the guys, anytime."

"Baby," his mom laughed, "We'll have plenty of time, once you get home, for the kind of 'spending time' you've got on your horny little mind. I don't have a job to get up for, tomorrow, and neither do you. Really, we have most of the summer, for that sort of thing. But, if we're even going to consider continuing what we started in that meadow, we have to keep up appearances. That means that you're still going to have to spend some time with your friends, so they don't start asking suspicious questions, no matter how much I might want you to stay home with me. So, go, already!"

Sue stood up, then, and Eric rose as well. Taking her in his arms, he gave her a soft hug, and then pressed his lips to hers. His kiss was soft, at first, and then her mouth opened to him and their tongues met, and the kiss took on a wholly different proportion. Sue found herself balancing on one foot, and lifting the other slightly, like a scene out of some of the classic Hollywood films she enjoyed, and a part of her mind smiled at the image.

"Go, baby," she finally pulled her lips from his and commanded. "Go, before I change my mind! I've been planning something special, for days, and I don't want it ruined!"

Eric took a quick shower and headed out to show off his new car to his buds. They cruised the main drag in town for a while, acting and feeling as though they were riding the 'strip' in Daytona during Spring Break. A number of the girls they knew from their high school days were out, as well, most of them with boyfriends, and most in far less flashy chariots. Eric reveled in the looks that several of the girls tossed his way, but his mind was still awash in the events of the

afternoon and the promise of something even more wonderful that awaited him back at the house. Eventually, they got hungry and pulled in at a fast-food place for burgers and cokes.

Finally, shortly after nine o'clock, Eric told his friends that he needed to head home.

"Are you out of your freakin' mind, dude?" Ken asked in amazement, taking a quick glance at his wristwatch. "The night is still young, and this is the perfect chic-mobile! Let's cruise for a while, yet, and pick up some girls."

"No, I really need to get home; my mom's waiting for me."

"You're kidding, dude!" Steve, another of his friends, laughed.

"You've got to be! Your mother is waiting for you?"

"No, I'm serious," Eric retorted, trying to keep his smile from betraying his true thoughts. "She baked me a cake, and we

didn't have any, yet. Besides, this car was Mom's gift to me, and I have a pretty good idea how much she spent on it. The least I can do is spend a little time with her. She's missed me all year, you know. We have the whole summer ahead of us, to cruise and stuff."

"Okay, go on home, momma's boy!" Ken chided him, and the others chimed in, echoing the words. "We'll see ya tomorrow, if your mom will let you come out to play."

Eric put the car into gear, understanding that his buddies didn't mean their wisecracks in a bad way, they were just kidding with him. Still," he thought to himself, "if they only knew how right they are, with that 'Mama's Boy' stuff! I know that Ken would probably give his left arm, up to the elbow, for the chance to slurp Mom's sweet pussy!"

Giving vent to a secret smile, Eric guided the car back past Ken's house, so that his buddies could grab Ken's battered Pontiac and head back out for more cruising, and then headed for home.

While Eric and his buddies were out cruising, Sue had not been idle. She had a few little preparations of her own, to take care of, before her new-found lover returned home for the night. First, she took a long, hot soak in the tub, complete with bath-oil beads to help soften her skin. Following the bath, she had shaved herself from navel to toes, rubbing herself down with a lotion whose scent matched that of her favorite perfume.

Next, she rummaged in her dresser to find the pile of sexy night-clothes that hadn't been out of the drawer since she lost her husband. She laid them out on the foot of her bed, surveying them and selecting the sexiest outfit of them all to wear for her new love. She didn't feel any guilt over wearing things that her husband had given her, to pleasure her son. Eric was almost an extension of John, not a replacement of him. Even so, she was beginning to understand that he would want her to move on with her life. She wasn't sure how he'd

take finding out that she was going to take her son to bed, but that was a question best left unanswered.

Eventually, she chose a black lace teddy with a long, sheer matching gown, and then dug in her closet until she found the pair of black sandals with the three-inch heels. They weren't exactly 'come fuck me' heels (she'd run across that term long ago, on an Internet story site), but John had never bought her a pair of those, and she could never see the logic in spending eighty dollars for a pair of heels she'd only wear in the bedroom. Still, she knew that the pair she'd selected would enhance the curves of her long legs and make her ass look even tighter than it already was. She also knew, from her late husband's comments years ago, that -- when she walked in them -- her hips and buttocks moved with just the right amount of 'sway'. She was positive that her chosen ensemble would make her son's eyes just about pop right out of his head, and that was exactly the effect she was shooting for -- absolute devastation.

Donning the negligee and heels, she went to the kitchen to retrieve the cake, carrying it back to the bedroom. Her

preparations complete, she returned to the living room and amused herself with a bit of television until she heard the sound of the garage door opening, announcing Eric's arrival. Turning off the television, she lit a cigarette and settled into what she hoped was a sexy pose, to await her son. She wondered how he would react to seeing her like that.

She didn't have long to wait. Moments later, Eric entered the room. She smiled as she saw his eyes go wide and round and his lips curve into an appreciative wolf-whistle.

"God, Mom," he began hoarsely, "You look soooo sexy, like that! I love the outfit! Is that what women mean, when they tell the guy that they need a minute or two to 'slip into something a little more comfortable'?"

"Uh-huh," she answered, flashing him a wink. "You really like it?"

"Fuck, yeah!" he told her. "Oops -- sorry about dropping the 'F-bomb', like that. It's just that... "

"It's alright, honey," Sue laughed merrily. "In fact, that's actually the sort of reaction I was hoping for. After all, if we're going to be doing it, shortly, you ought to be able to let the word slip once in awhile without having to apologize for it, don't you think?"

"I suppose so," Eric mused. "I guess I hadn't thought that far ahead, yet."

"Well, I had," she giggled again. "Better get used to it, because you're probably going to hear ME use that word a few times, before the night's over! Anyway, I'm glad you approve of the outfit. Now, why don't you run along and get changed, too? I left a little something on your bed, so that you could 'slip into something a little more comfortable', as well."

Eric headed back the hall, his cock already hardening in anticipation of whatever his mother had planned for the two of them. Of course, the sight of her in that negligee, with the panties and teddy-top that left almost nothing to the

imagination, was an added bit of stimulation. He hit the shower, first, making certain that every part of him was squeaky clean -- and finding that his arousal made washing and rinsing his cock a torturous task to accomplish without having it 'go off' prematurely. After he dried, he spent a few minutes shaving his face. If his new-found lover was going to treat him to another taste of her succulent pussy, he wanted to make sure she didn't get whisker-burn from his actions. Then, naked, he padded into his bedroom, where he found a pair of black silk boxers laid out on the foot of his bed. On top of the boxers was a simple card that read, "Happy Birthday, Baby! Now, come and get the rest of your 'present'!"

Smiling, Eric slipped the boxers into place. He had never worn silk, before, and he took a moment to luxuriate in the feel of the slick cloth sliding over his cock. When he got back to the living room, he found his mother still sitting on the couch in a sexy pose. The lights had been turned off, however, and a half-dozen candles gave the room a warm glow.

"Come here, and sit down, baby," Sue invited him in a sultry voice that literally dripped seduction.

He did as she asked, leaning toward her with his lips puckering for a kiss.

"Oops," Sue exclaimed, suddenly, rising from the couch. "I'll be right back."

"Where are you going, Mom?" Eric asked her, his face indicating how puzzled he was by her sudden action.

"To the bathroom, to use a little mouthwash," she explained. "I just finished a cigarette, and I'm sure you don't want to kiss me after that."

"Why not?" he asked her.

"What is it that all the anti-smoking commercials say? 'Kissing a smoker is like licking an ashtray'?"

"Come back here!" he commanded her, and the look on his face startled her enough that she complied, despite the sudden reversal of the parent-child dynamic.

"Now, then," he told her sternly, "I don't want to hear any more of that, out of you, ever! If you and I are going to continue what we started this afternoon, then each of us is going to have to get used to some changes. You've apparently started smoking again, so that is something I have to get used to. And you can't be running off to the bathroom, or some other place, to use mouthwash, every time you've just smoked a cigarette and I want a kiss from you. Understood?"

"Yes, baby," she nodded a bit timidly. Mentally, though, she was awed by his sudden take-charge attitude, and hoped that it would surface again, once they reached the bedroom.

"Besides," he continued, "I've already kissed you after you had a smoke -- earlier this evening, just before you sent me out to go cruising with the guys. Remember?"

"Yes."

"I didn't think your mouth tasted bad, then, and I doubt that I will, now. So kiss me, give it your best shot!"

With that, he pulled her into the circle of his arms and brought his lips to hers. At first, the kiss was soft and gentle but, after a few seconds, she opened her mouth to his in an intimate invitation -- one that he gladly accepted -- and their tongues began to duel hotly with each other in the cavern of their mouths.

"Doesn't taste like an ashtray, to me, Mom," Eric managed to inform her in the brief breaks in lip-contact. "You taste delicious -- at both ends!"

"Mmm, baby," she murmured in answer, "you know just what to say, to your woman, to make her happy..."

On and on, the kiss continued, becoming a series of kisses that were only broken by the normal movements of a lover's kiss.

"Whew!" Sue eventually blurted, as she pulled slightly away from him some fifteen minutes later. "That was some kiss, let me tell you! I honestly don't think that anyone has ever kissed me that way -- not even your father, in all the years we were together! I could really learn to love kisses like that!"

"Then learn, Mom," Eric grinned at her. "Because that's the only kind you're ever going to get, from me. It's the only kind worth giving a woman who's as wonderful as you!"

"Oh, I do hope so, baby," she chuckled softly, winking at him. She turned, then, in the circle of his embrace, and slid her body along the couch until she lay on her back with her head cradled in his lap.

"You feel so good, Eric," she told him. "I love you -- and I love the way you were kissing me, just now."

She undid the knot that allowed the front of her gown to open, and Eric's eyes and hands went for her voluptuous breasts -- gently caressing at first, then squeezing gently and rolling the nipples back and forth between his fingers and thumbs. Sue rolled slightly onto her side and began caressing his steel-hard cock through the silk of the boxers.

"You're so much like your dad in so many ways," she told him.

"I am?" he wondered aloud.

"Yes, darling, you are. Except for this," she nodded, grasping his cock through the slick fabric. "You're a good bit bigger than your dad was."

"You're just saying that," he waved a hand, his face flushing in embarrassment.

"Not at all, honey," she smiled up at him. "I could get my hand all the way around your father's cock, but not yours. And I could get more of him, lengthwise, in my mouth than I could, of yours, this afternoon. I'm so looking forward to feeling what it will do to me, in just a little while!"

They fondled each other lovingly as they talked about their feelings for one another. Sue eventually worked her son's cock out through the opening in the front of his shorts and gently stroked it and kissed it all over, occasionally slipping her lips over the head and teasing the tip with her tongue.

By this time, Eric had changed tactics a bit, alternately rolling each nipple between the thumb and index finger of one hand, while the other gently stroked her soaking slit through the thin fabric of her panties. Eventually, the sensations grew to the point where both were on the ragged edge of being unable to take it any longer. It was Eric, though, who 'surrendered' first.

"Mom, I need you," he groaned in the midst of ecstasy so great that it nearly approached agony. "I need you now!"

Sue smiled, leaving go of his throbbing cock. This was exactly where she wanted him to be -- primed and aching. Now for a little time to let him cool off, so that he wouldn't be quite so hair-triggered as he'd been earlier in the day. Sitting up, she leaned forward and kissed him deeply.

"We have to have some cake, first, darling," she teased, rubbing her nose against his. "I've got it in our bedroom. Give me three minutes, and then join me."

Standing, then, she plucked her cigarettes and ashtray from the coffee table, along with her glass of wine, and strode back the hallway to her bedroom.

"Oh -- my -- fucking -- God!" Eric groaned out loud as he watched her walk away, awed by the movement of her legs, hips, and buttocks.

"Be a dear, and blow out the candles before you join me, won't you, baby?" she tossed the request backward, over her shoulder.

Eric waited for three minutes that seemed like an hour, and then walked back the hallway, gently tapping on his mother's door.

"Come in son," Her sultry voice beckoned from beyond the closed panel. "I've got the candles lit, on your cake."

When he opened the door, he almost couldn't believe what he saw. His mother was laying there, spread-eagle, on the bed. She had shed the teddy, but kept the gown, which was draped out on either side of her like a cape. The mound of her pussy was lathered in cake-frosting, as were the tops of her breasts. On each, where the nipple should have been visible, there was a lighted candle sticking up. As he stood there in utter awe of his mother's devious plotting, she raised her head slightly

from the pillow, put a cigarette to her lips, and lighted it from the candle-flame atop her left breast.

"Well, son," she chuckled at him, "Are you just gonna stand there with your mouth hanging open, or come over here and make a wish and blow out the candles on your 'cake'?"

Eric slowly walked to the bed, his throbbing cock leading the way like a flagpole in a parade. He bent over and blew out the two candles, saying "I've already got my wish."

"Okay, then, baby; enjoy your cake," she suggested. "I know you're anxious to get to your main birthday present, but you can't have it until you're done eating!"

"Can I go get my camera, first, and take a picture?" he pleaded. "Cross my heart, I promise I'll never show it to anyone else unless you give me permission, but I really want a photo of this, to help me remember this night forever!"

"I suppose, darling," she laughed.

It took him less than a minute to run and fetch his digital camera but, by the time he returned to his mother's bedroom, she'd re-lit the candles.

"I figured you'd want the full effect," she chuckled, and then gave him her most seductive smile as he snapped the photo.

"Thanks," he told her. "You're absolutely the greatest!"

He bent over her once more to blow out the candles, and then slid onto the bed while he plucked the candles from the 'cake'.

"That's the best-looking birthday cake I've ever seen,!" he commented, waving his hand to indicate her luscious, decorated body. "Who said, 'You can't have your cake, and eat it, too.!'?"

"I don't know, baby," she giggled, "but it sure wasn't this woman, I'll tell you that much!"

Eric bent to the task at hand, then, starting in on the right breast. He licked and sucked the frosting from each of the lovely orbs, in turn, paying special attention to the nipples once he managed to uncover them. Alternately, he licked with his tongue and nibbled with his teeth -- an effort that brought a sudden startled hiss from his mother.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked, pulling away from her suddenly, startled.

"Fuck, no, baby!" she shook her head wildly. "I absolutely loved that! Please, baby, do it some more!"

Ever the willing son, Eric gladly obliged her, finding that the sounds she made were sweet music in his ears. At length, though, he had both of her breasts totally cleaned of any lingering traces of the frosting, and it was time to move on to the remainder of his luscious 'dessert'. Slipping down the bed

beside her body, he came to rest between her wide-spread legs and too his first taste of 'frosted pussy'.

"You have the sweetest pussy in the world, Mom," he informed her, "with, or without, the frosting!"

Then, returning to his task, he spent the next fifteen minutes tonguing every curve and valley in the vicinity of her Mound of Venus until she was writhing uncontrollably on the bed, her body heaving and her pussy coating his mouth and tongue with her sweet nectar.

Finally, after her third tongue-induced orgasm, she grabbed a handful of his hair and gently pulled his face away from her now-throbbing clit.

"Stop, now, and let Mama have her cake, too!" she begged, panting.

They switched places, then, and she removed the silk boxers. Finding a comfortable position between her son's spread legs, Sue slowly covered his cock and balls with a thick coating of the frosting and began her oral assault. Since she'd already sucked him off once, that day, she decided to take her sweet time with this effort, wanting to raise her lover to a fever-pitch before allowing him to give her the taste she craved as a follow-up to the frosting. She spent fully ten minutes and more, baring his throbbing rod of its sugary coating. He was rock-hard, for her, and his shaft twitched every time she slid her tongue across the sensitive area on the underside of his glans.

"You like, baby?" she asked him on occasion throughout the process. It was a minor torment, for him, but she knew that it would spike his arousal and increase the pleasure he felt when she finally triggered his release.

"God, you know I do, Mom!" he answered, nearly every time she asked. Other times, all he could manage was a deep groan.

"That's right," she cooed to him. "My baby just loves to feel his Momma's mouth on his hard, throbbing dick, doesn't he?"

On and on, she sucked, until at last she felt him swell and start to flood her mouth with his sweet sperm. When she had coaxed the last bit of his cum onto her tongue, she let him slip from her mouth so that she could open it and show him how filled it was with his seed. Then, slowly, she tilted her head upward and brought a finger up to direct his rapt attention to her neck, making sure that he saw every contraction of her throat as she let his seed slide home into her belly.

"God, I love the taste of your sperm, baby!" she told him as she slid her lithe form up along his torso, letting her nipples graze his flesh until her mouth was poised over his.

"Kiss me, baby?" she questioned him.

He knew that her lips and tongue were still coated with a thin remnant of his seed, but there was no way that he would refuse her request, not after the exquisite pleasure she had just given him. He raised his head, wrapped an arm around her, and drew her mouth to his. Their tongues intertwined, and he

tasted himself on her, and it wasn't at all bad. He could certainly learn to live with that, in a hurry!

They lay there, for some minutes, kissing and hugging, their bodies rubbing gently against each other. After a time, though, Sue was ready for the next part of the 'present' she intended to give her son. Sitting up, she reached to her night table and slid a loose cigarette from the pack. As she brought it to her lips, she was surprised to find Eric's hand close by, with the lighter, waiting to offer her a light.

"Well, aren't you just the perfect gentleman, darling!" she smiled, then put the cigarette to her lips and drew on it as she lowered the tip into the flame. Inhaling the first puff, she levered her body upward and off of Eric's, then slid alongside him again until her face was just above his wilted cock. Drawing hard on the cigarette once more, she leaned her face downward and gently bathed the sagging phallus in a whorl of smoke. It stirred briefly, thickening as she thought it might, and so she repeated the process. A third time around brought his cock to life once more, and it began to stand up of its own accord.

"Aha," she giggled. "There's life in that monster, yet!"

Taking another drag, she inhaled the smoke and then inhaled his cock, deeper than she'd taken him at any time earlier in the day. Up and down she went, lower on him with each repetition, until she felt him hit the back of her throat and trigger her gag-reflex and his pubic hair tickled her nostrils.

"God, Mom," he whispered in amazement. "You took it all!"

"Every fucking inch of it, baby," she withdrew just long enough to get the words out. "I bet that's something that none of your girlfriends ever managed to do!"

She pulled another deep drag from her cigarette and engulfed his cock again, all the way to its root, her eyes not breaking contact with his as she slowly let the smoke out through her nostrils.

Her eyes held his, communicating with him wordlessly as she kept at it, working her lips and tongue on him until he was totally hard once more. Then, suddenly, she slowed eased up on him. Oh, she was still inhaling his cock all the way to the root, but she was doing it in slow-motion, now, taking her sweet time. It was almost as if she was trying to prolong this part of their foreplay. Could it be that she actually enjoyed sucking on him?

It didn't seem logical, really. The things he'd read, on various Internet sites, and the actions of the few girls he'd been with during his Freshman year, all pointed to the notion that women regarded cock-sucking as some sort of 'necessary evil' - a means to an end. They did it to get a guy hard again, for 'Round Two', or they did it as a quid-pro-quo in order to get their pussies licked. The six girls he'd been with, in the course of his Freshman year, had proved those notions correct. Or, rather, five of the six had done so. The sixth had been Jacqueline Jackman, whose parents had named her after a wealthy grandmother in an attempt to lock-in a big inheritance. He'd dated her for four months and, in all that time, she'd never once let his cock anywhere near her mouth,

insisting on getting him ready with hand-jobs. Little wonder that she'd eventually earned the campus nick-name of 'Jackie Jack-me'!

One by one, then, he called up brief images of the other five, letting their faces briefly superimpose themselves over that of his mother as she continued her leisurely oral play. Only one of the five had really made any attempt to deep-throat him, and she'd failed on the first attempt and then given up. And not one of them had ever really looked at him, the way his mother did. They'd either closed their eyes or stared into his navel until his cock was hard enough for penetration, and then told him that it was time to fuck.

Susan? Man, what a difference! She stared into his eyes the entire time. Granted, she blinked occasionally, but that was just the body's normal reaction as it strove to keep the eye properly moist. Meanwhile, her eyes spoke volumes to him, telling him how very much she loved him and loved having him in her mouth. Her gaze made it abundantly clear to him that she was taking pleasure from having him there..

He groaned again, unable to contain himself against the sensations she was giving him, and then pulled herself away with a wistful smile -- as if to say that, though there were other pleasures to be had, now that he was fully hard, she was reluctant to part from the joy she got from sucking him.

"Now, baby," she told him, "I want you deep inside me. Are you ready for that?"

"I've been ready for that, all night, Mom," he informed her.

"Then, let's switch places again, and go for it!" she suggested.

Mother and son rolled over each other on the king-sized mattress, until Eric was hovering over her, the tip of his cock scant inches from the entrance to her pussy.

"Take it slowly, to start with, honey," she cautioned him as she wrapped her hand around his shaft and guided it to the moist opening of her long-unused pussy. "It's been a long time since

I've had anything bigger than my fingers in there. I'll let you know when you can start to really move and thrust harder."

Eric inched forward, feeling the tip of his cock slowly become enveloped by his mother's pussy, the place where he'd longed to put it for the last several years, and the sensation was beyond description. Thanks to a year away at college, he was no stranger to the pleasure of coupling with a woman, yet none of the women he'd been with had ever felt like the one he was with now. None of them had been this hot, or this tight, or this wet. He wanted to tell her so, because he knew that -- at her age, and with her already having given birth to a child -- it would be a huge compliment. Still, he was enough the proper young son that he was somewhat afraid to hint to her that he was 'experienced'.

"You feel better than I imagined you would, Mom," he murmured into her ear as the last of him sank into her. "God, you're so tight and hot, and wet!"

"You mean, Mom's pussy is actually tighter and hotter and juicier than all those sweet young pussies you had, while you were at college?" she murmured back, a light chuckle in her voice.

"Mom, I -- er, uh -- "

"Relax, baby," she giggled, gently pushing his face away from her enough so that he could see that she was only amused. "I know you've had other lovers. Nobody learns to eat pussy as well as you just ate mine, without a lot of practice. I'm just happy to get the benefit of what you learned."

"I'm glad, Mom," he smiled at her. "And, thanks for not getting upset."

"Why should I be upset, baby?" she laughed at his confusion. "Whoever those girls were, they obviously taught you well, and I get to reap the benefits. If they taught you as much about fucking a pussy as they did about eating one, I'm going to be one very pleased woman in another couple minutes, aren't I?"

"I hope so," he told her.

"I will be, baby," she smiled and pulled him close for a kiss.

"My son is about to fuck me. How could I not be pleased?"

"That sounds good enough for me," Eric agreed, gently allowing his weight to rest on her body for a moment.

"So, are you going to fuck me, or what, darling?" she prodded him.

"Of course, Mom," he nodded, sighing. "It's just that, even though I've been with other girls, and you've at least been with Dad - "

"And a couple others, too, baby," she confessed.

"Well, this is my first time, with you, Mom. It's only ever going to happen once, and I want to remember it forever. I'm also hoping that I can make it live up to whatever sort of expectations you've had..."

"It... will..., honey," she told him, punctuating her words with soft wet kisses. "My strong, handsome son is about to make love to me, about to fuck my brains out. It will be everything I've hoped for, everything I've fantasized about. Even if we make love to each other another million times, this night will always be special, and it will be the one I remember most of all."

She looked up at him, silent for a moment, and then...

"Eric, darling?"

"Yes, Mom?"

"My pussy's had time to get used to being stretched by your monster cock. Why don't you start fucking me with it?"

"My pleasure, Mom," he said, and began slowly stroking his length within her.

"No, baby," she corrected him. "It will be OUR pleasure."

Gradually, Eric began to pick up speed in his stroking, watching in awe as the look of pleasure stole across his mother's face and drove all other emotions far away from her. It wasn't very long before she was moaning and writhing beneath him, her heels digging into the cheeks of his ass as she tried to meet his body halfway with every stroke.

"Harder, baby! Fuck me harder! Pound it into me!" she begged and goaded him, and he obliged her.

"Yeah, baby," she groaned. "That's it! Pound your mother's pussy! It was made to be fucked hard! Fuck it harder -- it won't break!"

Though Eric had been fortunate enough to have a few lovers in his year at college, none of them had been at all fond of swallowing cum, and so he had never before been placed in a situation like the one he found himself in, now. Because he had just cum in his mother's mouth, he was nowhere near ready to cum again. He'd never lasted this long, in a woman, before, and the knowledge thrilled him. He picked up his pace, hitting a sort of rhythmic 'stride' and began to pound his mother's pussy in earnest, feeling the tip of his cock touch his mother's cervix at the bottom-end of every stroke.

Every time he hit that sweet spot, Sue would jerk and shiver beneath him. Her face was a mask of sheer ecstasy, something that he'd never seen on any of the other women he'd been to bed with. That knowledge only goaded him to fuck her faster and harder.

"Oh, yes, Eric!" she moaned. "Fuck me with that magnificent cock of yours! Fill me up and make me cum all over it, baby! I can't believe how good you're making me feel!"

He risked a second to glance at the digital alarm clock on his mother's night-table, and was astonished to find that they'd been fucking for fully half an hour. He'd never lasted even ten minutes, before! Now, though, he could feel the waves of sensation building within him, warning him of his impending orgasm.

"Cum for me, Mom!" he commanded her, his voice harsh and ragged from panting. "I want to feel you cumming for me!"

"Oh, god, baby!" she moaned, opening her eyes and looking up at him. "You got me, already! I've been cumming and cumming for you, for awhile, now. Can't you feel it?"

He opened his mouth, but didn't know what to say, and so she wrapped her arms and legs around him, dragging him tightly to her so that his movement ceased.

"Feel it, baby," she begged him. "Feel me cum for you!"

He could feel it, now that his own movement had stopped -- the clutching and throbbing as the walls of her vagina alternately clamped and loosened around his cock.

She held him close, but angled her face so that she could look into his as she explained it to him.

"That's... what it feels like... when a woman... cums all over your cock, baby!" she told him. "You made me cum for you, and keep on cumming. Now, fuck me hard, again, and let me feel you fill me with your sperm, before it fades!"

Eager to please her, he immediately began hammering away at her pussy, and the sudden surge re-ignited Sue's orgasm, taking her to a peak even higher than before. In the midst of it all, she felt Eric's cock begin to swell and throb, signaling that his own orgasm was at hand.

"Yes, baby! Yes! That's it!" she urged him, reaching up with both hands to caress his face and wipe away the huge droplets of sweat that clung to his forehead and the tip of his nose. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck me and fill me with your seed, and make me yours forever, darling!"

The sound of her voice, the words she chose, and the look on her face all conspired to send him over the edge, and his cock erupted deep inside her. He screamed as he came, and so did she, as she felt the first blast of his sperm hit her cervix. She clutched at him and held him close as his pounding grew less, until they were just holding each other tightly. The last spurts of his orgasm came and went, and he collapsed on top of her, exhausted.

"Oh, god, baby," she groaned some minutes later, when sense and sensibility began to return to both of them. "No man has ever fucked me like that!"

"Does that mean you'll keep me?" Eric asked, jokingly.

"You bet your life it does, baby," she smiled at him. "You're mine, now, and I'm never going to let you get away from me!"

They stayed there in silence, just holding each other as the reality of what they'd done began to fully sink in -- and as a bit of strength returned to their exhausted bodies. After awhile, they rolled apart and Sue reached toward the night-table for her cigarettes.

"Mmm," she sighed blissfully, venting the first exhale through her nose as she rolled slightly to face her son. "The two best cigarettes of all are the one after an excellent meal and the one after you've just had the living daylights fucked out of you!"

"I wouldn't know," Eric smiled back at her.

A devious expression crept across Sue's face, and she inched closer to him.

"Wanna find out?" she asked mischievously.

"Mom?"

"Baby, if you're man enough to fuck your mother into the middle of next week, you're man enough to share a cigarette with her, afterward. Now, breathe out through your nose when I lean toward you, and then in through your mouth when our lips touch."

She took a long drag, inhaled, and leaned toward her son, feeling the breath slip out of his nostrils. When their lips touched, she opened her mouth and gently flooded his lungs with her smoke. Then she pulled away from him enough to watch with amusement as he exhaled and saw the cloud of smoke leave his lips.

"Well?" she asked him.

"Different," he told her, cocking his head to one side. "Kind of cool, but it's just a first impression..."

"Wanna try again?" she giggled, not at all surprised to see him nod in response. She took another drag and repeated the process.

"One more time?" he asked her when he'd finished his exhale. His response to this bit of kinky play intrigued him, since he basically considered himself to be a non-smoker. He'd tried smoking, a few times, back in his high school days. It hadn't done anything for him, so he never made a habit of it. These 'smoky kisses' that his mom was feeding him though, were something entirely different. A guy could get 'addicted' to something like this.

She repeated the move yet again, this time noticing that his cock was stirring rapidly back to life.

"A-ha!" she crowed, tapping the head of his thickening cock with a fingertip. "You like Mom's smoky kisses, don't you, baby?"

"More like 'love', Mom," Eric admitted with a wry grin. "You can kiss me like that whenever you want!"

"Like now, baby?" she chided.

"Like anytime, Mom," he grinned again.

She gave him another smoke-filled kiss, and then pointed to his rampant cock.

"Whatever will we do, with this thing?" she asked him. "I don't think I have the strength to withstand another fucking like the last one -- at least, not until morning."

"Then, I don't know," he shrugged. "I guess if we leave it alone, it could go away on its own?"

"A hard cock is good to find, baby," she told him. "When you find one, you can't let it go to waste, because you never know when the next one may come along."

"Well, it's all because of those kisses, Mom," he shrugged. "There was a song on one of Dad's old record albums -- something about a kiss to build a dream on? Those kisses of yours are the kind a guy could build a wet-dream on!"

"No more wet dreams for you, honey," she shook a finger at him. "I plan on keeping you drained enough that your sperm never reaches that large a back-log!"

"Mmm," Eric murmured. "Sounds like an excellent plan, to me, Mom!"

"Still, that leaves us with the problem of this nice hard cock," she mused. "Well, I do usually get a drink of something, before heading to bed..."

With that, she slid down between his legs and took him into her mouth, sucking him until he coated her tongue with his seed for the third time in a day.

"I love the taste, baby," she informed him. "I'll do that whenever you want me to!"

Eric sat up and stretched, then slid to the opposite side of the bed and put his feet to the floor.

"Where are you going?" she asked him.

"I figured I'd hit the bathroom and clean up a little, then head for bed," he replied.

"You can go to the bathroom," she nodded, "but then you come right back here. You're sleeping with me, tonight, darling!"

"I am?" he asked facetiously.

"Yes, you are," she answered. "Tonight, and every night from now on."

As she watched the smile light up her son's face, she rose and left the bed as well.

Fifteen minutes later, she extinguished her last cigarette of the day, turned off the lamp on the bed-side table, and rolled over to cuddle into Eric's enfolding arms. Less than five minutes after that, they had both drifted into a blissful sleep.

Susan awoke the next morning as the patch of sunlight streaming through the window gradually moved across the bed and fell on her face. She laid there, eyes still closed, recalling the dream she'd been having, one of making love to a strong, handsome, virile young man. The transition from

sleep to wakefulness continued, and she began to sense the presence of someone else in bed, next to her. Rolling slowly to her side, she opened her eyes and saw the face of her son, Eric. As her gaze slid down along his body, she realized that he -- as she -- was totally naked. His arm was casually draped across her chest, a hand lightly cupping one breast.

"Oh, my God!" she whispered, then, as the events of Monday came streaming into her consciousness in a burst-transmission from the back of her brain. "It was all real! I made love with my son!"

It was summer, and so the morning light was warm, not cold, but it was no less sobering as she watched the memory spool out in her mind's eye, replaying everything the two of them had done with, and to, each other.

"What have I done?" she murmured, suddenly stricken with terror.

Slowly, carefully, she slipped out from under his arm and slid gently from the bed, trying not to awaken Eric. Blessedly, the hinges on the closet door were well-oiled and did not squeak as she reached for the light silken robe that hung on a hook inside. Donning it, she tucked her cigarettes and lighter into her pocket, picked up the ashtray and the empty wine glass, and padded quietly out of the bedroom, pulling the door closed behind her.

In the kitchen, she hit the button on the coffee-maker, thankful that she'd thought to get it ready the previous evening, before Eric had returned from cruising with his friends. She pulled a chair out from the kitchen table and sat, lighting a cigarette while she waited for the coffee to brew.

"So, where do we go, from here?" she asked the empty room.

Where, indeed? With what had happened between them last night, there were basically only two ways her son could react. Either he would be okay with it all, or he would regret what they'd done -- or, at least, his part in the escapade.

Did she regret it, though, Susan asked herself. By the time she had poured a cup of coffee and lit a second cigarette, she had reached the conclusion that her response was going to be governed by his. If their love-making had in any way damaged the close relationship that they'd enjoyed before going to bed together, she would never stop hating herself for having started it. It WAS her fault, after all. She'd mad the first move, that afternoon in the meadow, when she'd sucked him off and then offered her pussy to his lips and tongue.

If he was alright with it? Oh, god, please let him be alright with what we did! She wanted it to be alright with him because, deep down, she wanted it to continue. She'd never felt more alive, nor more in love with anyone in the world, than last night when he was hammering away at her pussy with his beautiful cock. No man had ever pleased her half as much as her handsome son, nor had she ever felt as totally free to give of herself to a man as she had, with Eric.

She SO wanted that aspect of their interaction not to be over!

She sipped her coffee and took a long drag from her cigarette, exhaling the smoke along with a long, wistful sigh.

She was just going to have to sit there and wait, wait until Eric awoke, to learn where the two of them stood.

Eric opened his eyes, finally, to find himself in his mother's bed, naked, and smiled. His sleep had been filled with wild erotic dreams of making love to his mother and, in those fuzzy moments that come just on the verge of transiting between sleep and wakefulness, he got the notion that it had all been nothing more than a dream. A wet dream, to be sure, but still only a dream and not reality.

The manner of his waking, however -- naked, in his mother's bed -- convinced him that it had been otherwise. He really had made love to his mother, and she had been every bit as much a willing participant as he. In fact, now that the full

memory of Monday came into focus, it was his mother who had actually initiated the whole thing. She had seduced him!

Not that it was really a seduction, he mused. He'd always heard that it was as hard to seduce the willing as it was to rape them. Seduction usually involved some degree of reluctance or unwillingness on the part of one person, and neither he nor his mother had seemed at all unwilling. She'd let him know that she was aware of his feelings for her, and then told him that she felt the same way. That was all it had taken, really, and they had wound up making mad, passionate love to each other for half the night.

He smiled at the memory, and then wondered at the fact that she was absent from the bed. Had she awakened to second-thoughts about what they'd done? It was possible. They had moved from the usual mother-son relationship into one that, to his knowledge, was only truly 'legal' in France -- though he had heard through the grapevine that they tended to turn a blind eye to it, in West Virginia. Was she sitting downstairs, even now, thinking about what they'd done and regretting it?

"Better go and face the music," he murmured to himself.

Taking a few moments to wash his face and run a finger-comb through his hair, he slipped into the black silk boxers she had given him for his birthday and headed for the kitchen.

He tip-toed to the doorway into the kitchen and stood there, surveying the scene.

She was sitting at the table, clad in a short silken robe, sipping coffee and smoking a cigarette. Her hair was still somewhat mussed from sleep, her make-up was smudged and a bit streaked -- had she been crying? -- and Eric couldn't keep his eyes off of her, she was so very beautiful.

Padding softly into the kitchen, he stopped next to her and reached down, placing a finger beneath her chin to turn her face toward him.

"Good morning, beautiful," he greeted her with a big smile, and then kissed her fully on the lips. At first, she tried to pull away, but he leaned into the kiss and prevented their lips from parting quite so easily. After a moment, she responded, fully pouring herself into the embrace.

"Morning, baby," she gave him a hesitant smile. "Sleep well?"

"How could I not, Mom," he chuckled. "I spent the night sleeping with the most beautiful woman in the world!"

Her smile brightened, and then she took notice of what he was wearing -- and the fact his cock was obviously growing inside its silk enclosure. Her pulse quickened at the sight.

"Sit down, and I'll get you a cup of coffee," she told him.

She took another drag from her cigarette and stood to get the coffee, and Eric caught her waist and pulled her into another kiss before she could exhale. Sue found herself with the

choice of exhaling through her nose, or into Eric's mouth. On a whim, she chose the latter, feeling her son's lips curl into a smile, even in the midst of the kiss.

"So you DO like those 'special' kisses of mine, do you?" she joked with him.

"I told you, I'd take kisses like that whenever you were in the mood," he reminded her.

"What if I occasionally want to be on the receiving end?" she bantered back.

In answer, he took the cigarette from between her fingers and puffed at it, inhaling and placing his lips to hers. As he breathed gently into her, he noted in passing that her smoky kisses of the previous night must have conditioned him to handle the smoke, because he had no urge to cough.

He pulled his lips away from hers and watched as she vented a thin, weak cone of smoke at the ceiling fan overhead.

"I guess that answers my question,' she told him with a soft, yet obviously pleased, smile. "Now sit down, and let me get your coffee."

Her son's actions, at least thus far, had gone a long way to dispelling the cloud of doubt that had been hanging over her head. He appeared to be quite alright with what had passed between them overnight, and the thought that this new level of intimacy could continue made her very happy, indeed.

Pouring a cup and adding the requisite amounts of creamer and sugar, she returned to the table and leaned over a bit more than was necessary to place the cup in front of him. She had loosened the belt of her robe while fetching the coffee, to expose more of her charms to her son, and so Eric had a perfect view of her taut nipples beneath the loose-fitting robe. His arousal increased another notch. An his cock began to pitch an obvious tent in the silk boxers.

Sue returned to the counter with her own mug, refilled it, and returned to the table. As she took her seat, she made sure that the bottom hem of her robe parted, affording him a good peek at her moist pussy. She could see that he was fully erect, now, and straining for release.

"Why don't you let that thing out to play?" she suggested coyly. "It looks terribly uncomfortable, trapped in there."

"If you feel such pity for its condition," Eric returned, "why don't you set it free, yourself, baby?"

It was the first time in his life that Eric had ever addressed her as anything other than some form of "Mom", and he was a bit nervous as he tried the variation, but the smile that lit her face as he said the word, 'baby', let him know that he'd done exactly the right thing. In turn, he smiled as his mother reached over and fished his rampant cock out through the slit in the boxers.

"Now, doesn't that feel better?" she asked rhetorically. "It sure looks better! Mmm, I could look at your thick, hard cock all day long"

"I don't want you to just look at it, baby," Eric told her as he took his raging hard-on in hand and began to lightly stroke it. "I want you to wrap those beautiful lips around it and suck it, and let me cum in your mouth! I want to feel my cum paint your tonsils, and then watch as you drink my sperm! Then, I want to spread your legs and lick your pussy and your clit until I make you climax as I taste your pussy juice on my lips and tongue!"

"I'll do whatever you want, baby," she murmured, nodding, and her eyes were alight with eagerness. "Let me take care of my man!"

Standing, she stepped over between his splayed legs, loosening the tie that held her robe in place. A sexy shrug of her shoulders sent it fluttering to the floor around her feet as she lightly dropped to her knees and grasped his cock in her

dainty hand. She rubbed his glans over her sensitive nipples and across her cheeks and nose before finally taking him between her lips, all the time looking him in the eyes.

Rolling her tongue around the head of his wonderful cock, she jacked him off into her mouth while caressing his balls thru the slick silk of his shorts until she felt him tense and swell. At that point, she lifted her mouth from his cock and slowly jacked him again, wanting to delay his orgasm for a few moments to let the cum in his balls have time to simmer a bit before boiling over. She knew, from experience, that this would produce a bigger load of cream, as well as heightened sensations for her lover.

"Watch Momma take your hot load, baby!" she uttered the words in her throatiest, most sultry voice, feeling the twitches in his cock as his brain registered the naughtiness of her words. "Watch your cock fill Momma's mouth with your love. I'm going to drink every drop of your sweet cum, Eric! I love the taste of your seed! Come on and give Momma some cream to go with her coffee, baby!"

She pumped his cock until she felt his seed surge up thru the rigid shaft and splash across her lips and tongue, filling her wide open mouth. She kept her mouth open as she swirled the hot, white nectar around with her tongue before swallowing it all and licking her lips with a smacking sound.

Eric got up on shaky legs, led his mother to the living room couch, and laid her down.

"I want to make you feel as good as you made me feel, Mom," he informed her.

Remembering how wonderfully her son had licked her pussy on earlier occasions, Sue was not about to pass up another opportunity to experience such delights, so she didn't tell Eric that she'd actually managed to arouse herself so much -- while sucking his big, thick cock -- that she'd had a half-decent orgasm as his cum filled her mouth. Still, she was feeling in need of a cigarette to speed her recovery, and so she lit one as she leaned back on the sofa and bared her dripping pussy for her son's attentions.

Eric started kissing her, beginning at her forehead and then working his way down her body. When he kissed her lips, he could taste himself in her mouth and on her tongue. Again, he decided that it was a taste he could get used to, provided that every time he tasted it, it was connected with his mother. He tweaked and sucked her nipples, rolling them in his mouth, first one and then the other, delighting in the sound of her moans and groans and the way her body writhed and undulated beneath him.

He worked his way downward, stopping to ream her navel with his tongue before licking across her smooth lower abdomen to the target of his love. He sucked her labia into his mouth, one at a time, lashing them with his tongue as he gently nibbled them with his teeth and lips. He hadn't really paid attention, the last couple times he'd had his mouth between his mother's thighs, but now he cataloged and cross-indexed his actions and her reactions, trying to figure out what touches pleased her the most.

"Come here, baby," she called softly to him, trying to cup a hand beneath his chin.

"Later, Mom," he answered, his words somewhat muffled by the folds of her labia.

"Just for a moment, honey," she pleaded. "Please? Just for a moment, and then you can go back to what you're doing."

With a plaintive sigh, Eric surrendered to her request and levered his body back up to where he could face her. As he did, Sue closed her legs and shifted her posture so that he could sit in her lap with his face next to hers. There was a brief moment in which they were almost nose-to-nose, gazing into at other, and he could see her love for him blazing out of her deep green eyes.

It was a moment that etched itself in his mind for eternity, as he understood in some wordless way that their love for each other had just touched a new level. His brain collected data from each of his senses... The warm feel of her body against

his. The scents of his cologne (Nautica) and her perfume (Issey Miyake), the smoke from her cigarette, and the aroma of her pussy from the juices that coated his lips and chin. The look in her eyes and the devastating warmth of her smile -- a smile that he somehow knew would always be for him, alone.

The overload of it all was nearly enough to bring tears of joy to his eyes.

"I wanted to tell you, my darling," she began in a low voice, "that I love you so very much. And I wanted to let you know something else. I know I've already told you that no man has ever made me feel the way you're making me feel right now. I need you to know that it's not just a 'line'. It's the absolute truth."

"Thank Dad for that, Mom," he told her.

"What do you mean?" she asked, her face showing her puzzlement.

"When I was twelve, my pubic hair started coming in, and I got my first real erection," he explained. It was kind of scary, so I worked up the nerve to go ask Dad about it. You had gone to the grocery store, so we had time, and he gave me what he called 'Part One' of the "Dad-Talk' on the birds and bees. It wasn't really a lot, but he let me know that what was happening to me was perfectly normal, as my body was starting to prepare itself for adulthood."

He saw her glance at her nearly-spent cigarette, and paused to let her stub it out and light another. She gave him a quick smoky kiss, and then prompted him to continue.

"Well, do you remember when I turned sixteen, and Dad planned that father-son fishing expedition?"

"Yes."

"Well, we really did go fishing, during the daytime but, after dinner that Saturday night, when we got back to the motel, Dad gave me 'Part Two' of his 'talk'. For this one, he had some photographs clipped from some pretty 'naughty' magazines, and a couple of DVD's and a portable DVD player."

"Oh, my!" Sue exclaimed. "He never told me about that!"

"It was supposed to be just between us guys, Mom," Eric laughed. "Of course he never told you. And I was sworn to absolute secrecy! The photographs were very explicit in what they showed, and the DVD's were triple-x-rated. I was only sixteen, and here was Dad, showing me stuff that you're supposed to be eighteen, to look at. He could have been charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, if the wrong people got wind of what he did!

"But, Dad was using the stuff strictly as 'visual aid' material. He wanted to satisfy a teenage boy's natural curiosity as to what a naked woman looks like, first of all. And, of course, there's the whole aspect of sex. In school, in Health class, we got the

standard course in human reproduction, with almost no illustrations in the textbook and only the generic 'fit Tab A into Slot B' explanation of missionary-position intercourse. Dad wanted me to know about things like foreplay, so that I'd be prepared to be a good lover whenever the opportunity first presented itself to me."

"Well, his lessons apparently worked," Sue laughed briefly.

"Sort of," Eric nodded in agreement. "The first couple times, I was still a little nervous and fumbled a bit, but at least I had some idea of what goes on. But, yes, Dad's talk, and his maxims, did pay off for me, in the long run."

"Oh, good grief!" Sue went wide-eyed. "He had 'maxims' for you, in a 'birds-and-bees' lecture?"

"Well, there were only two," Eric shrugged. "There was 'Anything worth doing is worth doing well,' and 'Nice guys finish last.'"

He had to wait, then, until his mother finished laughing at the second 'proverb', but even he had to admit that his dad had come up with a winning play on words, with that one."

"Now," he said, as her laughter subsided, "if you'll be so kind as to give me one of your 'special kisses', I'd like to get back to what I was doing earlier, before your pussy gets cold."

Sue smiled sweetly, fed him a smoky kiss, and then Eric began his slow descent along her body, starting almost from scratch to ensure that he built up her arousal to a proper level. Finally, after paying another round of attention to her labia, he drove his tongue deep into her love-tunnel, massaging her clit with his nose as he lapped up the sweet juices that oozed from her nether-lips. He inhaled deeply, filling his nostrils with her womanly aroma. He sucked and licked her pussy and clit, driving up inside her with a hooked forefinger rubbing across the spongy-textured cluster of tissue that was her G-spot, until she screamed out in an overwhelming orgasm. He continued his efforts, loving the way her body jerked and writhed at his

touch, until sue was forced to push him away because her pussy was too sensitive to let things go on any longer.

Understanding that she was on 'overload' at the moment, he slid up onto the couch beside her, curling an arm around her while she spun down from her massive orgasm. It took her nearly half an hour, and two more cigarettes, but eventually she was nearly back to normal again, at which point she turned her face to him and begged him to fuck her one more time. This time, though, their love-making was slow and languid, a relaxed sort of coupling that was far different from their frenzied efforts of the previous night, but was nonetheless utterly enjoyable.

When they had recovered from that effort, they walked hand-in-hand back to their bedroom and took a long shower. For the first time in over fifteen years, Sue washed her son's body for him, while Eric washed his mother's lithe form for the very first time, deciding it was something else he'd enjoy doing on a regular basis. As Eric glided his soapy hand over her body, Sue grew aroused again and repaid the favor by stroking her son's cock until it was rock hard. She was taken

by surprise, though, when Eric lifted her in his arms, pinned her against the shower wall, and thrust his cock deep inside her.

"Oh, fuck!" she exclaimed. "Do me, baby! Fuck me hard!"

As aroused as the simple -- but never before experience -- act of showering together had left them, it wasn't long until they were both nearing orgasm once more.

"Don't cum inside me, this time, baby!" she begged him.

"What?" he asked. "Why not?"

"I want you to pull out and cum all over my face, honey. Will you do that, for Momma?"

The simple request -- the thought, in Sue's mind, and the words, in Eric's ears -- was all it took to put both of them over the top. Hastily, Eric pulled out of her and put her feet back

on the shower floor. Sue dropped to her knees, slurping her son's cock into her mouth for a brief instant, then pulling it out and stroking it as it spewed forth its load all over her face."

"That's it, baby!" she told him seductively. "Spew your hot cum all over me! Give your Momma a cum-facial!"

Because he had already cum several times, in the span of only a couple hours, Eric's load this time was somewhat small, and he finished ejaculating quickly. Sue relaxed, letting her buttocks drop and rest on her heels as she knelt on the shower floor, giving her son a good long look at her face, blotched and splattered with his sperm. Then, looking him in the eyes all the while, she slowly and seductively scraped his seed from her face with her fingers and fed it into her mouth. Swallowing, finally, she stood and leaned past him to rinse the last film of it from her face.

"Well, I'm definitely increasing my intake of protein," she giggled, giving him a quick peck on the lips. "Thank you, baby! That was a dynamite fuck, and you tasted yummy, as always!"

At length, they left the shower, dried each other and dressed, and returned to the kitchen. Eric refilled their coffee mugs while Sue set about making them a late breakfast of eggs, bacon, and toast.

"Eric, we really need to talk about this situation," Sue finally broached the subject that both of them knew had been hanging over their heads throughout the morning.

"What about it, Mom?" Eric asked. To his younger mind, there weren't really any major questions. He loved Sue, and she loved him, and that was all they needed to know in order to be comfortable with the situation.

"Well, what we've done is something that is illegal, just about everywhere except for France," she explained. "We have to figure out where we're going to let this lead. What we did yesterday, and this morning -- all of it was absolutely wonderful, and I loved every second of it, but we have to face

the facts. Do we keep on, as lovers, and risk getting caught, or stop now and for good?

"I don't want to change a thing Mom, I want us to be together, forever."

"There's a little more to it than that son, we have to be very careful and make sure that nobody else finds out about this. Let's be certain that we can live with what we're doing. If anyone finds out, we'll be outcasts in this town. I don't want to stop, but I don't want our names in the paper, either. Just be sure nobody finds out."

"Don't worry Mom, no one will find out, because I'll never tell anyone. I could never live without you, now. I have to be with you, Mom!"

"You're sure you want this to go on?" she asked him again.

"Definitely," he replied. "Why? Are you sorry that you started this, between us?"

"Oh, God, no!" she exclaimed. "At first, I was worried about whether or not you'd even be interested in me -- that is, until I overheard you and Ken talking about what you'd like to do to me, given the chance. And I have to admit that, when I woke up, this morning, I was worried about you, about what your opinion of me would be. Would you still love and respect a woman who'd go to bed with her own son? Once I found out that nothing between us had changed -- other than that we had become lovers as well as friends -- I was the happiest woman on Earth. I still am. I just need to be sure that you want this as much as I do."

"I do," Eric reassured her, taking her hand in his across the small breakfast table. "I know that you had some 'female problems', a few years ago, and the doctor told you that you can't get pregnant any longer. If you could, though -- and if we could figure out a way to get away with it -- I'd marry you, and want you to have my babies!"

"Then, I guess it's settled," Sue sighed with a smile. "We'll let this go on, and see where it leads us."

Though she sounded confident with the decision, Sue was really still a bit uncertain. Though Eric couldn't see any downside to their new relationship, Sue foresaw a few pitfalls. For one thing, Eric would be headed back to college in the fall, and she would be left at home, and alone again. After having a close male companion and lover for most of the summer, she wasn't sure that she could bear that return to virtual isolation.

Plus, there was the distant future to consider. Ever since she had given birth to Eric, Sue had looked forward to more children. When she'd been told that, due to a problem with her reproductive system, it was doubtful that there would be any siblings for Eric, she had eventually accepted the fact and then set her sights on one day being able to play with her grandchildren. If she and Eric remained a couple for the rest of their lives, that dream would never come to pass, because there would never be a wife for Eric who could give him the children he so richly deserved.

She pondered the situation for a day or so, and then came to the conclusion that she would just go with the flow. She would enjoy loving her handsome son for as long as she could, and slowly prepare herself for the day when he would set her aside in favor of having a legal wife and starting a family. Maybe -- just maybe -- he would find a woman who was just naughty enough not to mind occasionally sharing her love for Eric with his mother, though she truly doubted that such women existed.

Having put the worry out of her mind, Sue enjoyed the remainder of the week. She rationed out her few remaining cigarettes for times when she could share smoky kisses with Eric and, when the pack was empty, she tossed it in the wastebasket without a second thought. They kept house together, played and made love, and went for the occasional drive in Eric's Mustang.

But there were down-side aspects to the relationship that neither of them had foreseen, and those began to raise their ugly heads about three weeks into their new lives.

Eric got a job as a carpenter's helper, working for the father of one of his friends. He didn't need the money, really, as both his college expenses and spending money were covered by the trust-fund he'd been left. Still, he had inherited his father's work-ethic and couldn't stand to hang around the house all day and not be accomplishing something, despite the delights his mother offered in practically every room in the house. His time at work was time in which Sue was alone, again.

And there were the evenings, as well. In order to maintain appearances, Eric had to at least occasionally spend a night out with his friends, cruising the streets and looking for babes. Occasionally, the guys would score, and Eric would find himself saddled with having to appear to be interested in some reasonably attractive girl who was more than interested in hopping into bed with him -- all without doing anything which he thought would be 'betraying' his new-found position as his mother's partner and lover. He was constantly having to find or make excuses for why he wasn't spending practically all of his free time out with the guys, cruising for

chicks in his new babe-magnet -- and why he was spending so much of his time at home with his 'Mama'.

Sue had problems, as well, and some of them she shared with her son. The two of them went to the nearby shopping mall, one Saturday, and were made constantly aware of their plight as incestuous lovers by the actions of the people around them. The mall was packed with shoppers, many of which were couples who were holding hands and looking lovingly into each other's eyes -- and occasionally kissing passionately. Sue and Eric, of course, were forbidden to display their love for each other by engaging in similar actions, for fear that they might be observed by friends and neighbors who knew their true status as mother and son.

The stress began to take its toll on Sue, first. By the end of the third week, she was an emotional wreck from having to keep her feelings under wraps. She had gone to the store and come home with a carton -- not just a pack -- of Winston 100's, and a stack of cheap plastic ashtrays so that she wouldn't have to carry one around the house with her, all the time. And, by the

end of the fourth week, she had finally admitted to herself that her old smoking habit had fully re-asserted itself.

Eric had begun to suffer immensely, too, but he had found a way to de-fuse the tension he felt, and it apparently involved spending a lot of time in his room, behind closed doors. It was, altogether, a situation that Sue could no longer cope with and, one night, it exploded inside her and she stormed down the hallway to Eric's room and opened the door.

"Eric," she began, her voice a little more loud and harsh than she had intended, "We have to talk. Please come out to the kitchen, now!"

She turned, then, and stomped back to the kitchen, and Eric heard the grate-and-scrape of a chair on the ceramic floor tiles, as she sat down.

He took a deep breath, then reached into a drawer of his desk and pulled out a thick file folder he'd been working on for the

last couple weeks. Tucking it under his arm, he grabbed his bottle of soda and followed in his mother's wake.

"Eric, this isn't working, I'm going insane keeping all this inside." Sue began the conversation as soon as Eric was seated across the table from her. "I see all those happy couples around us, so in love with each other, and I'm not allowed to show how happy I am, whenever I'm out somewhere with you! It's just killing me!"

"I know Mom," he nodded. "It isn't as easy as I thought it would be, either, but we can't stop now."

Across the table, Sue slipped a cigarette from the ornate metal case that Eric had bought for her, just a week ago, when he'd come to understand that she'd gone back to being a full-time smoker. As she raised it to her lips, he picked up the lighter and gave her a light, then actually grabbed a cigarette for himself. While he still didn't consider himself a real smoker, he had discovered that Sue enjoyed receiving those smoky kisses as much as giving them, and so he had learned the

rudiments of smoking in order to be able to pleasure her in that fashion. In the process, he'd come to appreciate the calming power of nicotine, and he wanted a bit of that, just then.

"I don't want to stop," Sue sighed through a puff of smoke. "I love being your lover, and I really don't want to give that up. What I want is to be able to walk down a street, or at the mall, holding your hand like the other couples do. I want to show other people how full of joy I am, to have you as my man. But the only way I see, that we can do that, is for us to move to somewhere far enough away that nobody knows we're really mother and son. How can we explain moving away, to all of our friends? And, even if we move, do you really think we could pull off such a deception? I mean, won't people notice the age-difference between us?"

"I've been thinking about all of that, for the last week or so, Mom," he told her. "In fact, that's why I've been spending so much time in my room, in the evenings. I've been doing some research on the Internet. Here's what I've come up with."

He opened the file-folder and looked up at her again.

"First things first," he began, taking a small puff and exhaling quickly. "Moving. You know that I want to be an architect, right? Well, the University of Miami has a really good architecture program, and the tuition costs there are actually less than where I'm going to college now. Between the money that Dad left, and what you inherited from your dad, we have far too much money to say that I got some sort of full scholarship to the university, but we can say that we're moving in order to cut expenses. Also, neither one of us has made any secret of how much we hate the cold and snow of the winters, up here. Miami is far enough away from here, don't you think?"

She nodded, showing some interest, and Eric continued.

"It's also nice and warm, all year 'round. Sure, there's the rare occasional hurricane to deal with, but folks have been living there for ages. If it was that bad, the place would still be swamps and jungle. Also, the cost of living is less, there,

because you really don't have to worry about heating costs in the winter, and a lot of produce is locally-grown and therefore costs less to get from the field to the store. And there's no state income tax, there, either. The state makes enough revenue from the tourist industry."

He paused, taking a quick puff and following it with a gulp of his soda, and then turned over the top page in the file.

"Here's some photos I found in our albums, and scanned into the computer so that I could get them all on one page," he told her. "The first is a photo of you at age twenty, next to one of you, now. You can hardly tell the difference, even though you're some eighteen years older in the second photo."

Sue looked at the photos, and was actually amazed by how little the difference in her appearance was, between the two photos. Only the hairstyles, and the clothing, gave any hint at the fact that one photo was taken nearly twenty years earlier.

"If you take note, the third photo is one of Grandma, at age forty, and one of her now, at age sixty. See much difference?"

He gave her a courtesy three-second count, then went on with his presentation.

"I didn't think you would. And see how much the two of you look alike? Your family has some amazingly good genetics, for maintaining a youthful appearance. That ought to solve the age-difference problem, between you and me, unless someone demands to look at your driver's license or your birth certificate -- and that doesn't happen too often.

"Now," he continued before she could comment, "do you remember -- a couple weeks ago -- when my Mustang had to go in the shop for inspection? You had to take me to work and pick me up, that day. You had your hair up in a pony-tail, and you wore one of those camisole skimpy-tops and a pair of short-shorts and sandals. And you gave me a hell of a good-bye kiss before you let me get out of the car."

Sue remembered. She remembered all too well, because a number of the men on the construction site had wolf-whistled and cat-called when she'd kissed him.

"After you left, one of the guys asked me if you had a sister, and none of them seemed at all suspicious that you were too old for me to be dating. I think that, if you dress the part of a girl in her twenties, instead of a woman in her late thirties or early forties, nobody will give us a second glance. And, given your genetics, it ought to last that way for a couple decades, at least!"

"I'm beginning to see where you're going, with this," Sue told him, "and I have to admit that you make a persuasive case. What else do you have, in that file?"

"Lots, Mom," Eric grinned at her, mentally fighting the urge to let things get sidetracked. She was taking another drag from her cigarette, and looking so sexy...

"Like what?" Sue asked him, then, blowing her smoke at him in a teasing way.

"Don't get me started, yet, honey? Please?" he begged. "Let me finish, first?"

"I thought you said that nice guys finish last?" she giggled.

"That's in the bedroom, not at the kitchen table," he groaned.

"Really?" she cocked her head to one side as if contemplating an issue. "You've fucked me on this table, already..."

"Mom!"

"Alright, baby," she laughed. "Continue. You're already lightening my mood in a big way. What else do you have?"

"Well, we've covered dealing with the age-difference, and a reason for moving south. After all, if I'm going that far away, to college, does it make sense for you to be that far away from me, and all alone? No. So we both move south to Miami. The logical next question is, of course, where we would live."

He turned over a couple more pages and spread them out in front of her.

"The Miami area is filled with a lot of really nice homes that were actually purchased as investment properties, by people from out-of-state. They're looking to retire in Florida, to get away from northern winters, so they find a really nice house somewhere near the water, and buy it. Then, they make arrangements to rent it out to folks who want to do a Florida vacation, but who don't want to stay in a cramped motel room. Maybe they have large families, or something. The rent-money is supposed to be enough to pay the taxes and the mortgage payments.

"With the economy in its current state, some of the homeowners have lost their jobs and can't afford the payments on their primary house, let alone a vacation home. Add to that the fact that lots of other people -- who used to be able to afford to rent these houses for a week or two -- have lost their jobs, and can't afford vacations at all. A lot of posh real estate is ending up in foreclosure."

"I see that on the evening news," Sue agreed. "How does that get us anywhere?"

"Well, when the bank forecloses on a house, they have to list exactly how much is owed on the principle of the mortgage, and that's the selling price. Federal law on foreclosure won't allow banks to make a profit. So, say you have a house that's worth half a million dollars, but the unpaid mortgage balance is only a hundred and fifty thousand. That's what the bank has to sell the house for.

"Now, Dad saw to it that you would own our house, free and clear, if he ever died. So we don't have anything but property

taxes and utilities to pay, on this house -- and that means that we can afford to take our time in selling it, if nobody gobbles it up right away at your asking price. And I've been browsing Florida real estate. I found this gorgeous house in an area called 'Seven Isles', in Fort Lauderdale. It was originally worth almost a million dollars, but is being sold on foreclosure for a little over three hundred thousand, and I know we have much more than that, in the bank. I snooped in your papers, to make sure of that."

Sue stared at the sheets of paper he'd laid out for her, as he pointed out all the features. The house was truly gorgeous, the sort that the location folks for CSI: Miami always seemed to select to represent the really high-class Miami lifestyle. It was four stories tall, with the bottom floor being garage, storage, and laundry, and the rooms were expansive, done in a modern architectural style. The kitchen was nearly three times the size of the one that Sue was used to managing, and filled with every built-in appliance one could want. Best of all, it was built out on a small, narrow island just off the big Intracoastal Waterway, and came complete with a beautiful yard and pool, plus its own boat-dock.

"We don't have a boat," she teased him.

"We can find one," he grinned back. "There are plenty of really nice sailboats and power boats, also on foreclosure."

"What makes you think that we can get this house?" she asked. "What if someone else grabs it, before we can put an offer together?"

"I raided my college money, and offered the realtor who's handling it a thousand dollar deposit for giving us first-option for the next month," Eric told her proudly. "We have thirty days from yesterday, in which nobody but us can make an offer on the place."

Eric stopped talking, then, because he had no more to say. The ball was in her court, now, and she had to come to a decision. He sat patiently while she lit a cigarette and shuffled through the paperwork. At length, she stubbed out the butt,

laid the last of the papers back on the table, and looked up at him, her answer plainly written in the smile that lit her face.

"Do you really want to do this?" she asked him, one last time.
"Not the move-to-Miami part, but the other..."

"What you really mean is, do I want us to live together like we were husband and wife, as far as all of our new neighbors and friends are concerned? Absolutely! There's nothing on Earth that I want, more! I want to grow old and gray, with you, and enjoy every day between now and then with you as my wife!"

"Then, let's do it, darling," she nodded, and her voice was nearly breathless with her joy and anticipation. She stood and came around the table, and he rose and took her in his arms.

"Forever, together, my love," he told her, his lips barely brushing hers.

"Forever, together, darling," she whispered back. "I still hate to leave all our friends behind, but I can't live without you. I can't go back to you just being my son, now that I've had the pleasure of having you as my lover, as well. And, if we tell the truth, in just about every way but the sex, you've take over the 'husband' role, here, ever since we lost your dad. You did just fine, there -- in fact, with all of what you've just shown me, you've exceeded him -- both in bed, and out of it."

"Thanks, Mom," he replied blushing slightly.

"Not 'Mom', baby," she told him. "Sue, or Susan, or even Susie, and any pet-names like 'baby' or 'honey' that you can think of. You'll have to get used to not calling me 'Mom', if we're going to pull this thing off. One slip could end it all, for us, you know."

She kissed him deeply, then barely withdrew her lips from his.

"Though, I have to admit that it gives me a deliciously wicked little tingle of excitement, to hear you call me 'Mom' when

we're in bed and you're fucking the living daylights out of me..."

"I think I can manage that,' he nodded, nibbling at her lower lip.

"Oh, god, baby!" she murmured. 'We're really going to do this, aren't we? Move south and spend the rest of our lives together, living happily ever after. We won't even have to change our ID's, or anything, since our last names are already the same!"

"Actually, we will have to exchange our current driver's licenses for the Florida ones, he reminded her. "We'll need passports, too!"

"Passports?"

"Sure!" he grinned at her. "All those islands in the Caribbean are only a short flight away, from Miami. And I have this

erotic fantasy of making love to you on a deserted tropical beach, by the light of a full moon..."

"That sounds absolutely delicious, darling!" she nodded, and her eyes were aglow with excitement.

And so it was settled. Three days later, they boarded a flight to Miami and booked themselves into a nice hotel room as Mr. and Mrs. Eric Anderson, and the front desk clerk smiled approvingly at the love the two displayed for each other. The following morning, they met with the realtor and toured the property that Eric had optioned. Up close and in person, it was even wonderful than the photographs depicted it to be. An hour later, they were signing the paperwork to buy the house, and Susan was writing out the check to pay for it, in full.

The spent the afternoon getting Eric admitted to the University of Miami, and registered for his fall Sophomore classes. Eric only lost three credit-hours in the transition, and did so without a regret, because he only had to look at the

beautiful 'girl' in the chair next to him, to realize how much he had gained, in the long run.

In the evening, they walked to dinner at a nearby Cuban restaurant and had a lovely meal. On the way back, they strolled out into a marina, just to take in the atmosphere, and noted an entire row of beautiful sailboats with 'For Sale' signs plainly posted. The marine broker, still finishing up the day's paperwork in his office, noticed them and struck up a conversation -- during which they learned that one of the best-looking vessels was being sold at the bargain price of forty thousand dollars.

"I know that you know how to sail, honey," Sue murmured in Eric's ear, "You went to that 'sailing camp', two summers ago. Think you can handle one this big?"

"It's a thirty-six footer," he nodded. "Same size as the one I had to use, for my certification test."

"We'll take it," Susan informed the broker. "But it's getting late, and I'm sure that you want to get home to your family. Could we take care of the paperwork, in the morning?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Anderson," the broker smiled broadly. "Shall we say ten o'clock?"

Sue nodded, and then she and Eric turned and headed for their hotel.

"That's your wedding present, darling," she informed him as they entered the hotel lobby.

"That's an awfully big wedding present, honey," he shook his head. "What can I get, for you, that could compare?"

"Pregnant, darling," she quipped, and they stepped into the elevator.

The paperwork was handled easily enough, the next morning, and they even secured an agreement from the broker that the boat would be delivered to the dock behind their new house. They spent the rest of the day sight-seeing, and discussing which of their existing pieces of furniture would have to be left behind because it would clash with the style of their new home. They were still listing furniture a day later, as they boarded the flight home.

Two weeks later, their house went on the market, and was sold in an amazing four days' time. That left only calling the moving company to arrange for hauling their belongings and Sue's Lexus, south to their future address. The next couple weeks were hectic ones, filled with sorting and packing, and the assorted change-of-address notices that needed prepared and mailed, but finally the day arrived and they watched in eager anticipation as the last of their belongings was sealed away in the mover's van and the tow-trailer for the Lexus was attached and loaded. The truck pulled out onto the street, and Eric and Sue walked out of their old house for their last time -- and at the same time, left an entire old life behind them as they closed the door and locked it.

Eric took Sue by the hand and escorted her to the Mustang, holding the door for her while she seated herself inside, then ran to the driver's side and started the engine. Pulling away from the curb, he guided the car out into the street, but turned in the opposite direction from the moving van.

"Where are you going?" she asked him, lighting a cigarette.

"Patience, baby," he chided her.

They drove for perhaps half an hour, and it wasn't until Eric actually made the turn onto the dirt side-road that Sue recognized where they were. She kept her silence until Eric stopped the car where the lane ended.

"I know where we are," she smiled at him, "but why are we here, now? We should be on our way to Florida!"

"It occurred to me, the other week, that -- while we were down in Miami to take care of the house -- we represented ourselves as a married couple. And, once we move into the house, we're going to be passing ourselves off that way, as well. Don't you think that we ought to be married, then?"

"But, Eric," she signed, smiling, "You know that can't ever really happen."

Eric reached into the Mustang's glove-box and pulled out a small box. Opening it, he turned to face her. Nestled in the box were three rings, a matched engagement and wedding set.

"Did you raid your college fund again, baby?" she tried to act sternly, but the look on his face, plus the rings, had her heart melting.

He took the engagement band from the box and slipped it on her finger.

"Now, we're engaged," he told her.

Nodding, and fighting back tears of joy, Sue took the larger simple gold band from the box, and then Eric removed the smaller one. He tossed the empty box into the rear seat of the Mustang, and turned to face her.

"Susan Elizabeth Anderson, I stand here today and promise that I will love you, and only you, until the last breath leaves my body, and that I will stand beside you through the good times and the bad, to be your rock and your support. I pledge you this, as your husband."

"Eric John Anderson," she responded, feeling her throat grow thick with emotion, "I promise you that I will love you and only you, until the day I die. And I promise you that I will be your source of joy, of inspiration, of courage, and of whatever else you need, and that together we will weather the joys and storms of life. I pledge this to you, as your wife."

They slipped the rings on each other's fingers, and kissed.

"Are you happy, Mrs. Anderson?" Eric asked her, as he held her hand on the way back to the car.

"Not quite, baby," she answered him with a strange smile.

"What can I do, to change that?" he asked her.

"You can help me out of these tight shorts, and then bend your new wife over the hood of this Mustang, and fuck the shit out of her!" she giggled, unable to keep the joy inside her from bubbling over. "We haven't had time for even a quickie, in the last three days, and I want to start this trip with your cum leaking out of me!"

"That would be my pleasure, Mrs. Anderson,"

"I thought you'd see it my way," she laughed.

"By the way, wife," he said, stopping just short of the car, "You said that you wanted me to fuck the shit out of you. Does that mean you want me to..."

"No, baby," she shook her head. "It was just an expression. I meant that I want you to really nail me hard. I want to start this trip with a load of your cum seeping out of me."

No husband, legal or otherwise, ever complied with his wife's first official request with more gusto and, due to the herbal supplement that Sue had found to help stave off the onset of menopause, no thirty-eight year-old woman had ever been more ripe for fertilization that she was, at that moment in time, despite her doctor having told her that she had no more eggs to drop.

Two days later, the population of Fort Lauderdale grew by one May-September couple.

(Actually, it was "couple, plus one", but Sue's morning-sickness wouldn't begin for another month or so -- much to the couple's utter delight.)

THE BEGINNING!