

How to Eat an Elephant

Chapter 1

Mom was sitting in the kitchen, drinking coffee, when I came staggering down for my usual Saturday morning ritual.

"How'd you sleep?" Mom asked in her cheery morning voice.

"OK."

"What did you and the boys do last night?"

"Hung out."

I got a cup of coffee and wandered to the den so I wouldn't have to talk to her and, as I went, I cast a sideways glance at those beautiful nipples sticking out of her tee shirt. Does she not know what she does to me with those things? Does she not know that all I long for is to put my mouth on them and suck until the end of time?

After a cup of coffee and a shower, I headed over to my buddy's house to play video games. Yeah, I know. At my age, 26, I shouldn't be addicted to video games any longer. That's what we guys did, though. Played video games. It's not like we were robbing convenience stores or anything like that, so we didn't see the harm. A thousand years ago, our 26-year-old ancestors chased down elk, or some other wild game. Today, we chase down zombies.

Jim met me at the door. "What's wrong with you? You seem more down than usual."

"My Mother. She drives me crazy."

"Yeah, mine, too. That's what they're supposed to do, though, isn't it? What's she done this time?"

"Man, she comes down in the morning in this tee shirt, with her nipples standing out, and I'm not supposed to notice? The other night she came in my room to check on something, and all she had on were her panties and a tee shirt. I could see her ass and when she turned around, her fat little pussy was right there. What am I supposed to do?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Hell. You know what I want to do. I want to bend her over and fuck that pussy. I want to get my dick in her mouth. You know exactly what I want to do. I just can't do it."

"Are you sure?"

I looked at him. Jim was my best friend. He was known for playing pranks, and I had been the butt of many of them, so I didn't know what he was up to with this. "Uh. Yeah."

"Then you just haven't tried."

I replied cleverly, "Huh?"

"You just haven't tried. You say you can't do it and I say, if you can't do it, then you just haven't tried."

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

He looked at me, and he was dead serious. "I'm telling you, fucking your Mother is as easy as falling off a log. Anyone can do it. Everyone can do it. It's not a question of 'if' you can fuck your Mom, but 'should' you fuck your Mom. If you want it, you can have it. But do you really want it?"

I was getting pretty excited by this point. "Of course I want it. You know I want it. But how? How?"

"No. You didn't listen to what I said. It's not 'if' you can do it, but 'should' you do it?"

Now I was getting frustrated. I wanted to know what he was talking about, and he wanted to play word games. "What the hell are you talking about?"

He looked at me, and then went on. "Look at it this way. If I told you I would guarantee you total access to any woman in the world. If I told you that you could touch her, talk to her any time you wanted. Hug her. Kiss her. You have total and unlimited access. Oh. And you have unlimited time to get it done. With that, do you think you could seduce any woman?"

I was not good with women, never had been, but I thought about what he just said. "I guess I might be able to, I mean, if I had unlimited access and unlimited time. Sure."

"Okay. You just described yourself with your Mom. You can tell her anything. You can touch her. You can kiss her. You can show her unlimited affection. So, it's not a question of 'can you fuck her,' but 'should you fuck her.'"

"Oh. So you're saying it can be done, but I shouldn't do it. I get it. How does that help me?"

"No. You don't get it. I'm not saying you shouldn't do it, I'm just saying you need to think about ten years after you do it."

"Ten years? What the fuck?"

Jim stood up and walked around the room. I figured he was stretching the suspense out, but then he turned toward me. "Fucking your Mom will change your relationship with her forever. It can make it beautifully better, or it can screw it up forever. Your relationship will change. How it changes will be up to you. If you think you can deal with it and use it to strengthen your relationship, then you should do it. If you think you can't handle it and it will mess up your relationship, then you shouldn't do it. Simple."

I was starting to wonder about old Jim and his Mom, Sarah. He was always a spoiled brat. She doted on him, constantly. Whenever the gang gathered at his place, and his was the place we always preferred, she was a constant presence. She spoiled us all. Was Jim fucking his Mom? Was that why he was always the favored son? She spoiled his brothers, too, so were they fucking her?

"How could it make it worse?"

He laughed. "Dumbass. I've seen you with girlfriends. As soon as you get what you want, you start looking for an exit strategy. If you treated your Mom like that, what do you think would happen? She's not a girlfriend who you can avoid seeing at the mall after you fuck her. She's in your life forever. If you fuck her and then start avoiding her and treating her like shit, what do you think will happen?"

I laughed, too. Jim had my number. I'd had only one serious girlfriend, and it had not gone well after I got what I wanted.

"But what if you didn't do that? What if you took your relationship with your Mom, added a component to it that would make it stronger, and then nurtured it like a rose in the garden? Could that make it stronger?"

"Sure, I guess."

"Can't be any guess about it. Fucking your Mom is not something that you can make go away once you've done it. It will be there, forever. It will always be the elephant in the room. Let's say you fuck your Mom and ten years from now you're home for Thanksgiving. The two of you make eye contact across the room. Will you act guilty and avoid even talking to her? Or, will you let your gaze linger so that love passes between you, unknown to everyone else? It's all up to you. If you want a long-term, deeply loving relationship with your Mom, you can have it. If you don't want that, then you shouldn't do it. Simple."

"I want it. I want it." I was practically foaming at the mouth, I wanted it so much. "But how?"

"How do you eat an elephant?"

"Huh?"

"You eat an elephant a bite at a time, right? That's how you do it. A bite at a time."

"You're going to have to be a little more specific, Dude. Help me out here."

"You start a bite at a time. The first bite is non-threatening, and the elephant probably won't even notice, but eventually you're going to take a big, important bite, and then you'd better be ready for the elephant to stomp you in the ground. But if he doesn't, then you just keep eating. A bite at a time, and before you know it, you've got it done."

"OK. So, I'll just bite her when I get home."

Jim laughed. "Yeah, that'll do it. Let me know how that works for you."

"Then you'd better help me out here."

"OK. Let's say you're pretty sure you can handle it. She's a woman, so let's assume she can handle it."

"Wait a minute. How do we know she can handle it?"

Jim paused. "Time for some difficult truths. How long have your Mom and Dad been married?"

"I dunno. Thirty years?"

"Has your Mom ever cheated on your Dad?"

"Shit, no. She's Miss Perfect, you know that. She'd never do anything like that."

"I knew you'd say that, but the statistics are not with you. Victoria is a beautiful woman, so you know other men want her. I'll guarantee you, other men have made a run at her. According to the statistics, she has cheated on your Dad. Even if she's a statistical anomaly and has never cheated, it's 100% sure that she has thought about it. She has thought of getting a little on the side. But they're still together. What does that tell you? It tells you that she can compartmentalize her life. It tells you that she can, and probably has, had sex on the side and that she was able to live with it and go on. It didn't screw up her life. So, we know she can handle it."

"Whew. Mom getting a little on the side. There's an image. So, what do I do to start eating this elephant?"

"Well, I know your Mom pretty well. She's a lot like my Mom. Always in control, right? A regular control freak. Always trying to control your life, right?"

"Pretty much. Yeah."

"So, you start by letting her be in control. That's what she wants anyway, so give it to her."

That summed my Mom up pretty well. She controlled everything, and everybody. She made all the decisions, and everyone around her scrambled to keep up. She'd even leave lists for Dad and me to take care of. I hated it.

"So far I'm not liking it."

Jim laughed. "Yeah, I know. But tell me something. And don't get mad. But when you're holding her head while she sucks your dick, who's in control then? Picture that. She's bent over you, holding your dick while she gives you a blowjob. Who's in control?"

I couldn't help but laugh at the image, but damn, it did sound good. "That's pretty far down the line, I think. Let's talk about that elephant."

"So you're ready? You really want to do this?"

"Hell, yes."

"First step, then. You have to make sure she knows you love her. That's what it's all going to be about, so you have to get that right."

"She's my Mother. Of course she knows I love her."

"Oh, sure, she knows, but does she really know? When's the last time you kissed her and whispered in her ear, 'I love you more than you'll ever know?'"

"Uh. Never?"

He nodded. "Well, there you go. First thing is you have to get that solid. You're going to be the perfect loving son. That's the easy part and I'll bet you'll have her eating out of your hand in no time. There's no risk to that, but to make it work, you're going to have to take the hard bite."

"Yeah, what's that?"

"You've got to inject a sexual component into it. She thinks of you as her little boy. You've got to make her look at you as a man who wants her as a woman. Think you can do that?"

"Sure. How does this sound? 'Mom, I'd love to bend you over and pound that fat little pussy.'"

"Yeah, that should work. Your medical insurance paid up?"

"Then how? How did you do it?" That was risky to ask, because I didn't know Jim had done it. I was just assuming, based on what he was saying.

Jim looked at me. The moment of truth. Was he going to tell me the truth, or was he going to start laughing and tell me what a fool I was for letting him goof on me like that. "I did it gradually, but fast. I started kissing her on the lips every chance I got. She liked it. The first time I used a little tongue, she pulled back and it was a couple of days before she'd let me kiss her again. But she did, and then I kept pushing until she was letting me use tongue every time we kissed when we were alone. Then one day I rubbed her butt and said in her ear, 'Do you know I want you more than I've ever wanted anything, in my whole life?'"

I was dumbfounded. There it was. Jim was fucking Sarah. Why didn't I see it before? "What did she say?"

"What do you think she said? She said, 'No, that can't happen.' But think about it. From that point on, the cat was out of the bag. We were talking about her fucking me. Once you get it out in the open, well, it's like falling off a log."

"How did you get from 'No, that ain't gonna happen,' to 'Oh, yeah, give it to me?'"

He laughed. "A bite at a time. Think about it. She wants you to love her. You're finally showing her the love she wants. Do you think she's going to push you away and never let you close again? Of course not. Chances are she wants it as much as you, but she's afraid of what it will do to your relationship. You have to show her that it will make it stronger. She's going to think she's in total control, so she'll let you continue. She thinks she can stop it at any time. But you're going to show her that the risk is manageable and that you can show your love without anyone knowing. You know, 'What goes on behind closed doors...'"

"And that's it?"

"Yep. Simple, huh? I'm telling you, anyone can do it. You just have to set your mind to it, and keep on keeping on. It can't fail. It can only take longer than you want."

"What does that mean?"

"Look at it. Let's say, worse case, you make your move and she shuts you down. You just hold what you've got, and let time go by. You keep kissing her, rubbing her butt when you can, and joking with her. You keep telling her how much you want her. What woman doesn't want that? Then, sometime later - maybe days, or weeks, or even years - you tell her you want her more than ever. You keep trying. The more she thinks about not doing it, the more she's thinking about doing it. Right?"

"That makes no sense."

"Sure it does. Don't think of a pink elephant. OK? Try your hardest not to think of a pink elephant. Got it?"

"Yeah. I'm not thinking of a pink elephant."

He laughed again. "But you just did. In order to not think of a pink elephant, you had to think of a pink elephant. The more she tries not to think about getting in bed with you, the more she has to think about getting in bed with you. She'll come around. I guarantee it. Think about this - how does a car salesman get you to spend more on a new car than you want to spend?"

"I dunno. Keep pressuring you, I guess."

"Nope. They show you what you want - the shiny new car - and then they let you rationalize how you can have it. Once they had you sit in the driver's seat, you were done. They let you convince yourself how you can do it."

I drove home with my head whirling. Easy enough for Jim to say. Sometimes you bite an elephant and he stomps you in the ground. The jungles are full of flattened tigers. Then I thought of Jim's Mom, Sarah. What a beauty. Long, dark hair. Beautiful face. Lush body. When Jim was telling me about holding Mom's head while she gave me a blowjob, he was clearly talking about holding Sarah's head

while she sucked him. Good God! That beautiful face on Jim's dick. What I would give to get Mom in that position. Would it be worth a little risk?

Hell, yes.

When I got home, I was a man on a mission. Mom was seated at her desk in her office, and looked up when I walked in. "How's Jim? What were you up to?"

Already paranoid, I wondered if Jim had somehow gotten Mom into some big scam on me. But how would he do that? "Say, Victoria. I'm going to convince Bill to try and fuck you. Play along, and then stomp on him." Yeah. Couldn't see that.

I walked over to her, and bent down to kiss her. She raised her cheek to me, and instead I kissed her neck, right where it joins the shoulder. I raised my lips to her ear and whispered, "Do you have any idea how much I love you?"

She pulled back. "Well, you'd better. I'm your Mother. It's good to hear, though."

And that was my first bite of the elephant.

I was only going to be home for the weekend before I had to go back to work, about three hours away, so I figured I had to get this thing moving. Normally I would have gone back to hang out with Jim and the guys that night, but I stayed home. Dad wanted to watch a game so he went to the basement while Mom and I stayed upstairs to watch a movie. She sat in her chair while I laid on the couch. I had a hard on the whole time. I don't know if she noticed it, but I sure did.

When the movie was over, I stood up and stretched. I hope she saw it then, but who knows? I bent down to kiss her goodnight, and went right for her lips. I didn't use any tongue, but laid a good, lingering kiss on her and said goodnight.

"Wow," she said. "Where did that come from?"

"I love you. You're my dream girl."

She giggled. "You need to get out more."

"No. I need more of this," and I kissed her again. I don't know if she was seeing me in a sexual way yet, but this was so different from the way I treated her yesterday that she had to wonder what was going on.

The next morning when I went down to the kitchen, I kissed her again. "Where are all these kisses coming from?"

"You'd better get used to them. There's a lot more where that one came from," and I laughed. She laughed, too, and any tension was relieved.

I started texting her every day from work, just to check in. I had never done that, and she was pleased. Before, I would avoid her calls and texts, but now I was in touch at least once a day. She liked that, and before very many days we were texting away like teen-agers. Nothing big, just checking in.

I was going to be home again that weekend. When we texted on Friday morning, she asked how I had slept. "Not so good," I replied.

"Why not?"

"Oh, had a dream that kept me up."

"Uh, oh. Bad dream?"

"Nope. Good dream. Great dream."

"Oh, okay. LOL."

Here I figured I'd take a chance. There had been no dream, of course, but I added, "I told you that you were my dream girl."

There was a pause. "TMI," she wrote, and I didn't reply. But I had that marker out on the table. She had to assume it was a sexual dream, and that she was in it. That was progress, but we'd see how it worked out.

When I got home that night, she met me in the foyer to the garage. I took her in my arms and hugged, then kissed her. If she didn't feel my hard dick on her thigh as we hugged, it was not my fault. She didn't say anything about the dream, or the kiss, or the hard dick, and we went into the house where I greeted Dad. "Two weekends in a row? That's pretty special," he said.

"I'm a man on a mission," I laughed, and Mom poked me in the ribs.

That was good, I thought. She knows she's my mission. If Jim was right, then I was already halfway there.

And then I stalled out. I spent the weekend around her, as much as I could, and grabbed what kisses I could. As I was leaving Sunday night, I kissed her goodbye and, since Dad was still in the den, gently touched her lower lip with my tongue while we kissed. She pulled back.

"That's not how you kiss your Mother," she said. Her voice wasn't stern, but it was not light-hearted, either. She was laying her own marker. This clearly wasn't going to be "falling off a log" easy, as Jim said it would be.

I was ready. Maybe not perfectly ready, but I had thought about what she might say to me, so I was a little ready.

"I can't help it, Mom. I want you more than I've ever wanted anything in my life. I've wanted you as long as I can remember."

"Some things you want you just can't have," she said, but then she smiled.

"Some things are worth waiting for and working for," I replied.

She laughed softly. "You've got an answer for everything, don't you?"

I hugged and kissed her again. I again lightly touched her lower lip with my tongue, and this time she didn't pull back. "Better get used to it, then, huh?"

I didn't text her that night when I got back to my apartment, as I had started doing, nor the next morning. Early in the afternoon I got a text from her.

"You okay?"

I answered back. "Sure. Just not sure if you're mad at me."

"Of course not, Silly. You just caught me off-guard."

"I'd love to catch you in your unawares," I replied, repeating a family joke.

"Funny boy. See you again this weekend?"

"Maybe. Do I get a kiss?"

"Always trying. We'll see."

"Then it's worth it. Probably about 7 Friday night."

She met me at the back door Friday when I got there, and I got my kiss. I gave her a little tongue, and she didn't resist or push me away, but she didn't respond in kind. I thought that even if I never got any farther with her, getting a kiss like that from your Mom was pretty hot, so I was reasonably content. But I wanted more.

As I said, I was stalled out. That's how we stayed, for weeks, it seems. I'd spend all my time at home trying to be alone with her. When I could get her alone, I'd try to kiss her. She'd either not respond, or she'd gently push me away with a, "Behave yourself, Silly," and that would be it.

I went to see Jim. Unless he was bullshitting me, he had some experience in this and maybe he could help me jumpstart things. I had tried a few bites of elephant and I liked it, and wanted more. Tasty things, those elephants.

When I got to Jim's house, he was waiting in the garage. "I've got the coach ready, if you're ready," he said.

"What are you talking about? Look, man. I'm stuck. I can't get a response out of her. She lets me kiss her, sometimes, but she's giving me nothing in return. What do I do?"

The door from the garage to the house opened, and Sarah stuck her head out. "Come on in, boys. I'll get some salsa and chips for you."

I looked at Jim, and raised my eyebrows in question.

"I talked to Mom, and she agreed to talk with you about it, but only if you swear, absolutely swear, you will never say anything to anyone about us. I figured you would benefit by hearing from a Mother's perspective. Whatta ya think?"

We went into Jim's man cave over the garage, and sat down. I sat in an easy chair, while Jim and Sarah sat together on the couch. Sarah sat very close to Jim, and took his hand.

Sarah smiled at me. That sweet, pretty Mom face, and I was probably the only one who knew she was fucking at least one of her sons. I'll admit, I had lusted over Sarah for years. She was always the fun Mom, cheerful and always there for us. As I said, she spoiled Jim and his brothers. We used to say, "Whatever Jim wants, Jim gets." I had to stifle a laugh as I thought of that.

Sarah said, "I guess this is a lot for you to digest, Billy. Are you sure you're okay with it? I agreed to talk with you because Jim said you needed some help."

I had a little trouble looking her in the eyes. I mean, she knew what I wanted. I knew what she had been up to - when did they start, for Chrissake? "Yeah. It's a lot." I tried to make a joke. "Look, why can't you just call her up, tell her what I want, and we can knock it out this afternoon?"

She laughed at that. "If it were only that easy, huh? No, it's not, though. What you're talking about is the deepest secret any woman can ever have. No matter what the secret is, this one is deeper, because it's more dangerous. You understand that?"

"Yeah. You can trust me. I would never do anything to hurt you, Sarah."

"I do trust you, Bill. Let me ask you first, who else do you know who is doing this? Who else in your group is sleeping with his Mom?"

I didn't know what to say. "Uuuuh," I started.

"That's right. Uuuuh. You don't know anyone who is doing it, so you assume no one is doing it. Right?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"I can tell you, there's a lot more of it going on than you think. It's just that no one talks about it. When two consenting adults have an affair, they usually don't advertise it, do they? They keep it a secret. This is even more a secret, so you just don't know who is doing it. But I guarantee you many are. I'll tell you right now, I'm sure you've read all the story sites and I hope you know that 99.99% of the stories about Mothers and Sons are pure bullshit."

"Yeah, I kind of figured that."

"Sure, they're the fevered ravings of teen-aged boys or men who never got it, but wanted it. They just don't ring true. Tell me, Bill. If this works for you, are you going to write a story about it?"

"Hell, no."

"Well, there you have it. A few of the stories I have read do ring true, and I suspect they were written by people who have done it and

want to help others find their own way. Kind of "How To" manuals. But they're few and far between. If you do this, it has to be an absolute secret. You know how such a thing could hurt Victoria if it got out."

"Oh, I know. I know."

She smiled. "But once you're in it, you will be able to recognize others, even if they never admit it. What did you think of my relationship with Jim before you knew?"

"I just thought you were very close, and you were a very loving Mom."

"Right. Sadly, it was an unusual appearing relationship, I'm sure, because most Mothers and Sons are distant with each other. You've been cold toward your Mother since you hit puberty. It's just the way it is. All men are like that. You want her, but you're afraid of her, so you push her away. When you see a son who is not pushing his Mother away, you can bet he's either there, or he's trying to get there."

She continued. "But you want to know the rest? We have the same feelings. Every Mother has fantasized about her son. But if you're afraid to do anything about it, how afraid do you think we are? The Mother will never make the first move. Victoria will never make the first move. She's terrified. Every Mother teases her son in one way or another. What woman doesn't feel excited when someone wants her

so powerfully? So, of course we tease you. We'll let you see us in our underwear - that's harmless, right? Nothing wrong with a son seeing his Mother like that, because sons shouldn't want their Mothers in that way. It's wrong, so we kind of deny it can even exist. But it's there."

"You mean Mom has thought of me in that way?"

Sarah gave a belly laugh. She looked so good when she laughed like that. "Bill, there are few things in life I would bet on, but that's a sure bet. Let's get down to it. Where are you now?"

"Well, I spend more time with her. I tell her I love her. I hug her. I kiss her on the lips, but she doesn't like it when I try to use a little tongue."

"Oh, she likes it. She's just not going to let you think she likes it. Do you think any Mother wants her son to think she's easy?"

I laughed at that. "So you're saying she's going to make me work for it?"

"You're going to have to work harder for it than you've ever worked for anything. You know what you're going to have to do?"

"What?"

"You're going to have to stick with it. I suspect she knows what you want now. The cat's kind of out of the bag, I guess, so you're going to have to prove to her that you really want to have a deep, loving relationship with her and you're not just playing at something you really don't want. This is key, Bill. She has to believe, truly believe, that you love her deeply and that what you want is just a component of the love you want to share. Once she believes, truly believes, that if she lets you in, it won't destroy your relationship, then you're there. She has to know it will make your relationship stronger, not worse. That's her greatest fear. She doesn't want to hurt you or lose your love and respect."

"So what do I do?"

"Just keep on trying. This isn't a girl you're trying to get in the sack. This is your Mother, and you're trying to love her more completely. It will be forever. Forever. You can't break up with your Mother like you can with a girlfriend. You have to show her that you're in it forever."

She looked at Jim. "Right, Jim?"

He looked back at her, and I could see the love in his eyes. "Forever, Mom. Forever."

She looked from Jim to me, and then back to Jim. "That doesn't mean you aren't going to date and, if the right woman comes along, it

doesn't mean you aren't going to get married. I want you to find love, get married, and give me grandchildren if it comes to that. It just means that you will always have my complete love, and I'll always have yours."

Jim leaned over and kissed her on the lips. It was the first kiss I had ever seen from a son to his Mother, in that way, and I thought it was beautiful. I was honored they shared it with me.

Sarah said, "You've done the hardest work already, Bill. The hardest thing is to get Victoria to look at you as a man with sexual desires for her, and not as a boy. Once you've done that, then all you have to do is make her know how much you want her for the long-term, and let her convince herself it will be okay. I'll tell you this. You will never convince Victoria to make love to you. She'll either convince herself, or it won't happen."

I went home with my head whirling. I couldn't get the image of Sarah giving Jim a blowjob out of my mind. I know, I know. It's all about a deeper love but I'm a guy, and I couldn't get the image out of my head. Beautiful Sarah, gobbling Jim's dick. Then the image morphed into Mom, giving me a blowjob. I was hard as a rock.

I went in to hug Mom, and Dad was there. Mom gave me a stiff little hug and a peck on the cheek, and went back to her puttering around the kitchen. As I thought about it later, that meant something to me. She clearly wanted Dad to see just a normal, kind of cool, relationship between us, as if nothing had changed. But something had changed. She knew that I wanted her sexually. Maybe I wasn't

as cool about it, as suave, as I could have been, but she knew. She didn't want Dad to know.

When he went into the den, I said, "Come here," and took her in my arms.

She giggled and said, "Oh, you bad boy." She said it in kind of a flirting voice, and if my dick was hard before, it was approaching diamond cutter status now.

Mom and Dad had to run out to the garden center that afternoon. Look, you know I'm just a guy, right? I'm not trying to present myself as some saint, or something. I'm a guy. What do guys do, from the time they're teenagers? Right. I went to her laundry basket to check out her dirty panties. I had to see if I was having any effect on her. When I opened the basket, sitting right on top of the dirty clothes was a pair of pink panties. Now I'm no expert at many things, but I am an expert in Mom's panties. I mean, I'd been checking them out for years. I knew how much discharge was normal, and how much discharge meant she had been turned on. With these panties, she had been turned on.

But more, what were they doing right on top of the pile? That wasn't Mom's pattern. Her panties were always buried down in the dirty clothes. They came off before other things, and there was always something on top of them. She may not have been trying to hide them, but there was always some other item on top of them. But this time, they were sitting right on top. Was it a signal? Did she know I would check them out? I thought that was asking a bit much, but I

didn't know. I mean, Mothers don't know their sons are checking their panties out, do they?

I put them back, and then placed a pair of her socks on top of them. If she had left them for me, she'd know I had checked them out. If she hadn't left them for me, she wouldn't notice they weren't as she left them. It was worth a try. Kind of a secret communication between us, maybe.

I ate supper with them, and Mom and I were cleaning up the kitchen after we finished and Dad had gone into the den. I washed the dishes, and Mom cleaned the counters. When I finished, I dried my hands and Mom moved to the sink to rinse her sponge. I slid behind her, put my hands on her waist, and bent down to kiss the back of her neck. I then took a bold move, and pushed my dick against her butt. She didn't say anything, so I moved my hands around to her stomach and pulled her back into me. I wasn't grinding into her, but I was clearly pulling her ass onto my dick, and she had to know it. She had to feel it. She put her hands down onto mine, and squeezed them. "You're not going to give up, are you?"

"Nope, Mom. I'm not giving up. I know what I want."

"You may not get what you want, Bill. We don't always get what we want. Sometimes what we want isn't good for us."

"What I want is to love you, Mom." I laughed softly in her ear. "It's not like I'm asking for a kidney."

She laughed, too, and then we went into the den. She plopped down in her regular place and then said to Dad, "We're going to watch a movie. Why don't you watch with us?"

He groaned. "Are you kidding? We're playing the Mets tonight. I'm not missing that," and he got up to go to the basement.

After he left, Mom grinned at me and patted the couch beside her. Without a word, I sat beside her and put my arm around her shoulders. She snuggled into me, lowering her head to my chest, and I kissed the top of her head. "I love you, Mom. I always have, and I always will."

She didn't say anything. The position she was in had her cheek against my chest so that she was looking down at my lap. There is no way she couldn't notice my hard dick, only inches from her face, if her eyes were open. I stroked my fingers through her hair and kissed the top of her head again.

She shifted so she could look into my eyes. "I don't want to ever do anything to risk losing you, Honey."

"You'll never lose me, Mom. You're stuck with me forever." I hugged her to me and slid my right hand down her right arm so I was gently stroking it. My hand was inches from her perfect tits, and I hungered to reach over and give them a squeeze. I was afraid, so I didn't.

Rubbing my dick against her ass was one thing, but grabbing her tits was quite another, if that makes sense.

She straightened up. "We'd better pick a movie, hadn't we?"

With hundreds of movies on Netflix, we couldn't find a thing to watch. We finally settled on one, and started it. From downstairs, we could hear the game going. We sat on the couch together, snuggling innocently while we watched. "Innocently." Right. It sure wasn't innocent on my part. I was hard the whole time, and couldn't even tell you what we were watching. I wanted her to touch my dick. I wanted to hold her tits. But she didn't, and I didn't. We just snuggled. Innocently.

We heard Dad coming up the stairs, and Mom quickly shooed me to the other loveseat. I settled back, and when Dad came in to announce the halftime score, we were separated by several feet. So she knew we were doing something he shouldn't know about, huh? Not so innocent, then, was it? As soon as he went back downstairs, I was back beside Mom and we snuggled together again. I stroked her arm and then bent down to kiss her neck, right under her ear. She shivered. "Bad boy. That tickles. You shouldn't make your Mother shiver like that."

When the game was over and Dad headed upstairs to bed, we stayed together and started another movie. I sure didn't want this moment to end, and I guess Mom didn't, either.

I wanted my hand on that tit. Was this the right moment? Would I screw it up if I moved too fast? Would she get mad? Would I ruin everything I had gained? Wouldn't it be better to do nothing? Just stay with what I had?

But I was so hot I couldn't stand it. If she were any other woman and we were at this point, I'd have my hand on her tit. So, I thought I'd treat her like any other woman. From rubbing her arm, I extended my fingers and lightly brushed the side of her right breast. She had on a tee shirt with a heavier shirt over it, and I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra. She grabbed my hand and held it on her arm, keeping my fingers away from her tit, and said, "Just watch the movie, bad boy."

"Just watch the movie, bad boy?" Hell, the movie was the last thing on my mind. But it was all out there in the open now, wasn't it? I had made a move on her breast, and she hadn't jumped up screaming at me. To me, her gesture was not, "No, don't do that." It was more, "I know what you want, but now is not the right time." That make sense? If the message was, "No way, no how," then she would have chastised me and that would have been that. But she didn't.

A couple of long minutes later, I resumed rubbing her arm and, again, stroked my fingers on the side of her breast, this time a little more boldly. She gave a theatrical sigh, took my hand again, and held it on her arm. She knew what I wanted. She knew. She just wasn't ready to give it to me. Yet.

Same thing a couple of minutes later, and this time I brushed my fingers along the top of her breast and across her nipple. She shuddered, and put her head against my chest again. I kissed the top of her head and whispered, "So beautiful. Perfect."

She hugged my chest with her right hand, and I slid my hand down her arm, pulling her into me. This was no longer just a Mother and Son innocently snuggling on the couch during a movie. This was lovers. I don't know what she was thinking, but there was no doubt in my mind. I moved my hand from her arm, reached down, and cupped her right breast in my hand. The nipple was as hard as a little rock, and I gently rubbed it with the palm of my hand.

She looked up at me, her eyes half-lidded in such a way that I could see the lust in them, and said, "Kiss me."

"Kiss me." Are those the most beautiful words I ever heard? I bent down and gently kissed her lips, flicking my tongue against her pouting lower lip. Her mouth was slightly open, and I teased her with my tongue. This time, she responded, tentatively at first and then with increasing passion.

This was it. This was the Rubicon. Crossing it would mean never being able to go back. She had made a decision, that was obvious. She was acknowledging that she knew what I wanted, and at least in some measure, she was acknowledging she wanted the same thing.

We kissed deeply and lovingly. I kept my hand on her breast, working it for all I was worth. I pinched her nipple between my thumb and finger, kind of rolling it and pulling it, and she moaned in my mouth.

She pulled away. "I don't want you to be disappointed, Honey."

I had to think about that. What was she saying? Was she saying I couldn't have what I wanted, and I would be disappointed I didn't get it? Was she saying she was afraid I would be disappointed if I did get it? What was she saying? How should I respond?

"Mom, just love me and let me love you. That will never disappoint me."

She sighed, and kissed me again. I guess I had said the right thing.

I tried to get my hand under her tee shirt, and she wouldn't let me. She let me hold her breasts and play with them, but outside her shirt. "He's right upstairs."

That made sense to me, and I didn't push it. How would it look if Dad had come downstairs for something and found his wife with her son's mouth on her tits?

The next weekend I went home again. Mom met me at the door and we kissed, and I slid my hands down to rest on her butt. Mom has many gifts, but that butt of hers has always been her strongest feature. I loved having my hands on it. She acted like it was no big deal. I don't know what I was expecting. Did I think that once I had my hands on her butt and her tits, that she was going to say, "Fuck me, Bill! Fuck me with that huge dick." If that's what I expected, I didn't get it. She acted like what we were sharing was not that big a deal, and might or might not lead to anything more. It was driving me crazy.

At supper, Mom made an announcement, and it took my breath away.

"Sarah called me this week and wants to have a family hike out at the trailhead. She wants to camp and do the twelve-mile loop the next day, then come back Sunday. You guys up for it?"

Hell, yes. Of course I was up for it. I held my breath, waiting for what Dad would say. He and Mom enjoyed hiking, but he was getting older and didn't have the endurance he once had.

"Sure, Honey," he said. "If that's what you want to do, that's fine. I'll take a few hours off and we can leave Friday."

"Great, Mom," I said, and I could tell by the look on her face she knew how disappointed I was.

That night, again snuggling on the couch, Mom said, "Honey, don't worry. I'm betting your Dad comes up with some excuse between now and Friday." My heart leapt. She knew I wanted her alone. She seemed to want it, too. I could only hope.

On Thursday, Mom texted me. "Dad said he has a project crashing, so he can't get off early Friday and may even have to go in on Saturday. He told us to go ahead."

I could barely control myself. I didn't text what I really wanted to, because I didn't want all of Cupertino to know what was going on, so I just replied, "Great. We'll have fun."

I took off early Friday and by the time I got home Jim and Sarah were already at Mom's waiting for me. We shifted my gear to their car. Jim drove, and Carol got in the front seat with him, leaving Mom and me to the back seat. As soon as we got on the road, Mom texted Dad,

"We're off, Honey. I love you. See you on Sunday. Eat food. Don't just sit on the couch watching baseball and eating chips."

He answered immediately. "I love you. Have fun. Take photos."

It took about five hours of driving to get to the trailhead, and Mom and I sat holding hands the whole time. Sarah and Jim chattered away the whole time, but Mom was uncharacteristically quiet. I didn't mind. I didn't feel like talking a lot either. Once I moved my

hand to rest on Mom's leg, and she firmly moved it off. She clearly didn't want Sarah and Jim to see us doing anything unusual.

We set up our two tents and began preparing dinner. Camping dinners are great. The food isn't, let's face it, as well-prepared as it would have been if it were cooked at home, but it's just the whole ambiance of it. We sat at a picnic table to eat, and had a great time talking about our hike the next day. After dinner, we cleaned up and then stoked up the campfire. Mom and I brought a couple of bottles of wine, and we sat around the fire drinking it and enjoying the fire and the stars and each other.

I had been eating away at the elephant, but there was an elephant sitting right there with us at the campfire.

What were the sleeping arrangements going to be? I knew what Sarah and Jim wanted. I knew what I wanted. But Mom. How could we get it by Mom?

Well, leave it to Sarah. When we were all starting to yawn, Sarah stood up, took Jim's hand, and said, "Well, we'd better call it a night if we're going to get an early start tomorrow."

That was it. What I had been worrying about had been taken care of with no big deal. Sarah just made the assumption that we would be sleeping as couples. Jim and I hurried to move the sleeping pads and bags into the appropriate tents, and then we separated, each to our own area.

The tents were set up about ten yards apart. When Mom and I crawled into our tent, I immediately took her into my arms and kissed her. "Ssssh," she whispered. "They're right over there. I'd really feel more comfortable if Sarah and I shared a tent. Doesn't this look weird?"

"Sarah decided it," I whispered, "So she must not think it looks weird."

"Well, you're going to have to behave yourself. I mean it."

I tried not to look disappointed, but I must have.

"Oh, Honey. You look like I just took your Christmas toy away from you. Come here," Mom whispered, and kissed me.

We lay there, on top of our sleeping bags and still fully clothed, whispering to each other. We could hear Sarah and Jim whispering in their tent, but couldn't make out what they were saying. I suspected Sarah was having the same conversation with Jim.

Then Sarah giggled loudly, and we heard a rustling from their tent. The sounds, to me, were pretty obvious. They were going to get it on, Mom or not. Mom and I laid there, and if ears could grow from trying to hear, ours would have grown a foot. We could hear whispering, then a rhythmic movement that was unmistakable.

Mom looked at me with an exaggerated open mouth shocked look. She whispered in my ear, "Are they...?"

"What it sounds like to me," I whispered back. "Maybe not, though. Maybe they're just playing a game of gin rummy."

Mom laughed, and then took me in her arms. We kissed deeply, and I started unbuttoning her blouse. She looked at me, and then laid back to let me do it. She didn't have a bra on, so when I got the blouse unbuttoned I had those perfect pear-sized breasts before me. I bent down, rubbed my lips on her left nipple, and then took it in my mouth. Mom arched her back, pulling my head into her breast. I took the whole tit in my mouth, and started sucking furiously, scrubbing my tongue against her nipple. She shifted me to her other breast, holding it and feeding it to me. I was sucking so frantically that once my mouth slipped off and I gave a loud slurping sound.

Mom giggled. "Shhhh," she whispered in my ear. "You're going to have to be quiet."

We paused, and could hear the sounds from the next tent. "They're not being quiet. I don't think they'll hear us," I said, and got back to work.

While I was sucking her tits, I slid my hand down her belly and under the waist of her pants. They were a bit tight, so I undid her belt and unbuttoned her jeans. Sliding my hand down, I cupped her

pussy. It wasn't as hairy as I expected, but it was sopping wet. I slid my finger into her, and she stiffened her body in response.

I got up on my knees, took her blouse the rest of the way off, and then slid her jeans and panties down her legs until, finally, my Mother lay naked before me. I couldn't help but stare. She was beautiful. Her pussy was lightly fringed with soft brown hair. Her skin was creamy with a light dusting of freckles. I had never seen such a perfect sight.

She looked up at me, and then put her hand on my belt buckle. That was all the encouragement I needed, and I quickly stripped my clothes off. I then laid beside her and took her in my arms. We were naked, skin to skin, and I knew I would remember that moment the rest of my life.

"Are you disappointed?" she asked softly.

"Oh, my God," was all I could say as I ran my hands over every inch of her.

She reached down and shyly took my dick in her left hand. "My big boy," she murmured. "What is it you've always dreamed of?"

I put my hand on top of her head and gently pushed. She laughed. "You men are all the same, aren't you?" Then she raised herself up and slowly started moving down my body, holding my dick all the

while. When she had her head at my stomach, she paused and looked up at me. There was enough moonlight in the tent that I could see her face clearly as she opened her lips and slowly took me into her mouth.

My Mom was a fucking blowjob queen. She knew exactly what to do. She stroked me with her left hand, bobbing her head and sucking. She started slowly, and then increased the power and frequency while I held her head and bucked into her mouth.

"Mom. Stop. I can't hold it."

She took her mouth off me, and then came back up to my face, kissing me deeply. "My Mom just had my dick in her mouth, and now she's kissing me," was all I could think. I almost lost it at that moment.

I knew what I wanted, but suddenly I was a little timid. I had some experience, but I'd be the first to say I was probably not the best around at eating pussy. Mom had years of experience, and I knew I wouldn't match what she was probably used to. I moved my head down, sucking each breast and then kissing down her belly to her pubic hair. I looked up at her and whispered, "You're going to have to teach me what you like."

She trembled, put her hands on my head, and pushed down. "I think you'll do just fine," she whispered. "Just fine."

I used my finger and traced the outline and parts of her pussy, then slid my finger in her. I then used my tongue to trace the same parts, finally flicking it against her clitoris. She arched her back while pulling my face into her, and I got to work. I curled my finger up so I could rub her G-spot, while sucking lightly on her clit. Increasing the intensity and frequency, I kept doing the same thing. I thought I was going to suffocate in there. My nose was pushed against her mound and I was having trouble breathing, but I kept at it. She stiffened, gave a little groan, and then pulled me into her.

I eased myself back up to her and hugged her to me. "Just fine," she whispered in my ear. "Just fine."

There are kings in the world. There are Presidents who rule armies. There are billionaires who rule industry. But I had just made my Mom cum by eating her pussy. At that moment, I was king of the universe.

We just laid there for awhile, whispering and holding each other. It was truly a magical moment. Then Mom reached down and took my dick in her hand, pulling me to her. I rolled over onto her, holding myself up on my arms, and looked into her eyes. She nodded. She put my dick at her entrance and, with other other hand on my butt, urged me into her.

I have never felt anything so wondrous in my life. That pussy. It was tight and incredibly smooth inside. I could feel her vaginal walls grip my dick as I eased it in.

"Go slow, Honey. It's been awhile, and you're pretty big."

I continued to push, and then bottomed out. I could feel the head of my dick pushing against her cervix, and she gasped. She started hunching against me, and I responded, slowly at first, and then with increasing urgency. I would like to say I lasted hours, but I didn't. I moaned, "Oh, Mom," and then it came. I couldn't help it. As soon as I started cumming, I sensed a greater intensity in her movements and she started whimpering and moaning softly.

"Uh, uh, uh," she moaned, and then stiffened against me as her pussy clamped tightly on me.

We all read about simultaneous orgasms, and I'm sure they happen. It hasn't been my experience, though. I always try to hold back so my partner cums first, and then I'll let it go. Or vice versa. But Mom and I had our orgasms together, and it was beautiful.

We managed a few more times that night, until she finally announced, "Honey. I'm an old woman in menopause. I can't go anymore. You're wearing me out."

She looked at me. "But I'm not done with you yet, am I?" She slid down my body and took me into her mouth again. My dick, covered with her juice and with my cum, deep in Mom's mouth. She gave me an even better blowjob than the first one, and I found myself on the edge of cumming again.

"Mom. Mom. You'd better stop."

Still sucking and pumping, she looked up at me and shook her head. I exploded. I don't know how there could have been anything left, but I exploded in her mouth. She continued sucking and slurping, and swallowed me down. Raising her head, she looked at me and there was a small dribble of cum on her lower lip. I pulled her to me, kissed her and licked my cum from her lip.

She looked at me and said, "Don't tell your father. I don't swallow for him," and we both burst out laughing. We immediately realized we were too loud, and the laughing subsided into giggles.

The next morning, we all acted as if nothing had happened the night before. Sarah and Mom bustled around, cooking breakfast, while Jim and I gathered more firewood. Jim looked at me and nodded. "How was that elephant?"

"Delicious," I said. "One bite at a time."

As we ate, Mom and Sarah chatted back and forth as if all was normal. Sarah asked, "Did you guys sleep well?"

Mom nodded, and Sarah nodded back. Sarah said, "There were a lot of noisy animals in the woods last night. Did you hear them?"

Everyone laughed. Yep. There had been a lot of noisy animals in the woods last night.

Chapter 2

I don't know if Mom and Sarah discussed what happened on our hiking trip, with Jim and Sarah making love in their tent while Mom and I had our first time in our tent. Based on Sarah's veiled comment the next morning about the noisy animals in the woods, I had no doubt they had heard Mom and me. There are some things that may never be acknowledged, I guess, and it really made no difference to me. I had what I wanted, I think Mom had what she wanted, and I have to admit that it was all because of Jim and Sarah. My guardian angels.

We had all decided on Saturday morning that a truncated hike would be more fun so, instead of the regular 12-mile hike, we went on a six-miler. We hiked mostly single file because of the narrowness of the trail, with Sarah leading, followed by Jim, and then Mom and me.

With Mom behind him, Jim had to behave himself. I noticed a couple of times that he would brush his hand against Sarah's butt. Whether Mom noticed, I don't know. I do know that my eyes and hands were on Mom's butt a lot - to the point that she started swatting my hand away. When we took a break and Sarah and Jim went into the woods for a potty break, I asked if Mom was upset with me.

"Oh, good Lord no, Bill. It's just that men have one switch - on or off - but women are different. For us, there is a time and a place and in

front of my friend is neither. For men, the time is 'anytime,' and the place is 'anywhere.' Just wait until we get back to camp, okay?"

We returned to our camp by 2:00 PM. I don't know about Jim and Sarah, but Mom and I were looking forward to an early evening and maybe even an afternoon nap. That was not to be, however, because upon our return we found another, larger tent set up on the edge of the clearing and a large SUV parked next to Sarah's car.

We gathered firewood for the evening fire, and then Jim and I practiced our bushcraft skills by fashioning a couple of log chairs to use in front of the fire. They may not have looked like much, but with some fallen logs we found and the judicious use of parachute cord, the chairs were comfortable enough for two people to sit in each one.

By the time we finished, it was time to begin supper. We used aluminum foil to make packets with stew beef, potatoes, and onions, and set them in the coals to cook. We had just sat down in our chairs with wine when we heard voices approaching from the trail. The voices did not sound overly happy - clearly there was an argument of some sort going on.

The first to come into the camp was a guy, somewhat younger than Jim and I, and he clearly was not having fun. He had a scowl on his face and went to the third tent without even acknowledging our presence. He was followed by a cute blonde who followed him into the tent, then a middle-aged couple emerged and walked over to introduce themselves.

"Hi. I'm Sam and this is my wife, Bonnie. I hope you don't mind our intruding on your camp, but this is the first hike of the season and we wanted to get on the trail as quickly as possible this morning."

Mom took care of our introductions. "Oh, no problem. It's big enough for everyone, don't you think? I'm Victoria, this is Sarah, and those two lugs are our sons, Bill and Jim. Why don't you share our campfire tonight?"

Bonnie looked at their tent. "Thanks, if you're sure you don't mind. Those are our kids, Sammy and Natalie, but who knows if they'll join society or not. They're not really into the whole family hiking adventure. This is probably the first fresh air they've had in months, so they're trying to recover, I guess." Bonnie laughed, but her laugh was tinged with some tension.

Jim and I looked at each other. We recognized the problem, at least in the son. Jim shrugged, and then I laughed. We gave each other looks that said, "We could fix this right now," but some problems you either have to live with or fix on your own.

That evening around the fire, we all got better acquainted. Sam was an attorney, like both Jim's dad and mine, and knew of them but had never met them. Sammy and Natalie, who preferred "Nat," were two years apart and both attended the state university. Sammy was set to graduate next year, and didn't know what he'd do after graduation.

When he said that, Bonnie sighed. "You just have to have a goal, Sammy. That's all. We don't care what your goal is, but have a goal."

She said it as if that had been a frequent theme of their conversations, and Sammy rolled his eyes. Jim and I looked at each other. We both knew what he could have as a goal. Bonnie was a plump blonde with a beautiful face. Surely Sammy wanted her. What guy wouldn't?

Sam and Nat were the first to call surrender to the night and retired to their large tent, leaving Sammy and Bonnie with us at the campfire. Jim and I had gotten Sammy interested in a conversation about sports, and we debated the relative merits of all the local teams. Once he engaged, Sammy was pretty bright and animated, which seemed to please Bonnie.

The four of us had been sitting side by side in the log chairs, but they were about four inches too narrow for side by side comfort. After fidgeting a bit, I finally said, "Mom, this is killing me. Why don't you just sit on my lap?"

Mom and Sarah both stood up, and then sat on our laps, kind of sideways so they could talk to Sammy and Bonnie. That was much more comfortable, and after awhile I casually rested my hand on Mom's thigh, softly rubbing her leg. I looked at Sammy, and his eyes were glued on my hand. He shifted his gaze to Bonnie, then back to my hand on Mom's leg. I knew what he was thinking, and I knew he had no idea. Just as Sarah had said, a lot of Mothers and Sons have special relationships, but if you never hear about it you assume it never happens.

She turned to Sarah, gestured toward Jim and me, and said, "How did you tame these two? Mine is still mostly wild and sullen." When she said that, Sammy looked at us and rolled his eyes. We smiled back, indicating support and understanding, but both Jim and I knew exactly how Sarah and Mom had tamed us.

Mom and Sarah looked at each other, and then laughed simultaneously. "Oh, you just have to give them a goal," Sarah laughed.

"Yeah," Mom agreed, still laughing. "It's a work in progress, but once you get them focused it gets better."

Jim piped up. "Hey. We're right here, you know," and he pinched Sarah's leg. She squealed and hit him playfully on the chest. I looked at Bonnie, and she had a wistful look on her face. What Mother wouldn't want a son who was so clearly in love with her?

Bonnie was sitting in a folding lawn chair, with Sammy sitting on the ground by her side. He said, "If you want to tame me, how about giving me the chair so I'm not sitting on the cold ground?" Bonnie called his bluff, stood up, and with a theatrical gesture said, "Take it. I'll sit on your lap, too."

Sammy groaned, but he sat in the chair and Bonnie plopped right in his lap, turned to the left so she could talk to Mom and Sarah. Sammy had his hands on the arms of the chair, and then he looked at my

hand, still on Mom's thigh. I saw him looking, and slowly rubbed my hand higher on her leg. I kept looking at him until he met my eyes, then I slowly nodded, continuing to rub her leg.

I was trying to send him a message, and I don't know if he understood. After a pause, he seemed to get it and tentatively put his hand on Bonnie's leg. She had been sitting rather stiffly on his lap, and when he did that she hugged into his chest. "See? It's not so bad. Your Mom won't bite, after all," and she laughed.

We all laughed with her, and Jim said, "I don't know, Sam. Mine still bites, but I'm taming her with liver treats." That got a bigger laugh, and we passed about an hour in general lighthearted conversation. We shared our wine with Bonnie and Sammy, and both seemed to loosen up considerably.

As the night drew on and the fire died down, an awkwardness developed. Sarah and Mom were clearly ready to call it a night, but they seemed reluctant to let Bonnie see our sleeping arrangements. With two tents, I'm sure Bonnie assumed it was Jim and I sleeping in one, and the Moms in the other. That was exactly what none of us wanted.

When it became clear we were not going to be able to wait out Bonnie and Sammy, Mom stood up and took my hand. "Come on, Bill. Your old Mom is exhausted. All this fresh air wears a woman out, you know."

Sarah and Jim also stood up, and we moved toward our tents. Mom went in before me and before I crawled in I looked back at Bonnie and Sammy, both still sitting at the campfire. Sammy still had his hand on Bonnie's leg, and they were looking at each other with looks of shock on their faces.

We tried our best to be quiet that night, and I guess Jim and Sarah did, too, because we couldn't hear them like we had the night before.

The next morning, Sunday, we were up at the crack of dawn. The thing about sleeping in a sleeping bag is that there's not a lot of laying around in the morning after you wake up. Jim and I got the fire going again, and before long the smell of coffee spread throughout the campground.

The first heads that popped out of the big tent were Sam and Natalie. They came wandering over to the fire, and we offered them coffee.

"Thanks," said Natalie. "I don't think Dad knows how to make it, and I know I don't."

After about an hour, Bonnie and Sammy walked up. Bonnie took our coffee and then put her own pot on the coals. "We'll repay you when ours is perking," she said, and sipped her coffee with obvious appreciation.

I was watching Bonnie and Sammy, and there seemed to be an awkwardness between them. Several times I caught them exchanging glances, and I thought it wouldn't take a genius to figure out that something had passed between them last night. Whether it was the whole shooting match or not, something had happened, I was sure. Maybe a kiss? Maybe a touch? Maybe nothing, but there was a different tension between them.

After breakfast, the family set out on the trail again. I noted the order in which they walked as they entered the trailhead, with Sammy in trail and Bonnie right in front of him. She had a lush ass in her jeans, and I was sure it wasn't lost on Sammy.

Mom announced that she and Sarah were going to drive to the nearest town to get more supplies.

"Why?," I asked. "I thought we were going back at lunch."

"No," she said. "Sarah and I are going to call your dads and tell them we'll be back tomorrow or the next day. The weather is perfect, and there's no reason for us to rush back if we don't have to. That okay with you guys?"

Of course it was fine with Jim and I.

They were gone for several hours and, in the meantime, the family of four came walking back. Sam and Bonnie bustled around the

campground, cleaning up, while Natalie went into the tent and Sammy came walking over to us. He sat beside us in front of the fire.

Clearing his throat, Sammy said, "You two have good relationships with your Moms. I wish I could be like that. She's always on my back about something, though."

Jim and I looked at each other. Clearly the time was right for a conversation, but who is going to admit to a stranger that he's fucking his own Mother?

Jim said, "Well, you can be closer. You just have to make an effort. Your Mom seems nice, and she is sure an eyeful, too."

Sammy looked over at her. "Oh, yeah. She's an eyeful, for sure. All my buddies call her the number one MILF in the neighborhood," and he laughed.

We laughed, too, and I said, "I can see why. Must drive you crazy, huh?"

He misunderstood what I was implying, and said, "Oh, I don't mind. I kind of agree with them."

Jim paused. "Then why don't you do something about it?"

Sammy looked at us. He had seen us enter our tents last night with our own Mothers, so he had to have some sort of idea what was going on.

"Wouldn't know where to start."

Jim looked at Bonnie, who saw us looking at her and smiled and waved across the campground. "You seemed to make a good start last night. Just treat her like you love her. You know how you eat an elephant?"

I laughed, and Jim and I said together, "One bite at a time!"

That night, there was a replay of the previous night. We all sat around the fire, talking and laughing. Mom and Sarah had bought more wine, so we were all enjoying the night. Again, Sam said he was tired and went to bed, and before long, Natalie made her excuses and left. As soon as they were in the tent, Mom and Sarah climbed on our laps, and after a bit of hesitation, Bonnie looked at Sammy and stood up. Sammy jumped right in the lawn chair, and Bonnie sat on his lap. Unlike the night before, she snuggled right into his chest and he did not hesitate to put his hand on her leg.

The sound of snores filled the campsite. It sounded like a damned chainsaw.

"He has apnea." Bonny explained. "At home he has a machine to help him sleep, but he didn't want to bring it camping. If you don't get to sleep before him, there's usually no sleeping at all."

Sammy groaned. "Not another night of it. Please"

Rather timidly, Bonnie said, "Well, we have the little tent. We could set that up over here. You want to do that?"

Sammy seemed enthusiastic. He pushed Bonnie off his lap and ran to their SUV to find the tent. Jim and I helped set it up, so that our three tents were in a kind of triangle formation, with theirs the farthest from the big tent, and about ten feet from ours.

We didn't stay up as late that night. First, Sarah stood up and took Jim's hand. Then Mom did the same with me. Bonnie stood up, awkwardly, and looked down at the ground. Sammy took her hand, and led her to their tent.

When Mom and I got undressed and settled, we snuggled together and I rubbed her soft little belly, letting my fingers drift down to her pubic hair. It was totally quiet, and then we could hear a rustling sound from Sarah's tent.

"You think they can hear it, too?" Mom asked me.

"I'll bet they can. You think they're going to do it?"

"I would bet on it. I don't know what went on last night, but they seemed a bit awkward with each other this morning, didn't they? Sarah and I wanted to stay, because this is the hottest thing we've ever seen, watching them. They both want it, that's for sure, but neither one will make the first move. I'm betting Sarah is making noise purposely so they'll hear."

"It worked for us, didn't it?"

Mom laughed. "Honey, we were almost there anyway. These two are just starting out, so who knows?"

She trailed her head down my stomach and, with a loud slurp, she took me in her mouth and sucked. I noticed she had put her wedding ring back on, and I watched as she pumped me with her left hand.

"Oh, God, Mom. You're an artist," I whispered, and then I grunted loudly as she brought me to the edge.

"Ssssh," she said as she crawled on top of me. She squatted on my chest, putting her pussy in my face, and I sucked and teased her clitoris. She moved down my chest, reached down to take my dick in her hand, and guided herself down on me. She started a slow rhythm, and her knees were squeaking on the sleeping pad. Neither

one of us took long to have an orgasm, and then we collapsed in each other's arms, snuggling and kissing.

"I'm glad this happened," Mom said. "I knew what you wanted, but I was afraid. I'm glad you took charge, Honey. It wouldn't have happened if you didn't, you know."

I kissed her. "I'm glad, too. More than you'll ever know."

We then heard a slight movement from Bonnie's tent. It wasn't a loud sound. We could hear them whispering, but couldn't make out what they were saying. Then we heard Bonnie's voice, "Oh, Sammy," she said, as clear as a bell.

"I guess that answers that," Mom laughed softly.

"You think Natalie and her Dad...?," I whispered in her ear. Natalie was a little package, blonde like her Mother, with long legs and a pert little ass.

"I don't think so." Mom said. "I was watching, and I didn't see any signs. Besides, Fathers and Daughters just don't have the bond Mothers and Sons do."

"What do you mean?"

"Think about it. You came out of my body. Literally. You nursed my breasts. Mothers may not all admit it, but a baby suckling your breasts is very exciting. It's something we never forget."

I bent down and took her breast in my mouth. "Like this?"

Mom held the back of my head while she fed her breast to me with the other hand.

"Did you ever think of me sucking your breasts like this, Mom?" I asked, and then put my mouth back on her nipple.

"I'd be lying if I said I never thought of it. Sometimes, when you were being such an idiot, I used to think I could solve everything if I just gave you my breast again. It solved everything when you were a baby."

She climbed on my chest again, and put her breasts in my face. I obliged, and used my left hand to massage her other breast, while my right hand cupped her butt. She slid me back inside her, and we started a gentle motion. I rubbed my right hand up to the small of her back, urging her on, and then slid it down so my fingers were in the crack of her ass. I reached farther, and lightly rubbed my index finger on her little rosebud of an ass.

She paused her movement, and I thought maybe she didn't like that, then she roughly pulled my head deeper onto her breast and started

moving more frantically. I pushed the tip of my finger so it entered her butt, and she gave a high-pitched moan. She stopped, shuddered, and then collapsed on me.

"So my Mom likes a little butt play, huh?"

"I didn't know I did, but I guess so. That was pretty intense."

The sounds from Bonnie's and Sammy's tent were no longer furtive and hidden. They were going at it, and Bonnie was a pretty noisy little fuck. We heard Sammy go, "Ssssh, Mom. You want to wake the whole campsite?" and then we heard Bonnie giggle.

The next morning as we all sat around sipping coffee, Sarah said, "Those damned animals were noisy last night, weren't they?"

Everyone laughed, though clearly Natalie and Sam didn't know what was so funny.

Natalie said, "I couldn't hear a damned thing for Dad's snoring."

Sammy and Bonnie looked at each other and laughed. Bonnie said, "Oh, Sammy and I slept pretty well, didn't we, Buddy, even with all the animal noises?"

Two more converts.

Chapter 3

I must admit I was somewhat conflicted after Bill and I returned from our camping trip with Sarah and Jim. Oh, sure, I knew what Billy was trying to do with me. It started with him in high school, probably really getting serious when he was a senior. I often caught him looking at me in a way a Son shouldn't be looking at his Mother. I was flattered, of course. What woman doesn't enjoy being looked at in a frankly sexual way? But when it's your own son?

Like every other Mother, I immediately started researching Oedipal Complex and I have to say I was confused by the whole thing. Freud seemed to think that boys pass through that phase when they're very young, like five or seven, and then it goes away. Well, my Son was 18, and sometimes the lust in his eyes when he would look at me was so powerful it would take my breath away. Freud never mentioned that.

I found that Mother Son incest was a big interest on the web. If it was supposed to go away by the time a boy entered puberty, and certainly by the time he became an adult, then who were all these people who seemed consumed by it on the internet? I found some erotic story sites and read a couple of the stories. None of them sounded legitimate to me. I couldn't see any Mother succumbing to her Son's advances in such a blatant way as almost all the stories seemed to relate.

There did seem to be an ongoing debate over whether consensual adult Mother Son relationships was good, or bad, for the mental health of the son. Funny. None of the debates seemed to be concerned with the mental health of the Mother. It was all about whether it would stunt the mental growth of the Son and affect his ability to have satisfying relationships with other women. That settled it for me. If doing such a thing with your son would harm him in any way, then how could any woman do it?

The more I read, though, the more confused I got. Some writers seemed to argue that a Mother Son relationship, if between consenting adults, was nothing more than a love affair like any other. That made some sense to me. If a love affair is just that, love, then what stronger love is there than the love of a Mother for her Son?

None of that helped me with Bill. I could have internal debates on a philosophical level about the relative merits of a Mother sexually loving her Son, but I was dealing with the reality of a Son desiring me. As his obvious lust seemed to grow stronger instead of being a passing thing, his overt love for me seemed to wane. He became distant. He wouldn't talk to me and, in the few times he would engage, he was sullen and seemed resentful. By the time he went away to college, we were almost like strangers living together. He seemed a little better during his college years, and I assumed he was getting laid by hot little co-eds, and his lust for me had passed.

Finally he graduated and got a job, about three hours from us. He still seemed resentful, though, and visited only when his Dad and I shamed him into it.

What is a Mother to do? All I wanted was for him to love me. Is that asking too much? I gave him everything. I gave him life. I raised him from a boy to a man. Was it asking too much for him to love me?

So I did what every woman does when she wants to influence and control a man. I started flirting with him. If that's what would influence him, then why not? I wouldn't do anything but lightly flirt, of course. I would remain in control and never let it get out of hand, so what harm could a little flirting do?

When he'd come home, I made a point of letting him see me in my panties and tee shirt at least once each trip. He was funny. He'd try to act like he wasn't looking, but I could tell. I have to admit, it was pretty exciting for me, too. My nipples would be so hard they'd ache. Even though I'm older now and going through the change, God bless it, my panties would practically flood. My husband seemed to be ignorant of what was going on. He wouldn't even give a passing glance.

At first I thought Bill wasn't paying attention, either. I expected - no, hell, I hoped - I'd see an erection from him when I'd do that. Once I went into his bedroom for something when he was laying in bed in the morning, and I made a point of letting him get a good look at my butt. Then I turned around so he could see my nipples and pussy. I would have thought that would cause a tent in his covers, but I didn't see it.

His father, in his ignorance, was pretty cooperative. When Bill would come home on the weekend, I would shoo his father downstairs for his games so Bill and I could watch a movie upstairs. I would sit on one end of the couch while Bill laid down on the loveseat. I noticed, thankfully, that he would lay there with a huge erection, practically during the whole movie. It was cute. I made a point of not staring at it, but I was entranced and, I have to say again, pretty excited. Here I was, sitting with my son watching a movie, and he had a hard on for me. Pretty flattering, if you think about it.

There was no doubt what he wanted. Call me shameless, but there was no doubt I was using it to influence him. At least he was coming home more often now. He remained distant with me, though. It was as if he didn't know what to do, how to proceed. I wanted to tell him, "Look, idiot. I'm your Mother, but I'm also a woman. Treat me as you would treat any woman you wanted to get in bed, and see where it goes." Of course, I had no intention of letting it go that far, but he didn't have to know that.

That all changed one day, and I couldn't put my finger on a reason. He had been to visit his friend, Jim, and when he got home he came into my office and kissed me right on the lips. That was a change. He usually hugged me from about three feet away and if I got a kiss at all, it was just a dry peck on my cheek. I said something to him about it, and he told me he loved me.

Those are the words every Mother wants to hear from her son. I knew he loved me, in his stiff, cold way, because he had to love me.

I'm his Mother. But to hear him say it was absolute music to my ears. If he had only known it, I was putty in his hands when he said that.

He seemed to change in other ways, too. He became much more touchy-feely with me. Once he hugged me tight to him, which he had not done before, and I'll swear I could feel his dick rubbing on my upper thigh. Talk about getting a tingle. I was shocked. I mean, that's not really something a Mother should feel, is it? I liked it, but damn.

Then his touches became, well, frankly sexual. He hugged me from behind once, in the kitchen, and the little bastard actually rubbed his dick on my butt. What, did he think I wouldn't be able to feel it? Did he want me to feel it?

Our movie nights started to get a little steamy, and I allowed it. I knew there would be a point where I would have to put a stop to it, but I had not decided yet where that point was going to be. He had tried to give me a little tongue when he kissed me, and I put the stop to that. It's not that I wouldn't love to kiss him like that, but there's the whole "societal norms," and "proper behavior" things going on. What Mother lets her son slip her the tongue when they kiss? Of course I had to shut him down.

I started to let him have a little breast play while we were watching movies. I couldn't help it. He was like a ninth-grader. His hand kept brushing my breast and it was like a high voltage line to my core. I'm older, so my libido is diminishing, right? But not when Bill would touch me. My libido was on overdrive. I wouldn't let him get them out, although I wanted to, because the risk was too great. Hands on

the outside? You can pull them back right away, and nobody will see. But blouse open, bra off, and tits out? That's hard to hide if hubby comes tripping in.

Then Sarah called me to ask if we wanted to have a family outing at the trailhead. I thought it was a great idea. I had always been envious of Sarah's relationship with her son, Jim. He was always kind and gentle with her, and clearly loved her. Why couldn't Bill be like that? They were buddies, so why didn't some of Jim rub off on Bill? I thought if we went hiking with them, Bill would see how considerate Jim was with Sarah, and maybe learn a lesson.

Learn a lesson, we did!

I knew my husband wouldn't go. That he would come up with an excuse at the last minute was entirely predictable. Sarah's husband didn't go, either, and that surprised me a little bit. I'm not sure I would have agreed to it if I had known it was just us and the boys. We got to the trailhead, set up our tents, and sat by the campfire drinking wine. I fully expected Sarah and I would share a tent, and you can imagine my shock when Sarah took Jim's hand and led him to their tent. It really put me in an awkward position, because I knew I would have to fend off Bill's advances if we shared a tent.

I don't know how to say this. I've known Sarah for years. Our kids are friends, and our families are tight. Sarah and I talk about everything, and we have for years. I think I'm closer to her than I am to my own sister. I know Sarah. I know when she was thinking about having an affair a couple of years ago, and she knows that I made

out in the kitchen with my husband's partner at a Christmas party last year.

So when I heard what were obviously sex sounds coming from Sarah's tent, I was blown away. I don't know if I've ever been hotter in my life. Knowing that Sarah was fucking her own son...well, no wonder they seemed so close. What pissed me off, though, was that she took my options away. I don't know if she did it intentionally, but she sure put me in a corner. How could I push Bill away when he could hear his best friend fucking his own Mother?

Maybe I would have come to the same decision on my own. But she took that decision away from me.

And I had sex with my own Son.

Oh, it was great. Don't think I didn't enjoy it. But it was also wrong. It was a decision made in haste that would last the rest of my life. "You break it. You bought it." That's kind of the idea, isn't it? Once I went there with Bill, our relationship changed forever. My marriage changed forever. My life changed forever. I think they were all positive changes, but shouldn't I have been able to decide for myself?

But it wasn't Sarah's fault, I had to admit to myself. It was my fault. I went on that hike secretly hoping I would get a chance to fuck Bill, and I did. When Billy went down on me, I thought I would explode. I've always liked having my pussy eaten, but when I looked down at my boy's face buried in my pussy, that was the ultimate. Everything

with him was degrees better than I've ever had. Just kissing him sent tingles throughout my body.

I've always enjoyed giving blowjobs. You want to talk about control? When you have your man's dick in your mouth, you are in total control. When it's your son's dick? Oh, my God. I can't describe it. I wanted to give him the best blowjob he would ever have.

Not a word about the previous night was spoken by Sarah or me the next day. We just went on with our lives.

Then that family came in to share our campsite, and things got a little out of hand. I won't sugar coat it. Bonnie, the Mom, and her son were clearly at a crucial point in their relationship. It was where Bill and I had been a month before. I'll admit it. What Sarah had done to me, for me, by giving me a push was exactly what Sarah and I did for Bonnie. We gave her a push. From the noise she made, it didn't take much to get her to go for it.

A couple of days after we got back home, and Bill had returned to his apartment and his job, Sarah called. "Why don't I come over for coffee? We've got some catching up to do, I think."

Yeah, we had some catching up to do. Like, "How long have you been fucking your son?" "Why didn't you tell me?" Things like that. Yeah, I'd say we had some catching up to do.

Sarah arrived about an hour later and we sat in the den with cups of coffee. We looked at each other, and both of us burst out laughing.

"Oh, my God, Sarah! You and Jim? How long? How did it start?"

"Are you kidding me? You and Bill? You guys sounded like a porn movie over there. I've never heard such thrashing in my life."

It was as though a dam had burst. I told Sarah about Bill and how he had seemed so sullen and distant, and then like a switch had been turned on, he became loving and affectionate. I told her that by the time I realized what was going on, I was hooked.

"It was the same with me, Vic. Jim was always trying to cop a feel of my ass. One day he started being really affectionate...I mean, honestly affectionate...and I just couldn't help reacting to him. I guess it started in earnest when we went to the farmers' market one day."

"The farmers' market? How in the hell do you end up sleeping with your son after visiting the farmers' market?"

Sarah shook her head. "I know. It doesn't make sense, but it was the most beautifully romantic thing. His dad didn't want to go, so Jim went with me to get some fresh veggies. While we were there, he bought me a bouquet of flowers. He gave them to me, and kissed me on the cheek. Vic, I was done at that moment. On the way home, I told him to drive by the lake so we could check the wildflowers. We

parked at that old railroad siding. He turned toward me, I guess to ask me something, and I practically attacked the poor kid. I was kissing him like I haven't kissed anyone since college."

"Yeah, and then?"

"I wasn't going to let it go too far. I swear. I had no intention of letting him get in charge. But before I knew it, he had his hand on my tit and then I was putting it in his mouth, and I've never had a feeling like I had when he was sucking on me."

"Oh, my God! Sarah, I had the same feeling. When Billy took my nipple in his mouth, it was like a high voltage shock. God, it was intense."

"So, that was it, Vic. I tried to fight it, but we were fucking within a week after that. I'm not sorry. Not a bit. That was two years ago, and it seems like we're closer every day. We're to the stage now that we sometimes make love when we're together, but not always. But we always enjoy being with each other. It's like I have two husbands, both of whom love me."

"Why did you never tell me, Sarah? You knew how I was struggling with Bill."

"Oh, sure. I can see me saying, 'You know, Vic, if you'll just give Bill a blowjob, he'll be a much better son.'" She laughed.

"Yeah. I get you. I'm terrified of someone finding out about Bill and me. I'm so glad I have you to talk to. Tell me. Did you know that Bill and I would make love if we heard you two going at it?"

"I suspected. I knew what Bill wanted. I suspected what you wanted. I took a risk letting you hear us, I hope you know that. It could have gone very wrong, you know."

"Sarah, I would never judge you. Hearing you and Jim go at it was the hottest thing I've ever experienced. I don't think I've cum so many times in one night since I was in college."

"That's what I hoped. You know, if every Mother knew what you and I know now, the world would be a different place."

We laughed together. We shared a secret that many Mothers have, but few share. I felt closer to Sarah than I ever had.

"Yeah. We should market it. How to control your Son, in five easy steps."

"I know. Could you believe Bonnie? All she had to do was see us, and she was all over that boy. I thought she was going to pull his dick out and blow him the first time he put his hand on her leg."

"That one worked just fine, didn't it? I wonder what they're up to now?"

"We'll find out soon enough. Bonnie called me yesterday and wants us to have lunch together. You want to go?"

"I wouldn't miss it."

A couple of days later we met Bonnie at the local Panera. She walked in, saw us at a table and walked over, a sheepish look on her face.

"Uuuuh. Well, thanks for meeting me," she said, and blushed.

Sarah and I laughed. I said, "I'd say we're a pretty select group, aren't we?"

"I hope you don't think I'm horrible," Bonnie said. "I don't know where that came from."

Sarah reached over the table and touched her hand. "Honey, it came from the same place it came from with us. We want our Sons to love us. We finally figured out how to make that happen. It's simple."

"Not so simple," Bonnie replied.

"Yes. Simple. Look, Bonnie. You love your Son, and you found a way to show him how deeply you love him. How can that be wrong? Don't beat yourself up. I'll bet you and Sammy have a much deeper relationship now, right? What's wrong with that? As long as no one knows, who can get hurt?"

Bonnie started crying, softly. "I hate myself. What have I done? Is he going to be screwed up forever because of this?"

"He'll only be screwed up if you push him away and act like it was some horrible mistake. I speak from experience, Bonnie. I think you had the most wonderfully intense experience you've ever had. I think Sammy had the most wonderful experience he's ever had. You shared something together that not everyone has. Rejoice in that. Make sure Sammy knows how much it meant to you. Now, admit it, Bonnie. Aren't you two much closer than you ever hoped?"

"Oh, yeah. He's what I always wanted him to be. Even his father remarked at how different he is. It's great. He came home last weekend, and that never happens."

Sarah laughed. "Well I know why he came home. Did he get what he wanted?"

Bonnie blushed again. "We might have gone out to get takeout pizza."

"In a pizzeria parking lot, Bonnie? You're shameless!"

We all laughed. We were sisters, in that moment. We shared a secret that no one else could know.

We spent the afternoon there, sharing our experiences. There were differences, but each of us had a common theme to what had happened with our Sons. They were distant. They were unloving. Then something changed, and they became what we always wanted. I said what Sarah had said to me earlier, "It's like I have two loving husbands now."

"I know, I know!" Bonnie said. "That's exactly it. I've never felt so loved."

We nodded. That was exactly it. We felt loved.

We looked around the restaurant, and noticed a couple in the corner - obviously a Mother and Son. They were holding hands on the table, and talking like old friends. Bonnie smiled. "Is it that obvious? I mean, I can bet what those two are up to. Do you think other people will be able to see it with Sammy and me?"

"Only if they're in it themselves, Bonnie. But I guarantee you every Mother wishes she had what you and Sam have."

We looked at each other. Sarah cleared her throat. "It's too bad we can't share this. Between Victoria and I, we must know a dozen Mothers who wish they could have better relationships with their sons. It would be risky, but do you think we could guide other Mothers in how to do it?"

And the Mothers' Club was born.

Chapter 4

We giggled like schoolgirls.

We were like a super-secret sorority, one in which you could only get membership by exclusive invitation and after passing a rigorous initiation ceremony. In our case, we were bound together by much more than secret vows and blood initiations. We were bound by a history we shared.

Each of us had slept with our own son, and each of us knew the others had done it. Yeah, you talk about a shared secret.

We agreed that in each of our cases, the end result had been gratifying. Oh, sure, the sex was good, but we were all beyond middle age and sex wasn't the be-all, end-all it might have been when we were in our 30s. Having sex with our own sons was gratifying because it deepened an already deep Mother/Son bond, and because it seemed to have made our sons better men.

Having such knowledge made us want to proselytize everyone we knew. Imagine if you had a secret cure for cancer. You'd want to share it with everyone you knew, right? So we started going through the names of friends who were having trouble with their sons, and could use the cure. Sarah and I had many mutual friends. Bonnie, living in another subdivision, shared some of our friends, while having her own circle. Needless to say, the field was ripe with potential candidates.

We had several decisions to make, before we did anything. The first decision was, "Are we really serious about this?" The best thing for each of us to do would be to forget any of this had ever happened and go on with our lives, hoping our secret remained inviolate. We talked about it, and it seemed so simple, really. Every Mother had problems with her son, at one time or another, and so every Mother could benefit from what we knew. How could we not share that? Sure, there would be risks involved, but we would only engage with women we knew well enough to trust, so we thought the risk could be mitigated. Of course, once a woman became a member of the club through the secret "initiation" rite, she'd keep our secrets because she would have her own to protect.

The real question was, "Are we going to involve our sons?" For the three of us, that decision was not so difficult. We didn't know if they had talked about it, but clearly Jim and Bill knew each had been sleeping with his own Mother. Since Bonnie and Sammy had, well, consummated the act in a tent beside us all, Sammy was in on it, too.

"But girls, let's be honest," Bonnie said. "Our sons are really the weak links."

We all laughed, but what Bonnie said was true. Sarah piped up. "That's the problem. We have a very real risk of exposure and absolute humiliation, and worse, if one of them even makes a peep about this. I trust you two, but I'm not sure I trust all our sons to keep their mouths shut."

We looked at each other, and you could see the suspicion in each of our eyes.

"Stop it," said Sarah. "We have to believe we can trust our own sons to protect us. Plus, we have to know we can control them. Isn't that what this is all about, anyway? Using the ultimate leverage to help them become better men?"

So we agreed we would bring the boys into the group, at least at the start to see if it worked out.

Because James, Sarah's husband, was going to be out of town the next weekend, we agreed to meet at Sarah's and that each Mother was responsible for ensuring her own son's attendance. It may sound simple, but that was really a first test of the effectiveness of our "cure" for what ailed our sons. Think about it. If any of us, without the extra influence we had on our son, had said, "Honey, I'd like you to go with me next weekend to a Mothers' meeting," she would have been met with derision and scorn. Now, though, all three of us fully expected our Sons would do what we asked.

There was quite a bit of awkwardness when we got together. The guys went to the den to play video games (sigh), while we women gathered in the kitchen. Finally, Bonnie said, "Let's get this show going. We know why we're here."

We called the sons in, gave them glasses of wine since we were already into it, and then went into the den. It was kind of cute how

the sons naturally sat with their Moms. Could you have imagined that a month ago? Bonnie and Sam were snuggled closely together, with Bonnie giggling.

Sarah cleared her throat. "Do you guys know why we all got together?"

I looked at Bill's face, started laughing, and then it spread to Sarah and Bonnie.

"No, no! No way. That's not going to happen. Ever!," Sarah said through her laughter.

Jim blurted, "What? What are you talking about?"

Sarah gave him a stern look. "I know what every one of you was thinking, and I'm telling you, this is not going to be some kind of Mother swapping group. Just ain't going to happen."

That caused pretty uproarious laughter from everyone. They're men. Of course that's what they were thinking. I did get a little tingle, though, when I saw Jim looking right at me. Hmmm. Wonder what Jim was thinking?

"No, boys," Sarah continued. "We just thought we should clear the air and we do have something to propose to you. Not that!," she emphasized again.

I jumped in. "We all know that each one of us now shares a special relationship. It's something that has to be a forever secret, but it's something we each will cherish, all our lives. Do you agree?"

The sons nodded enthusiastically. They knew exactly what I was saying.

"Do you guys agree that you have better relationships with us, and that it's made you better men?"

Again, the nods.

"We think so, too. We have what every Mother wants - your love. Now, wouldn't it be nice if in very select cases we helped other Moms and Sons come together?"

At that, Billy snorted in his wine. OK. I'd give him that one. I did kind of open the door, I guess. Everyone looked from Bill to me, and then we all started laughing again.

"Too much information, Vic, but do you have any tips for that?" Sarah said, and we all laughed again.

Jim said, "Sure, Vic. I think we'd all be on board with that. You got someone in mind?"

Sarah jumped in. "Lisa and Chris. Bonnie, you and Sammy don't know them, but Lisa is a good friend of ours, and I think she and Christopher could use some help. He looks at her like a moonstruck calf, but he's about as cold with her as Jim was with me."

Jim looked down at the floor. "Mom, I always loved you, you know that. I was just afraid of you."

Sarah continued. "I don't know how we'll broach it with Lisa, but I know they are perfect candidates for an improved relationship."

Bonnie jumped in. "How about this, Sarah? You and Victoria could take Lisa to lunch and kind of break the ice. I don't know how, but you'll figure it out. Then maybe next weekend we could have a cookout and see how things go. I think if any woman sees how close we are with our sons now, she'd want to know how we did it. We could go from there. If it seems right, maybe we could give a few hints, or something."

"Let's back up a bit," I said. "I'm really interested in this, and how it happens. Bill, you think you seduced me, right? So, I know it's embarrassing, but it's also hot as hell. Explain how you think we got to this point, you and I. Then I'll give you my perspective."

Billy looked nervously at Jim, and then I was surprised to see him glance at Sarah. "Mom, I don't want you to misunderstand, but it was easy. Wait, wait. I'm not saying you were easy, but getting where I wanted to be with you was easy. It's kind of like eating an elephant, you know?"

Bonnie snorted, and looked at Sammy. "Yeah, I know how to eat an elephant," she laughed. I looked down at Sammy's crotch and it did look like that young man was sporting a tool to be proud of.

"No, what do you mean, Bill?"

"You eat an elephant one bite at a time. I've wanted you for years. I think every son wants his Mother. But if I had told you exactly what I wanted, you would have slapped me and thrown me into therapy. So, I took it one bite at a time. My goal was to make you feel loved."

"You did a good job of that, Billy," and I kissed him.

"Oooh," someone said, but my eyes were closed.

Bill continued. "The hardest part was to get you to start looking at me as a man with sexual desires, and not just your little boy. Once I had that planted in your brain, I think it went pretty smoothly." He laughed. "Of course, hearing Jim and Sarah going at it like rabbits didn't hurt."

I looked around the room. Everyone's attention was focused on Bill's story. "OK. Here's how it went from my perspective. I'm going to be honest, and I hope no one is shocked. I just think we need to know exactly how this all worked for us."

I continued. "You wanted me to view you as a sexual creature. Honey, that was never a problem. I saw you sporting erections from the time you were in high school. I know you checked out my panties in the dirty clothes every day. I know you tried to feel me up on more than one occasion. Knowing you were a man with desires was never the problem."

I looked around the room. The women were nodding, while the guys looked confused. "Ah, Venus and Mars," I thought to myself. I continued, "There is nothing I wouldn't do for you, Bill, or give you. Nothing. I knew what you wanted. Every Mother knows what her son wants. We are afraid to give it to you, because we don't want to screw you up psychologically. I think the psychologists lie to us, though. Now I'm not talking about when you were a kid. I'm talking about the man you are now. Do you think what we've done is screwing you up in the head?"

Bill laughed. "Just the opposite."

"I know. Me, too. I think what screws us up is not what we want, but that we try to deny it because society tells us it's creepy and taboo. So, Moms might have the same desires you do, but we're the strong

ones and we fight it. I always thought it was a passing thing with you, and if I just held out long enough, you'd lose interest. Once you convinced me that you truly loved me and wanted me for the long haul, and that you weren't just looking to get laid, I was yours."

Sarah and Bonnie looked at Jim and Sam. "Yeah. What she said," they echoed. Bonnie added, "Exactly. I always knew what Sammy wanted. As long as I thought he just wanted sex, I could deny that I felt the same way. I could get sex when I wanted it, from anywhere."

Sam interrupted. "Mooom?"

She continued, laughing. "Well, from almost anywhere. You were so distant with me, though, Sam. You'd barely talk to me, and then from nowhere you'd show up and try to grab my butt. How do you think that made me feel? Do you think that made me feel loved, or do you think it made me feel like you had no respect for me at all?"

Sam was clearly touched by what Bonnie said. "Mom, I always loved you. I was afraid. I was afraid to show you love, and I was confused. I didn't know how to show you love without it being sexual. When I saw how natural and open Jim and Bill were with their Moms, I figured it out."

"Well, you should have figured it out on your own. Once you showed me that you loved me and that it wasn't just a physical thing, I was yours. Just like Vic said. I was yours from that moment. You guys may think it's a bite at a time, but it's a process. You have to

show us you love us, and then we'll show you how to love us. Make sense?"

Jim jumped in. "Men want sex, and sometimes love is a part of it. Women want love, and sometimes sex is a part of it. You can have sex without love, but not with your Mother. Love has to be the primary focus between a Mother and Son, and maybe sex will be a part of that. Does that sum it up?"

Sarah looked at him, and the love in her face was obvious. "Jim, you're not just a pretty face, are you?"

So, we knew how it had worked for us. We just had to be able to communicate it to other Mothers, while minimizing the risk we'd incur if we disclosed too much, too soon.

On Wednesday, Sarah and I took Lisa to lunch. As always, our conversations got around to the kids, and Sarah and I practically gushed about how close we were with Jim and Bill now. I showed Lisa a selfie Bill and I took at our hike, and Bill was hugging me closely in the photo.

"Wow. How did you do that? Give him some sort of secret elixir, or something?"

Sarah and I looked at each other. This might be easier than we thought.

"Well, Lisa," Sarah said in a low voice. "There is a certain leverage a Mother has with her son, you know."

"No, I don't know. What? You refused to do his laundry anymore?," Lisa laughed.

We looked at Lisa. She had always been a beautiful woman, and had aged wonderfully. Her long brown hair, now streaked with gray, was below her shoulders, but when she wore it in a ponytail she looked like a damned teen-ager. Lisa's crowning glory was not her hair, though. It was her breasts. Lisa was, to use a word, endowed. Whenever we had family pool parties, Lisa was always the center of masculine attention, by both husbands and sons.

"You do have assets, Lisa. You just have to employ them, I guess," I said.

Lisa laughed. "The only secret asset I have are these," she said as she used her arms to squeeze her breasts together.

"Exactly!," Sarah crowed. "Exactly."

Lisa laughed, and then stopped when she noticed that neither Sarah nor I were laughing with her. "Wait! What? Are you saying...?"

"We're not saying anything, Lisa. We're just saying that once you get Christopher's attention and get him focused, you might be amazed at the positive changes you can work."

"Do you know I think he's been trying to cop feels of my butt lately?" Lisa laughed. "At 24, I thought he was going to enter a monastery. All he does is go to work, eat pizza, and play video games. I don't think he's had a date since Amanda, and that was high school. Poor kid must be hard up if he has to resort to rubbing his own Mom's butt."

Sarah and I looked at each other, each thinking the same thing. "This is going to be easier than we thought." Then I voiced those exact words to Lisa, and she shook her head.

"You girls are crazy. Have you been eating magic brownies at breakfast, or something?"

I answered her. "No, Lisa. We're just realistic. How do you control any man? You use your God-given gifts, don't you? Don't tell me you don't use those things to get your husband to shave on the weekend or to get your car into the shop. I know you do. So, if you can do the same thing with Chris, in an innocent way, what's the harm?"

Lisa looked at the photo of Bill and I that I had left open on my phone. "I'll try anything to get him out of this funk. He hardly talks to me. He tries to avoid me. He has no goals in life. That kid's in a rut. What do I do?"

This question put Sarah and I in a quandary. The honest answer would be, "Give him a blowjob that will bring him to his knees," but we really couldn't tell her that.

"Just flirt with him, Lisa. You probably do it unconsciously anyway. Let him know you see him in a sexual way, and not just in a 'my little boy' way." Here Sarah was jumpstarting the whole process a little bit for Lisa. She was taking a big bite of the elephant for Chris.

"I don't know," replied Lisa. "That's a little creepy, isn't it? I don't want to send him right into therapy."

I laughed. "That's not going to happen, Lisa. He's a man now. What would more likely send him to therapy would be trying to repress his natural feelings."

"How do you keep it from going too far? I mean, these things can get out of control, can't they?"

Sarah chimed in. "Oh, I'm sure they could get out of control, if you let it. But remember, you're always in command. You let happen only what you want to happen. Don't forget, though, that you'll reach a point where you are not only Mother and Son, but also Man and Woman." At this point, Sarah took a little risk, and lowered her voice to a whisper. "And who better to have an affair with than your own son? Who would ever suspect that?"

"Sarah!," exclaimed Lisa. "Get a grip, girl. That's just creepy and perverted to think about."

Sarah again whispered. "It's only creepy if you make it creepy. I think it's the most beautiful expression of love I can imagine. Look, Lisa. If Chris needed a blood transfusion, you'd give it to him, right?"

"Sure."

"And if he needed a kidney?"

"Of course."

"You'd give him anything, wouldn't you? You'd give him your heart. You'd do anything for him. But you'd refuse the one thing he wants more than he's ever wanted anything in his life?"

Lisa giggled. "Boys go through phases. We all know that. Sometimes you just have to hold on until the phase passes."

We let that conversation kind of die out, and then I asked Lisa how her backyard garden project was going. She became animated as she described it. Lisa loved gardening, and could make a botanical paradise out of a desert.

When we parted, Sarah took Lisa's arm. "Let that flower bloom, Lisa."

Her comment seemed apropos to nothing. What flower was she talking about? But Lisa seemed to understand, and nodded. "I'll give it a shot. What do I have to lose?"

Chapter 5

I'm just an average guy. I graduated from college, got a job, and now my life is mired in what I always hated to see in my parents - the grind of daily existence. I get up in the morning, go to work, return to my apartment, and then do the same thing the next day. On the weekends I go home sometimes, and hang out with my friends. I don't even date anymore. I mean, with all the, ahem, media available for stimulation, why go to all the trouble to get involved with someone. I don't want anyone. I'm not happy, but kind of stuck.

That's not to say I don't "want" anyone. There is one woman I have wanted since I can remember. My Mom, Lisa. She drives me crazy. She has no idea. I try not to be obvious, but when she's around I can't keep my eyes off her. I don't think she has noticed, and I know Dad hasn't - he's clueless.

She may not be the beauty she once was, but she's plenty hot in my eyes. She still treats me like I'm nine, though. She thinks nothing of running from the bathroom to her bedroom in nothing but her robe, and those magnificent tits seem to have a life of their own. It's like they're calling me, "Chris, Chris, come suck us!" Like I say, she has no idea.

So what am I supposed to do? She's always wanting to hug me, and push her tits against me. I do the best I can. I stand about a foot away from her when she does that, when what I really want to do is hug her and then bury my face in her breasts. A couple of months ago she

was standing in the kitchen when I went in to get a beer. When I walked by her, I rubbed my hand across her ass, and she almost jumped out of her clothes. If only! She didn't say anything, and I didn't say anything, but I know it made her a little angry. I couldn't help it. I got away with it, I guess, because she didn't tell Dad, either. The rest of the day, I couldn't help it, I was rude to her. I guess I was resentful that what I wanted I couldn't have. It probably hurt her feelings, and I'm sorry for that.

About three weeks ago, I was home for the weekend and Dad had gone away for a golf tournament. If I had tits and an ass like that at home, I know where I'd spend all my time, but he loves his golf. Mom was working in her garden on Saturday morning, and woke me up to help her. I'm not a morning person at best, and all I wanted to do was lay in bed. The last thing I wanted to do was grub in the dirt with her.

But that day! Once I got my eyes open and looked at her, I was all in for whatever grubbing she wanted. She had on a light blouse and shorts, and if she was wearing a bra it must have been one of those thin jogging bras. I could see her nipples, and even the dark outline of her areolas. Or is it, areolae? Doesn't matter, it was all I needed for inspiration.

We went to the kitchen so I could get jumpstarted with a cup of coffee. Mom poured it for me while I sat at the table. I couldn't take my eyes off her luscious ass in those shorts as she got a cup out of the cupboard. She had to stretch up on her toes, and the shorts

stretched across her ass. "Dammit," I thought to myself. "Does she have no idea what she does to me?"

She brought me the coffee, and bent over as she sat it in front of me. Maybe the Pope wouldn't have looked down her blouse, but I doubt it and, anyway, I'm not the Pope. She did have on a sports bra, but I could clearly see the outline of her nipples. They were standing out, hard, and I couldn't help but wonder why. I guessed she must have been outside and got a chill, or something, but I didn't care. They were beautiful.

I still remember once, when I was in high school, barging into her bedroom while she was getting dressed. She was just putting on her bra, and turned toward me as I rushed in. I forget what I wanted, but I got more than I bargained for. Her hands flew to cover her breasts, but I got a good look, and I've never forgotten it. And today I was getting another look, not as good as before, but still.

She got herself a cup, again stretching up to reach it, and sat at the head of the table, diagonally across from me. She leaned forward, resting her breasts on her hands, and asked me something. I didn't even hear what she said, my blood was rushing so. "Chris? Are you listening? I'm up here, Honey."

I blushed, I know. "What? Uh, I was just thinking."

"Yeah, and I know what you were thinking!" She laughed, a throaty laugh she has that drives me insane. "You men are all alike, aren't you?"

That shook me. She just acknowledged that I was checking out her tits, and she wasn't mad. Was she flirting with me? If she were any other woman, that's what I'd think. But she was Mom. Mom's don't flirt, do they?

We talked for awhile as we drank our coffee. As much as I tried to stop it, my eyes kept darting down to check out those tits. Several times, as I raised my eyes to her face to say something to her, there was a small smile on her lips. Yep. She knew what I was doing, and she was definitely flirting.

After we finished the coffee, she took me out in the yard. "There," she said, pointing to a corner of the yard against the fence. "There is where I need a hole. Can you give me a hole there, Christopher?" She giggled.

I wanted to say something about how I wanted her hole, any one of them, but I didn't. That might get me the shovel she was holding out to me, and right across my head. While I dug her hole, sizing it for the root ball of the little maple she had bought, she puttered in her flower beds.

She was on her hands and knees, weeding the garden and trimming flowers. She was facing away from me, so I positioned myself so I

could watch her as I dug. The shorts had ridden up her butt, and I could see the outline of her pussy as the shorts strained against it. Where do you think my mind went? Of course. All I could think of was mounting her from behind, and driving my dick into that sweet pussy.

She was oblivious. She had no idea. She was working in her flowers, probably thinking of nothing but them, and all I could think of was her pussy and ass. Well, and her tits, too. They were hanging down as she worked, swaying gently from side to side as she tugged at the weeds.

An hour before, all I wanted was to stay in bed. Now, I thought I was in heaven. The only thing that would have made it better would have been for her to be naked in front of me. Since I knew I'd never get that, what I was getting was a close second.

We worked all morning, and I have to admit I was a little sore by the time we finished. She had me dig the first hole, then a second for a spruce fir she had bought, and then she had me weed her flower bed beside her. Weeding beside her was even better than digging holes behind her, because I got several good looks down her blouse. She had to see me looking, but she said nothing.

When we finally finished, we went in to clean up. Mom went to her room to shower, and I went to mine. I changed to a pair of athletic shorts and tee shirt, and went to the kitchen to see if I could rustle up some lunch. When I got there, Mom was already making sandwiches. She had on her robe and, I'll swear to God, it didn't look

like she had anything on under it. Her tits were swinging free. They weren't as pert and upright as I remembered from the time I saw her, but her robe didn't leave much to the imagination and they looked great to me.

"Honey, you want to make your Mom happy?"

"Hell, yes," I thought. "I'd do anything right now to make you happy."

But that's not what I said. "Sure, Mom. Depends on what it is."

"Sarah and Victoria wanted to have a cookout tonight at Sarah's. Will you go with us? I think Jim and Billy will be there."

"Sure. Sounds like fun." It didn't sound like much fun. I knew the conversation would eventually get around to the fact that Jim, Bill, and I were losers, with no goals and no ambition. That was a recurrent theme, seemed like. But, since I'd probably be hanging with them anyway, what else could I say?

Dad got home, and I could tell he was no more excited about the cookout than I was. After playing 18 holes, all he wanted to do was curl up with a couple of beers. But, like me, he knew better than to argue so, around six or so, we headed to Sarah's.

The good thing was that they had a lot of cold beer ready. The husbands went to the basement to watch a game and play pool. Since that was where we guys usually hung out, we were kind of stuck. Sarah said, "Let's adjourn to the den. Maybe we can find a movie to watch, or something."

I looked over at Bill, expecting to find a kindred spirit so we could roll our eyes at each other, and I didn't get it. Bill was standing there with Victoria, holding her hand, for Chrissake. Then I looked over at Jim, and he was doing the same thing with Sarah. There was another family there, Sam and his Mother, Bonnie, and they were holding hands, too. I knew Sam, but he had gone to another high school. "What the hell is this," I thought. "Has the world gone mad? These guys don't get along with their Mothers any better than I do with Mom, and they're standing there holding hands?"

We took our beers in the den, and everybody sat down, but they sat by couples. That was just not the way we would do it. In a situation like this, the guys would sit on one couch while the Moms sat on the other. But they were sitting together, so I had to sit by Mom. I looked at them, and they were all sitting there holding hands, again. "This is beyond odd," I thought. "What the hell is going on here?"

Mom reached over and took my hand. The last time we held hands was when she would make me hold her hand crossing the street, and now here I was sitting on a couch holding hands with her. She took our hands and rested them on her leg. She was wearing yoga pants, like the other three Moms, and I could feel the heat of her leg beneath my hand.

I checked out the other Moms. Every one had an angelic smile. Sarah, with her long brown hair, was looking as good as she always did. Victoria had dark hair, too, and was hot. I always had a thing for Victoria. I looked at Bill, and he had a shit-eating grin on his face as he leaned over and whispered something in Vic's ear. "What the hell? This was like some college sorority party, before the beer started flowing and the Tri Deltas started taking their clothes off." My thoughts were racing.

But the hottest of the three was the new gal, Bonnie. She was a plump little blonde, with a beautiful wide face, sprinkled with freckles. Like Mom, she had a nice rack. What turned me on, though, was that she couldn't seem to keep her hands off Sam. She kept rubbing his leg, and was turned toward him so that her tits were resting on his arm. I'll swear, he had a boner.

Mom kind of rubbed my hand on her thighs, and then I had a boner, too. Who could help it? I had a pair of board shorts on, and was wearing boxers beneath them, so my dick was pretty obvious, I guess. Mom didn't notice, though, but I think I caught Victoria checking it out. She looked up at me and gave a little smile. "What the hell?" I thought. "What the hell is going on here?"

Then Dad and Jim's dad walked in, on the way to the kitchen for more beer. Like a flash, all the hand holding stopped, and the Mothers kind of scooted away from the guys. Mom quickly reached behind her for a pillow and put it in my lap.

I'll swear, it was like when we were teen-agers and we'd get caught by Mom making out with our girlfriends in the basement. When we heard the door open, we'd scoot away and there would be two feet between every one of us. But this was just weird. Why would the Moms not want to get caught holding hands with their sons? I mean, that was a little strange on the face of it, but why would they try to hide it?

And Mom had been aware I was sitting beside her with a hard dick? Clearly she knew, or she wouldn't have given me the pillow.

What the fuck was going on?

Sarah said to her husband, "Honey, don't you think we should get the steaks on?" That inspired everyone to collect their beers and wander to the back yard. The dads were in a collective effort, discussing the best way to grill a steak, like it was the most important thing since the lunar landing. The Moms went back into the kitchen, to get the side dishes and place settings.

The guys, Jim, Bill, Sam, and I wandered over to the corner of the yard.

I couldn't wait. "Dudes. What the fuck was going on in there? You were acting like you were with a girlfriend instead of with your Moms."

Jim laughed. "And you were the one sitting there with your boner sticking up like a cypress."

I laughed, too. "Cypress, hell. That was a damned sequoia!" Everybody laughed then.

Bill said, "Looked like one of those Japanese bonsai, to me. You know, the tiny little trees?"

"But seriously. What was going on?"

Jim looked at me. "Your Mom is a beautiful woman and unless you've changed, and based on that boner I don't think you have, you've always had a thing for her."

"Yeah. So?" Yeah, I always had a thing for Mom, but then so had Jim and Bill for their Moms. We used to spend half our time talking about how we'd like to jump them. That's what teen-aged boys do. Talk about wanting to fuck their Moms and everybody else's Mom. But we weren't teen-agers anymore. That was a kind of weird thing to be talking about now.

Bill chimed in. "We decided that having a constant cold war with our Moms was not good for anyone. We just wanted to get a little closer, that's all. Wouldn't you like to get closer to Lisa?"

"Yeah, but, Dude. We're not horny teen-agers any more."

"That's right. We're horny twenty-somethings now. If you treat Lisa like a woman, maybe she'll treat you as a man."

This was getting a little deep for me. It's one thing to joke about stuff like that, but these guys seemed dead serious. "So how did you get from there, to sitting on a couch holding hands?"

They all three laughed. Jim said, "Well, it's like eating an elephant," and they all laughed harder. I was getting pissed a little bit. You know. Four guys and three of them seem to have an inside joke. It's going to make the outsider a little pissed off.

"You know how to eat an elephant, Chris?"

"Fuck you."

Bill said, "No. Serious, Chris. You eat an elephant a bite at a time. You start with a small bite, keep eating slowly and surely, and before you know it you've eaten the whole elephant. That's what we did. We started with small bites, and now we've eaten the elephant."

I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, so I looked from face to face. Each of them had a serious look. I looked over at our dads, still arguing about the steaks, and then to the tables where our

Moms were setting up. The Moms were giggling and laughing, and several times they'd look over at us.

"You ate the elephant? What does that mean?"

"What do you want more than anything in the world, Chris? Whatever it is...whatever it is, you can have it if you treat it like eating an elephant. You can have it, Chris," Jim said with an emphasis on "have it."

What they were saying, or what they might have been saying, dawned on me. "You mean...?"

"Yep. Ate that elephant."

"You mean...?" I couldn't say it.

Bill cleared his throat. "I'll say what I said before. Wouldn't you like to get closer to Lisa?"

This was just too weird. I was standing her with three of my friends, and I think they were telling me they were fucking their Moms. Could this be some kind of "gotcha" set-up?

I thought I'd play along, just to see where it went. "Yeah. Who wouldn't? Look at her."

All three pairs of eyes went to Mom. I have to say, I was proud of her. She was looking good. She was practically radiant, and those tits were on full display as she stood sideways to us. I repeated, kind of under my breath, "Yeah. Who wouldn't?"

At that moment, the steaks were done and we all moved toward the tables. The dads took one table, and the four pairs of Moms and Sons spread between the others. It didn't look as weird as you might think. It was just an innocent pairing of Mothers and Sons, but when I thought that these Sons might be fucking their Mothers, well...

We reverted to our teen-aged years, I guess. We chugged beer, had corn on the cob eating contests, and acted like our normal selves. Underneath it all, though, were constant signs of affection between the guys and their Moms. Touching hands. Legs touching under the tables. Secret smiles. Mom was getting into it, too, it seemed. We had never been real touchy-feely since I as a kid, but she was that night.

After dinner, we again went to where we were before - the dads down in the basement, and the rest of us in the den. Again, we paired off by couples. Different this time, though, the affection between the other Moms and Sons was more obvious.

You remember that movie about the British soldier who is captured by the IRA in Ireland, and the IRA guy promises the Brit that he'd look after his girlfriend? The Crying Game, I think it was. Remember how the girlfriend ended up being a transsexual? Remember how,

before you figured it out, she looked like any other pretty woman? But after the big reveal, and you knew, how things looked different? It was like, once the scales are off your eyes and you saw the truth, you wondered how you didn't see it before?

That's kind of how it was for me, sitting there with Mom and watching the others. Was Jim really fucking Sarah? And Bill and Victoria? Sammy and hot Bonnie? Were they really doing it? If I saw the guys sitting there with their girlfriends acting like they were, there wouldn't be any doubt about it. I'd know. Yep, they're fucking. But these weren't girlfriends. These were Moms.

Mom kept rubbing my thigh, like before. She did it tenderly, and I could think of nothing but my hard dick about three or four inches from her hand. Oh, how I wanted her hand on my dick.

Then Sam leaned over and kissed Bonnie. It wasn't a Mom/Son kiss. It was a kiss, brother. I could see their tongues working. That broke the ice, and Jim and Bill did the same thing. Bill even had his hands on Victoria's pretty little tits. If I had any doubts before, they disappeared.

Oh. My. God.

I thought it was kind of cruel, really. There was no way Mom would ever let me do that, and here these guys were - my buddies - rubbing it in my face.

Mom cleared her throat, and I turned to her. She put her hand behind my head, pulled me to her, and kissed me. It was the hottest kiss I ever had, or will ever have. Her tongue was tentative, like she was shy, but it was there. I didn't want it to ever end. I held her face with my hands, and then slid my left hand down her arm. She knew what I was going for, and put her hand on mine, keeping it on her arm. All I wanted was those tits in my hands, but she wasn't going to have it.

It turned into a damned makeout session. Sarah had turned the lights down, and all you could hear was smacking and slurping. Victoria had her hand on Bill's dick, that was clear, and then she looked at me and smiled. She gave a nod with her head toward Mom, and I needed no more encouragement. I kissed her again, and this time there was no tentativeness on her part.

My Mom. Lisa. She was a hot kisser.

When the dads came upstairs it was a replay of before. Moms and Sons quickly separated, and we started talking about the meal. With the dads grumbling about golf the next day, the night ended. I couldn't help but wonder what might go on in the other houses when they got home.

Mom had brought a big bowl of potato salad, and there was a lot left. When we got out to the car, she opened the front door and put the potato salad in the passenger seat, then got in the back seat with me. Driving home, the car was dark, of course, and we held hands. Mom put our hands on my thigh, and started rubbing her fingers on the inside of my thigh, under my board shorts. "Oh, please," I thought.

"Just touch it." Her fingers were right at my dick, but she wouldn't touch it. She had to know it was there, but she wouldn't touch it. I tried to push her hand onto it, and she took her hand away and gave me a gentle swat on my chest.

"Not now, big boy. Not now."

The sweetest words I had heard. "Not now." That meant, "...but later." I couldn't wait for later.

When we got home, dad went right upstairs to bed while I helped Mom put things away in the kitchen. I pulled her to me, held her tight, and kissed her. I slid my hands down to her ass, pulling her onto my dick, and she didn't pull away. She whispered in my ear, "Don't ever let your father see you doing that."

If her words before were sweet, these were ambrosia. "Don't ever let your father see you doing that." What promise those words held.

She pushed me away. "He'll wonder what's taking me so long." She turned me around, swatted me on my ass, and said, "It's bed for you. See you in the morning."

I must have worked myself raw that night. I'd masturbate, fall asleep, wake up, and masturbate again. "Jesus," I thought. "Am I going to get to fuck her?"

The next morning, Mom had a surprise announcement for dad and me. "Sarah told me last night she had scored some tickets for Hamilton when the touring company comes near here, and we thought we might take the boys and give them some culture, for a change."

Dad grumped. All he wanted was to get out on the golf course again. "As long as I don't have to go. When is it?"

"Next weekend. We thought we'd use points and get hotel rooms so we don't have to drive back so late. We could go out to dinner, see the play, and then head back the next day."

She wouldn't look at me.

That was the longest week of my life. On Wednesday I couldn't take it anymore, and called Bill.

"Dude. You know about the play, right?"

"Yep. It'll be fun. A little culture might do you some good."

"It's not the culture I'm thinking about. Okay, look. I believe you. I can't believe it, but I believe you. You ate the elephant. What can I do?"

"Looks to me like you made a good start. I'll tell you this, and I heard it from a wise man. You want to get laid. Your Mom wants you to love her. You can't get what you want unless you give her what she wants. If you convince her you love her deeply and always will and that nothing you two do will mess you up or change that, then you've got a shot. It has to be real, though. You can't get what you want and then go back to the way you were. She has to know she can trust you to always love her and protect her."

"I can do that. I do love her."

"Have you told her that?"

I had to think. When was the last time I told Mom, unprompted, that I loved her?

Bill could tell by my hesitation. "Chris, you're fucking it up already. Have you at least texted her since this weekend?"

"Uh, no. Didn't have anything to say."

"So you made out with her in Jim's den, and then you don't even call her? What kind of message does that send? Man, you should be texting her or calling her every day, and you should do it the rest of your life. If you want this, you've got to work for it."

"Oh. Yeah. What was I thinking? Gotta go. See you Friday."

I texted her immediately. "Hi, Mom. How you doing? How are the trees?"

If a text could be cool, hers was. "Fine. They're taking root, I guess."

"I love you, Mom. Just wanted to tell you that."

She seemed to warm a little. "I love you, Christopher. You excited about this weekend?"

"Sure am. It'll be fun, won't it?"

"I think so."

I texted her every day after that, just to check in. I have to tell you, I've texted her every day since then. I may not always say it, but just sending the text tells her, "I love you."

The power of communications.

We took the train down on Friday evening. The plan was to go out for a late dinner, spend Saturday touring the city, and then go to

dinner and the play Saturday. We'd return on the Sunday morning train.

We got into the city about 7:00, checked into the hotel, and got ready for dinner. I heaved a sigh of relief, because I didn't know what the sleeping arrangements would be. I feared the Moms would take one room and put us in the other. To my relief, we had four separate rooms, side by side on the same floor. We put our bags in the room, and I took Mom in my arms to kiss her. She kissed me, but then pushed me away. "Don't rush, Chris. We've got some talking to do."

We found a nice Italian restaurant near the hotel and had dinner. I normally eat like a horse, but I just picked at my food. My appetite was for something else, and it was raging.

After dinner we returned to the hotel and went to our rooms. Mom got a glass of wine from the mini-bar and sat down. "Come talk to me, Chris."

She looked at me. "Honey, I don't know where you think this is going, but it's probably not going to be what you really want."

"Mom, what I want is to love you. I've always loved you, and I'm sorry I haven't always shown it. I won't lie. I want you more than I've ever wanted a woman, and more than I'll ever want anyone in the future, but really all I want is to love you."

"You really mean that?"

"Of course I do."

"You'd be happy if we didn't do anything? No matter what the others might be doing?"

"Hell, no, I wouldn't be happy. But I'd be satisfied, as long as you know I love you."

She stood up, came to me, and sat on my lap. She was wearing a little black dress, kind of low cut in the front. As she sat on my lap, those tits were right at my face. I couldn't help it. I bent forward and kissed her cleavage. She bent her head down and pulled my face into her tits. Her glorious tits. She kissed me on the top of my head.

"You've wanted these for a long time, haven't you?," she purred in my ear.

"You have no idea. No idea."

I didn't know what to do then. How do you fuck your Mother? If she were someone I was dating, I'd know what to do. But your Mother? How do you get her naked? Will she get naked? Will she laugh at me when I get naked?

She took charge. After all, she was still Mom, always in charge. She reached behind her, unzipped her dress, pushed it down over her arms, and then reached behind again to release her bra. She took it off, one arm at a time, and threw it on the floor.

There were those beautiful tits, right in my face. I can't tell you how many times I dreamed about those tits. I reached up and touched her right nipple with my hand. She smiled at me, and nodded slowly. I tweaked her nipple between my thumb and finger, and pulled it a little. I leaned forward, and took just the nipple in my mouth, sucking it gently. She held her breast for me, feeding it to me, while she stroked my hair. I started sucking more aggressively, taking as much of her breast in my mouth as I could, and she moaned.

"Oh, Chrissy. Oh, Chrissy." She hadn't called me Chrissy for years, but I loved hearing it. I hated it before, but I loved it now.

She shifted me to her other breast, and again I sucked as much of it in my mouth as I could. Sucking, I scrubbed her nipple with my tongue. She moaned louder, then pushed me off her tit and stood up.

"I never thought I'd say this to you, but Chris, come to bed. Come to my bed."

I looked at her. "You don't have to ask me twice," and we both laughed.

She took her dress off, pulled her panties down, and stood at the foot of the bed, naked before me. Her bush was untrimmed and the same color as her hair. I fell to my knees in front of her and buried my face in her pussy. I licked it, from bottom to her clit, and she held me into her. She pulled me up, and unbuttoned my shirt. I was trembling like a stallion.

She got my shirt off and, keeping direct eye contact, undid my belt and undid my trousers. Pushing them down, she dropped to her knees to take them completely off. She reached up to take the waistband of my boxers, pulled them down, and there it was. My dick was right in her beautiful face.

She looked up at me, took my dick in her left hand, and rubbed it against her cheek. This time I moaned. She smiled at me, opened her mouth, and took me in. She pulled off, kissed the head of my dick, and then took me in again with a suck. She worked me a bit, and then stood up.

"More of that later, Honey, but right now I need you in me."

We fell back on the bed, with me between her legs. She reached down, took me in her hand, and guided me to the lips of her vagina.

"Go easy, Honey. It might take me a while to get used to it."

I slid in, all the way to the bottom. She was tighter than I expected. I mean, I came out of that thing, didn't I? How tight could it be after that? But it was. She squeezed me with her muscles, and I settled into a gentle thrusting motion.

"Mom. You're perfect. I can't believe this."

"Me, either, Honey. I didn't intend for this to happen, but it seems like it is, huh?"

I groaned, and continued to fuck her. Her breasts were flopping to her side, and she put her arms under them to hold them up. I bent and took her left breast in my mouth, sucking as we fucked.

She giggled and said, "Let me show you what I really like." Then she pushed me onto my back and mounted me. She raised her upper body, and her tits were right in my face. I obliged her, sucking furiously while she fucked me. It didn't take her long, and she was picking up the pace while she grunted and moaned. Her moans raised in pitch, she fucked me rapidly, and then she stiffened, giving a high-pitched squeal.

She held it for a moment, shuddering against me, and then collapsed on my chest. "You see why we were always careful having sex when you were young? I'm a little noisy, I guess."

"You're a little wonderful, Lisa. I have never had anything like that. Ever."

She slid down my chest and gave me a flirting little smile. "What does my big boy want his Mother to do for him?"

I've never been one for dirty talk in bed. I was always embarrassed when I'd try it. I didn't know what to say. But this time I knew exactly what to say.

"I want you to suck my dick for me, Mom. Suck it for me."

She took me in her mouth, sucking while she pumped my shaft with her hand. Who would have thought it? My Mom gave an expert blowjob. She positioned herself so she held her weight with her right arm, jacking me with her left hand. I hunched up to meet her movements, fucking her face. Fucking her beautiful face. The face that had always smiled at me across the breakfast table, even when I was grumpy in the morning. The face that always looked at me with love.

"Mom. I can't hold it. Maybe you'd better come up here."

She took her mouth off me. "Oh, no you don't. I don't want you to hold it. I want you to give it to me."

She went back to work and I arched my back as my orgasm started, from somewhere deep within me. I've had my share of blowjobs. I've cum in my share of mouths. I have never had a blowjob like this one. She wanted my cum, and she was going to do whatever it took to get it.

Grunting, I gushed in her mouth. She never missed a beat. She rubbed her tongue against the head of my dick and, because I was cumming, the extra sensitivity of it was almost painful. She swallowed and swallowed, until I was finally dry.

She came back up to me and kissed me. "Was it what you hoped it would be?"

I looked at her, at her beautiful face. I think my face said it all. But I said, "No. I wanted chocolate sprinkles." When I was a kid, I always wanted chocolate sprinkles on my ice cream, and pitched a fit if I didn't get them.

She gave a belly laugh. "Never satisfied, you. I'll just have to keep practicing until I get it right for you."

We spent all night, fucking and sleeping, fucking and sleeping. Saturday morning everyone met downstairs for breakfast. There were some tired looking faces around the table, I have to tell you. I didn't know about the others, but I was flat worn out. Fucked out.

The play, as good as it was, was anticlimactic. The dinner before it may have been a gourmet meal. I don't know. All I could think of was this beautiful woman beside me, holding my hand in her lap.

Sunday morning, we were at it again with her on top. She loved to be on top. In the middle of it, she reached over to the nightstand and picked up her cellphone. "I promised I'd call your dad before he hits the links," she said, and I laughed.

"Now?"

He answered, and she put him on speaker, giving me a shushing motion with her finger against her lips.

"Hi, Honey. You getting ready to go? I wanted to catch you before you head out."

"Yep. Just getting ready to leave. How was the play?"

"It was great. Everything about his weekend has been magical." She raised herself off me and took my dick in her hand.

"How's Chris? He having fun?"

"Oh, I think so. He and the boys have their own room. God knows what they got up to last night. I think he's had the time of his life."

When she said that, she bent down and took me in her mouth, sucking gently.

"I doubt that. It's just a play, you know."

She slipped her mouth off my dick. "Ha. You never know what will inspire a boy, Honey. I think he may have found his focus."

"I hope so. Well, I've gotta go, Honey. See you tonight."

"Okay. Get a hole in one."

When the call ended, she giggled. "Did you like me talking with your dad while I sucked your dick, Chrissy?" She was talking in a flirting, little girl voice, and it made my dick harder.

I pushed her back down. What did she think? I couldn't help but wonder, though. There was no guilt there. She was sucking my dick while talking to dad. Had she ever cheated before? Seems like she kind of got off on it.

After she swallowed me again, she snuggled with me. "You know I love your father, don't you? That won't ever change. He'll always have me, and now you'll always have me. He won't know he's sharing with you, and you can never let on that you're sharing with him."

"Mom, I think there's enough of you to go around," and I squeezed her breast.

The first fuck is for the experience of it. The first time. The second fuck is for performance, and we had done that the night before. The third fuck was for love. We made love gently, snuggling with each other until it came time to get dressed to leave.

Standing at the train terminal, we all stood holding hands. Just four Mothers and their Sons, holding hands in the train terminal. Nothing to see here, folks. Just innocent affection.

But I knew. I knew my buddies had fucked the weekend away, just as Mom and I had done. I looked around the terminal. How many other guys in here are fucking their Moms? In the whole city, how many sons are fucking Mom. Right now?

It didn't matter. It was cool to think about, now that I knew it really did happen, but all that mattered was one thing.

I loved my Mother. I was fucking my Mom.

Chapter 6

We were on a roll. We had successfully introduced Bonnie and Sammy to the fold, followed by Lisa and Chris. This was working better than we had ever imagined. Just as gamblers get cocky and stock investors get cocky, we got cocky.

Who was going to be next? Since Victoria and I had selected Lisa and Chris, we thought letting Bonnie pick the next couple would be fair. After all, we wanted to be fair, didn't we?

At our next luncheon meeting, attended by Sarah, Bonnie, Lisa, and me, we had a long talk. Sarah and I were gratified to see how Bonnie and Lisa gushed about their relationships with their sons. Lisa, especially, talked about how she had despaired about ever getting Chris to show some ambition. Since they made love together, she said that Chris was sending resumes out and was talking about possibly going to graduate or law school. She was bubbly at how well it had worked for her.

"I just wish I had done this before. I always knew he was attracted to me, but I thought it was just one of those Oedipus phases, or something. I had no idea he still had those desires. If only I had known. I've always thought he had become a handsome man. I won't say I hadn't ever thought of him in that way, but for it to come to what it did? It still blows me away."

I jumped in. "I think that about sums it up for all of us, Lisa. The only problem I have is trying to keep up with that youthful vigor Bill has. After the change I thought I didn't need sex anymore. Boy, was I wrong!"

Bonnie giggled. "Same with me, Victoria. I've started calling him 'Sammy the Bull.'"

"Do we call it quits here?," I asked the group. "Or do we see who else we can help?"

Bonnie raised her hand.

"Bonnie, you may think you're a teen-ager again, but we're not in class. You don't have to raise your hand."

Everyone laughed, then Bonnie said, "My best friend is Susan. Her Matt is graduating from college this year, and he still doesn't have a good job lined up. He's getting a degree in computer science, so he's got a lot of potential, but she says all he wants to do is lay around. His grades are falling, at a time when he needs to be focused and doing his best. He's been doing some contract work, but she wants him to show some fire."

"Do you think we can trust her?"

"Oh sure," Bonnie said. "She's my best friend."

"Do you think there is some spark between her and her son?"

"He's a guy. Of course there's spark with him. Susan has never said anything about it, of course, but she has to notice how he looks at her. I do, and I'm not around him nearly as much as Susan is."

"Everybody in on it?"

A chorus of assents resulted, so the next members of the club were selected.

We invited Susan to lunch later that week, with only Bonnie, Sarah, and me. We didn't want to gang up on her, and thought three of us would be a good showing. Susan came in, and I was floored. She had bright red hair cut in a cute bob, and she was a stunning beauty. She had on a green sweater that showed off her breasts, which made me feel somehow cheated by the Great Fairy. Suddenly I felt dowdy.

She sat down and Bonnie introduced us. We had some mutual friends, so in no time we were all chatting away. While I wanted to dislike Susan because of her looks, I found she was bright and warm. She was the type of woman who you like immediately, and I warmed quickly to her.

Bonnie finally broke the ice, asking her, "So, how is Matt doing at school?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do with him. I just can't light a fire in that boy's butt. His grades are falling, and I don't think he's sent a single resume out. We ask him to come home so we can work on his resume with him, and he won't even do that. Were your guys like that?"

Perfect opening, so Sarah took it. "Exactly like that. They reach that age where you can't control them anymore. What you need to do is give him some focus."

"Yeah. As if. There's no focus in him. He's perfectly content laying around doing nothing. That's not the way I was raised, and I don't know where we went wrong with him. Maybe I gave him too much."

Bonnie giggled a little, and said, "Maybe you didn't give him enough, Susan. Maybe you should have given him what he really wants."

"If I knew what he wanted, I'd give it to him if it would light a fire under him."

I jumped in. "You know guys that age, Susan. You remember what they're like. All they want is to get laid. That's usually the only focus they have."

She snorted. "He doesn't even care about that. I tried to line him up with the daughter of a friend of mine." She looked at Bonnie. "You know, Linda's girl. She's cute. He wouldn't even call her."

"Maybe what he wants is what only Mom can give him."

Susan paused, looking at us. "That's not it. I offer to cook him any meal he wants, if only he'll come home for the weekend. He doesn't care. I think all he does is lay around his apartment drinking beer."

We had made every cute allusion we could think of to the real solution, and Susan wasn't biting.

Bonnie said, "If there was something you could do to focus him and get some ambition into him, would you do it?"

"Sure, within reason. What are you talking about?"

This was the critical moment, and I didn't feel good about it. Susan seemed smart, but she wasn't picking up on anything.

I jumped in. "Well, think about it, Susan. There has to be something he wants more than anything else, and when you figure out what it is, he'll come around."

We broke up the lunch and went our separate ways toward home. Later that afternoon, we had a group chat.

Bonnie led it off. "I don't think she gets it. She didn't have any idea what we were talking about."

We all agreed. I said, "Look, I hate to say it about another woman, but she's hot. You know her son is drooling over her. He gives all the signs we saw. He avoids her. He doesn't come home. All the signs."

Bonnie agreed. She knew Matt, and said she could see the lust in him when he was around Susan. "What man wouldn't want her," she added. "My Sam knows him. He's always looked to Sam as a big brother. I'll ask Sam to get him to come home, maybe, so they can get together, and maybe Sam can put a bug in his ear."

So Sam did that. He called Susan, got Matt's number, and called him. Matt didn't want to come home, but Sam hinted that he could help Matt get what he wanted more than anything else, and Matt's curiosity was aroused.

That weekend, Matt came home and Sam invited him over with the excuse of needing some computer help with his router. Matt was cool about it, of course, because computer science majors quickly learn they are everybody's IT guy. When he got there, Sam told him the computer seemed to have healed, and Bonnie took them beer, salsa, and chips in the den. Bonnie retired to the kitchen, but sat at the door

so she could listen to them. When Bonnie told us about that, I imagined her leaning against the door, and couldn't help but laugh.

"We're incorrigible. We're like a bunch of cougars, trying to hook everybody up."

They all laughed. "May be some truth in that," Sarah said, under her breath.

Bonnie said Sam and Matt didn't take long before getting around to guy's favorite topic, pussy. Matt said he wasn't dating anyone, didn't want to get involved, and was cool with his life the way it was.

"Man. Don't you ever get laid anymore? I remember you in high school. You were a mover and a shaker."

"No," Matt said. "I just don't have the drive anymore. It's not worth the trouble."

Bonnie went in to take them more beer, and leaned over to kiss Sam on the mouth. She said when she left, Matt's mouth was hanging open.

"Sam. When did you start kissing your Mom like that?"

"You mean like we always wanted to? I saw Susan at the store a couple of weeks ago. She's still hot, Bro. You should be moving on that like you said someday you would."

"I can't stand to be around her now. All she does is bitch at me about getting a goal. I'm sick of hearing it."

Sam laughed. "What if you told her she was your goal?"

"You don't know my Mom that well. She's a control freak, with a temper you wouldn't believe. What they say about redheads is true."

Sam wouldn't let it go. "I read somewhere that redheads are incredible lovers because their skin sensitivity is so strong, or something like that."

Matt scoffed. "I doubt it. I don't think she lets the old man near her anymore. I haven't heard them going at it in years. But Dude. Bonnie. What's going on? You were always as cold with her as I am with Mom. What changed?"

"I realized if I couldn't beat 'em, join 'em. Man, I didn't want to go through life like one of those pathetic guys with perpetual Mommy issues. I finally realized that to get what I wanted, I had to give her what she wanted. What she wants is for me to love her. So, I gave her that."

"And?"

"Hell, it's like eating an elephant. Take small bites at a time, and before you know it you've eaten the whole elephant."

"I don't know. Give Mom an inch, and she takes a mile. She'd want to go back to running my life for me."

Sam laughed. "Maybe give her a couple of inches, and see if she likes it."

Matt laughed, too. "Yeah. I can see that happening. She'd freak out on me. I patted her butt once a couple of years ago, and thought I'd never hear the end of it."

"Well, you know what your situation is. It's like they say in golf, though. 'Never up, never in.'"

When Bonnie recounted it to us, we were kind of shocked.

"Is that how they talk? Did they always talk about us like that? Jeez. Next time I see Jim, I'm going to give him a piece of my mind. He has to learn to treat women with respect."

"Oh, Sarah," I said. "Give them a break. They're guys. Sometimes it's better to just stay out of their simple little brains. Kind of like staring into a cesspool, you know."

We all laughed. Bonnie said, "Yep, that's probably right. We do have to caution them again on how careful we have to be, though."

The following Wednesday, Bonnie called around to say that Susan wanted to have lunch again.

She came in, and seemed sad. "What the hell have I done?"

"What? Sit down, Susan. What are you talking about," asked Bonnie.

"After we had lunch I started thinking about what you said about finding something he really wants that will motivate him. You're going to think I'm terrible. Promise me you won't think I'm terrible."

"Susan," Bonnie said, "We won't think you're terrible. We all have boys. No matter what you say, we've probably been through it."

"I doubt you've been through this. I feel terrible. I'm a terrible Mother."

"Oh, come on, Susan. What did you do? Sell him to a human trafficker?"

"Worse. I began thinking about what could motivate him. When he was a senior in high school, we went through a period where he couldn't keep his hands off me. He was drowning in testosterone. I could get him to do anything, just by giving him a smile and bending over in front of him. I know it was shameless, but it worked."

"Yeah. Been there. Done that," said Bonnie.

"So I thought I'd see if it would still work. This weekend he came home. You know that. He and Sammy talked. After he got back from your place, Bonnie, I made a point of going to the kitchen just wearing panties and a tank top. I thought his eyes would bug out of his head. It was cute."

"Uh, huh. I can imagine. What did he do?"

"One thing I didn't count on. When he was a teen-ager, I could control him. He's a man now, I guess, and I didn't expect that. I went to the cupboard to get a cup, and the next thing I know he's hugging me from behind, rubbing his erection on my butt."

"Did he say anything?"

"Oh, yeah. He whispered in my ear that I was the sexiest woman on earth and that he wanted me more than I'd ever know."

Sarah sighed. "You're killing me, Susan. That's the hottest thing I've ever heard. What woman wouldn't like to hear that?"

"From her own son?" Susan was getting more agitated.

"From any man. He's your son but, as you seem to have learned, he's a man. What happened next?"

"I turned around to give him a piece of my mind, and he kissed me. Right on the lips. Tried to stick his tongue in my mouth."

"Tried to?"

"OK. He did."

"Did you respond?"

Susan started crying. "That's the worst part. I did. I couldn't help it. His holding me felt so good. I kissed him back."

"Nothing wrong with that, Susan. Sounds like a normal reaction to me," I said.

"But it was so wrong."

"Not necessarily. What's wrong with a woman kissing a man, if they both consent and she wants it? That's what makes the world go round," Bonnie said.

"Her own son?"

"Sounds pretty innocent to me," Sarah said. "You've done nothing wrong. You just kissed him."

Susan paused.

"You did just kiss him, didn't you? Was there more?"

"I may have let him touch me."

We knew where this was going, but we weren't going to let her off easy. I said, "Of course he was touching you. He was kissing you. Nothing wrong there."

"He was holding my face while he kissed me. I don't know where he learned to kiss, but he was pretty damned good at it. He moved his hand down to my arm, and then he did it. He put his hand right on my breast."

We looked at each other. We had all been there. The forbidden touch. The touch of a man's hand on our breast, but in this case it wasn't just a man. It was forbidden flesh. It was the touch of an adult son.

"And you're going to tell us you didn't like it?"

Susan blushed. "Maybe I did, but it was wrong. Creepy, you know. Not creepy that he touched me, but creepy that a Mother would let her son kiss her and touch her. I mean, my God, I'm supposed to protect him. I'm not supposed to corrupt him. I'm supposed to be the adult."

"You didn't tell him that, did you?"

"I told him that what he wanted could never happen. I told him it was wrong, and I'm never let him do that. I pushed him away and ran up to my bedroom. He hardly talked to me the rest of the weekend. He avoided even being in the same room with me."

"Nothing broken that can't be fixed. You just have to get him to come home again so you can talk to him about it, in a situation that is not so emotional."

"That's just it. He said he's coming home again this weekend, and he never comes home two weekends in a row. I'm scared to death. How am I going to handle this?"

Yes, we had all been through this, but we had all been, at least in part, the driving force of our seduction by our sons. Susan was agonizing over it, clearly. We had reached the point where we wanted it to happen. Susan was trying to keep it from happening.

Bonnie was her friend, so it was up to Bonnie to say more. "Susan, um, you know these things happen, don't you?"

"Not in my house, they don't. I don't know what I'm going to do. I don't want to drive him away, but I don't want to encourage him, either. I should never have let it get out of hand. What do I do? I don't want to lose my son."

"There's nothing out of hand yet," Bonnie said. "Do you think Sam has never touched me? How about you girls? Your sons never touched you?"

Like a Greek chorus, we replied, "Mine did."

"So don't worry about it, Susan."

"But what will I do this weekend? He's going to want to kiss me again or, just as bad, he'll spend all weekend avoiding me."

"If he were going to ignore you, he wouldn't be coming home, would he?"

"Then he's going to try to kiss me again. What do I do?"

Sarah looked at her. "My solution? Let him kiss you. What's the harm? He's a man. You're a woman. He loves you. You love him. You see where I'm going with this?"

Susan sighed. "When it happened with you, did you let him kiss you again?"

I brought up the selfie of Bill and me on my phone and showed it to her. "Does this look like I pushed him away?"

Susan looked at the photo. I admit, it was a good photo. Bill had his arm around me, our heads were side by side, and both of us were smiling broadly.

"What if he touches me again?"

I didn't say a word. I just looked down at my phone and repeated, "Does this look like I pushed him away?"

Susan gasped at the realization of what I was saying. She looked at each of us in turn. "Are you saying...?"

"Not saying anything, Susan. You have a man you love and who clearly loves you. Where you go with it is your business. Are you saying you've never been in this position with someone before, in over 30 years of marriage?"

She didn't say anything, but just looked at the photo on my phone.

"So you've been there before, and you handled it before. There's nothing different about this time."

"But there is. Yeah, I've had guys kiss me and maybe some of them went too far with their hands, but I didn't care if I pushed them away. This is my son. I can't lose him."

"You won't lose him. You just need to channel him. You have leverage here. Use it."

Everyone chimed in to voice their support, and that was how we left it. We arranged to get together the following week and Susan promised to give us an update. I will admit, my pussy was pretty wet when we got done talking and I texted Bill to make sure he was going to be home that weekend. I needed my Billy.

And I wondered if Susan had told us everything.

Chapter 7

Sammy answered immediately after I texted him.

"Sure, Dude. With the long weekend, the whole gang will be here. Why don't you come over Saturday afternoon?"

"OK. I'll see you then. I need some advice."

"Advice?"

"Yeah. You know. Eating an elephant. I think I'm choking on the last bite I took."

"LOL. Take smaller bites."

"OK. See you Saturday."

I got home Friday night, and Mom and Dad were in the den watching a movie. I said hi to them and walked over to bend down and kiss Mom on the cheek. I stole a look down her blouse as I did, and she must have caught me because she reached up with her hand to hold it closed."

"To what do we owe this honor?," Dad asked.

"Oh, I'm working on a project and thought I could do it better here."

Mom blushed. Good. She knew exactly what I was talking about.

I sat down with Mom on the couch, and scooted over next to her. She gave me a scowl and whispered, "Now you behave yourself. No more of that."

I patted her leg and said, loud enough for Dad to hear, "I love you, Mom. How are things?"

"Great, Honey, but I've had a lot on my mind."

Yeah. I'll bet she did have a lot on her mind. The last time I had been home I was sitting in the kitchen and she came in wearing just panties and a tank top. She went to the cupboard to get something, and I slipped behind her. Putting my arms around her, I pulled her back onto my dick. I don't know what got into me. Maybe it was what Sammy had told me, or maybe it was watching him with Bonnie, maybe it was Mom in those damned panties, or maybe it was all of them. I couldn't help it, though. I whispered in her ear, "Do you know how much I have always wanted you, Mom?"

She wasn't having it. She turned around and tried to slap me. I grabbed her hands, held them behind her on that big butt, and kissed her. Damned if she didn't kiss me right back. I let her hands go,

cupping her ass, and pulled her onto my dick. She moaned in my mouth, so I moved my left hand around and cupped her pussy, rubbing my finger against it through her panties.

She pulled back. "What on earth has gotten into you, Matt? Get off me. I'm your Mother. Don't forget that."

"I know you're my Mother. I love you, and I want you. I can't help it. I dream of nothing but you." Then I kissed her again, and put my hand back on her pussy. I slid my hand inside her panties, and slid a finger into her. She was soaking wet. She couldn't have gotten that wet in the short time she had been there, so she must have been thinking about something before she came in the kitchen. Since Dad was playing golf, I wondered if she was thinking of me.

She pushed me back again. "Matt, no. Just no. I love you, but no. What are you thinking? You think I'm one of your coeds you can just grab and grope? I'm your Mother, dammit. Besides, you shouldn't be treating any woman like that."

"Then why did you come down here in those damned hot panties? What did you think I'd do? I'm a man now, Mom, and you're a beautiful woman. In fact, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

She stammered. "I forgot you were home."

"I don't believe that. I think you wanted me to see you. I think you wanted me to want you. I think you've always known how much I want you."

"Oh, Honey." She leaned forward and kissed me gently. "Oh, Honey."

I kissed her back, making the kiss more passionate and heated than she had probably intended.

I was reaching for her pussy again when she pushed me back and went running for her bedroom. I didn't follow. Maybe I should have, but I didn't. I stood there like a dope, and then smelled my finger. God, it smelled good. My Mom's juice on my finger. I licked it, delighting in the taste.

Dad got home later that afternoon and we ate dinner together. Mom avoided me, avoided making eye contact, and was generally cool. Damn, I hoped I hadn't screwed this up. But why did she come down there in her panties? Why?

And that's the way the rest of the weekend went. I tried to get her alone, but she slipped through my grasp like a slippery eel. If she was in a room alone and I came in, she'd scurry out, telling me, "No, not again. No." The one time I did corner her, she started crying. "What have I done to you? I'm your Mother. I'm supposed to protect you, not corrupt you."

So this weekend when I got home I didn't know what to expect. I figured she'd either meet me at the door wearing nothing (ha!) or come at me with her claws out, spitting like a mad cat. What I didn't expect was what I got. Nothing. She acted like nothing had happened. She was the same Mom she'd always been. She kissed me on the cheek and thanked me for coming, and that was it. I almost had to pinch myself. Had last weekend not happened at all? Had I not had my finger in her pussy?

Saturday morning I got up as soon as I heard Dad leave, and went down to the kitchen. She had on a pair of shorts and a sweater, and she looked damned good. I went to her, took her in my arms, and tried to kiss her.

"No, Matt. No way. I'm sorry for what happened. I'm sorry if I led you on. But that can't happen again." She laughed. "Just consider that your Christmas present this year."

At least she wasn't overly angry with me. I laughed, too. "I guess Santa does listen when we beg him for a special present."

After I ate breakfast, she left to do some shopping, leaving me in the house alone. I went to her bedroom and rooted through the clothes hamper to find the panties I thought she was wearing last night. They were practically crusty. I held them to my nose, then touched my tongue to the dampness. Yep, it was the same. She may say she was sorry for leading me on, but she was sure hot when I got home.

After lunch I headed over to Sammy's house, where he, Jim, and Bill were waiting for me.

We got beers and went out to the pool to sit. Sammy didn't waste time. "So what's going on? You took too big a bite and choked on it?"

I told them what had happened with Mom. I figured I had to be honest with them if they were going to help me. I knew I was taking a risk - what if they had been joking with me before?

Sammy sighed. "We should have seen this coming. We sent you into battle without a good intel briefing. Yeah, you might have messed up a little, but it's nothing you can't fix. You have one big advantage."

"Yeah, what's that?"

"Time, little grasshopper. You have time on your side."

"But what do I do? I've got to have her now. She's driving me crazy. One minute she lets me put my finger in her pussy, and the next minute she's pushing me away."

"Did you talk with her during the week?"

"No. I was afraid to talk to her."

"So as far as she knows, you were treating her like one of the sorority girls who let you do anything. Dude, she's your Mom. All she wants is for you to love her. I think I told you before, but you can't get what you want if you don't give her what she wants first. You should have been texting her every day. It's okay, though. We'll get you through this."

Bill added, "What you're trying to do is to break the ultimate taboo, Sam. Your Mom has it in her genes that this isn't supposed to happen. She has a lot of resistance to it anyway, and you made her resistance stronger. But Sam's right. It can be done."

"When I was in your position," Sam said, "My Mom was absolutely opposed to anything with me. She made no bones about it. What helped me get there was that she already knew I loved her, and Jim and Bill here kind of jump-started it for me."

"What do you mean, jump started?"

They all laughed. "Well, we were on a camping trip, and these dudes jumped their Moms practically right in front of us. When Mom saw how much they loved their Moms, I think she just wanted me to be like that with her. I guess giving me the bootie was kind of the price she thought she had to pay."

Bill cleared his throat. "I'm not sure it's exactly like that, Sam. If she thought there was a price to pay for your affection, I don't think you

would have ever gotten where you are. I think she probably wanted you anyway, and rationalized to herself that it was just a way to make your bond stronger."

"So what do I do now?"

"You go home. You kiss her, not passionately this time, but with love. You tell her you love her. You make sure she knows you love her and respect her. She as much as told you that you were treating her without respect, so you have to fix that. Love, respect, and trust - that's what you have to show her."

Jim added, "Right. Look. You're asking her to do something that is absolutely forbidden. Oh, it happens, all the time. But it's forbidden. She has to be able to know she can trust you absolutely with a secret that can never be discovered by anyone."

"It happens all the time?"

"Oh, yeah. Since Mom and me, I've been watching Moms and sons everywhere I go. I'll swear, you can tell the ones who are either doing it or well on their way to doing it. There's an affection that is obvious, once you know what to look for."

Sam agreed. "Don't you remember guys in college who seemed to be really close with their Moms? I did, and we always thought it was

weird. I mean, most of us couldn't stand our parents, and these guys were holding hands with their Moms and everything."

"Yeah. I remember guys like that. I thought they were future psych patients with Mommy issues."

Jim laughed. "No, they were the ones who had resolved their Mommy issues. It's the rest of us who try to repress it that end up on the psych couch."

When I got home, Mom was back from shopping and was putting things away in the kitchen. She greeted me with a smile when I came in, and I went right to her and took her in my arms.

"Oh, no, Matt. Not again."

"No, Mom. Not again. I'm sorry I offended you. I love you and I respect you. You're my Mom. You'll always be my Mom. I just got carried away. You have to admit you were looking pretty damned hot."

She brushed her hair back and blushed. "I'm sorry, too, Matt. I shouldn't have let you do that. I don't know what you thought of me. What a lousy Mother."

"Don't say that! Don't ever say that. You're the best Mother ever. You're also the most beautiful Mother ever."

She hugged me, and I kissed her on the top of her head as she nestled into my chest. I wanted to run my hands down to the beautiful ass again, but I resisted. "Mom, I'll make a deal with you. When we're around anyone else, I'll always treat you with the love and respect you deserve. When we're alone, I can't make any promises. What I want to do when we're alone is to treat you like the beautiful woman you are, and show you exactly how much I love you and want you."

"I don't know about the second part, Matt, but the first part is a deal. You know how much I love you."

"I know, Mom, and you know how much I love you."

She was softly crying by this time, and I thought we had a sort of catharsis. I patted her butt, and said, laughing, "You have no idea how very sexy you are, do you?"

"Oh, hush, you. What am I going to do with you?"

"I could make some suggestions."

She pushed me away, laughing as she brushed her tears from her face. I went back to her and kissed her tears on her cheek. "I never want to make you cry, Mom. I love you."

"Oh, go upstairs and get ready for dinner. Dad is taking us out for Italian."

That night, she was happier than I've seen her in awhile. She smiled constantly, told jokes, and laughed.

The next morning, Dad left early, of course. I went down to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee and she was sitting at the table. She had on a short robe. Her hair was brushed, and she already had her makeup on. I went to her, bent down, and kissed her cheek. After I did, she turned her face and kissed me on the lips. "Good morning, Honey. You sleep well?"

"Yeah, pretty good. How about you?"

"Like a log."

I stood there, rubbing my fingers through her hair, then bent down and kissed the top of her head. "You've ruined me for anyone but redheads, Mom."

She laughed and started singing that old song, "I want a girl just like the girl who married dear old dad..."

"Too early for that, Mom. You'll have the neighbors complaining." I laughed a little, to soften what I was going to say. "And I don't want a girl LIKE the girl who married dear old dad. I want THAT girl."

Thankfully, she laughed, too, and stood up to get my coffee for me. I took her in my arms and kissed her, but this time it was more a chaste kiss than a passionate one. I started moving my hands slowly down her waist, and whispered, "You remember how I said I'd treat you when we're alone?" and I gently cupped her ass in my hands. "I'm sorry if you don't like this, but I can't help it."

She hugged me back, playfully slipping her hands to my butt. "I didn't say I didn't like it, Silly. I said what you want can't happen."

I squeezed her butt, "If this is all I ever get, it's good enough for me."

We spent the day together. I wish I could tell you that things progressed, but they didn't. Oh, I hugged and kissed her at every opportunity, but they were not the passionate kisses we shared that one day. They were more loving kisses.

I thought I was back on track, however. If nothing else, I had my Mom talking about fucking me. Think about it. Even if all she was saying was, "No, No, never going to happen," we were still talking

about our fucking. Besides, what did I think she was going to say? "Oh, sure, Matt. I'll fuck you. How about a quick blowjob just to seal the deal." No, that was never going to happen. All I could hope for was that she would continue to think about it, want it, and convince herself that it was not going to mess us up.

Until I had my finger in her pussy, I have to admit I had not considered Mom as a sexual woman. Oh, sure, like every other teenager I was obsessed with fucking her. Now that I was older, I was even more obsessed with fucking her. But when I thought about it, it was in the abstract. I could envision fucking just about any woman, what it would look like, what it would feel like. But I had trouble envisioning fucking Mom. I always wanted it but, again, it was like in the abstract.

Had Mom even had an affair since she and dad were married? If she had had an affair, then the issue of sex on the side was a totally different thing altogether. If she had cheated before, then all I was asking her to do was to cheat again. On the other hand, if she had never cheated, then I was asking her to jump two hurdles - sex outside her marriage, as well as sex with her son. Two big hurdles.

While Mom was getting dinner together, I took a beer to the den and sat thinking. I reviewed in my mind every man who had associations with her, wondering if any of them had gotten in her pants.

Then it hit me. Uncle Joe! Mom's younger brother by two years. I remembered, when I was young, going into the kitchen at Thanksgiving and Mom and Uncle Joe jumping away from each

other. It was a foggy memory, but it was there. What had they said? Seems like Mom said something like, "Uncle Joe was just helping me get something out of my eye," or something like that. Mom and Uncle Joe always seemed close. I wondered. Aunt Jane, Joe's wife, was a hot woman in her own right. Surely Uncle Joe was getting enough from her that he didn't need to look for it anywhere else, but who knows. If I had a sister who looked like Mom, though...

I knew I could never raise the issue with Mom. "Say, Mom. Did you ever fuck Uncle Joe? And if you did, why are you giving me so much resistance?" Yeah, that was a definite non-starter. But it was something to think about.

When I left the next day to go back to my apartment, Mom walked me out to the car. "I've really enjoyed this weekend, Honey," she said, and I put my arm around her.

"I enjoyed it, too, Mom. I just love being with you."

She hugged me back. "Are you coming home next weekend?"

"Do you want me to?"

She sighed. "Of course I do. Maybe we can take a picnic lunch up to the lake and watch the sailboats like we used to do."

That gave me something to think about.

Every day that week I either texted or called her. Sometimes I'd ask how her day went, other times I'd tell her I loved her, and sometimes I'd just say, "Just checking in." That was out of the norm for me because, before, I would go for weeks without communicating with her. She liked it.

"I like this new you. Thanks for checking in with me every day."

I didn't know how to respond. I wanted to say, "Well, I'm trying to fuck you so I want you to keep me in mind." I tried to think of something clever to say, something to make her know how much I wanted her. At the end, I figured she knew that anyway by now, so I just texted, "I love you. You're always on my mind."

She took the lead. "Uh, huh. I'll bet I know what's on your mind. Bad boy."

Whoa. Was she flirting with me? Was she saying she knew what I was thinking? What should I say?

"That's been on my mind longer than you will ever know."

"I know, Honey, but we've talked about that."

When I got home, I learned that Dad had a golf tournament that weekend and would be leaving early in the mornings and getting home late. I wished him good luck and couldn't help but wonder what he'd think if he knew his son was trying his best to fuck his Mother. Did Dad try to fuck Grandma? She was still pretty good looking for her age. Had he put his hands on her ass? Had she kissed him? What had they done? Had they done anything? Dad and Grandma were pretty close. He still held her hand when they were walking somewhere, and always gave her a good kiss and hug when he saw her. If I thought about it, he and Grandma were like those Mother/Son couples that the guys thought were either doing it, or on the way. Hmmm.

Saturday morning I got up and Mom was waiting for me in the kitchen. She had on a pair of shorts that were kind of loose in the legs. I flashed back to getting my finger in her pussy, and couldn't help but notice it would be easy with those shorts. She was wearing a tank top with a sweater over it. I couldn't see if she had a bra on or not.

She hugged me, asking, "Are you ready to go to the lake?"

"Sure, if that's what you want. It'll be fun. Maybe we can find some geocaches while we're there." Mom had really gotten into geocaching a couple of years before and had always asked me to go with her.

"Oh, that's a good idea. I hadn't thought of that. I've got our lunch, so we can go when you're ready."

We drove to the lake, about an hour or so from home, and found a nice little turn off that led to a meadow on the hillside overlooking the lake. The lake was already full of sailboats, and they looked pretty as they scooted along.

"What do you want to do first? Caching, or you want to eat first?" Mom asked.

Neither of those was what I wanted to do, but I thought it would be better to geocache first, then we'd have more time to eat lunch.

We found one right away, and couldn't find the other one that was supposed to be on the edge of the meadow. We tramped through the woods skirting the meadow, tramped through the meadow itself, but just couldn't find it.

Mom finally gave up in frustration. "I hate it when they do that. Maybe it's not even here any more." She was bubbly, and even if we hadn't found it, she was clearly having fun.

We returned to the car and got a blanket and the picnic basket out of the trunk. Laying the blanket under a large tree overlooking the lake, we settled down and got our lunch out. Mom had cold fried chicken, potato salad, and a bottle of chilled white wine. We feasted like royalty, and then laid back on the blanket.

I put my arm out, and Mom laid on it and snuggled into my chest. I hugged her to me and kissed her cheek. It was just a kiss on the cheek, but I put every bit of emotion into it that I could. She practically purred, then I moved my lips to her ear, kissed it, and whispered, "God, you look good today."

She didn't say anything, but hugged tighter to my body. I was throbbing hard. I was laying on my back and she was curled on her side. She put her leg over mine, and I reached down to rub the back of her thigh.

"It's hard to think of you as anything but my little boy, but I know you're a man now, Matt. That has become very clear to me lately. I still remember bringing you here when you were little, though. You always loved it up here."

"Of course I loved it. I was with you, Mom."

"You'd run around the meadow chasing butterflies. Do you remember the time you got stung by a wasp?"

"No, I don't remember that at all."

"Yeah. It stung you on your thigh, right here," and she reached down and touched the inside of my upper thigh. "I had to suck the stinger out. What that must have looked like if anyone had seen us."

Holy shit! Did Mom just refer to something looking like a blowjob? Is that what she meant?

"What do you mean?" I knew what I thought she meant, but I wanted to hear her say it.

"Oh, you know. There was a young couple on the other side of the meadow, and it looked like they were doing something very similar."

We laughed, but my laugh was tinged with desire. "What did it look like they were doing?"

She punched my chest. "Oh, you're just trying to get me to say it."

I still played along. "Say what, Mom?"

She raised her face to my ear and whispered, "You just want to hear your Mom say 'blowjob,' don't you?"

I was on fire. Hell, yes, I wanted her to say it. I took her head in my hands and gave her a deep, passionate kiss. She responded just as I hoped she would, and when we broke our kiss I whispered back to her, "Did that answer your question?"

She snuggled her head back on my chest, resting her hand on my stomach. I said, "You do know how much I love you, don't you?"

She sighed. "Yes, I do know, Matt. I've struggled with it, but I do know."

Wait. I hadn't said anything about wanting her. I said I loved her, and now she had conflated the two.

I kissed her again, and put my left hand on her right breast. The nipple was standing erect, and I noted she was not wearing a bra under her tank top. I lightly squeezed her breast, then took her nipples in my fingers, squeezing and lightly twisting it.

She moaned. "Oh, Honey, I've always had sensitive nipples. Be careful with that. You don't know what it does to me."

But I did know. I could tell. Her breathing was heavy and her face was flushed. I lowered my head to her breast and sucked gently on the nipple, through her tank top. I grasped the nipple with my lips, teasing it and sucking it. She took charge, as I hoped she would. She reached down to the bottom of her tank top and lifted it over her breasts.

I was in awe. Those beautiful, creamy breasts, covered with a spray of freckles. The areolas were a light brown, and they spread magically as I teased at her nipples with my fingers. I lowered my head, taking her breast in my mouth.

"Oh, God, Matt. You have no idea how I've longed to have you on my breast again."

"And you have no idea how long I've wanted this." I sucked, teasing her nipple with my tongue. She held my head, pulling me into her, and then moved me to the other breast. Her breathing was ragged. She was practically panting.

"You know how much I..."

She shushed me. "I know, Matt. I know how much you've wanted this. You don't have to say it. I tried to deny it. I tried to tell myself we could never do this. I just can't help it. Please don't hate me later."

"Are you crazy? How could I hate you? I love you. I love that you're letting me do this," and I kissed both nipples.

She was getting into it and we kissed deeply again, with my hands practically mauling her breasts.

I wanted to be strong. I wanted to wait her out. I knew she wanted to see my dick, and I was determined to make her go for it herself. But I couldn't be that strong. I did what I would do with any woman in that situation, and I took her hand to place it on my dick.

"Oh," she said. "Oh."

She gently rubbed the length of it, and then closed her hand around it. We continued our kiss, with me working her breasts and her working my dick. All the cards were on the table now, and there was only one way this was going to end.

I reached down and undid the button on my shorts, then unzipped them. I took her hand and put it inside my shorts and on my dick. She moaned softly, and looked in my eyes. Her green eyes were half shut, and she said, "Matt..."

I kissed her on top of her head. "You know what? I think I may have gotten stung by a wasp."

She laughed out loud. "Maybe I should check, then, huh?"

"Maybe you should," and I gently pushed her head down toward my stomach.

That's a move that is unmistakable in its meaning. Every woman who has ever given a blowjob knows that signal. It is so hardwired in their brains that a simple touch by a man to their heads evokes the image of giving a blowjob. Kiss a woman and cup the back of her head while you're doing it, and I guarantee the image of a blowjob flashes through her mind.

She slowly continued her move down my stomach. She took the waist of my shorts in her hands, and I raised my butt up so she could slip them down. I was laying there with my dick as hard as a rock, right at Mom's beautiful face. She gently kissed the head of my dick and murmured, "Where did that big thing come from? Must have been from my side of the family," then she opened her lips and took me in.

She sucked me, moving her hand up and down on my shaft, and then added a bobbing of her head to the motion. Maybe it was because it was her, and maybe it was because she knew what she was doing, but that was the best blowjob I've ever had. She had it all. The sucking. The scrubbing of her tongue on the head of my dick. The pumping of her hand. The bobbing of her head. As she bobbed up and down, her red hair fell across her face and I reached down to hold it back so I could watch her do it.

"Oh, oh, do it. Suck it. You know how much I've always wanted you to suck me. Suck it. That beautiful face on my dick."

We say things in passion that sometimes sound pretty stupid, I guess, but truer words I had never spoken. I had dreamed of what it would be like to have that red hair falling over my dick, and here it was.

"You'd better stop and get up here. I don't know how long I can hold it."

I had gotten ahead of myself before, and I wasn't going to take any chances. "Can I touch you? Can I taste you?"

This time it was my turn to have the hand on my head, pushing down.

I slid down, kissing her stomach as I went. Her skin was so pale it was practically translucent, with a light covering of freckles. As I kissed her belly, she gave a little shudder of anticipation, and pushed my head harder. I slipped my hand into the leg of her shorts, tracing her panties with my finger, and then slowly undid the button and zipper. She raised her butt off the blanket and I pulled the shorts and panties down off her feet.

I knew that Mom colored her hair, fighting the gray, and didn't know what to expect when I got her pants off. I was blown away. Her pubic hair was a bright red, almost orange. Her pussy was a creamy pale, with light brown freckles around it. I knelt beside her, enthralled by the beauty of it. This was always my dream. When I thought of making love to her, I always imagined looking at her pussy and getting my mouth on it. And here I was. I looked up at her. She had her right arm beneath her head and was looking at me through half-veiled eyes.

"Disappointed, Baby?"

I wanted to make some clever comment, but in this moment words simply failed me. I shook my head, then reached for her pussy with

my hand. This time I put as much love in my touch as I could. I lightly traced her pussy with my finger, causing her to shiver, and then gently inserted my index finger in her moistness.

Bending down, and then laying between her legs, I softly kissed her clitoris. I gave it a tentative lick, and she took my head in her hands and pulled me into her. It was glorious - I simply don't have a better word for it. Her smell was strong, while pleasant, and just the thought of smelling my Mother's pussy almost sent me over the edge. I have always liked eating pussy, and believed I was pretty good at it. If I wasn't good, I was at least enthusiastic, and I put everything I had into eating her pussy. I fingered her G-spot, licking and sucking, and in practically no time she had her first orgasm. If I expected screaming and moaning, I didn't get it. She stiffened, shuddered, and gave a soft sigh, then pulled me up to give me a deep kiss.

"Where did you learn to do that?," she asked me. "You're pretty good down there."

"I have waited my whole life to get my mouth on you. I just did what came natural."

She laughed, softly. "Uh huh, Baby. That doesn't come natural. I know plenty of men who can't do what you did."

"Can you make me better at it for you?"

"I don't know how, but I'm willing to let you practice as much as you want." She was whispering in my ear.

After a moment, she reached down for my dick. Mom's hand, holding my dick. I'm not sure I had ever imagined that, but it was wonderful. She pulled me over onto her, and placed the head of my dick at her entrance, then reached around to my butt to pull me in.

Our first time was gentle and loving. I slid in and out, with slow movements, while she arched her belly up to me. Gradually increasing the speed of my fucking to her urging with her hands on my butt, we began loudly slapping bellies. She started giggling, and then we were both laughing. "I hope no one can hear this," she said.

I looked around, theatrically. "Nobody here but us chickens, Boss," I said in my Foghorn Leghorn imitation, and she laughed again, then we started fucking again. This time there was little gentleness, but a steady and powerful joining of our bodies. She stiffened, shuddered, and fell back. "Oh, Matty. Twice. You've made me cum twice. I never do that, Honey. Thank you."

My Mom just thanked me for fucking her. I guess I was a good boy.

We laid there in each other's arms, whispering. I don't know about you, but I love pillow talk after the first fuck. That's when you can finally open up about everything and ask anything, with few limitations.

"When did you decide we were going to do this, Mom?"

"I don't know, Honey. It's like I never really made a decision. It just seemed to flow naturally. I have to tell you, I'm still not convinced we did the right thing. I'm your Mother. Mothers and Sons aren't supposed to do this, you know."

"But you knew how much I've always wanted you."

"Oh, of course I knew. Every Mother knows when her son begins to desire her. We try to put it out of our heads, but it's always there. You were always a walking erection."

"You noticed?"

"How could I not? It was always there, wasn't it?"

"But why did you decide to let me?"

"Honey, I didn't let you do anything. We're doing this together. I let us do it."

"But why? Not that I'm arguing, but there must have been something. You weren't happy with me a couple of weeks ago."

"That's because you treated me without respect. I admit I wanted you to do it, but you didn't show me any love. That's all I wanted from you. Love."

She continued. "I can't put my finger on exactly why. I gave it a lot of thought, I can tell you that. It seemed to me to be like a continuum."

"What do you mean?"

"What you wanted was clear. I realized that I wanted the same thing, but I had a lot of resistance to it. I thought about what would let me go through with it. A continuum, you know, with extremes at either pole. If a doctor had said to me, 'Your son needs to have sex with you or he will die,' then of course I would do it."

I laughed. "I thought I would die if I didn't get with you, Mom."

She laughed, too. "I know. I know. But at the other end of the continuum, there was 'Mothers don't do that, and that's absolute.' Then I started working it in. I finally realized that you really wanted it, I thought you really needed it, and have I ever been able to deny you anything?"

"You didn't get me that Camaro when I was in high school."

"What really swayed me was how you've loved me the past little while. That's all I ever wanted from you, Matt. That's all any Mother wants from her son. Maybe I was being manipulative, but I saw that offering you a little incentive got me what I wanted. I guess I went overboard, though, huh?"

I laughed again. "You, manipulative? Say it ain't so. But if this is manipulating me, then I'm all for it."

"Promise me you'll always love me like this, Matt. Promise me."

"You don't even have to ask. You'll always be my Number One, then I sang, 'I want a girl just like the girl who married dear old dad.'"

I expected a laugh, but she got serious. "That's another thing. Besides the wrong of doing this with you, I've been unfaithful to your father. I love your Dad, Matt. I always will."

"I know that, Mom, and I don't want to cause any problems between you. But you and I will always have this."

"But we always have to be careful. You can never show any sign in public that we're doing this."

"So I can't eat that beautiful little red-haired pussy in public?"

She slapped my shoulder. "You men. You're all alike. Seems like every man is fascinated by my hair down there."

"Whoa. How many have seen it?"

"Down, boy. Not that many. You're part of a very select group now."

"How about Uncle Joe?" I knew this was pushing it, but I had to know.

She raised herself up on her elbow and looked at me. "What do you think you know? Where did that come from?"

"I know if I had a big sister like you, I'd want to see her and touch her. I remember one Thanksgiving and I walked in on you and Uncle Joe kissing in the kitchen."

"I'm not ready to talk about it, Matt, but your Uncle Joe and I were very close when we were in high school and college. I love him a lot."

She took my dick in her hand and gave it a few strokes. "You ready for round two?"

This time she was much more insistent in her fucking. I put my mouth next to her ear and whispered, "Show me how you fuck Uncle Joe," and she began fucking frantically and, this time, she was

moaning and whimpering in my ear. Where before, her orgasms were subdued, this time she went crashing over the edge.

"Whew. You know how to push your Mom's buttons, don't you?"

"I'm still learning, but I want to know all your buttons."

"Some of those buttons are pretty private, Honey. But I guess what we're doing is pretty private too, isn't it?"

"Will I be one of your buttons now?"

"Oh, yeah. You're a big button."

I put my mouth back on her left breast, and started sucking again. She held my head while feeding her breast to me. I was in heaven.

That night we all had dinner together after Dad got home. Mom was practically ebullient. Dad asked her, "What's gotten into you, Susan? You seem pretty happy."

"I have my two main men with me. That makes me happy."

It made me happy, too.

Chapter 8

The girls got together on Wednesday for lunch. We laughed about it, calling it our "Wednesday Mom's Club." This time, instead of going to a restaurant, we met at my house. I had fixed my famous "Bonnie's Chicken Salad Supreme," and was anxious for everyone to enjoy it. Sarah, Victoria, and Lisa all arrived at about the same time, and trooped into the house. It went from a quiet morning with NPR in the background to a raucous gathering of friends, and I loved it.

The first order of business was to discuss Susan and Matthew. Susan had called me on Monday, and she was giddy with happiness. She didn't say exactly what happened between her and Matt over the weekend, but she didn't have to. I had been there myself, and I knew what a well-loved Mother sounded like. Susan sounded like a well-loved Mother.

But it had been close. Our prime directive was, "First, do no harm," and we had almost screwed it up with Susan.

Sarah was first to bring it up, after I told them the good news. "That could have been a disaster, girls. We need to look at this and see where we went wrong. I don't need that stress in my life."

I was the one who had suggested bringing Susan into the fold, so I took the lead. "I think we didn't give her enough information at the start. We were trying to talk around the subject, and she didn't know what to expect. She told me she had tried just teasing Matt to get him

in line. The trouble with guys is that teasing only goes so far. It was like waving a red flag in front of a bull, I guess."

Vic added, "Yep. I think we have to prepare someone for what can happen if we're going to start the train rolling. We didn't do Susan any favors at the start. I'm just glad it worked out for her, and it sounds like it must have. But look, it's a tightwire, isn't it? I mean, we can't just say, 'You'll have a much better time of it with your son if you just fuck him,' can we?"

We all nodded, and I said, "Yeah, but don't you think if we're more selective we can be more open? I knew Matt wanted Susan from how he watched her, but I had no idea how Susan felt about it. Looking back, I should have spent more time with her to find out if she would even be open to it."

Sarah agreed. "That's right. Let's be honest. This works for us, but it's not for everyone. I'm sure there are Mothers who would never consider sleeping with their sons, and those are the ones we need to avoid. I know in my case, though, I had thought about it before. I tried to keep from thinking about it, but Jim's desire was so obvious I couldn't help it."

There. That was something we could work with. We should have thought this out before, but now one of our rules was to insure the Mom might be open to it before we ever brought it up.

Victoria said, "I think you all know my story. Sarah, you especially know," and she giggled. "But what about you, Bonnie? What brought you to the point of no return? There had to have been some lead-in before the camping trip, right?"

I thought a bit before answering. "I guess we don't have any secrets? I have to tell you, I felt pretty embarrassed in front of you the next morning at the campsite. I was afraid you were all going to start yelling, 'Slut! Whore!' and run us out. The only thing that made it bearable was that Sammy and I heard you going at it in your tents."

I continued. "I guess it was the same as with you girls. Sammy got more and more distant. The little boy who was always clinging to me became the young man who couldn't stand to be around me. It was like I embarrassed him or something. I saw it happening in real time. When he was a senior in high school, he went through a period where he was always following me around like a puppy and the only thing that kept his hard dick from falling out was his underwear. He was all over me. Grabbing my butt, rubbing against my breasts, slobbering all over me. I didn't know what to do. Finally I couldn't take it anymore and I confronted him. I explained that he was going through a phase, but what he wanted was very wrong and would never happen. Never." She laughed, wryly. "I got that one wrong, didn't I?"

Everyone nodded. They had all been there.

"It was almost like a switch. He was on, and then he was off. He started avoiding me. He'd barely talk to me. It just got worse when

he went away to college. It almost made me wish I had made a different decision when I confronted him. You know what I mean? I tried to bring it up once do I could apologize, and he snapped at me. He didn't want to talk about it. I thought I had probably consigned him to a lifetime of therapy."

Again, they nodded. It's probably the same in every household in the world. Son wants Mom. Son starts making a move on Mom. Mom shuts him down. Son becomes distant.

I went on. "So that's where we were. I kept being affectionate with him. When I'd hug him, I'd try to bring him into my breasts, and he would hold back. I'll admit it, I started flirting with him, trying to bring him around. I wanted another chance, but he wouldn't give it to me. When he'd come home I would make sure I had a loose blouse, and I'd give him boob shots when I could. Nothing. Oh, he was interested, for sure, but he wasn't going to take another chance."

"That weekend we met you all, we were getting ready in the morning and everyone was scurrying around. The kids didn't want to go, but we made them. You know, the forced family weekend that's supposed to bring us all together again? I was in my bedroom getting dressed and Sammy came bursting in. He couldn't find his sleeping bag. Men. They can never find anything, can they? But when he came in my bedroom, I was standing there with nothing on but my bra and panties. The look on his face. It was like I had poleaxed him, or something. He stood there with his mouth hanging open and his eyes bugging out. I didn't try to cover myself, but I guess I should have. If I'm honest, I wanted him to get a good look."

The girls were hanging on my every word. "You think that helped, though? No way. He stormed out of the room, mad. Mad! I had shown him what he could have, if he'd just try again, and he got mad. So we got to the campsite, went out on the trail, and that's the guy you saw come storming in. He was still angry with me. On the hike I tried to get him to lighten up, but he wasn't having it. His dad and Natalie went ahead, and I asked what was troubling him. He snapped at me. 'Nothing! Just nothing!,' he said. I tried to hug him, and he wouldn't even let me do it."

Sarah cleared her throat. "Now you know what was bothering him. You had shown him what you told him he could never have. I kind of understand how it would torture him."

Lisa said she felt the same way. "We do torture them, don't we? And we don't even realize it. In a household, there's no way you can avoid seeing each other in various states of undress. But in their minds, we are the absolute untouchable. It's like taking them to a candy store and saying, 'See all that candy? You'd like it, wouldn't you? But you can't have it. It's taboo.'"

"Oh, yeah. There was no doubt it was torturing him. But what could I do? I couldn't tell him, 'Look, I've been thinking about this and, if you give it another shot, you might like it.' No. I just had to hope he'd come around. That's why you were such godsend to me. That first night at the campfire, I hated every one of you. You had the relationships with your sons that I wanted. I kept wanting to tell

Sammy, 'Lookm that's how you treat your Mother,' but I didn't. I couldn't."

Victoria said, "Yeah, Bonnie. We've all been there, exactly there."

"So when you girls paired up and took your boys to your tents, it was like a thunderclap. I don't know if Sammy knew what that meant, but I sure did. There was no doubt in my mind what you were going to be up to. God, it made me so hot I couldn't stand it. I looked at Sammy, and I could tell he night be wondering, too. We went to our tent, and Sam and Nat were already snoring away, over against one side of the tent. That left Sammy and me on the other side, so I spread our bags out side by side."

"There was a moon out, if you remember, so you could see in the tent after your eyes adjusted. I stood there and undressed in front of him. I didn't do it in a seductive way, but just normally got undressed to my panties and bra. I crawled in my sleeping bag and waited for him to get undressed. He turned away from me and took off his shirt and shorts to get in his bag in his boxers. He tried to hide it, but he was as hard as a rock. That thing must have been standing out a foot. I'm afraid I giggled when I saw it, and that made him madder."

"We laid there for awhile, and then I said, 'Good night, Sammy.' He just grunted at me. I said, 'Those guys, Jim and Bill. They seem to have good relationships with their Moms, don't they?' He grunted again, 'I guess.' I said, 'I wish we could be like that, Sammy. I miss you. I miss my little boy.' He turned toward me and said, 'That's the problem, Mom. I'm not a little boy any more.' I told him I knew that,

and reached my arms out of my bag to hug him. I said, 'I know you're a man now, Sam. You're a beautiful man.' At last he hugged me back and I pushed his bag off him. I took his face in my hands and kissed him. He was tentative at first, but he got into it. We were laying there, kissing like fools, and his dad and sister were five feet away. I was so hot I couldn't stand it. I guess it was a combination of kissing him like that and knowing what you were up to, but I was on fire. I finally had to push him off me. I said, 'Down, boy. Your dad and sister are right there. We'll have other chances.'"

"Wow," Lisa said. "That's hot."

"Oh, it gets better. The next day, it was like a miracle had happened. He was almost like the old Sammy. He paid attention to me. When we were hiking, he always walked behind me and I knew he was checking out my old butt. We took a break and when Nat and Dad went ahead, he tried to kiss me again. I told him to wait. I knew exactly what he would think, but I said, 'We have to be very careful, Sammy. Very careful.' I know what I meant by those words, and I know what he must have thought. I was telling him he could have another chance, but I didn't know how we could work it out."

"That night at the campfire when we heard Sam snoring in the tent, I got my answer. We brought the little tent, just in case, so it seemed natural to mention setting it up for us. I thought Sammy was going to break his neck, he went after that tent so fast. When you all paired up again to go to your tents, I took his hand and led him to ours. It was like it must be when you're leading a stallion to the mare. I could feel his lust. I could smell it."

"Oh, that's funny," Vic said. "You know how they say that close family members are naturally not turned off by the smell of each other, but that it's supposed to act like a natural deterrent to incest? For me, it's just the opposite. When Bill's not home, sometimes I lay down in his bed just so I can smell him."

There was a chorus of, "Me, too." Sarah said, "I can tell my boys apart by their smell. Each one is different, and each one turns me on in a different way."

Victoria looked at her. "Sarah? Something you're not telling us?"

Sarah laughed. "That's a story for another day. This is Bonnie's story."

Bonnie continued. "We got undressed and laid down. We held hands and listened to you girls going at it. There was no doubt what was happening, but both of us were afraid to make the first move. He finally turned to me and took my face in his hands, kissing my cheeks and eyes, and then he kissed me on the lips and we were right back where we had been the night before. We were making out like kids. His tongue was everywhere. I figured, 'I'm the experienced one here, so I'd better take charge,' so I reached down and slid my hand into his jockeys. I don't know about you girls, but my son has a nice one. I said, 'Oh, Sammy,' and we were off to the races. I'll spare you the details, but my boy has learned a lot at college, I guess."

Sarah, Victoria, and Lisa were practically panting. "Details, details," they cried together.

"Well. I review his course schedule every semester, and I must have missed when he signed up for a class on cunnilingus. I assume he got an A, though."

They laughed. Vic said, "Yeah, mine, too. When I was young you could hardly get a guy to go down on you. This generation seems to love it." Sarah and Lisa gave enthusiastic nods.

"So I had to do the same thing, right? I've never thought I was very good at blowjobs, but he couldn't get enough of it. My lips were chapped the next morning, we did it so much. And when he slid in me? It was such a feeling. I can't describe it. This little baby who came out of me was back in me, and there is no way to describe the feeling. You know? When I take him in my mouth and then make eye contact, the look on his face makes me feel like a goddess. "

Sarah said, "No, not a goddess, Bonnie. It makes you feel like a Mother, giving your Son what he wants most in the world."

Vic agreed. "It's like it was meant to be. It's the most loving, giving feeling I've ever experienced. You remember how it was in high school? You'd let a guy touch your tits and it was like you'd given him a pot of gold. This is even better. We're giving our sons the most wonderful love in the world. I'm sure the reason it's such a taboo for Mothers to sleep with their sons is because it's the most wonderful

thing a woman can ever do, so why wouldn't men try to keep us from doing it?"

Lisa snorted. "Hell, yes. Old men make the rules, and they don't want us having our young sons. It only makes sense."

"And when he sucked my breasts! I was panting, I wanted him on my tits so bad. I think I might have cum when he sucked them, it felt so good. I've always liked it when a man sucks my breasts, but I had no idea how good it could be."

Again, there was a chorus of, "Me, too." Lisa said, "It feels so right, doesn't it? Mine couldn't get enough of my tits, and I couldn't give him enough of them. I was sad when I had to wean him as a baby, and I was overjoyed when I took them into his mouth again. What a feeling."

Bonnie seemed exhausted. Recounting the story had obviously been emotional for her. "So, that's my story. Sammy has completely turned around. All I have to do is suggest he can get better grades, and he's all over it. He's been bugging his sister to come home almost every weekend. I don't know if she suspects anything, but I hope not. She has started calling him 'Mommy's Boy,' though."

Sarah laughed. "Well, in about 25 years, maybe you can have a conversation with her about her own son."

"So," Vic said. "You had prepped yourself for what could happen, and hearing us do it put you onto it. But we can't have group camping trips every time we want to bring another Mom into it. We're right back where we started."

Lisa said, "It was about the same with me and my Chris. I knew what he wanted. Like you, I agonized. We're told all our lives about the purity of a Mother's love, and we're told that sex destroys that purity. What they don't tell us is that making love with your son is just a natural progression of the love you've always felt for him. I knew Chris had it bad for me. It was kind of cute, watching him try to hide his erection when he was around me. He rubbed my butt one time, and I almost jumped out of my skin. It must have scared him to death. I didn't know what to do, so I did nothing. Now I realize what absolute bravery it took for him to do that. I should have saluted him for taking the chance, but I didn't."

"But the more I thought about it, the more I realized I wanted him, too. I mean, the sex at the home front just isn't the way it used to be. When I went through the change, I seem to have lost all my desire. But Chris made me feel alive again. He wanted me, and it made me feel so very desirable. I started flirting with him shamelessly, but he wouldn't take the hint."

The weekend we came to your house, Sarah, I teased him unmercifully. I made him help me in the garden, which he normally hates, but I made a point of giving him a good show. He was putty in my hands, I have to tell you. Then when we had the cookout, you girls gave us all the incentive we needed. The love you had with the

boys was obvious. I guess they must have had a talk with Chris and gave him some encouragement. When you started making out in the den, there was no going back. I could tell by his face that he was blown away. I could tell when he looked at me that he was wondering at the possibilities."

"When I kissed him...well, I don't know if I've ever had a more sensuous kiss. He wanted more that night, but I wouldn't let him. You have to make sure at the start that they understand the risk of getting caught, don't you? The idea of going to see the play was a stroke of genius. From the minute he saw that we'd have our own room, he knew."

Lisa looked down. "Girls, what you did for me was the greatest gift I've ever had. I love you for it. You gave me back my son. So where do we go now? We gonna quit where we are, or expand this thing?"

Sarah and Victoria looked at each other. Sarah said, "What about Karen? She's a single Mom, and she seems lost since the kids moved away. I've tried to get her to date, but since Andrew died she doesn't seem to have any spark left. She's aging away, right in front of us."

Victoria laughed. "She needs to join a good club. She needs to join the Mom's Club!"

Chapter 9

I called Karen the next day. "Karen, it's Victoria, how have you been?"

"Oh, you know, Vic. Same old, same old. How are you doing? What's going on?"

Karen lost her husband, Andrew, to cancer about five years ago. Since then, she had continued a gradual downslide, if that's a word. She never dated and, since the kids moved on with their own lives, she was alone a lot. We tried to keep her active, but most times she would decline invitations and just sit at home. She did stay busy, I guess, with her painting, but there's only so much painting a person can do. Karen was older, by several years, than the rest of us and might kindly be called "plump," or less kindly might be called "dumpy." She still had that beautiful face for which she had always been known, though. Karen was a pretty woman.

"Nothing much. Say, Sarah, Lisa, and Bonnie are coming to my place tomorrow for lunch. You know Bonnie, don't you? She lives on Sherwood Place. Anyway, we'd love for you to come. We haven't seen you in awhile, you know."

"Oh, I don't know, Victoria. I may just stay here. I've got an interesting piece working, and I'd like to finish it."

"No, no, Karen. You have to eat. Come at noon, okay?"

She didn't want to come, but I persisted. Finally she agreed. "Oh, alright. Thanks for thinking of me. I'll see you at noon."

I prepared Greek salads for everyone, and when they arrived we wasted no time in tucking in.

"Karen, you remember Bonnie, don't you? I think you two met at the bridge tournament last year. We saw Bonnie at a camping trip earlier, and she's now a stalwart of our luncheon group."

"Sure, Bonnie. I remember you. You came close to getting a Grand Slam, didn't you? That pesky king of diamonds got you, as I remember."

Bonnie laughed. "Best laid plans of mice and men, or something like that. Yeah, I overbided that one."

Sarah said, "So, Karen. How are you doing? What do you hear from the kids?"

"They're fine. Kendra has a new job as a pharmaceutical sales rep, so I guess she's part of the problem now. Andy passed his CPA exam, so he's settling into his new firm."

"How's married life treating him? What's it been, a year now, almost?"

"Yes, just over. They had their first anniversary a couple of weeks ago. Time just flies, doesn't it? He seems very happy. Patty is good for him, I think."

"But you know you'll always be his number one girl, don't you?" I added.

"I don't know about that. He hasn't been home a handful of times since he got married." She sighed.

Lisa reached over and poked Karen's arm. "You've got to give him some incentive to come home, girlfriend. Meet him at the door in a negligee."

That got Karen laughing. There was a time when Karen was the life of the party, always cutting off-color jokes, but after Andrew died she seemed to have lost some of her spark. Her laugh was a welcome sound. "That might have worked when he was in high school, but it sure wouldn't work now."

This was going pretty well. Karen had given us a good starting point, and I took the ball. "Oh, I remember those days. All I had to do was bend over and let Billy look at my butt, and he'd follow me to the moon."

Sarah jumped in. "Oh, God, yes. Jimmy couldn't keep his hands off me."

Lisa seductively shook her breasts. "Chris was like a little puppy following these things around. I could get him to do anything if I just bent over in front of him. If I really wanted something done, I'd come down in the morning without a bra. Men are so easy to manipulate."

Karen continued laughing, clearly enjoying the banter. "Hell, Lisa. If I had boobs like that I'd rule the universe."

"I'm sure Andy thinks yours are perfect, Karen. You know men always have a thing for their Mothers. It never goes away."

Karen blushed. "He used to have a thing for me. I'm not sure he still does. Being married changes things, doesn't it?"

"I don't think so," I said. "My husband still tries to grab his Mom's butt when he thinks I can't see him."

That brought the house down, with every one of us laughing uproariously.

Lisa said, "It still works on my Christopher. He's not married, but all I have to do is flirt with him and he'll do anything I want."

Karen had a wistful look on her face. "I remember those days."

"Would you like to have them back?," I asked her.

"Oh, you can't go back. You know that. Times marches forward."

As I said, Karen was always the life of the party before Andrew died, so I knew she had a spark in her. After all, it was Karen who was always joking about "Swap Parties" and even though I don't think she would ever have gone through with it, Karen had something of the wild child in her in those days. We were in a quandary, though. We had messed up before when we didn't give Susan enough information to work with. On the other hand, revealing too much to someone before we knew we could trust her...well...that could have had consequences.

I leaned forward. "Karen, when's the last time you got laid?"

Karen giggled. "What year is it?"

"That long?"

She sighed. "I don't have the desire that much after the change of life, and I sure don't have the opportunity. Maybe I'll be a nun. At least they get credit for it."

Lisa piped up. "Karen, there's always opportunity, if you look in the right place. There's someone right now who has wanted you his entire life."

Karen looked around at us, wondering if this was a joke. "Yeah, who? Name this mystery man. I'll pay for him to go to the eye doctor."

We all laughed, but no one said anything.

"Well. Who?"

I lowered my voice. "You know who, Karen. You know who spent his high school and college years following you around with his tongue hanging out."

She looked confused, then we could see the dawning of understanding in her face. "You mean...?"

"Yep. Exactly. Andy."

Karen gave a belly laugh. "You girls are too much. First, he's through that phase and, second, he has a hot young wife. Why would he want this?" She gestured to her body.

I stepped in. "They never get over wanting it, Karen. It doesn't matter what they're getting where, they still want the one they've always wanted. I guarantee you, Andy still looks at you with that look in his eye."

"I don't think so. He's not said or done anything for years. Oh, when he was younger, he sure did. It was a constant battle. But now? I don't think so. They pass through that."

Sarah leaned forward and said in a soft voice, "None of ours passed through it, Karen. They still want it. They want it now more than ever. Giving it to them is the greatest gift you can imagine."

Karen hesitated, then stiffened. "Wait! What are you saying?"

We all nodded.

"You mean you're...I can't even say it. Are you?"

"Yep. Every one of us, and we can all say it's the best thing that ever happened to us."

Karen was speechless. "I can't imagine that." She looked down at the table.

This was the moment of truth. If Karen stormed out, we'd be sunk. I don't know who she'd report us to, but all she had to do to ruin each one of us was to whisper a word to anyone.

I said, "Karen, every one of us was having problems with our boys. They were distant. They wouldn't talk to us. They hugged from two feet away. We were losing them. Then we came up with his solution, and it's been heaven. Right, girls?"

"Beyond heaven," agreed Sarah. "It's the best thing I've ever done. The sex is great, but the love is better."

Karen seemed to be at a loss for words. "But, Andy. He wouldn't want me. Why would he?"

This we could deal with. She wasn't calling us sluts or otherwise condemning us, she was wondering if her own son would want her.

Lisa said, "Honey, he wants you because you have always been the most beautiful woman in his life. You were the first woman he ever wanted. You know that. I'll tell you, all it takes is a little encouragement, and they're 18 again."

"So, what do I do? Meet him at the door in that negligee?" Karen giggled. "Or maybe nothing at all? Jeez, that would scare him away. How did you get started? Who made the first move?"

"I don't know if there was a common factor," I replied. "It seems like each one of us recognized the mutual desire, and let it bloom."

Bonnie disagreed. "There was a common factor, kind of, wasn't there? We showed the new girl and her son that something beyond platonic Mother/Son love could exist. I mean, hell, you girls were fucking like little bunnies in your tents. How could we not want to have the same thing?"

It was a laughable image because it was true. Sarah and I had been fucking like little bunnies so Bonnie could hear us. We had made no secret of the fact that we were sharing our son's tents and more.

Karen said, "I'm going to have to hear that story."

"Yeah," I said. "I promise you'll get all the details. That might not work in this case. We're dealing with a married man here. Let's be honest. Maybe there is a point at which they lose the desire for Mom."

Karen looked a little downhearted. "It's like I said. Why would he want me? Look at me."

Lisa snapped at her a little. "Karen, stop it. No pity parties here. You are a lush woman, and I know Andy still wants you. I think my husband still wants his Mom, and she's in her 70s now, for goodness' sake."

"Really?," I said. "That makes two of them now. It raises some possibilities, doesn't it? We've been concentrating on our sons. Maybe we should look at hooking our husbands and their Moms up. Good Lord, that makes me tingle to think about it."

Sarah looked at me. "Focus, Vic, focus. We're working on Karen here. I'll swear, you girls have turned into the horniest things. I thought menopause was supposed to diminish sexual desire."

We all laughed, and then returned to the issue at hand, Karen. I said, "First thing is to get him to come home, Karen. You can't do much from afar, can you? I have a feeling if you can get him here, you can work some magic. It's worth a try, isn't it? Would you like that, Karen?"

She sighed. "Of course it's something to fantasize about. I'm not sure it will ever happen, but even if it doesn't, just thinking about it and trying would be as hot as hell, wouldn't it? I don't really understand, though, how all this started with you girls. Who was first?"

We all looked at Sarah, who blushed. "I guess that would be me."

"Then how did you start? You didn't have anyone to help you, right?"

Sarah looked around at us. "I guess everyone else's cards are all on the table and it's time for me to come clean, huh?"

"Damned right, girlfriend," we chimed.

Sarah told her tale. "With three boys, Mark, Luke, and Jim, there was constant testosterone around my house. With only two years between each of them, they were all into the 'post-puberty high sex drive' years together. I went through every day, it seems like, with hands all over my ass. They'd find any excuse to rub against me. It drove me crazy, I have to tell you. There was always a hard dick when those boys were home."

We laughed. "I can just imagine," I said.

"Mark was the oldest. When he went away to college, it was like there was an empty space in my home and my heart. I missed him so much. He was always the most aggressive of the three, I guess because he was the oldest. I had to sit him down his senior year in high school and explain the facts of life. I told him I knew what he wanted, but that no Mother would corrupt her baby and I wasn't going to corrupt him. That kind of cooled him off a little. He was always perceptive. I can still remember what he said to me. 'I won't always be your baby, Mom. Soon I'll be a man, and I'll still want you.'"

"What did you say to him?"

Sarah laughed. "What do you think? I gave him the age old Mother's answer. 'We'll see.'"

We laughed with her. How many times had we all given our children the same answer? "We'll see." Sometimes it meant, possibly. Sometimes it meant, yes, but later. And sometimes it meant no, but I can't tell you no.

Sarah continued. "It was the summer after his freshman year at college. He came home, and it was like his desire for me was on steroids. I thought that after he got his hands on some of those young coeds that he would forget about me, but it seemed like he wanted me even more. I have to admit, it was flattering and exciting, but there was no way I was going to let it happen. A Mother doing something like that with her son was unthinkable to me."

We all nodded. We had all been there. Jumping the bar of what was socially repugnant and taboo was something we each had done.

"It was different, though. We've all had to fend off clumsy teen-aged advances, but he was different. He was a man. He was, I don't know how to explain it, smoother. There was no doubt he was trying to seduce me, and it was a man seducing a woman. It wasn't just an immature son trying to cop a feel. I admit that I teased him unmercifully. It was exciting, being wanted so much. One morning I went into his room to get the dirty laundry, and I had on nothing but my panties and one of Tim's tee shirts. I thought Mark's eyes would bug out of his head."

"My birthday came, and he got me a special gift. The boys had always relied on Tim to take care of that. I can't remember any of them giving me a special gift after they got older. Mark waited that night until his

brothers and father had gone to bed and I was finishing up in the kitchen. He hugged me, kissed me on the lips, said 'Happy Birthday, Mom,' and gave me this beautiful necklace." As she said that, she lifted it for us to see. It was nothing special, just a gold chain and a small gold heart, but clearly it had special meaning for Sarah. "It has not been off me for more than a few hours since then."

We sighed, practically in unison. Such a loving gift from a son to his Mother. Such love.

"I put it on, and the heart nestled between my breasts. He looked at it and said, and I'll remember his words forever, 'That is beautiful. My necklace, and my beautiful breasts.' I practically melted. Then he did the thing that undid me. He bent down and kissed the heart, then gently kissed each breast. I hugged his face to my breasts and the next thing I knew, he was teasing my nipple with his lips. I don't remember how my tit got out of my sweater. I was wearing a cashmere v-neck sweater, I remember that. I don't know if he took it out or I took it out, but there we were in the kitchen with him sucking my nipple. I have never had such a feeling. It was as if every nerve in my body was centered in that nipple. I looked down at his beautiful face. He looked up at me, his mouth on my breast, and then he raised up, took me in his arms, and kissed me."

Each of us girls was as hot as we could be. Each of us had had such a moment, except for Karen, and each of us was reliving our own.

"I don't remember, ever, being so turned on by a kiss. Maybe when I was young and all we could do was make out. Maybe those kisses were as hot, but I don't remember. But I will remember Mark's first kiss the rest of my life. We stood there, kissing, and his hand was on my breast. He didn't maul me. He was gentle, stroking the nipple with his fingers and squeezing my breast. He could have had me that night, but he didn't. He told me later that he wanted it to be my decision, and not just something we did in a moment of passion. He said he knew I had resistance to making love with him, and he wanted to give me time to be okay with it. I guess I knew at that moment that my little boy was a man."

She paused. I couldn't stand it. "Yeah, then what happened?"

"Nothing happened right away. He was right. I did have a lot of resistance to it. It's kind of in our DNA, isn't it? Everything tells us that is taboo and forbidden. You never hear about it happening, Sons and Mothers, so you assume it isn't happening. I must have read everything available on the internet about the effects of incest. The problem was, everything was about the negative effects of incest when the child is young and immature. That wasn't what this was. This was a man and a woman. You know, I felt like I was on my own. I wanted to talk to someone about it, but who? I was alone."

"But you know what the little scoundrel did? Every time he got me alone, he would bend down and kiss the neckline, then he would kiss my breasts. The first few times he did it I pushed him away and told him to stop. After awhile, I quit protesting and he kept doing it. It was the hottest, most loving, gesture. I don't know when I decided

I would let him have what he wanted. It seems like I went from 'This can't happen,' to 'When can this happen,' and I can't explain it. It seems like it was just a natural decision."

"So I started trying to come up with a way we could do it. In a house with a husband and three boys, there was never a time when Mark and I could be alone for long enough. I didn't want it to be rushed, and I didn't want to risk getting caught. We'd kiss when we got a chance alone and I thought no one would see, but that was all we could do. Once I was washing the dishes after dinner and Mark came in to help me. He stood behind me and rubbed his dick against my butt. I knew what he wanted, and he knew I wanted it, too, because I didn't discourage him. I know I was frustrated, and I can only imagine what it was like for him. The summer passed without our getting a chance, and before I knew it he was getting ready to go back to school. I remember standing out in the driveway as he was getting in the car to go. I was crying. I was crying because my baby was leaving me again, and I was crying because we had not had the chance to be together."

You could have stirred the emotion in the room. We knew that somehow she had gotten with Mark, but the way she was telling the story, it had us in suspense.

"He hugged me and whispered in my ear. 'Mom, homecoming is in a month, and it would sure be nice if you'd be my date. You think you could come visit me?' That was it. That was the answer, so I started making comments to Tim about visiting Mark, and that's

what happened. Homecoming weekend came, and I drove to school to be with him. I got a hotel room near campus, and called him."

"He must have been in his car waiting for my call, because he was there in about ten minutes. He knocked on the door of the hotel room. I was so nervous. I wanted it to happen, but I knew that I couldn't make the first move. It had to be his decision, and I guess he was thinking it had to be my decision. I wanted to meet him at the door with nothing on but this necklace, but I just couldn't. He hugged me, but we were both so nervous and awkward. We didn't even kiss."

"We went out to dinner, and the tension eased between us. Maybe it was the wine, or maybe it was just a mutual understanding that it was finally going to happen. Anyway, he took me back to the hotel and there was no discussion of it. We had both decided, I guess, that he'd go to my room with me, and he did. We walked through the lobby holding hands. As soon as the elevator door closed, he bent down and kissed the necklace, then my breasts. I had worn a low cut blouse because I hoped he'd do it, and he did."

"As soon as we got in the room, there were clothes flying everywhere. I don't remember who got undressed first, but there we were. Mother and Son, naked before each other. I felt like a goddess. I felt like the most beautiful woman in the world. He was eating me up with his eyes. Then he was eating me up with his mouth. That boy. That man. He had learned a lot. He sucked my breasts, first gently then with more insistence. He made me cum, just by sucking my breasts. I didn't think that could happen, but it did. Then he laid

me down, and showed me what else he could do with his mouth. It took my breath away. His mouth, his tongue, his fingers. He was exactly what I had wanted."

I looked at Karen. Her eyes were glazed over, and I knew she was imagining Andy doing the same with her.

"I've never been good at blowjobs, I guess. I mean, Tim used to complain a little and, after awhile, we just stopped doing it. But I put everything I had into pleasing Mark, and I guess I did. I don't know if I should tell you this, but we didn't have any of the boys circumcised. I just didn't want them to be hurt. Anyway, I had never had an uncircumcised one before. I was entranced with it. Still am. I slipped the foreskin down with my tongue, and I loved it."

"When Mark slid in me the first time, it was the most glorious feeling. He's not huge, but I could feel every inch of him. He was so gentle, so loving. I was a little embarrassed that first time. I wanted to ride him like a stallion, but I didn't want him to think his Mother was a slut. Besides, I wasn't so used to it anymore, and it hurt a little the first time. So, it was a little awkward. We spent the whole weekend in bed and it got better with each time. By the end of the weekend, I don't think there was anything we hadn't done. I did things with Mark I never did with Tim. I know that's wrong, but I wanted to please Mark, whatever it took. It's like, when it's your husband, it's something that's expected. Sex, I mean. It's like your husband owns your body, and you own his. But with your son, it's different. I felt like I was giving him the greatest gift I could ever give."

"And that's how it started."

"Wow," I breathed. "That was hot, Sarah."

"But what about Luke and Jim, Sarah? How did that happen?"

"You know, it just seemed natural with them, kind of like a rite of passage that was expected. After all, I had already made the decision with Mark that I could do it. I didn't have that hurdle to jump. I suspect the boys talked, too. Men do talk, don't they? But they were very good around me. They never let on, and they still don't, that they were all getting the same thing. They always act like they're the only one, and I make each one feel special when we're alone. Anyway, it became the norm that I would be their homecoming date. I kind of knew something was up because each went to a different school. The summers were the most complicated. I had three sons, and each of them wanted his special 'Mom Time.' We manage it, though. We have alternating date nights each week, where each of the boys will take me to dinner, and we always arrange for some alone time. It's a wonder we don't get busted up at the lake turn-off. And it's a wonder Tim doesn't have to replace the springs on that car!"

That got a laugh. We could all envision Sarah up at Lovers' Lane, making her car bounce.

She finished her story. "Each of the boys was different in how he tried to seduce me. It wasn't really a seduction, since I had already made

the decision I would let it happen, but I think that's always the way it is with men and women. Men like to think they're seducing a woman, but when it happens it's because the woman decided. I'll tell you the stories of Luke and Jim sometime later, but now we have to help Karen. How are we going to do this?"

Karen's eyes were glistening. "I don't know how I'm going to make it work, but I know I want it. I've always tried to suppress my feelings, but no more. If Andy still wants me, he's going to have me. That, I know."

"I remember when Andy got married. He and I had some alone time, and he hugged and kissed me. He told me that no matter what happened, I would always be his special girl. When he was younger, that's what he'd always call me. I always knew what he wanted. That's pretty obvious with them, isn't it? They try to be cool and to hide it, but those penises are always hard. I used to love feeling it when he'd hug me. At first he would hold his butt back so I couldn't feel it, and one day I just reached down to his butt and brought him to me. He got a funny look on his face and went running to his bedroom. Of course I knew what he was doing in there."

"But now he's married, and I don't feel like his special girl anymore. I miss it. If that's what he wants, and I'm not sure that he still wants it, then by God, I'll give it to him."

We fist-bumped. "You go, girl. You get it!"

Chapter 10

We didn't hear from Karen for a month. Well, that's not exactly right. I got an excited text from her a couple of weeks after our luncheon: "Andy's coming home this weekend!"

Needless to say, we were all on tenterhooks, waiting to get some news from her. Frankly, we weren't sure this would work. We had not tried to hook up a Mother and married son before, and that introduced a whole new dynamic to it. What made this even more difficult was that Karen was sure Andy was totally smitten with his new wife.

Finally, Karen sent a group text. "Lunch at my place on Wednesday. I can't wait to tell you!"

That was certainly tantalizing. Had it worked? Maybe she didn't get what she wanted so much, but maybe she made progress. Who could expect it to go from zero to 100 in a weekend?

Sarah immediately texted me after we got Karen's text. "What do you think, Vic? Another win?"

I texted back. "Let's not count our chickens. I'm just glad she's coming out of her cave."

On Wednesday, Sarah, Lisa, Bonnie, and I all met at Karen's. She greeted us at the door, and it was like she was a new woman. Her hair was done, she had on makeup, and she was dressed in a pair of slacks and a beautiful mauve sweater. I noted that Karen's extra weight was pretty well distributed. Sure, she had a paunch - who didn't? - but her breasts were full and her butt was curvy. She sure didn't have that flat butt that so many women get as they age. Karen was still a good-looking woman, but what made her beautiful on that day was her radiance. She was glowing. I would say she looked like a well-fucked woman, and I couldn't wait to hear her confirm it.

Of course we couldn't wait to get the details.

"Come on, Karen," I said. "Spill it. What happened? Did Andy come home?"

"In so many ways," Karen said, giggling. "He sure did."

As we walked toward the kitchen, we stopped at the entrance to her living room. There, prominently displayed on an easel, was a beautiful charcoal sketch of Andy. He was sitting in an easy chair, which was clearly recognizable as the chair in her living room. He was shirtless and if the drawing did him justice, he was muscular and quite handsome. I remembered Andy as a good-looking guy, but that sketch made him look like a movie star.

"Wow, Karen. That's great. When did you do that?," Lisa asked.

"Oh, we did that while Andy was here. I wanted something more than a photo. I wanted to remember him in a more intimate way. But that's part of my story. I can't wait to tell you about it."

"Then get to it, girl!"

"He got home about seven on Friday night. I was as nervous as a mother hen, waiting for him. I kept getting up to check the driveway to see if he was pulling in. I must have worn a path in the carpet. I had this same outfit on. I thought the sweater made my eyes look good and, if you notice, it's pretty low cut in front. I debated about not wearing a bra, but I didn't want to scare him away, now, did I?"

We laughed together. With those tits Karen was sporting, I doubt she would scare any man away.

She continued. "I hugged him so tight I thought I'd squeeze him in two, and he hugged me back. He apologized for taking so long between visits, but he's been put on the firm's largest client and said he's been working wicked hours. He said Patty, she's a graphic designer, you know, had a project due that she had to spend the weekend on, so he came to see me. I had dinner waiting for him, so we had a glass of wine and sat to eat. It was great, having him back. The house felt alive again, as soon as he walked in the door. I couldn't keep my hands off him. During dinner I kept reaching out to touch his face. Finally he said something like, 'Jeez, Ma, I'm here. I'm not going anywhere. Let me eat.'"

"After we cleaned up from dinner we sat in the den, talking. By that time it must have been about ten, and I was getting tired. I had hardly slept the night before and I guess that and the wine were getting to me. Andy said, 'I think it's time I got you in bed,' and I said 'Ooh. My dream come true.' He got a funny look on his face, but didn't say anything. I was afraid I had been too forward, so I didn't say anything more. I hugged him goodnight, then pulled my face back and kissed him right on the lips. It was just an innocent kiss at first, and then I teased his lower lip with my tongue. I could feel his body stiffen when I did that, but he got right into it. We stood there kissing. I have to tell you, everything you've said about it is true. That kiss was electric. Of course I haven't kissed anyone like that since Andrew, but even so, it was beyond my dreams. Kissing your son like that. That first forbidden kiss. You know exactly what I'm talking about, don't you?"

Nods all around. Yes, we all knew what that first real kiss was like. It is something you'll never forget.

Karen went on. Clearly she was enjoying reliving it for us. "It speaks volumes, doesn't it? Mother kisses are usually pecks on the cheek and maybe a peck on the lips, but never open-mouthed. Never with tongue. Kissing that way sends a message. Kissing like that says that the relationship has changed in that moment, and that there are possibilities. Nobody kisses that way unless there is desire. Am I making sense? Innocent kisses can signal love, but passionate kisses signal much more. We didn't do anything more, though. We just kissed, but it was a kiss with a promise. We went to our bedrooms and I don't know what Andy did, but I know what I did. I couldn't wait to get my fingers down there, and I climaxed almost

immediately. I didn't know if Andy understood what I was trying to say in that kiss, but I went to sleep with hope."

"The next morning, Saturday, he slept in. I don't think he got up until about ten. I was up at seven, and I was scared to death. I was afraid he might have been shocked or disgusted by the way I kissed him. I was afraid he'd get up and say he had to go home right away. I didn't know what to think. By the time he came down, I had already finished one pot of coffee and was working on the second. I shouldn't have worried. He had on a pair of flannel sleeping pants and a tee shirt, and I couldn't help but notice an erection. My boy had an erection for his Mother. If my kiss was supposed to send a promise to him, that hard dick sure sent a message to me."

"He walked right to me and bent over to kiss me on the lips. It wasn't a passionate kiss, just a good morning kiss, but his tongue touched my lower lip and I thought I'd explode. I was sitting down and I reached around his butt and hugged him to my shoulder. His hardness rubbed right on my shoulder and it was all I could do to keep from putting my hand on it right then. But I didn't. You would have been proud of me. I wanted to, but I didn't."

"I had on my own pajamas. They're silk, and you know how silk clings to you. I had plenty of time waiting for him that I could have gotten dressed, but I wanted him to see my pajamas. I wanted him to see me like that. He sat down and I got up to get him a cup. I stood on my tiptoes to reach for it, and when I turned around I saw his eyes were glued to my butt. I knew then I had him. As Andrew would

have said, 'He's hooked, just play him gently so he doesn't throw the hook before you land him.'"

"After breakfast he asked what I wanted to do, and I showed him some of my sketches. I told him I wanted to sketch him, if he'd allow it. He said, 'Oh, Mom, why do you want to sketch me?' I told him it was because he was my beautiful son and I wanted something that would make me feel close to him when he was away, so he agreed. He wanted to go shave and get dressed, but I wouldn't let him. 'I want to remember you as you wake up in the morning. It's important to me to have you that way,' I said. He seemed a little confused, but didn't question it. He sat in that chair right there, and I sketched him."

Sarah said, "But he doesn't have a shirt on in the sketch."

"Oh, that," Karen laughed. "I had him take it off. I asked if he slept in a tee shirt, and he said no, so I told him that's how I wanted to remember him - just as he wakes up in the morning. He took the shirt off and I couldn't help it. I bent down and kissed his chest. He held my head, running his fingers through my hair, and I'm amazed we didn't do anything right then. I wanted to. But we didn't. I got my supplies, and that must have been the fastest sketch I ever did. When it was done, I called him over to see it. He stood beside me and put his arm around my waist. 'Mom, it's beautiful,' he said. Then he got a little embarrassed. 'Not beautiful because it's me, but it's just a great sketch. I had no idea you were this good.'"

"I put my arm around him and we stood there, side by side, holding each other. I didn't have anything on under my pajamas and since he's a man I know he was aware of it. 'Now I'll always have you like that, won't I?,' I said. Then he said what I had hoped for."

We all said, "What did he say?"

"He said, 'But it's not fair. You get to see me as I am when I wake up, but I don't get to see you like that.' When he said it, he slid his hand down to my butt and lightly stroked it. He told me later that he was scared to death when he did that. He said he thought I was sending him signals, but he wasn't sure and he was afraid I was going to freak out or something. I guess I surprised him. I turned to him, raised up on my tip toes, and kissed him. It started as a gentle kiss, but we quickly turned it into much more. He was kissing me and had both hands on my butt, pulling me against him. I could feel how hard he was for me. My son was hard as a rock, and it was all for me."

She paused, and looked again at the sketch.

"So, what then? What happened then?," I asked her.

"He slid his hands under my pajamas and was holding my bare butt. He was pulling me against him while his hands made love to my butt. He ran his finger down my crack, and that was it for me. I said, 'Andy, would you like to see how I wake up in the morning?' He was practically panting. 'Oh, yeah, Mom. I'd love to see how you wake

up in the morning.' So I took him by the hand and led him into my bedroom."

"Ooh. You didn't waste any time, did you?" Lisa's face was flushed, and I imagine mine was, too.

"He couldn't wait to get my pajama top off. I stood in front of him and he unbuttoned it. When he slid it off my arms, he just stood and stared at my breasts. He seemed almost afraid to touch them, and I was beginning to worry that this extra weight around my belly was turning him off. I shouldn't have worried. He reached out tentatively and touched my left nipple. It was as hard as I can remember ever being. He looked up at me, and I know you've all seen that look, but it was my own Andy looking at me. I've never felt more loved and more desired than in that moment. I put my hand behind his head and pulled him to my breast. I held it with my hand and fed it to him like I did when he was a baby. God, that kid could suck tits then, and he can still suck them now. He went wild on my breast, and I loved it. We stumbled to the bed, with his mouth glued on my breast, and I fell back onto it."

"He must have spent an hour, just sucking my breasts. While he was doing it, he ran his hand down my stomach and under my pajama bottoms. I was gushing down there. You know how your juice kind of dries up after menopause, but my pussy must not have gotten the message that day. It was like I was a girl again. When he slid his finger in me, I thought I'd scream. I hunched against his hand and he sucked even harder on my breast."

"I couldn't take anymore. All I wanted was him, inside me again. I reached down to touch him and slid my hand inside his pants. It's been awhile for me, so maybe I'm wrong, but that thing was bigger than I remember any before. He slid my pants off, then took his off, and it was right there. It was beautiful. I took it in my hand and tried to pull him to my mouth. I wanted to show my boy how much I loved him. But he wouldn't let me. He said, 'Uh, huh, Mom. I get to go first. I've dreamed about this for too long.' Then he went down on me."

One look around the table said it all. Yep, having your son go down on your pussy is one of the great thrills in a woman's life.

"My son can eat pussy. When we were young, guys weren't into it as much, I guess. His father always wanted to please me, but he never got it right down there. But Andy? He knew just what to do. It was like he had a direct connection into my brain. No sooner would I think something, and he would do it. He massaged my G-spot with his finger while he sucked my clitoris. No one has ever done that for me. And then, well, I'm kind of embarrassed to tell you this."

"What, what? Go on. Tell us!"

"I've always wondered what it would be like to have butt play, you know? Andrew tried once, but he didn't use lube or anything and it hurt, so we never tried it again. Andy used my juice to lube up his finger, and slid it right in my butt while he sucked my clit. I climaxed right then. I'm surprised I didn't smother him in my pussy. I was pulling him into it, and I guess I kept screaming his name. He told

me later that I was. It was wild. Why I had to wait 58 years for it, I'll never know."

"Then it was my turn. I sucked my son. I sucked my son's dick. Sex is one thing. I mean, intercourse. But I think oral sex is even more intimate. I wanted to be good for him. I know young people today are really into that, and I'll admit it, I wanted to be at least as good as Patty at it. I sucked him, I used my tongue on him, and then I touched his butt while I was sucking him. It must be a switch or something. It worked on him just like it worked on me, because he gushed in my mouth. I was never that big on swallowing, but I didn't want Andy to think I thought it was dirty, so I swallowed every drop. He loved it. He made me come up and kiss him, with some of his cum still in my mouth."

"We just laid there for awhile, whispering and holding each other. He told me that he had always wanted me, but was afraid. I admitted that I had thought of him like that, and I was always afraid, too. I explained to him that men are always ready to get in any hole, but for women it was much more intimate. I said, 'For us it's the ultimate expression of love to give yourself to a man.' I don't know what I expected him to say. He said, 'Mom, for me it's the same with you. I feel like I'm closer to you than I've ever been, and I never want to lose it.'"

"By that time he was hard again. Ah, the joys of youth, huh? He wanted to be on top, but I wouldn't let him. I wanted it so bad and I wanted to watch his face when it happened, so I pushed him on his back and climbed on top. Looking back at it, I should have been

embarrassed because I'm so overweight, but he didn't seem to care and I didn't care. I took him in my hand and put him there, then slowly slid down on him. The look on his face. I'll never forget it. Maybe some day I'll do a private sketch, just for me, of that look. I know I'm preaching to the choir, but taking your son's penis into you is a mind-blowing experience. I mean that literally. It blew my mind. I couldn't believe it was happening. A fantasy I had always been afraid of was really happening."

"We spent practically the whole weekend in bed, either making love or talking. We talked more than we have talked in 25 years, I'll swear. I loved it. He was finally sharing with me, bringing me back into his life."

"We went out to dinner Saturday night. It was just like a date, if I can remember what a date is like. We dressed up and went to Delmonicos, over on the south side. He held my hand almost the whole night. I'm sure people seeing us thought he was just back from the wars, or something. What I wanted them to see was a Mother loving her son, and a son who loved his Mother. I don't think we disappointed. We didn't do anything to cause anyone to think it was a cougar scoring a young guy. We were just a loving son and Mother, like I always wanted. But when we got home again? It was no longer just a loving son and Mother. It was a LOVING son and Mother. I gave him the best I could, and he gave me the total love I needed."

Karen was exhausted by her story. She looked at us with tears forming in her eyes. "I owe this to you. I would never have done it on my own. Mothers don't do that with their sons. They just don't.

But I did, and I'm glad I did. I'm not sorry, not for a minute." She softly sobbed with emotion.

Sarah reached out to put her hand on Karen's. "Honey, it happens more than we know. Look around you. Here are five Moms who have done it. You know there are more. Many more. You'll start to see signs of it. You'll see sons holding their Mothers' hands in public, and you'll know. You'll wonder, 'If they're doing that here, what are they doing behind closed doors?' And you'll know, there's a sister. You did nothing wrong, Karen. You did everything right. He was yours before he was Patty's, and don't ever forget that. When they're young, they can't be away from us. Then they become young men, and they're embarrassed by their desire for us, so they try to repress it. They draw away from us. It's not right, but that's the way it is. What you did was evolve your love for each other to the next higher level, and that's a beautiful thing to happen. If every woman could know the love with her son you know now, the world would be a happier place."

"Thanks for saying that, Sarah. I felt pretty guilty after, and Andy must have noticed it. He told me the same thing. He said he had friends who he always suspected were doing something with their Moms, but as long as no one gets hurt and it stays a secret, whose business is it? I think I felt more loved then than I did when we were doing it. He really cared that I not feel guilty, and that I knew that he loved what we had done."

Lisa asked, "And when's he coming home again?"

"Patty's working on another project next weekend!"

We sat and chatted, drinking coffee and then, as the day progressed, wine. We got pretty raunchy. What we all agreed on was that this younger generation loved oral sex. I confessed that there were times now when I'd just give Bill a quick blowjob out in the garden shed, and it satisfied both of us.

Lisa disagreed. "I'm not so sure it's that the younger generation is into oral sex more than we were. I mean, when I was young like them, I loved it. The power you have when you're giving a blowjob is something. You can bring him to the edge and then, when you're ready, you can make him come like Mount St. Helens. It's powerful. No, I think there's more to it when it's your son. I think that's why all our guys seem to be so into getting it, and giving it. Karen's right. It's such an intimate act, and when it's your Mom, it must be overwhelming for them. I know it is for me."

Sarah said she felt the same way. "For each of my boys, the first time I took him in my mouth was the most intimate moment we'll ever share. Oh, don't get me wrong. I love the sex. I'll say it. I love the fucking. But when one of them goes down on me and takes me into his mouth, I melt. I still do. Each time is like the first time."

We talked about Mothers and Sons in general. I said, "It's true what Sarah said. When our boys start to become men, sex becomes the driving force for them. They can't separate love from sex, so because they can't have sex with us, they start to withdraw their love from us. If we could just tell them, 'Wait until you're a man and we can do

this,' it would be okay. But we can't say that. Most of us don't understand that. So we go through our adult lives, both Mothers and Sons, wanting something we can't have and letting the frustration destroy our relationships."

The day was getting late, so we adjourned, but not before each of us gave Karen a huge hug. She was a happy woman, and we had been a part of making that happen. She might have come around to the idea on her own, maybe, but we had helped her see the way.

As we were leaving, Lisa said, "Well, who's next?"

We all laughed. Sarah answered, "We'll decide that next Wednesday. Karen, we have a regular Wednesday lunch, and you're now a part of it. Girls, put your thinking hats on. There are plenty of Mothers who need what we can give them."

Chapter 11

Our Moms thought they were ever so clever. They had weekly lunches to gossip about our love affairs, and that's what it was - love affairs - and to talk about which Mothers and Sons they would try to bring into the group. And let's be honest here. The group was Sons and Moms who were fucking each other. I don't know if they were trying to hide their weekly lunch get-togethers from us, but they didn't talk about them much with us. When I was brought into the group there was a general understanding that what we were doing, or in my case, wanting to do, was something that had to remain an absolute secret. Oh, sure, we each knew what was going on with the others, but we were bound to secrecy among us. It was like a "Mutual Assured Destruction" pact. If anyone had talked out of school we all would be ruined, so no one talked out of school. Besides, it's not something that comes up in conversation that often. "Oh, say. I'm fucking my Mother. It's pretty great." Yeah, that's just not something you should say as a conversation starter. If there's a lull in a conversation, better to talk about the weather, or sports, or anything, except that you're in a sexual relationship with your Mom.

I was brought into the group by my buddy, Matt. His Mom, Susan, and my Mom, Anne, were close friends and, as a result, Matt and I were friends. Matt knew I had a thing for his Mom. Who wouldn't? She was one of those redheads who just takes your breath away. In my experience, redheads are either stone beautiful, or plug ugly, with no in-between. Susan was one of the stone beautiful ones. Matt had a thing for my Mom, too. If you look up "Soccer Mom" on Wikipedia, you might find a photo of my Mom, she's so stereotypical. She's a tall brunette who's going to gray naturally and

although she's putting on some weight as she gets older, I think it's pretty well-distributed.

I can remember the first time Matt and I talked about our Moms. Our families were having a pool party at our house. After the hamburgers, Susan and Mom went into Mom's bedroom to change into their swimming suits. Matt and I, without having talked about it, lurked in the den so we could see them when they came out. We didn't say what we were doing, it was just by mutual understanding. This was several years ago and we were horny teen-agers, so anything could turn us on. Both Mom and Susan wore modest middle-aged style swimming suits when they came out of the bedroom, and they were giggling at something. Mom had on a one-piece, and Susan had a two-piece suit. Matt and I sat there with our mouths open. Susan stopped and looked at us, and said something like, "Close your mouths, boys. It's just your old Moms," and then they walked outside, still giggling.

I said to Matt, "God, your Mom is hot."

"Yeah, so is yours, Ryan. Her butt is something dreams are made of."

And that's how it started. From that moment, it seems like, our conversations about our Moms became more graphic each time. We tried to come up with plans for how we could seduce them, as if a teen-aged boy could ever seduce an older Mom of his friend. Whether it was possible or not, though, we would get so turned on by our talks that we couldn't stand it. Looking back, it was funny. We'd talk about them and then, one by one, we'd have a sudden urge

to use the bathroom. We never talked about what we were doing in the bathroom, but for my part I know I must have flushed a few billion sperm down the toilet.

I'll admit it, I always wanted to fuck my Mom. It didn't matter what she was wearing around the house, to me she was always beautiful and sexy. There was one time, and maybe this is how we changed our focus to our own Moms, when I saw Mom in her panties and a tee shirt. She had run to the kitchen in the morning to start the coffee for her and Dad, and I was already up and getting ready for school. Matt was right. Mom had an ass to kill for. I couldn't wait to tell Matt about it.

"You won't believe what I saw this morning. I caught Mom in the kitchen, and she just had on panties and a tee shirt. You're right about her butt."

"Whoa. Could you see it? What were the panties like?"

"Just regular panties, but they were almost see-thru, and I could see her butt, I think. She didn't have a bra on, either, and her nipples were standing out."

Matt was entranced. "God, Ryan. I'd love to get my hand on her butt. You think she'd let me?"

"If anybody's hand is going to be on that butt, it's going to be mine. You've got Susan. Your hands should be on that red-haired butt."

Matt moaned. "I know, I know. You don't think I've thought about it?"

Normal teen-aged conversation, right? From that moment, though, we had acknowledged we wanted to fuck our own Moms. Oh, I'd still talk about Susan and Matt would still talk about Mom, but there was a tacit understanding that what we really wanted was our own Moms.

When we went away to college, we'd still get together with the old gang on breaks. We were careful not to talk about our Mothers in front of the other guys, but when Matt and I would be alone, you could be sure that topic would come up. As we got older, both of us were a little guilty that we still harbored those desires. I mean, at some point you're supposed to grow beyond that, right? But we didn't. I know I didn't. My desire to get Mom in bed festered like a boil. There were times when I was consumed by it, and there were times when it was in my mental background, but it was always there.

Usually, the times when it would come to the forefront was when I was in my dorm room alone and jacking off. Sure, there was the occasional coed who would occupy my fantasies, but Mom was always in there somewhere. That girl in my calculus class might start my jerk-off fantasy, but somehow it was always Mom who finished it. I can't tell you the number of times I would call home, late at night, with my dick in my hand. I'd talk to Mom, slowly jerking off, and

that made it even hotter. She had no idea I had my dick in my hand while I was talking to her.

After graduating and getting a job, I guess I matured a bit. I still wanted Mom, but it was like a pot on the back burner. It was always simmering, but didn't come to a boil anymore. I guess I realized some things are unobtainable and have to remain in the realm of dreams. Yes, I still dreamed about Mom occasionally, but that's all it was - a dream.

All this is to give you background for what happened a couple of months ago. I was home for vacation, and Matt called me one afternoon. "Hey, Ryan. A bunch of us are going to O'Malleys to watch the basketball game. You wanna come and hang out with us?"

O'Malleys was our local watering hole. From the time we could drink legally, that's where we'd hang out. We thought it made us grown up, having our own bar. It was a great place. They had separate rooms with big screen TVs, so each group could watch what they wanted.

"Sure. Who's going to be there?"

"Probably Jim, Bill, Chris, and Sammy. Maybe Andy will be there. You remember him? Point guard, a couple of years ahead of us?"

"Yeah. What time? Game starts at three, I think."

"Three will be good, or maybe a little before that. See you there."

I got tied up in traffic and the game had already started when I got there. I went from room to room, and finally found our group. The rooms were great. They were set up like dens, with couches and easy chairs, and the guys were settled in with their beers. Somebody had smuggled in a couple of bags of Doritos that were being passed around.

"There he is. I told you he'd come," said Matt. All the other guys raised their beers to me. Matt already had one waiting for me, so I toasted them in return and sat in an easy chair next to Matt. We were already down ten points and it looked like another blowout in progress, so there wasn't a lot of interest in the game. We were talking in small groups, and Matt, Jim, and I caught up on what we had been doing. It was kind of poignant. When we were all younger, we had some hell-raising times at O'Malleys. Now we were in danger of becoming our fathers, talking about grass sod and such. At least we weren't to the point where each of us would describe the route he took to get there, with arguments about which route was better.

Matt leaned over to me. "So how is the beautiful Anne doing?"

"She's fine. She's started yoga classes, so we're constantly bombarded with the joys and benefits of yoga. She seems to like it, so I guess it's okay."

"She still hot?"

That kind of took me by surprise. Matt and I had discussed our Moms in intimate detail, but only between the two of us. Now Matt was talking about her in front of Jim. I didn't want to seem like a pervert, so I tried to deflect him. "Oh, she's the same. She's letting her hair gray naturally, and I think it looks good on her."

Matt took the hint, and we talked about something else. As the beer flowed, the conversations got more raucous. In a lull in our conversation I heard someone say, "She gives the best blowjob I've ever had. I guess because it's her, maybe, but it still takes my breath away." My ears perked up. Who doesn't like hearing about a good blowjob? I couldn't tell who had said it and when I looked back at Matt, he was smiling.

"Wonder who they're talking about?," he said.

"Dunno, but I'd like to get in on it. I'm in a dry spell."

Jim had gone for another beer so Matt leaned over and whispered, "You ever make any progress with Anne? Don't try to tell me you don't still want that."

I blushed, I guess, because I did still want that. Couldn't have it, of course, but I still wanted it. "Some things you want, you just can't have. I guess understanding that is part of growing up. To answer

your question, though, yeah. She's still hot. Maybe hotter than she was."

"Same with me, bro," Matt said. "Mom is still the hottest redhead I've ever seen."

Laughing, I said to him, "So you tapping that?" I expected the same kind of answer I had given him. You can imagine my shock when he answered.

"Yep."

I spewed my beer. "Sure you are, in your dreams. Asshole."

He didn't answer directly, but asked me again, "You still want Anne?"

I thought I'd play along, since he seemed to be having fun with this. "Oh, yeah. You know I do. She's put on a little extra weight, and it's gone right to her ass. Drives me crazy."

Matt looked at me. "That's all I needed to hear. You remember when you gave me your Packers jersey?"

"Yeah. I loved that jersey. But you wanted it, and you were my best friend. You still got it?"

"Sure do. I know I owe you for that, so I'm going to give you an even better gift. I'm going to give you something you will remember the rest of your life."

I looked around. I didn't see anything he could give me. I did notice that conversation among the other groups had died down, and everyone seemed to be trying to watch us out of the corners of their eyes. I wondered what was going on, then noticed it was halftime. That's why people had stopped talking. I was glad we were talking about the jersey, though, so no one would hear me talking about fucking my Mom. "So where is it? Parked outside? You get me that Porshe I always wanted?"

"Better than that, my friend. Better than that."

I didn't know where this was going, so I laughed. Matt didn't laugh.

He put his hand on my arm and whispered, "What if I told you that you can get Anne in bed? What if I told you it's not only possible, but can be pretty easy to do if you go about it right?"

The other guys were all focused on the TV, where the second half had just started. "I'm listening," I whispered back.

"You ready to give it a try?"

"I dunno. First, it's impossible. Second, we're just starting to get along better, and I don't want to piss her off. Third, I don't want to get my ass shot off by the old man." I laughed, but what I said was true. It would be impossible, and it would be risky. I continued, "Better for some things to just stay in dreams, you know."

"And if there was minimal risk?"

"Minimal risk? Then yeah, I'd give it a try."

Matt stood up, clapped his hands, and shouted, "He's in!"

"What the fuck, Dude?" I had no idea what Matt was doing, but everyone in the room cheered and looked at me.

Jim was back with beers for us. "Here's a life lesson for you. How do you eat an elephant?"

Oh, now I got it. This was some sort of joke, and Matt was giving me the lead up to it. I groaned loudly. "Yeah, like I don't get enough life lesson lectures from Mom and Dad. OK, give it to me."

"You eat an elephant a bite at a time. Little bites, but by the time you're done you ate the whole elephant and it didn't even know until it was too late."

I laughed. I was a little confused by where this was going, but didn't want to look like I didn't understand. "Yeah, that's just what I want to do with my life. Eat elephants. Thanks for that."

Everyone laughed, and I laughed with them.

Jim wouldn't let it go. "That lesson applies to everything in life. What you want to do is just one of those things, but if you go at it like you eat an elephant, you can get where you want to be."

"And where is that, Jim?" I was getting a little irritated.

"In your Mom's bed."

Now I was getting pissed. It's one thing for Matt and I to talk about it, but what the hell? What had Matt been telling them. I was getting ready to stand up and walk out, when Matt said, "It can be done, because we've all done it."

"Huh?"

Bill was sitting on the couch. "That's right. We're all doing it. You were never able to hide how much you wanted Anne, so we thought we'd bring you into the group. You good with it?"

No I wasn't good with it. So the whole group had been talking about how much I wanted to fuck Mom? That's not cool. On the other hand, what if they were telling the truth? What if it could be done?

"I might be good with it, if you guys aren't all bull shitting me."

"We're not bull shitting," said Chris. "We're not bull shitting at all."

I looked at Matt. "You and Susan? Are you shitting me?"

"Yep. Me and Mom. She's hotter than I ever imagined. That red-haired bush is fine, Man, just fine." He looked around the group. "Okay, who was talking about the best blowjob you ever had?"

Sammy pumped his fist in the air. "My Mom gives the best blowjob I'll ever have."

I looked at him. I knew his Mom, Bonnie, and she was hot. Cute little blonde. I couldn't help but imagine her face on my dick.

"You're serious, aren't you? This isn't some sort of hazing ritual?"

"No, Dude. It's not hazing. It's fact. We're all in there. You can be, too, if you'll listen to us."

"I'm all ears now. Let's have it."

One by one, they all recounted how they were fucking their Mothers. Either they were telling the truth, or O'Malleys was putting some sort of psychedelic drugs in their beer. If it was some sort of mass hysteria drug, I didn't get it, so maybe it was the truth. If it was, then I was in. I told them that.

Jim took charge. "It started with me and Bill, and we've learned some lessons along the way with each of us. There are a few basic principles that seem to be consistent."

He sounded like a damned college professor. "...a few basic principles that seem to be consistent."

"And?"

"First, you have to understand your needs and your Mom's needs. You want to fuck her. Right?"

I looked around. If they were all doing it, what could I lose by admitting that's what I wanted? I nodded.

"What your Mom wants is for you to love her, totally and deeply. You can't get what you want until you give her what she wants.

That's step one, really. You have to show her how much you love her."

"That sounds easy enough."

"Then you have to make her see you as a sexual being, and not just her little boy. That's the tough part, but once you get it out there, everything starts to fall into place."

I looked at Matt. I still couldn't get the image of Susan's red-haired bush out of my mind. Then I thought about what Mom's bush might look like. What it might look like with my face buried in it. "So how do I start?"

Chris said, "When's the last time you told her how much you love her?"

"Maybe Christmas, I don't know."

"Well, she needs to hear it every day. How do you kiss her?"

"Maybe on the cheek. Hell, I don't know."

They laughed in unison. "Just like us. That's where we were. Now look at us. A real gang of motherfuckers!" I laughed, too. The image

was something. "Motherfucker" has become the ultimate curse word, but these guys were claiming the label proudly.

We talked for awhile. Somebody explained that what she wanted was to know I loved her, respected her, and that she could trust me. Seemed pretty basic.

As we broke up to head home, I said, "If you guys are bullshitting me, I'm going to kick some ass."

Matt said, "Just do what we tell you, and see how it goes. You down for meeting here again later in the week?"

"Sure," I said. "Why not?"

When I got home the first thing I did was to find Mom. She was down in the basement doing her yoga. I don't know what pose she was in, but it looked good. She had her butt up in the air and it looked fine in those tight yoga pants. I waited until she finished that move, and then went up to her. She stood up, slightly out of breath, and I hugged her tight to me. "I love you, Mom. I hope you know how much."

"What have you done this time, Ryan? You in trouble?"

I laughed. Yeah, I could understand how she might think that. "No, not in trouble, unless loving your Mom too much can be trouble."

She hugged me back, and I pulled her close. "I need to send you to O'Malleys more often, I guess, if this is the reaction I get," she said. "You want to learn some yoga with me?"

"No, I don't think so. I'm working on my inflexibility. You mind if I watch you?"

"Sure," she said. "I've just got a few more to work through, then I'll start supper, or maybe just order some pizza. What do you think?"

"Whatever's easiest for you." I sat down while she got back on her yoga mat. I wasn't exaggerating when I said I thought she looked better with a little age on her. She had a strap top on over the yoga pants, and those tits were looking good. I noticed a little nipple action going on. Did yoga turn her on? Maybe it was my hugging her?

That's how I spent the rest of the weekend. I hugged her whenever I could, and told her how much I loved her. I guess I was getting on her nerves because she finally said, "I get it, Honey. You love me. You don't have to tell me every ten minutes." So, lesson one to myself: Don't push it too hard. Be a little subtle. That had never been my strength, so I made myself slow down.

On Sunday she was standing at the sink, wearing another pair of yoga pants. I walked behind her and hugged her from behind. I didn't go in with the idea of making it sexual, but that's how it worked out because I ended up with my hands on her belly and pulling her butt against my hard dick. She turned around and put her hands on my chest, pushing me away. "Whoa, Son. Don't forget I'm your Mother."

"Can't help it. Those damned yoga pants on you drive me crazy."

She laughed. "Try to control yourself."

I hugged her to me, from the front this time, and made sure my dick was pressed against her. "What's gotten into you?," she asked me. She wasn't laughing this time.

"I don't know. You've just always had that effect on me. I'm serious. I can't help it."

"Well, don't let your father see you like that."

She pushed me away and went back to the sink, while I sat at the kitchen table looking at her ass. She turned around to tell me something, and saw where I was looking. "Am I going to have to start wearing a burlap bag when you're around?"

"Wouldn't make any difference. It's what's in it, not what you're wearing."

This was getting pretty deep, and I wasn't ready for it yet, so I changed the subject. "I saw Matt at O'Malleys. When's the last time you saw Susan? How's she doing?"

"I saw her a couple of weeks ago at the grocery store. She seemed very happy. I don't know what's gotten into her. She was practically bubbly."

I almost choked. I knew what had gotten into her. "Matt's good. He seemed glad to be home."

"And you're not?"

"Of course I'm happy to be here. I've missed you."

She came over and mussed my hair. "I've missed you, too, Honey. It seems like you were always here, and then you weren't. The house is empty without you, sometimes."

"You keep wearing those yoga pants, and I'll move back home, Mom," I said.

"You really like them that much? They're comfortable, but I think they show too much of my fat roll." When she said that, she pulled her tank top up a little and twirled around.

"Whew," I said. "Looks good to me. I've always been obsessed with that butt of yours."

"Too much information," she laughed. "I thought you would have grown out of that by now."

"Don't think I'll ever grow out of it. Mom, you're fine, and you know it. If you were mine, I'd have you in the bedroom every minute of the day."

She giggled. This was going better than I expected. She was upset with me at first, but here we were, talking about having her in the bedroom. "Oh, that wears off after awhile. If you haven't noticed, I'm becoming an old lady."

"You're still the hottest woman I've ever known. You may not think so, but you've still got it."

She made a shooing motion with her hands. "Oh, hush, you silver-tongued devil. Go in the den with your father. I'm going to do some yoga downstairs."

"Mind if I watch you again?"

"Will you behave yourself?" She giggled again.

"I make no promises. That one you do where your butt is up in the air? No man could control himself with that going on."

We went downstairs, and I settled into an easy chair while she got her yoga mat out. She started with some basic stuff, I guess, and then did my favorite. She was on her hands and knees and did this pose where her butt was up in the air and her head back. I noticed that she had been facing me with the other moves, but had twisted for this one so her butt was toward me. Was she doing that on purpose? Did she want me to appreciate her butt? Looked like it to me. This was going better than I hoped.

When she finished that pose, she looked back at me, back on all fours. I don't know about you, but there's that move women seem to make while you're fucking dog style. You know, when you're pounding her and she turns her head to look back at you. It drives me crazy, and that's what Mom was doing. Maybe she didn't know what that look does to men, but it sure had its effect on me.

"Ryan, you're drooling."

So she knew. She knew how I loved seeing that ass. She knew how that look back would affect me. She did it on purpose.

"Whew," I said. "You want to get a room?"

That made her laugh. She finished her yoga and rolled the mat up, then stood in front of me. I reached for her and pulled her onto my lap. She hugged me, and the effect was that her tits were right in my face. I don't know what she expected me to do. I turned my head and hugged her so that her breasts rubbed right against my right cheek. She rubbed her fingers through my hair and whispered, "What am I going to do with you?"

"I've got a few ideas right now," and I pushed down with my hands around her waist so that her butt pressed down on my dick.

"That's not going to happen. Just put it out of your mind."

In a teasing voice I said, "What's not going to happen?"

Her voice took on a teasing tone, too. "You know. That."

"Even if that's what I want more than anything? You wouldn't have to buy me a birthday present this year. It would be a lot cheaper."

"Sometimes what's cheap in the short term is more expensive in the long term, Ryan. There are some things that can never happen."

Good Lord. In two days I had gone from hugging her awkwardly, at best, to talking about whether she was going to fuck me. She might not have realized that's where our conversation had turned, but I sure knew. She had pulled back so that she was looking down at my face. I raised my hands to her back and pulled her to me. I bent my head forward and kissed her left breast.

I don't know what her reaction would have been, because at that moment Dad opened the door to the basement and shouted down the stairs, "Honey? You about done? What time's supper?"

She jumped off my lap and answered him. "I'm coming. I thought we might have pizza. Okay?" Then she looked back at me, shook her finger at me, and ran to the stairs.

Dammit. I had her tit in my face, I was kissing it through her tank top, and then Dad had to interrupt us. I laughed when I thought that. Dads. The ultimate cock-blockers. He had no idea.

We ate our pizza in the den while we watched a movie. Dad sat in his usual recliner, while Mom and I were on the couch. She leaned back on the arm and put her legs up on the couch, putting her feet against my leg. She tickled my thigh with her toes and giggled. Dad was into the movie, but neither Mom nor I were watching it that closely. I kept looking at her, laying there with her breasts straining against the tank top, and I noticed her nipples were hard. She saw me looking, and crossed her arms over her breasts.

"Spoil sport," I said softly.

"Bad boy," she said back, just as softly.

The guys had told me to show her I loved her, and then to try to introduce a sexual component to it. I was already there. She could have no doubt what I wanted. What was it they told me? To get what I wanted, first I had to give her what she wanted.

"I love you, Mom," I mouthed to her.

"I know," she whispered back. "I'm glad you do. You're supposed to, you know."

When the movie was over, Dad got up and announced he was off to bed.

"I'll be up in a minute, Honey," Mom told him.

After he left, we sat there for a minute, not saying anything. I reached down to Mom's ankle, and gently massaged it, rubbing my hand up her calf.

"You're crazy, you know it?," Mom said. "What's going on with you?"

"Same thing that's always gone on with me. I think you're even prettier now than you were when I first started noticing you."

"And when was that? Last week?"

"A little bit before that," I laughed, "as if you never noticed."

"Oh, I noticed. It's just a phase boys go through. They're all in love with their Mommy." She looked wistful. "And then they grow out of it."

"I guess sometimes we don't grow out of it, huh?"

She got up and stood there, as if she was expecting something. I thought if she was expecting it, I ought to give it to her so I took her in my arms and, without saying anything, kissed her on the lips. It was not a passionate kiss. Just a kiss on the lips, but I couldn't remember the last time I kissed her like that.

"Oh, get to bed," she said, and pushed me toward the stairs.

I had to leave the next Sunday to get back in time for work on Monday, so I had a week to get things moving. I had no idea how I was going to close the deal. I had some experience with women and it seemed to me that when it worked, it just worked. There came a time when it just seemed natural to end up in bed together.

Sometimes it happened according to the much-vaunted "three date rule," and sometimes it took longer. When it happened, though, it just seemed like another step in a progression.

But this was my Mom. I had a feeling that the "three date rule" didn't apply to Mothers, and I had no idea how to progress. With anyone else, I would make sexual jokes and comments, but this was Mom. To tell the truth, I didn't think she really cared about sex that much. She and Dad seemed to just live together, and always had. I used to listen carefully at night to try to hear them at it, but never could. As far as I knew, they didn't do it.

I held back and motioned for her to climb the stairs ahead of me. She knew why I was doing it and giggled, putting her hands back over her butt. "Spoil sport," I said. I still enjoyed her swaying ass as she climbed the stairs, hands or no hands. That was a fine ass. In bed later, I thought about where we were and where I hoped we would be. Relationships are funny. You go from stealing glances at breasts until, after you've made love, you're able to touch them practically anytime you want. I wondered if I would ever get there with Mom. Either way, success or not, I had her thinking about fucking me. Oh, sure, she would deny she was thinking about it, but how could she not be? She knew what I wanted, so she had to at least consider it. I wondered what she was thinking. "Should I let him have it? Will I let him have it?" Just thinking about what she was thinking was delicious.

The next day Dad went to work and I had her to myself. When I went to the kitchen in the morning she was already there. I hugged her as

she sat in her chair and kissed the top of her head. When I did it, I held the back of her neck and gave a little squeeze. "Oh, stop it," she said, but she didn't say it in an angry way. After I finished my coffee she said, "Are you ready to go down for some yoga?"

Now that was progress. She knew I liked watching her. I didn't know about her, but all I could think of was how we were interrupted when I kissed her breast the day before.

She went through her routine, and I couldn't take my eyes off her. When she got to my favorite one, she said, "This is the Downward Facing Dog. I think it's your favorite, isn't it?" and then she went into it. She first got on all fours, and then raised her butt up until she was in an inverted V position. The yoga pants strained across her ass, and I could see the outline of her panties under them. I moaned out loud. I didn't care if she heard me or not.

"Oh, yeah. I like that one."

"How about this one? This is called the Upward Plank Pose," and she laid on her back, put her hands under her, and raised her body until the only things touching the floor were her hands and her feet. Her head was arched back. Her pussy was outlined perfectly by the yoga pants, and I almost lost it right there.

I noticed, and didn't know why I didn't see it before, that she was not wearing a bra under her tank top. She had been on the previous days. In this pose, her breasts were prominently displayed and her nipples

were standing up like little soldiers. "Oh, I like that one, too. I really like that one. A lot."

She held it for awhile, and then collapsed on her mat and sat in a cross-legged yoga position. "What do you like about it?"

Wow. Was she flirting with me? She had to know exactly what I liked about it. Her question caught me off-guard. What should I say? Should I be honest? How could I frame it in an innocent way? I finally decided if she wanted to flirt, I would give it right back to her, but in spades.

"It makes your breasts look delicious, the way they strain against your top. And those yoga pants, well, they show you off perfectly."

I feared I may have gone a step too far, too fast, but she didn't get mad. "I thought so. Yoga makes me feel sensuous, somehow. I thought you'd like that one."

She stood up and walked over to the chair I was in, the same one I was in the day before. Again, I pulled her into my lap and she giggled. "Now where was I," I asked, "when we were so rudely interrupted yesterday?" She put her hands around my neck and kissed me on the forehead.

"I forget," she said.

"Well, I remember," I said, and bent my head to kiss her left breast. She held my head, arching her head back, and pulled me in. I kissed her nipple through her tank top, and then sucked it.

"Oh, my baby. You shouldn't be doing that. That's not what a son should do with his Mother."

"I did before, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did. You were always a hungry little bugger." She still held my head into her breast.

I had my hands on her waist, and slid my right hand under her tank top, resting it on her smooth little belly. I started running my hand up, wanting to hold her breast, and she put her hand on mine and stopped me. "Honey, this is going pretty fast. I like playing with you, but there are some things we can't do, you know. Some things are off-limits, and always will be."

"Maybe," I replied, "But what happens between us stays between us. There's nobody but us right now, and nobody can see."

"Even if nobody sees, I'll know. I don't think I could handle the guilt, Ryan."

Even with her holding my hand, I continued to push upward. She kissed me on top of the head, and released the pressure holding it from advancing. I slid my hand up and cupped her breast, rubbing my thumb against her nipple. She moaned.

"This is what I was talking about in that plank pose. Your nipples are beautiful. They were begging me to touch them, weren't they?"

She trembled a little and said, in a drawn out flirting little girl voice, "No."

I squeezed her breast. It was soft and filled my hand. I pinched her nipple lightly. "I think they were. I think this is what they wanted," and I bent forward again to suck her nipple through her top. She held my head, pulling me into her, and reached her right hand under her top, placing it on mine. She then reached down to the waist of her top and pulled it up, over her breasts.

I don't know what I thought about them when I was a baby, but Baby, I loved them now. She had a light dusting of freckles on them, and below her tan line they were milky white. The nipples were a light brown, and stood out a good half inch. I looked up at her face, and she smiled at me. "Disappointed?"

"No way." I bent my head back down and took her left breast into my mouth. It was big enough that I couldn't get the whole thing in my mouth, but I tried. I sucked, while scrubbing her nipple with my tongue.

"Oh, my God, stop," she said, but she continued to pull my face into her breast. She held her breast with her left hand, feeding it to me like she must have done, many years ago. I sucked and sucked, with her moving my face from one breast to the other. "It's been so long," she said. "I always loved feeding you."

I couldn't say anything. What could I say? First, my mouth was full and my Mother always told me not to talk with my mouth full. More important, there were no words that could convey what I was feeling. I continued to work her breasts and started unconsciously hunching my dick up against her. She responded, moving her hips against my dick, and then she jumped up.

"You see what I'm talking about? This is going way too far, way too fast. Honey, we have to control this. There's no telling where we'll end up if we don't have limits."

"I'm good with limits, Mom, as long as they include those beauties. They were mine once, and I'm reclaiming them."

That got a laugh out of her, and she gave me the dreaded Mom answer, "We'll see."

That afternoon we just hung out together, talking and laughing. She seemed to love my attention, and I loved giving it to her. I tried to get at her tits again, but she slapped my hands away. "Time and place

for everything. Remember that." I didn't know what she meant, but I wanted her to see that I could control myself, so I stopped.

That night we watched another movie, and like the previous night she put her feet against me on the couch. I didn't hesitate this time, but took her foot and starting rubbing it. "Ooh," she said loudly. "Honey, your son gives a good foot rub. You might be replaced."

"Good," Dad said, keeping his eyes on the TV. "There are some jobs I don't mind giving up."

Mom laughed, and I continued rubbing her feet. She was practically purring. She had plantar fasciitis and rubbing the tendon in her foot relieved the pain, she explained to me. By that time my hands were aching, but I wasn't about to stop. Finally, she had mercy on me and said, "That'll do, Honey. I'm good now." I ran my hand up her calf, and slid my fingers under the bottom of her yoga pants, gently rubbing her skin. She made no move to stop me, but just smiled angelically.

Again, Dad went upstairs first. This time I didn't hesitate when Mom stood up, but got up with her and took her in my arms. I kissed her again, and this time gently probed her lips with my tongue. She opened them slightly and allowed me in, then her tongue met mine. I was holding her waist, and slid my hands down to cup that curvy ass of hers. She moaned in my mouth, and then pushed me away. "Limits, Ryan. Remember."

I sighed. Limits are a killer. I wanted my hands on her bare ass. Damned limits.

She walked up the stairs ahead of me, and this time didn't bother reaching back to cover up her butt. She knew I was watching as I climbed the stairs behind her, and she didn't mind.

That night I reviewed my progress. She might say there were limits, but so far I had been able to push the limits ever forward. I was sure I would reach a point where I couldn't push anymore, but I was determined to find that point and enjoy what I had.

The next morning, Mom announced that she had some shopping to do at the mall and asked if I wanted to go. Normally, I would rather have been dipped in boiling oil than go to the mall with Mom, but this time I agreed eagerly. I'm glad I did. We had a great time. We wandered from shop to shop, and as we walked I held her hand. She liked that and, from time to time, would squeeze my hand.

We walked by Victoria's Secret and I said, "Oh, let's go in there."

"No way, Buster," she laughed. "Those aren't for my old body and besides, I think there's a rule against Mothers and Sons being in there together."

I leaned to her and squeezed her hand as I whispered in her ear, "I think that's a beautiful body." She squeezed my hand in response, but didn't say anything.

Just then we heard a voice behind us. "What are you two lovebirds up to?"

We turned around, and it was red-haired Susan and Matt, and they were holding hands just like we were. God, she was gorgeous. All I could think of was her giving Matt a blowjob, so I must have blushed bright red. I looked at Matt, and he winked at me.

"Ryan, when did you get home? Good of you to visit your poor old Mom. She wants to see more of you, you know."

Susan gave me a hug, pressing her breasts against me, while Mom hugged Ryan. I noticed Ryan's hands were pretty low on Mom's waist - not on her butt, but pretty close. "Bastard," I thought, but then I was pretty excited by Susan's tits, so I guess I couldn't criticize.

"Well, I hope so, Susan. I confess I haven't spent enough time here, but from now on, Scout's Honor, I'll do better."

Susan laughed and Mom said, "Matt's looking good."

"Oh, he is," Susan said, and got a warm look on her face. "He's my baby. He's doing everything right, I think."

She then turned to Mom and took her arm. "Say, Anne, there's a group of us who seem to get together every week for lunch. You know almost everybody - Victoria, Sarah, Lisa. There's a few you don't know, but you'll like them. You want to join us tomorrow?"

Mom looked at me and said, "I don't know, Susan. Ryan's only home this week, and I want to spend all my time with him."

I jumped in. The group Susan had described included all the Mothers who the guys claimed they were fucking. Only good could come of Mom being with them, I figured. "Oh, go ahead, Mom. You young gals need to get out and kick up your heels. We've got plenty of time. Maybe Matt and I will go out for a beer."

"Oh, okay, Susan. Where? When?"

They arranged the details, and then we went our merry ways. Mom was a little pensive as we drove home. "I hope Susan didn't see us holding hands. What did she mean with that 'lovebirds' comment?"

"Mom, she didn't mean anything. What's wrong with a son loving his Mother? What's wrong with holding hands? You always made me hold your hand when I didn't want to. Now it's my turn. Besides, she and Matt were holding hands, too, weren't they?"

"I guess so," she said, "But we have to be very careful. Nothing out of line in public, Mister."

Those were beautiful words to hear. She was telling me that we now had two sides to our relationship. We had a public side of a son innocently loving his Mother and a private side that had to remain secret.

"Don't worry, Mom," I replied. "I'll never embarrass you. When someone else is around, I'll always treat you with respect and love because you're my Mom and I love you. But when we're alone? I want to treat you like the beautiful, sexy woman you are."

"We'll see," she said, and then laughed when she saw my face. "Don't look like that, Honey. Sometimes 'We'll see' really means yes, you know."

Chapter 12

I went to Victoria's for lunch the next day and was pleased to see so many of my old friends. We had all been very close when our boys were younger, but had drifted apart after they went off to college. I met other women who I may have seen before, but who were now clearly friends of the others. There was Vic, Sarah, Bonnie, Lisa, Susan, and Karen. They seemed to have a bond among themselves. You know how you can tell people who are close to each other - they laugh at each other's jokes, they smile a lot, they tease, they finish sentences for each other. These girls had that and I felt like something of an outsider. They welcomed me warmly, though, and made sure to include me in the conversation during lunch.

After we ate, Vic moved us into the den with a few bottles of a good Chablis. Leave it to Victoria to be the ultimate hostess - she had canapés and little desert cakes and cookies. We were having a grand time, made grander by the copious quantities of wine we consumed.

Everyone talked about their sons. That had been the general topic of conversation when the boys were younger, and it remained so now. There was a difference, though. When we were young Mothers, and especially when the boys were in high school, the conversations were always focused on the problems we were having with them. There was always something going on with those boys. They didn't study. They were rude. They were distant and unloving. You know the problems Mothers have with their sons.

At this luncheon, it was the opposite. The conversations sounded like a nominating committee for sainthood. Each Mother bragged about things her son had done for her, places he had taken her, how well he was doing, and how loving he was. I was envious, but my Ryan seemed in the past week to be coming around, so maybe I'd have things to brag about at future luncheons.

Then it hit me. This sounded like a group of high school or college girls, talking about how great their boyfriends were. Each Mother seemed to be trying to outdo whatever the previous talker had said. It was not done in a malicious way, but they seemed genuinely happy with life and their sons. They seemed, frankly, to be a bunch of women in love. I was a little confused by it.

In a pause in the conversation, Susan said, "It was so good to see you yesterday, Anne. I was really happy to see how close you and Ryan were. Girls," she said to the group in general, "they were walking around the mall holding hands." The whole group clapped.

I didn't know what to say. What was she implying? "Uh, well, uh, we were just doing some shopping."

"And you looked like you were having a good time. It's good to see a Mother and Son share a special love. Share a love that so few can understand."

I didn't know where she was going with that, but I was going to nip it in the bud. "You were holding hands with Matt, Susan, so don't be

implying something. I don't like it. I don't know what you're talking about."

They all laughed! They laughed at me. I was furious. How dare they?

"What is going on, Susan? You invited me here, and then you all laugh at me? I don't appreciate it. Not a little bit." I was steamed.

Victoria leaned over and put her hand on my arm, calming me. "No, no, Anne. We're not laughing at you. We're laughing with you."

Susan quickly added, "Anne, either you're already there, or you're well on the way. Believe me, everyone here can recognize the signs."

I was still in the dark. "What are you talking about? Already where?"

Susan looked around the group. "Where? Where every one of us has been. We know where you're going, Anne, because we're there already."

"What?"

Susan and I had always been close. So Susan continued. "Anne, did you notice how happy every one of us is with our sons?"

"Sure," I said. "It was a different kind of conversation than we would have had ten years ago. Then, we couldn't complain about them enough."

"There's a commonality to what changed them, you know," Susan answered.

"No, I don't know."

Victoria sighed. "You're not seeing the forest for the trees, Anne. Think about it. Be honest with yourself. What has changed in your relationship with Ryan?"

I knew what had changed, but I wasn't going to tell them. "I guess he's just older and wiser now."

"Older and wiser, or a mature man with needs and desires?," replied Susan.

I stammered. "Just more mature. That's all."

I could tell Susan was getting frustrated. She turned to the group. "Should we just tell her?" They all nodded.

"Tell me what?"

"Tell you the truth. I've known you a long time, Anne, and we're friends. What I'm going to tell you carries real danger for us, and I hope we can depend on your friendship and discretion."

"Sure, Susan. You know you can trust me."

"Okay. Here goes. We have all slept with our sons. They've changed because we changed them. Or, they changed for us. Doesn't matter. We're, each of us, euphorically happy with where we are. And, based on what Susan saw in you and Ryan, you're either there or on the way."

I gasped. I was speechless. I was kind of expecting something like that. I thought maybe they were flirting with their boys, as I was with Ryan, but I sure didn't think they were going to admit they were sleeping with them.

"Susan! I can't believe that. It's sick. It's perverted. It doesn't happen. Mothers don't do that, and I'm certainly never going to do it with Ryan."

"Why do you think it never happens? You're looking at every one of us, and we made it happen."

"It's just something you never hear about. It's creepy."

Susan sighed. "Creepy is the last thing it is. Delicious, maybe. Fulfilling, certainly. But not creepy. Look, you think it never happens because you never hear about it. Here we are, and we tell you it happens. None of us are going to give an interview to Rolling Stone magazine about it, though, so as far as anyone else knows, it didn't happen. Believe me, it happens more often than you think. We're not talking about child abuse. Of course that should never, never happen. We're talking about two consenting adults and it's just a fact of life that it does happen."

I didn't know what to say. I didn't want to admit that Ryan and I were probably closer to it than they suspected. Then I thought, "What the hell? They've been honest with me. I can do the same with them."

"Um, well, Ryan and I have gotten pretty close the last week. I don't know where it will end up, but I know what he wants."

Lisa nodded. "And when it happens, are you going to tell anyone about it?" She laughed. "Other than us, I mean."

"Of course not."

"There you go. We're telling you it happens, and statistically it amounts to a lot of people. Conservatively, the figures are that five to even ten percent of Mothers have some sort of sexual contact with their sons. Do the math. How many people in America? 350 million? Let's lowball it, and say it's only two percent. Two percent of 350

million is seven million. Think about that, Anne. Seven million people in America. How big is New York City?"

"Wow." That's all I could say. "But how is it that it seems everyone in our group is doing it?"

Sarah said, "I guess I started it, then got Victoria involved, and it's kind of spread from there. We call it our 'Mother's Club,' and we look for friends who need some help getting their sons on the straight and narrow. So far, it's worked well. When Susan saw you and Ryan at the mall, she just knew. She could tell, so she invited you to join us. But I think we have something else going on. Anne, if you can tell me, who started it? You, or Ryan?"

"I admit I've flirted with him. I love when he watches me do yoga, and I've dressed to attract him. But Ryan started it."

"I thought so. Tell me," said Susan. "Ryan went to the pub with Matt, didn't he?"

"Yeah, last weekend."

"Who else was there? Did he say?"

"Ryan was there. I think he mentioned Jim, Billy, Chris, and Sammy. I don't know. I didn't pay that much attention. Why?"

They all looked at each other and smiled. Bonnie said, "Sounds like the Mom's Club has a Son's Club auxiliary, doesn't it?"

"Wait. What? Are you telling me the boys talk about this? Are you saying they put Ryan up to it? That little bastard. I'll kill him!"

"Oh, grow up, Anne," said Sarah. "We talk about it. I think we need to talk about it among ourselves. It's cathartic to have someone who shares the experience, and it's just damned hot to hear how others got into it. Of course the boys talk, and I imagine it's more than a little more graphic than how we talk about it. They're men, after all."

"But still," I started to say.

"Wait. Don't judge. We think what has happened with each one of us is the most beautiful thing in the world. We want to help other Moms have the same wonderful experience. Do you not think the guys feel the same way? You're the one woman Ryan has always wanted. I'm sure when they were younger, Matt and Ryan talked about you and me. You remember the time we came out of the bedroom in our swimming suits? Their tongues were practically hanging out. So why is it so bad if Matt wanted to help Ryan get what he's always wanted?"

"I guess it's not so bad, but don't you feel a little dirty to know they talk about us that way?"

Lisa spoke then. "It's like Sarah said. They're guys. That's how guys are, you know that. What is different with them, I think, is that it's all based on love. I've seen Chris grow a lot. I knew he loved me, but in an abstract way. Now I absolutely know he loves me. He tells me he loves me. He shows me he loves me. Frankly, I don't care how it happened. I'm just glad it did."

I thought about it. "Ryan has told me he loves me more in the last few days than he's told me in the last ten years. It is good to hear."

Lisa nodded. "And it's even better to know he means it. It's even better to know how much he wants you. The love we share, Chris and I, is a natural progression of the love we always shared as Mother and Son. Society tells us it's wrong. Okay, I understand that. But in our case, it doesn't feel wrong. It feels very right."

"They have learned a lot, that's for sure," Sarah said. "They know that what they want is to, well, if I can say it, fuck us. They have learned that what we want is for them to love us. They can't get what they want if they don't give us what we want. I think that's a pretty good life lesson for relationships in general. You can't, or you shouldn't, fake love and I think my boys understand that. But when you love sincerely, you can get what you want. It's a win-win thing, I think."

I looked at her. "Wait. Are you saying all three of your boys?"

It was Sarah's turn to blush. "Yep. All three." She held her head up proudly. "I have a love with each of my sons that is beyond understanding, except to you girls." She looked around. Everyone was smiling at her. I was impressed by the sense of Sisterhood that existed between them. Each one of them had taken a huge, dangerous step, and each one had support of the others for it.

Susan jumped in. "How far along are you, Anne?"

I blushed. I didn't want to tell them, but I had already admitted a lot. "Um, we've been kissing. I let him have my breasts."

"And when he put his mouth on your breasts, it was the most beautiful feeling you've had in decades, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yeah. I wanted him to do it. When he finally did, it was like I couldn't get enough of it."

"I think every one of us would describe it the same way," said Sarah. "For me, it seemed like the most natural thing. I gave him my breasts when he was a baby, and that was for nourishment. Now I give my breasts for sex, and it feels even better, in a different sort of way."

I nodded. It did.

Susan touched my arm. "So what now?"

I snickered. "I don't know if we'll end up there or not, but I'm going to make him pay for trying to trick me like this."

Everyone laughed, and then Karen spoke up. "As much fun as that would be, I would recommend against it. Maybe he was encouraged by the boys, but he didn't do anything he hasn't wanted to do since he grew hair down there. You're in the middle of a beautiful process. Don't mess it up by trying to one-up him. Just let it be. Now that you understand what's going on, I think you should enjoy it."

I thought about it. What Karen said made sense. I was hurt, at first, by knowing that Ryan had coaching on how to seduce me, but the more I considered it, the more I understood.

"What about their fathers? Do any of your husbands suspect? Think how dangerous that is," I asked.

They looked around at each other, and someone laughed out loud. Victoria said, "Mine is absolutely clueless, I think. Bill and I are very careful, of course, but let's be honest. If you're going to have an affair, who better than your own son? Who would suspect that? It's like the purloined letter, hiding in plain sight. Besides," and she laughed, "I think my husband would be the last to be able to accuse me of something. I've always thought he wanted his Mother."

Vic laughed, too. "Mine can hardly keep his hands off his Mom's butt. He thinks I don't notice, but I wouldn't be surprised if there's not

something going on there, now that I know what signs to look for. And you know what? I don't care. How could I criticize someone for finding the same love I've found?"

Sarah, who seemed to be kind of the godmother of the group, said, "We've joked about it, but how delicious would it be to help your mother-in-law bed her son?"

That broke the group up. Everyone was laughing and agreeing. After the laughter died down, Susan turned to me. "But Anne, what are you going to do? You said you've already engaged in sexual activities with Ryan. Are you going to give him what he wants?"

"Yeah. I guess I am. God help me, but I guess I am. What should I expect him to do next?"

Sarah said, "That depends on you. If you've noticed, he probably has been careful to let you make the decision every time. That's a good thing. When he has tried something, I'll bet he backed off if you objected to it. If you've let him at your breasts, I assume you've been kissing him, right?"

"Yeah. The first kiss with him was delicious. Probably the best kiss I've ever had."

A chorus of agreement sounded. "That's what I thought, too," said Karen. "The best kiss I've ever had."

Sarah continued. "He'll try to keep pushing it. I will give you some advice. Things are going to get pretty hot, so you have to be careful not to take risks at home. If you can get him away from the house to a more private place, you can let things take their own course. The last thing you want to do is let your emotions take charge, let things get out of hand, and have an irate husband walk in and catch you. Maybe you should consider having a talk with him, get things out in the open, and set up some rules. You're still his Mom, remember, so you're in charge."

"I don't know how I could do that. Ryan leaves this weekend. It may not happen before he leaves. I don't see how it can, really. I don't want it to be rushed. I want to be able to take a long time, without pressure or fear of getting caught"

Sarah nodded, and smiled. "You've already been thinking about this, haven't you?"

I had been thinking about it. I had come to the same conclusion that Sarah had - the last thing I wanted was to get caught up in the heat of the moment and get caught. I returned home that afternoon, and Ryan wasn't there. I was disappointed. He had said he was going to get together with Matt and some of the guys. "God," I wondered. "Wouldn't I love to be a fly on that wall?"

Ryan got home within a few minutes and came bounding into the kitchen. "Hi, Mom. You hens get a lot of grain to eat?"

That was funny and I couldn't help but laugh. "Oh, we had corn and millet. It was pretty good."

"What do you girls talk about when you're together like that?"

"Probably about the same things you talk about."

Ryan blushed. He had no idea that we had been talking about exactly the same thing he and his buds had been discussing.

"What do you guys talk about? Girls? School? Work? Politics?"

"Yeah, mostly," he said. He walked over to me and took me in his arms, bending down to kiss me on the lips.

I made no effort to resist him, but gave myself fully to his kiss. It had started with him holding my face, and he slowly slid his hands down my back to rest on my butt. He pulled me against him, and I thrilled at the feel of his erection against my stomach. I always knew he liked my butt and could only imagine what a thrill it was for him to be able to hold me like that.

He slid his right hand around to my front and cupped my pussy, rubbing it gently through my pants. He moaned in my mouth. I now knew what Sarah had been talking about. This was going pretty fast

and if I didn't get control of it, we'd be in bed when his father got home.

I pushed him away. "That's why I think we need to have a talk, Ryan."

"Talk?," he stammered. Ever the clever one, my son. Had a response for everything.

"Yes, a talk. Let's go in the den and sit down."

He followed me in and we sat together on the couch. I took his hand and rested it on my thigh. "I think I know what you want, Ryan. Believe it or not, I think I want the same thing. But it's wrong. You have to understand that. What you want is something that just doesn't happen."

"What I want is to love you, Mom, totally and completely. I wanted you when I was a boy. I'm a man now, and I want you even more. I can't help it. I just do." My son had grown up a lot.

"Honey, I know. I've always known. But what would people think if we got caught? Can you imagine? I'd end up divorced, and probably couldn't find a hole deep enough to hide in."

"That's it, isn't it? We can't be caught. No one can ever know. What goes on between us will be our secret."

I laughed. I couldn't help it. Yeah, our secret, shared with his friends and mine. At least with them we could expect our secret to remain sacred. I hoped, anyway. I had always been honest with Ryan and had taught him to always be honest with me, so I let it out. "Our secret? Or our secret, shared with your friends?"

He looked like he was going to cry, and hurting him was the last thing I wanted to do. "No, no, Honey. It's okay. I was hurt at first that you had been talking about me with them, but now I understand. What do you think I just spent two hours talking about with their Mothers?"

The relief on his face was visible. "You mean, you know?"

"Yeah," I whispered. "I know."

"Mom, I never will hurt you. I didn't bring it up. Matt was telling me how close he was with Susan now, and before I knew it everyone was admitting the same thing. They're all sleeping with their Moms. I thought they were spoofing me at first, but I think it's true."

"Oh, it's true. I can tell you from the other side, it's true. The Moms seem to be pretty happy with it. They have their sons' complete love."

"That's what I want with you, Mom. I've always loved you, but when I started to understand sex and all that, it seemed like how I loved you hit a wall. Now I want to get through that wall and love you completely."

I kissed him. "I feel the same way. You were always glued to me and then you entered a period when you pulled away. I miss how we used to be. You were always me best buddy."

"So are you saying we can?"

I took a deep breath. "I'm not saying, one way or another. I don't know. I want it, maybe not as much as you think you do, but you might be surprised. But as I said, look at the risk. That will be a big step. We'll never be the same again. We'll always have a shared secret. I've watched you with girls, Ryan. After you get what you want, you start looking for an exit plan. I couldn't stand it if you did that to me. I just couldn't stand it." I didn't want to, but I started crying.

"Mom, Mom," he whispered as he kissed the tears on my cheeks. "You'll always be my Mom. I'll always love you. Look," he said, "If we do something, I imagine it will be the hottest thing ever at the start. But it's like a cooking fire. It blazes hot at first, but the best cooking is after it's died down to hot coals. Look at you and Dad. I bet you don't do it as much anymore, but you're still in love, right?"

"Oh, Ryan," I cried as I hugged him. "When did you grow up and become so wise?"

He kissed me again, and I laid back on the couch so he could lay on top of me. His hands went naturally to my breasts and, while he kept his eyes on mine, he unbuttoned my blouse. I raised up so I could undo my bra strap, and he lifted it off. He took my left breast in his mouth and sucked gently.

"Oh," I moaned. I love that so much. You've always loved your Mom's titties, haven't you?"

He raised up and looked at me. "You always told me not to talk with my mouth full," and he returned to them. I couldn't help but laugh, and I held his head and pulled him deeper into my breasts.

He reached down to my pussy with his right hand, and rubbed it gently. He raised up and whispered in my ear, "I want so much to taste this."

Good Lord, I had an orgasm. It came from nowhere. One minute I was laughing at his comment about talking with his mouth full, and then it swept over me. I stiffened, shuddered, and gave a little squeaky sound.

He kept rubbing my pussy. "Did you just...?"

"Oh, yeah. I did. Came out of nowhere."

"Wow," he said. "You're something, Mom. I had no idea you were so hot."

"That's the problem. If I had my way right now, we'd go to your bedroom and have at it. But look at the risk of that. Your dad doesn't come home very often during the day, but what if he did? I'm not saying it will happen and I'm not saying it won't happen. You just have to promise to help me keep us safe. When I lose my head and want to do something stupid, you have to be the strong one who will keep us safe. OK?"

He nodded. "I understand, and I promise." He kissed me again, and that's how we spent the afternoon, making out on the couch. Before I knew it, we heard the garage door opening, so we jumped up and straightened our clothes before his dad walked in.

The next two days were a whirl. We spent a lot of time, just loving and talking. I loved it. We kissed so much my lips were chapped and my nipples were sore. He wanted to get me undressed, but I wouldn't let him. I knew where that would lead. I let him get his hands in my yoga pants and slip his finger in me. Oh, yes, I wanted more. He wanted more. We both wanted more, but we weren't going to take any risks.

Then the weekend was upon us and our privacy disappeared. We could only share surreptitious kisses, and they just didn't satisfy.

Ryan had to leave early Sunday morning and the more I thought about it, the sadder I got. He could tell. He had come to know me so well.

Saturday afternoon I decided to cook chili for supper. I had a chili kit in the cupboard, but hid it in the back and called to my husband, "Honey? I'm making chili and don't have a spice kit. Could you run to the store and get one?"

He grumbled. He was in the middle of a game and the last thing he wanted to do was go grocery shopping. "Can't Ryan go?"

"No, he can't. He has to stay here. You go. Hurry, and you'll catch the last half. Call me from the store in case I need anything else."

As soon as he left, I grabbed Ryan's hand and pulled him toward his room. "Come on, hurry. We might have a half hour, at best."

He was like a puppy, stumbling over his feet to follow me.

As soon as we were in his room, I pushed him back until he fell on the bed. I pulled my tank top over my head and removed my bra. The look on his face was priceless. His hands automatically went to my breasts.

"Mom, are we going to? I thought you didn't want to take risks."

"No, we're not going to, but I'm going to send you away with something to remember." I undid his belt buckle and pulled his pants down. His dick was standing straight up. I was impressed. He had a nice dick, my son. I bent down to kiss the head of it, and he rested his hands on my head, squeezing lightly.

I made myself slow down. I had my cellphone and his father would call from the store, so there was time. It didn't have to be rushed.

I looked up at him. The look of passion on his face was overwhelming. I kept my eyes on his and slowly took him in my mouth. I almost had another orgasm, but this was for him, not me, so I pushed it back. I sucked gently, then started bobbing my head on it. He grabbed handfuls of hair, encouraging me. I used my left hand to jack him off while I sucked him and he grunted loudly. "Oh, God, Mom. You are so good."

Those aren't words most Mothers hear from their sons, but they were sure welcome to my ears. I wanted to be good for him. I always thought I gave a good blowjob, but as I had been told before, there are no bad blowjobs. I put myself into it. I pumped, I sucked, I rubbed my tongue on the head of his dick. I couldn't get enough of it, but then he pushed his butt up off the bed, stiffened, and said, "You'd better stop now, Mom."

Didn't want to cum in his Mom's mouth, the little darling, but I had to have it. I kept sucking and pumping and he exploded. Grunting

and moaning, he gave me his cum. I swallowed every drop, then kissed the head of his dick and raised up to look at him. I took a corner of his sheet and playfully blotted at my lips and we both laughed.

"Mom, you're an artist. I had no idea. I always wondered if you even did it."

"I guess you know that answer now, don't you?"

"Oh, yeah. I know, and it's better than I ever dreamed."

"Did you really dream about me doing that to you?"

"Hell, yes. You had to wash my socks. You know what was going on."

I laughed, because he was exactly right. I remembered every morning putting his crusty socks in the dirty clothes hamper. "Did you leave them on the floor for me to find? You never put them in the clothes hamper yourself."

"I confess. Yes, I wanted you to know. I wanted you to wonder if it was for you."

My cellphone rang. I had planned to send his dad for something else, something that would be hard to find in the store, but my mind went blank. "No, I can't think of anything else. Come on home so I can start the chili."

Ryan took me in his arms and kissed me, deeply. I'm sure he could taste his cum in my mouth. He said, "You know I want to do the same thing for you, don't you?"

"I expect it, big boy, but not now." I jumped up and put my bra and top back on. "Get dressed and come to the kitchen. And look innocent."

Sunday came and Ryan was ready to leave. He looked so sad, and I know my face showed the same thing. We had wanted to finish this, but had never had the chance. I prayed I would get the opportunity to consummate our new level of love. I walked Ryan out to his car and he took me in his arms. He hugged me innocently, in case anyone was watching.

"We'll get our chance, Honey," I said. "I don't know when or how, but we'll get there."

"I know we will, Mom. Doesn't matter, though, if we ever do or not. I couldn't love you more."

I couldn't hold it back, but sagged into his arms, sobbing gently. He rubbed my head. "You know, I may be able to take a week off next month. Think I could come home?"

Chapter 13

As soon as I got to work Monday morning, I went in to my supervisor with a vacation request filled out.

"Another vacation, Ryan? You've certainly got the time built up, but what's going on? That's two vacations in a little over a month. You got a girlfriend back home?"

"Maybe, Richard," I chuckled. "Maybe."

He signed it and put it in the outbox for HR. "Enjoy it. You work so hard, we can't begrudge you some time off. Just please finish that Hellman project before you go, OK?"

"No problem. I've just got to add the finishing touches and it's done."

That was a bit of a lie. I had the framework done, but it needed a lot of work to be in the hopper. I put myself to it with a vengeance. I'd be in the office before everyone else, and stay until nine every night. There was no way this project was going to hold me back from seeing Mom again. The memory of that blowjob inspired me. Hell, that blowjob would inspire anyone.

Mom and I were in constant contact. I'd text her several times a day and we'd chat back and forth. By mutual agreement we kept the texts

non-sexual. While neither of us ever had any aspirations of entering politics or public life, we instinctively knew there should never be a record of any sort of our true relationship.

About a week out from my scheduled vacation I had the project in the can. I received an excited text from Mom.

"There's a yoga workshop I can go to next week. Would you like to go with me?"

I was floored. This could be our chance. "Absolutely! You know how interested I am in your yoga."

"OK." She told me the location, about midway between my work and home. "I'll send you the details. Maybe you can meet me there?"

"What day?"

"I get there on Monday. How does that match your vacation time?"

"Perfect. I can go there and then drive us home. Can you take the train?"

"That will work well. It will give us more time together."

"I'll say. I look forward to it."

On the appointed day I drove to the city and found the hotel Mom's workshop was going to be in. The front desk allowed me to check in, and I spent the afternoon anxiously awaiting Mom's arrival. I offered to meet her at the train station but she insisted on taking a taxi, so I sent her the room information. At about two in the afternoon, there was a knock on the door and I jumped to answer it.

It was Mom. I opened the door and immediately took her in my arms.

"Oh, Honey, I've missed you so much," she said, hugging me tightly.

I kissed her with all the passion I could muster. "Me, too, Mom. I thought about you every minute." I slid my hand down to her butt and pulled her against me.

She told me that the yoga workshop was a basic course, and she was already well advanced beyond that. "Since your father never watches me do yoga, he has no idea, so he was good with it. That will let him eat potato chips and play golf every day. I don't know what we'll do to occupy our time if I don't go to the workshop, though." She said the last in a flirting voice and I kissed her again.

"I'm sure we'll come up with something."

She looked over at the bed. "We won't go out to eat until about seven. Do you mind if I take a quick shower?"

"I already used it. Be my guest."

She unpacked her bag, then took her essentials and went in the bathroom. I was a little disappointed that she closed the door behind her. I soon heard the shower running, so I turned the TV on to watch the news. I didn't know if I should get undressed and be waiting in bed when she came out, so I opted for the conservative approach and just sat on the bed waiting.

After an interminable time, by my desires, the door opened. She was dressed in her yoga pants and a tank top, and I didn't know what that portended. Suddenly shy, she walked over to me and came in between my legs, as I was still sitting on the bed. I put my arms around her, holding her butt, and pulled her to me. I bent forward and kissed her pussy through the pants.

"I think I have a debit in my account with you, don't I?" I asked.

"Hmmm," she purred. "What did you have in mind?"

I rubbed my face against her pussy. "I think I can come up with something."

She sat on my left leg, reached down to the waist of her tank top, and in one motion took it off over her head. Those beautiful breasts were right at my face level and I wasted no time in taking her left breast into my mouth.

"Oh, God," she said. "I don't think I'll ever get enough of that. You feel so right when you're nursing me again."

That spurred me on and I shifted from breast to breast. I held her breasts while I nursed, and she pulled my face into her.

I bent down, picked her up off my leg and turned around to lay her on the bed. "Oh, my," she said. "My boy's a strong one, isn't he?"

I quickly stripped off my clothes while she watched me. "There's something else I see that I may not be able to get enough of," she whispered.

I shucked her yoga pants and panties down her legs and there she was, naked before me. I cannot tell you how many times I had tried to catch her naked when I was living at home, and here she was, willingly showing her body to me.

"I wish I weren't so fat," she said, and I laughed.

"Mom, you're not fat. You're lush. You're beautiful," and I bent down to kiss her stomach, running my fingers across it. I looked up at her and slowly moved my face down to her pussy. Her pubic hair was not trimmed, but was not as bushy as I hoped it would be. I wasn't about to complain, though. I spent some time just looking at that pussy. It was fine. Her lips were not big, but when I teased them with my fingers they fell open for me.

"Honey, you're embarrassing me," she said.

"Why? I love it. I've waited my whole life to see this."

"I feel like I'm on the doctor's table, being examined," she giggled.

I pushed my finger in her. "Well, Madame. We're going to have to give you a complete checkup." I moved my finger in and out, delighting in her juices, and bent my face to kiss her there. She reached down and cupped my head in her hands, pulling me into her. She continued to look down at me.

I gently licked her, from bottom to top of her pussy, and then gently touched her clitoris with my tongue. I flicked my tongue against it, and she trembled. I pulled my finger out of her pussy and replaced it with my tongue and she pulled even harder on my head. My nose was pushing against her clitoris. After tonguing her for a bit, I moved up and sucked her clitoris into my mouth. It was firm and large enough that I could suck it in. I put my finger back into her pussy while I sucked, and she took a deep, gasping breath.

"Oh, yeah, Baby. Just like that. It's been so long."

So Dad wasn't eating her pussy? I filed that away. If she liked it and wasn't getting enough of it, she had come to the right place. I picked up my pace of sucking while I curved my finger up to rub her G-spot. She trembled. Adjusting my hand, I moved my middle finger down so I could rub it on her little rosebud ass. As soon as I touched it she stiffened and gave a long moan. Pushing lightly, the tip of my finger slid into her butt and she started bucking against my face.

She had been bending forward so she could watch me, and she fell back on the bed. I continued to suck and she pulled my face off her pussy. "Too sensitive after I cum, Honey. Come here," and she pulled me up to her. I had just made my Mother come by eating her pussy. I felt pretty proud of myself.

Her pussy scent was strong, but not unpleasant, and my face was covered with her juice. I kissed her deeply, then she said, "Ooh. I can taste me on you. I hope you don't think I smell bad."

"Are you kidding me? If we could bottle it, we'd make a fortune."

She laughed. "Yeah, eau de Anne. I can't see it being a big seller."

"Good," I said. "I'll just keep it all to myself."

I laid beside her, taking her in my arms, and she rested her head on my chest. "Do you think we're doing the right thing, Ryan? How can anything that feels so right be so wrong?"

"Mom, it's not wrong. It's between us. You know how much I love you, and I've always wanted you like this."

"Well, you've got me now. I want us to always have this. It's our special bond."

I held her left breast with my right hand, gently tugging at the nipple. "I don't think I'll ever get enough of it, Mom. I don't know how any woman could match you."

She raised up to look me in the eyes and her face was stern. "You have to promise me something, Ryan, and I mean it. I don't want you so focused on me that you stop dating. I want you to find someone special, marry her, and give me grandchildren. Promise me that. I don't want you to be jealous of your father, and I won't be jealous of your girlfriends and, eventually, your wife."

I reached down with my right hand and held her pussy. "I promise, as long as we always share this."

"Good. I mean it. Just make sure you don't bring some disease home to your Mother. How would I explain that?" She laughed softly, but

her point was made. I had always practiced safe sex, but this made it even more important.

I laughed with her, but then said seriously, "I promise, Mom. I couldn't bear that. I've always been careful, and now I'll be extra careful. You can trust me."

"I'd better be able to trust you." She paused. "I know I can trust you, Honey. I just had to say it."

I continued to massage her pussy with my hand and she laid back and closed her eyes. "Hmmm," she moaned. "I like that."

"Want to see what else you might like?"

She opened her eyes and looked at me, a serious look on her face. "I had intended to not let us go any farther. That was my plan, but I think I may have to reconsider it. What do you think?"

"I think you need to be fucked, Mom," I whispered. I had never said "fuck" to Mom before, and I didn't know how she'd react.

"Then fuck your Mama, Ryan," she whispered back, and I rolled on top of her.

I kissed her, resting my dick on her. My hunching motions were, seemingly, automatic, and I could feel my dick sliding against her pubic hair. She reached down with her left hand and took my dick. I raised up a bit so I could see the sight of Mom's hand on my dick, made even more delicious by her wedding ring. I had made love to a few married women before, and the sight of their wedding rings, for some reason, excited me. This excited me even more, and I moaned.

She slid the head of my dick along the slit of her pussy to get it lubed up, then positioned it and moved her hands to my butt, pulling gently. I slid in her and, once I was fully in, just held it there. The feeling was beyond description. I was in my Mother's pussy! I pulled my head back and looked in her eyes. "Here is where I was meant to be," I whispered.

"I think so, too. You like it?"

"Uh, huh," I grunted and then started slowly moving in and out of her.

"Give me some time to get used to it, Honey. It's been awhile since I had one this big in me."

My thoughts raced. She was implying that Dad wasn't as big as me? Was she saying she had had other dicks, besides Dad's? What secrets did Mom have? Hmmm.

The first fuck we shared was pretty vanilla. I was a little embarrassed, I have to admit, because I didn't want to try any gymnastics with Mom the first time. She probably felt the same way. With someone else you might want to show off, but with your Mom? With your Son?

Neither one of us had an orgasm that first time. Mom didn't, and I held back. I wanted us to have more times that afternoon and, besides, that first time was just for the joy of it. For the experience.

We laid there in each other's arms, whispering, and then Mom closed her eyes. "I had to get up early this morning," she said sleepily. "You want to just hold me a bit?" and then she fell asleep. I watched her for awhile, reveling in the sight of her face. I thought about how this had all started. Matt and the guys had told me to take it a bite at a time and it would be easy. I'm not saying my Mom was an easy fuck, but they were right. Once I had a goal and started working toward it, a bite at a time, everything fell into place. As I thought about it, the progression seemed inevitable once I started. Who could have known? After awhile I started to tire, and then fell asleep myself. I slept about thirty minutes, then opened my eyes to see Mom looking at me.

"Get a good nap?"

"Oh, yeah. I guess I was tired, too. I didn't sleep well last night for some reason."

"It's funny," she laughed. "When you were a baby you'd always fall asleep after nursing me."

"Did I always wake up wanting more?"

She giggled. "Every time," and then she put her left hand under her breast and fed it to me.

I nursed her breast for awhile, becoming more passionate with it as I got more excited, and then she pulled back from me. She looked down at my dick, standing up as hard as a rock, and said, "Tit for tat?"

We both laughed, then she slid down the bed. She held my dick, rubbing her fingers over the head, while she studied it. "I give it my seal of approval," she said, then she opened her mouth and sucked me in.

If she gave me a good blowjob before, this one was even better. It's funny. Every generation seems to think they invented oral sex, I guess. We just don't think of our parents doing it. Certainly not our grandparents. We assume they have sex, but not that. When I was younger I wondered if Mom gave blowjobs. Now I knew the answer. Not only did she give blowjobs, but she gave great blowjobs and seemed to enjoy it. She knew all the moves. She knew some moves I hadn't seen before. She would slide her head down, taking as much of me in as she could, then slowly pull her mouth back with a hard suck. It felt amazing. The combination of her sucking and pumping

me with her left hand quickly took me to the edge, and I stiffened my body as I felt it coming.

"HmMMM," she moaned on my dick. I had heard them called "Hum jobs" before, but the feel of her "HmMMM" was something I had not experienced. When she did it the second time, I exploded in her mouth. She swallowed every drop, just as before, and then came up to kiss me.

"So, do you like 'Anne's Patented Blowjob?' she whispered. "I've always been known for them."

Whoa. Who else had gotten Mom's blowjobs? Sometime we were going to have to explore that, but not now. "I'm not just saying this, Mom. You're the best I've ever had. The absolute best."

"When you were younger did you ever fantasize about me doing that for you?"

"Not really. I used to have fantasies about us having sex, but I could never be so specific in them. I guess I thought you didn't do it, or something."

She gave a belly laugh. "Oh, Baby. I have always loved giving blowjobs. Does that shock you? Your sainted Mother, enjoying blowjobs?"

"It's a welcome surprise, I have to say."

"I'll get even better if you train me to what you like. Every man has different likes, you know."

"I like that it's you, and I like how you do it. You're something, you know. Full of surprises, my Mom."

"Well, your Mom has worked up an appetite. Let's go get something to eat, then I have to call your father."

We ate dinner in the hotel, and it was pretty good. I guess we were hungry. There were several women in the restaurant who Mom knew from her Yoga, and she proudly introduced me to them. In each case, she made a point of explaining that she was going to skip some of the classes so she could be with me. When the women came to the table, I would cover Mom's hand with mine and hold it while we talked. In almost every instance I could see a look of almost jealousy on the faces of the women. I couldn't help thinking, "You could have this with your son, if you'd only understand."

When we got back to the room, Mom mentioned the same thing. "You know, every Mother wants her son to love her as openly as you were loving me. Did you see how they looked at us? Of course they have no idea, but I could tell. Every one of them wants that with her own son. If only they knew. They could have what we have, but they're all afraid of it."

"I'm glad we got through it. When did you decide we'd do this?"

"Oh, I don't know. I knew what you wanted, of course, but I never intended for it to go this far. It seemed to creep up on me. Everything seemed so natural and loving. As I told you, I didn't even intend for us to have sex on this trip. I thought I could satisfy you with blowjobs, and that would be the limit. What I didn't count on was that I would want it as much as you. I'm glad we did. Are you? Glad we did?"

"What do you think? Of course. I hoped, but I wasn't sure, either. I'm glad you decided we would."

"We have to always be careful, Ryan. This is a sacred secret we share."

"I know. I understand how dangerous it is. But you know what they say: No one knows what goes on behind closed doors."

Now I have to make a confession. Mom was older, and I had read everything I could about post-menopausal sex. Drying of the vagina seemed to be the common complaint, so I had bought some lube before my trip. We hadn't needed it that first time, and I was glad. I guessed that her level of excitement was so high that she was pretty juicy.

She found it when she was unpacking my bag. I normally don't unpack in a hotel room, living out of the suitcase, but Mom insisted on putting things away. When she found it, she said, "Came prepared, did you? Didn't trust your Mom to be able to be ready for you?"

"I just wasn't sure. Everything I've read said that you might not produce as much as you used to."

"Did your homework, did you? Well, let's put it here, just in case. I can never be sure how I'm going to work," and she put it on the bedside table.

We got undressed and got into bed. This time I was prepared to be a little more enthusiastic in our lovemaking, and Mom matched me. There's no other way to describe it. Mom was a good fuck. I've had women half her age who couldn't come close to matching her. After we had been at it awhile, she rolled me off her and mounted me on top. That was perfect for me, since her breasts were right in my face and I sucked them eagerly.

I took my hands and cupped her butt as she fucked me. Sliding my right hand around, and it was a stretch because her ass was so lush, I touched her butt with my finger. She fucked even more aggressively and then had her orgasm. She collapsed on top of me, and I held her ass with my hands, enjoying the silky smoothness of her skin.

"You're learning a lot about your Mother, aren't you?"

"Nothing I didn't dream of learning."

She looked at me shyly. "One thing might surprise you. When I was in college, we girls liked it back there. I haven't done it since then, and I've never done it with someone as big as you, but you wanna try it? Would that be disgusting for you?"

"Hell, no! I mean, hell yes!," and I reached for the lube on the nightstand.

"Let me rest awhile, then we can try. I'm making no promises." she said. "You have to stop if I can't take it, but I'm willing to try, if you are."

After she was ready, she kind of knelt over me. "It's better if I'm on top so I can control it, OK?"

Of course it was okay, but damn. My Mom, a butt-fucker? Holy shit. This night was getting better and better.

She lubed her butt, and then we tried. It didn't work. She was just too tight.

"Maybe if you use your fingers first. That sometimes helps."

I rolled her off me and went down to eat that pussy again. I lubed my fingers, and as I sucked her pussy I gently slid first one, then two fingers into her butt. She loved it. As I slid my fingers in and out, she moaned rhythmically. After she was pretty relaxed in her butt and I could slide the two fingers in easily, she mounted me again. She squirted a huge dollop of lube on my dick, then positioned it at the entrance to her ass. Slowly lowering herself on me, the head slipped right in.

I had tried anal sex before, and liked it, but never like this. She was so smooth and tight, and the movements of her butt muscles milked me deliciously. I could feel her pushing her sphincter against me, and I felt the head of my dick pass through her anal ring of muscles. Then it slid all the way in.

She screamed. She threw her head back, and just screamed. She started raising and lowering herself on my dick while I hunched up against her. Her eyes were tightly shut and her face all clinched up. She was vocal. She moaned. She screamed. She made "Oh, oh, oh" sounds. There was no doubt in my mind that she was loving it. In practically no time I was ready to cum, and I cursed it.

"Mom, I can't hold it. I'm cumming."

"Don't hold it, Baby. Give it all to me," she moaned, and I did.

She fell down on me, and my dick came sliding out of her ass as it softened.

"Whew," she said. "I forgot how much I like that. Did you like it?"

"What do you think?"

I got up to clean myself because I didn't want to take a chance of giving her a vaginal infection if we did anything else, then got back in bed. The next thing I knew, it was morning. Mom was already up and dressed.

"You sleep alright?" she asked me as she made the coffee in the room coffee machine.

"Uh, yeah. I don't even remember falling asleep."

She laughed. "Yeah, me too. I don't know when I've slept so well. I wanted to enjoy falling asleep in your arms, but I don't remember a thing."

We spent that week in the hotel room. I won't say she was insatiable, but Mom clearly enjoyed fucking. We hardly left, except for going downstairs to eat. When I looked at Mom while we were eating, I saw a well-fucked woman. I only hoped none of her friends would see the same thing. I was careful to never do anything in public to

compromise her, but my love for her had to have been obvious. On several occasions her friends would make comments like, "I wish my son loved me that much."

I started replying the same way, each time. "Oh, he does, I promise you. He's just afraid to show it. Mom has always encouraged me to love her in a special way."

Mom laughed the first time I said it, but then she got into it. "You just have to give him an incentive, you know. You have to teach him how to love you." We'd both laugh every time she said it. We knew what the incentive was. It was up to the other Moms to figure it out on their own.

Before we knew it, the week was over. Mom said she didn't want me to drive her home, but preferred taking the train again.

"I'll tell your Dad you had to get back to work. I need some time to get used to this, and I'm afraid if you're there I might say or do something to make him suspect. Is that okay?"

"Sure, Mom. I'm not sure when I can take vacation again, but we'll have some long weekends. Can I come home when I can?"

"Baby, you know you can. I'm always ready for you. You can always come for me."