

It Started in an Elevator

alwayswantedto

It was hard to see my father in a hospital bed lying amid a mess of tubes and wires. Triple bypass surgery would, "only delay the inevitable," the doctor had said the night before the surgery, "unless you change your ways. "

Previous warnings had gone unheeded but this time I thought the look in Dad's eyes indicated he would finally smarten up. However, such confidence proved unwarranted. It was only five days since the surgery and he was already discounting the doctor's warning. Feeling better, he flirted with the nurses at every opportunity. When a couple arrived to visit his roommate, he couldn't keep his eyes off the young woman's body.

In his defense, I had to admit that any man would have a hard time ignoring that piece of art, especially when it was wrapped in a 'fuck me' dress more suitable for clubbing than visiting a boyfriend's father. You could see every contour of her body and imagine much more. Cast your eyes higher, though, and your passion would be dulled because this woman clearly possessed the arrogance of self-entitlement borne from a lifetime as a star attraction, at least for males.

Her boyfriend was equally handsome and just as superficial. Even while visiting his father, he constantly struck poses to emphasize his lean, youthful physique though the only potential audience once the nurses left was my mother.

It startled me that this dance floor hero regarded my mother as a sexual target. What passed through his mind to think a woman her age would be sexually attracted to him, especially while visiting her ailing husband in a hospital? You can imagine my surprise when I finally tore my own eyes away from his girlfriend's charms to find Mom's gaze directed straight at the barely contained lump on the front of the young man's tight trousers.

The couple talked constantly, sparring with one another as they 'visited' the man's father. She preened and stretched so either breasts or ass or both were thrust against the thin material of the skimpy dress while he twisted his arms to flex his muscles and breathed deeper than necessary to expand his chest, holding his breath briefly for maximum effect. Several times she bent over to examine her leg for

some invisible flaw, stretched out her foot and tensed the muscles in her calf to display the limb in its best light.

Although they seemed oblivious of anyone else, each was constantly aware of their potential audience. In this regard, the woman's task was easier, or the ground more fertile, because she had three men to work with: two sick old men and me. It was disappointing to note that the poses directed in my direction were only marginally more frequent than the others. Mom, however, was the beneficiary of all of the young man's posturing, even, and perhaps especially, when his girlfriend was looking at him. What an immature pair.

The couple left with a flourish and Dad's eyes fixated on the tumble of the woman's shapely buttocks so firmly it would have take a pry bar to dislodge them. I looked at Mom and she looked at me, then rolled her eyes. I smiled.

"It's time for us to go too, Ryan."

I nodded. Mom leaned down and kissed Dad on the cheek.

"Night, dear. Try not to give yourself another heart attack."

Dad kept his eyes on target and even leaned away from Mom to maintain a good view. What an asshole! If he only knew how distraught she had been for the past few weeks. I turned and walked away in disgust.

"Say goodnight to your father, Ryan."

I waved but didn't turn around as I walked to the abandoned nurse's station to wait for Mom. The couple was returning from the direction of the elevator.

"Hey, is there anyone here?" the guy asked.

I resented the inherent superiority in the way he addressed me. I shook my head and tried not to look at his girlfriend until he passed by me. She was looking me up and down and seemed unconcerned whether or not he was aware of her appraisal.

"Know where they've gone?"

"Nope."

"The elevator's not working."

Mom joined us. "The elevator's not working?" Mom repeated.

"No," the man turned toward Mom and flashed a winning smile.

"Shit. I don't want to get stuck in this place. Find some stairs, Ramone."

"Bullshit," Ramone retorted. "I ain't walking down no five floors." He turned toward the nurse's station and peered into the darkness of the office behind it. "Anybody there? We need to get out of here," he yelled.

His complaint was greeted by silence. Obviously, this late at night, the staff was reduced and the few nurses on shift were dealing with restless patients or administering medicine. He called out again, anyway, as if there might be someone in there ignoring him.

"Come on, Ramone. Find someone to help us get out of here," his girlfriend whined.

"There might be a service elevator," I suggested. "Down there," I said, pointing in the opposite direction from the elevator.

"Let's give it a try," Mom said.

As we walked down the hall, the woman groaned, "Ramone," but their footsteps followed.

I don't know whose shoes clicked louder in the muted hallway, his or hers. Didn't they know sick people were trying to sleep? I was tired of these two and wished they had stayed at the nurse's station. I didn't think there would be

another elevator but was pretty sure there would be stairs at the end of the hall. Mom and I could get down the five floors pretty quick.

"Here we are," Mom announced.

Sure as hell, she had found an elevator and there was a stairwell another ten feet on in case that one was also broken. Mom pushed the button and the light came on after a brief delay, followed by the creaking sound that older elevators make when they move.

"At least there's one man here who can do something," the woman said.

The hair on the back of my neck bristled as I felt Ramone's anger. I studiously avoided eye contact and waited for the elevator to open. A few seconds after it arrived, the door opened onto a room twice as wide and long as a normal elevator. You could have easily fit four hospital beds in it. There were doors and controls at each end. We stepped inside.

"Man this thing is so old I'm surprised it has buttons," Ramone said.

"Or works," Mom added.

"It smells," the woman said.

"Shut up, Nita. We'll only be in it for a minute. Come on, man," he said to me. "Push the button."

There was no button for the first floor, or the lobby, so I depressed the one labeled 'B1' and, with a lurch, the elevator started down. I stepped back and turning, pressed my back against the wall. Mom stood near me while Ramone stayed in the center with Nita leaning against him. His arm curled around her waist and the dress pulled in tighter against her body. Sparring or not, I knew these two would go to a club, drink their face off while posing for everyone around, and then go home and fuck their asses off in some crummy apartment. The house that awaited Mom and I seemed empty and sterile in comparison.

The elevator passed the fourth floor and stopped. Then the lights flickered and it started again. The number three at the top of the door lit up. Ten seconds later, number two lit up and the elevator lurched violently but didn't stop. Ramone and Nita almost lost their balance and clung to each other more tightly.

"Motherfucker," Ramone barked.

Mom cast an annoyed glance at him and moved closer to me. I glowered at him but he didn't take any notice.

'B1' lit up and all of us stepped closer to the door. We waited, but it didn't open. I pressed the button marked "Open" but nothing happened.

"Press the button to open the door, man."

"I did," I snapped. This guy was really getting on my nerves.

"Try it again, Ryan," Mom suggested quietly.

"Okay," I said.

"Yeah, try it again, Ryan," Ramone laughed, mimicking Mom's voice.

"Shut up, Ramone," Nita said.

"Close your yap."

I pressed the 'Open' button several times.

"It doesn't work."

"Let me do it."

I stepped aside and let the big man take the controls. He stabbed at the 'Open' and 'B1' buttons alternately several

times as if they would work when pressed by a real man, jabbing harder each time.

"Fucking piece of shit," Ramone yelled. He smacked the wall above the buttons and then kicked it.

"Maybe 'B1' is restricted," Mom suggested, pointing at the keyhole at the bottom of the button array. "Let's go up one floor and come back down the stairs."

Ramone looked pissed off. Nita looked to the side, nodding her head as if it was about time someone thought of the obvious answer. Mom pushed the button for the second floor. Nothing happened. Mom pushed the button several more times, each time jabbing it harder like Ramone had done.

"Shit," she cried.

"We're stuck," I said.

"No kidding," Ramone replied.

Mom banged on the metal door. "Hey, let us out."

Ramone joined in, yelling louder. "Let us out, man!"

Nita joined the chorus. A minute later, they stopped and withdrew for a rest. Mom joined me and Ramone and Nita leaned against the wall on the other side. We looked at each other, then avoided looking at each other. One by one, we all took another turn banging on the door and yelling. I remembered how thick the elevator door had been and understood how little chance there was that the deadened sound of our yelling would be heard.

"Nobody can hear us."

"Oh man," Nita cried. "We can't be stuck in this cave all night."

"What time do they change shifts?" Ramone asked.

"Probably at six," Mom said.

"Six?" Ramone looked horrified. "That's almost seven hours from now."

Mom nodded and Nita slumped down to the floor, her back sliding all the way down the wall which was great because the drag forced her dress almost up onto her ass. When her butt hit the floor, Nita's knees splayed apart for a moment and I caught a glimpse of a narrow strip of dark panties stretched over a swollen mound. My attention had been riveted fast enough to determine that the pussy underneath was likely shaved because there were no stray hairs on either side.

Nita's legs snapped shut and she flashed me a crooked smile. I blushed and quickly looked at Ramone but he was leaning against the wall with his hands clutching his head in exasperation. Relieved, I looked back at Nita who was still regarding me with a knowing smile. I hazarded a cautious smile of my own and her eyes sparkled flirtatiously in response. This woman, only half a dozen years older than

me, had a one track mind: Who, at the moment, was interested in her?

"Oh dear," Mom said. With greater caution, she sat down on the floor and leaned against the wall, unconsciously taking care to keep her legs together. Once down, she removed her shoes. "I guess we're going to be here for a while."

"Fuck." Ramone pushed off the wall and starting pacing from door to door. "Fuck, fuck, fuck." On the third pass, he suddenly noticed the other door and banged on it, yelling, "Hey man, let us out for fuck's sake."

I slunk down to sit beside Mom and Ramone resumed his pacing. I watched his legs go by for a while, Nita ignored him and studied her nails, and Mom stared straight ahead. I did notice that Mom's gaze was on a level with Ramone's hips and seemed to focus on the lump in front of his pants each time he passed, a lump I was sure was artificially enhanced.

I was again startled by Mom's apparent sexual thoughts. Clearly, Ramone had picked up on this upstairs. Would he

actually bang my mother, a woman fifteen or more years older than him? Maybe not now, but I was sure if he was alone he would give it a try, probably just to prove he could have any woman he wanted. He was easy to read, all about ego, but Mom was a different story. Would she actually fuck this phony dickwad or was she just surprised that he had been making eyes at her upstairs?

I slid my eyes sideways and tried to look Mom over without her or Nita realizing what I was doing. She didn't have Nita's youthful figure but she was about the same size and her body was more than okay. Maybe things were less firm, but hey, she wasn't bad, especially for a woman in her forties. I looked at Mom's lower legs and the little bit of thigh that I could see. Not bad. Yup, I was sure Ramone would do her if he had half a chance.

I leaned my head back against the wall and closed my eyes, trying to picture Mom in the more revealing garb she wore in the summer. My memories confirmed that she really did have a nice figure. They sprang into my consciousness like little movie shorts. I was amazing that I could remember each segment in such detail: Mom laughing, moving about, crossing her legs, bending over to pick something up,

reaching up, lying on the couch, reading, unaware her skirt fallen from her knees. I remembered standing beside Mom one morning while she sat at the kitchen table, unaware that her robe was open and her nightgown had fallen half off her left breast and exposed the right so much that I could see the swell of the underside as it curved away from her chest. I remembered trying to stand very still then to prolong the moment as long as I could.

I pulled my head off the wall and opened my eyes. What the fuck was I thinking?

Ramone had sat down opposite Mom, his head thrown back like mine had been and his arms draped on his pulled-up knees with hands dangling over. Mom was looking straight at him, right between his open legs. Nita, sitting opposite me, was smiling. Slowly, eyes glinting with excitement, she opened her legs until her panties showed again. She flicked her eyes and I knew that, even though Mom was sitting beside me and staring across the elevator, Nita knew that she wouldn't notice what she was doing. Nita pouted her lips and blew me a kiss.

I immediately felt a reaction in my groin, and then fear as Ramone flung his head forward.

"Give me your purse."

"No."

"Give it to me."

Ramone grabbed Nita's purse despite her attempt to keep it away from him.

"No Ramone. Not here."

"Shut the fuck up."

Ramone dug something out of the purse and flung it aside. He popped whatever it was into his mouth and settled back against the wall. Some time later, he stretched out and put his hands behind his head. He didn't even notice when the lights flickered out and the dull emergency lamp turned on.

In the fading light, Nita slumped down and used her purse as a pillow. She kicked off her high heels and pulled her knees up, fitting her feet snugly against her buttocks, evidently unconcerned about how much of her backside was on display.

Mom looked at me and shrugged. I avoided looking at Nita for a while but my gaze eventually returned to those dark panties. Several minutes later, Nita turned onto her side and pulled her knees up. Her thin, 'fuck me' clubbing dress was pulled up almost to her hips and I longed to cross the floor to take her right there, on her side, from behind. Nita lifted her head to rearrange her purse into a better pillow. Her eyes glinted in the dim light before settling back onto the purse. What a little cocktease!

Mom slid down into a similar position and put her head on her own purse, then pushed her backside toward me until it bumped against my leg. I looked down at Mom's dress, more demurely arranged to cover her legs almost to her knees. Her legs below that were covered in stockings but her arms were bare and tanned, slender and lightly muscled like Nita's despite her age.

In the privacy of the dim light, with everyone else lying with heads hidden or turned away, I compared Nita's body to Mom's, the latter conservatively dressed and the former lewdly displayed. I imagined Mom's body outfitted in the 'fuck me' dress and pictured what she would look sitting opposite me instead of Nita.

You know what, Ramone, I thought. If she wasn't my mother, I'd fuck her too.

Jesus, Ryan! I gave my head a shake. If everyone else was going to sleep, so should I, especially if I was going to have such ridiculous thoughts. I shook my sandals off and stretched out.

As I dozed off, I thought about Nita. In my mind, I crawled across the elevator to pull those dark panties down her legs. Finding myself miraculously naked, I shoved my cock into her wet pussy. Immediately, it sunk in deep. Her eyes smoldered as she looked past her shoulder to watch me fuck her with great lunges, her mouth shaped into a big 'O' to egg me on that retained its shape even as each powerful

thrust knocked her head into the wall. Then Nita's face turned into Mom's and I stopped, groaning into near wakefulness. Soon, I was dreaming about Nita again, pushing her onto the hospital bed and taking her from behind while Mom talked to Dad and Ramone spoke to his father, each seeking forgiveness for some reason or another, and completely oblivious to the vigorous pounding I was serving upon Nita.

My eyes opened but I couldn't see anything. It was pitch black. Obviously, I had fallen asleep and sometime after that the emergency lights had quit working. A fan was busily exchanging the air in the elevator so it wasn't a power thing or the fan wasn't on the same circuit. At least something had gone right.

I pulled myself up into a sitting position and braced my back against the wall. Man I was stiff. Sleeping on a hard floor sucked. I stretched and peered around but no amount of acclimatization was going to let me penetrate the darkness. There was no minimum amount of light to

accommodate to; there was in fact, no light at all. I heard breathing nearby. The others were asleep.

What time was it?

I had no idea. Mom's cell phone was in her purse. I reached out to feel for it but felt nothing. She must have put it down on her other side, or maybe she was using it as a pillow. Crap. I was wide awake.

I stood up and stretched, then cautiously felt my way forward until I was where the middle of the elevator should be. I moved carefully to avoid stumbling into someone and used my hands to explore the air in front of me as I sought the far door. Half a dozen small steps to the end but how far from the other door had I started? I walked back the way I had come, counting my steps. Eight. I turned, squared my back against the door and returned. Ten steps. Probably more because I was more confident that the path was clear. Back the other way. Ten steps. Good.

I walked back and forth. Ten steps brought me to the other door each time. After reaching one, I centered my back

against the door and pushed off in a straight line, then walked ten steps until I reached the other one. As I walked, thoughts about Nita's body percolated through my head. I had to be passing within inches of her.

That was the bright side. I was stuck in here with a saucy, flirty woman wearing a come-on dress whose boyfriend had launched himself into dream space for the duration. And what did she do? She literally dangled her pussy in front of my face.

If my mother wasn't here, I could wake her up and call her bluff. Imagine that, having her right next to her sleeping boyfriend, showing her how a real cock compared to a pair of pants padded out with some old socks. I bet she'd love it. Shit, if only my mother wasn't here.

I banged into the door. Fuck, that hurt. I turned and stumbled back the other way, holding each side of my injured nose. Ow. I stopped and hunched over in pain, widening my stance to steady myself. My foot bumped another. It was bare, like mine.

It was hers. Mom was wearing stockings. The foot hadn't been withdrawn so she must be sleeping. I stopped breathing to listen and heard steady breathing from two people. Though I couldn't pinpoint their location, I knew they were from distinct sources and didn't come from the direction of the foot. If she wasn't sleeping why hadn't she pulled back her foot when I stumbled into it?

I lowered myself until I was squatting. Carefully, I twisted around, swinging my far foot around while maintaining contact with the foot with the other. I lowered myself onto one knee and dropped my hand onto the foot. It felt warm and remained in place. My fingers slid over the top while my thumb explored the inside of the arch, then rubbed the sole from the heel to the balls of the foot.

Okay, so she wants to play? I put my right knee on the floor for stability and searched for the other foot. When I found it, I rubbed it too. Soon, I wanted more and moved up to the ankles and beyond. There was no resistance or hint of rejection. Her legs felt nice and I remembered how long and tanned they looked, all the way until they disappeared under that short fuck-me dress.

I moved up to the knees, swirled my hands around them, building the courage to go farther. Onto thighs now but staying close to the knees. Fuck she was hot, playing possum like this. Not a whisper of encouragement but no discouragement either. I pushed higher, felt the hem of her fuck-me dress, rubbed my thumbs across its border, then slid under it.

Her legs moved then, closing. I tried to twist her body around. I wanted to feel the back of her thighs, to push my hands onto those rolling buttocks my father had admired so intensely. She resisted and, try as I might, I couldn't shift her. I stopped trying and she stopped resisting. I slid my hands further inside her dress but she pulled her knees up toward herself and her hands grasped my wrists, preventing further progress.

So what now? Was this just more cock-teasing? I tried to push my hands deeper under her dress but her hands rose to thwart the effort. Fuck! What was she playing at?

I tried to withdraw my hands but hers switched allegiance and to prevent their retreat. Was she teasing or did she really not know what she wanted? I pulled harder and broke away but only withdrew to her knees, slipped underneath and gradually pushed her legs back towards her. When they were bent and spread in a position that would have allowed an uninhibited view of a lewdly displayed crotch if it wasn't pitch black, I threw myself forward and down. My aim was perfect. My mouth latched onto her swollen mound and opened wide to cover as much of her panty-covered lips as I could manage.

A muffled, "Ohhhh," was just reward and a sufficient indication that I had caught her completely off guard. I munched, sliding my hands down from her knees to the middle of her thighs, just high enough to keep them back and her mound thrust forward and up against my mouth. I chewed and licked. Soon, despite her awkward position, she rolled her hips, trying to get more of her pussy into my mouth. I drew away, just to tease her. My hands slid back up to her knees and pressed them against the elevator wall, angling her pussy up and making it harder for her to move.

Using my tongue, I found the edge of her panties and nudged them aside, then pushed my tongue between her lips. She squiggled, gleefully, though no sound accompanied her joy. I flicked my tongue, pushed it around, slowly and then vigorously, licked, pulled out and kissed mound, flicked the little spot on top, then pushed my tongue back into her slit as thickly as I could.

I repeated this over and over and over. She was so into it—I could tell by the involuntary nature of the squiggles and gasps—that I was surprised when she tried to stop me from removing her panties. But I was onto her game. I relented as soon as she tried to stop me but after she lost herself in my licking, squiggly tongue, I renewed the attack.

It wasn't long before I had her panties over her knees. With a quick jerk, I pulled them off her feet and immediately re-pinned her knees to the wall and pressed my crotch against her upturned butt. She froze as soon as she felt the naked skin of my loins, only then discovering that I had managed to push my shorts down while going down on her.

My shaft lay in the groove between her lower lips. I pulled back until the head pressed on her slit and tried to raise up high enough to angle it down far enough to push in, but couldn't. I tried again to no avail. Her hand appeared from nowhere once more and her fingers circled my cock, then guided it into her slit. I pushed into its mushiness.

Oh, sweet heaven. Slick and wet, I kexpected, but I hadn't realized how warm it would be. What a hot pussy. So much better than my girlfriend's. I got onto my feet and, crouching over her, pushed deeper.

What a surprise to meet so much resistance. She was even tighter than my girlfriend, years her junior and very inexperienced. Was Ramone's cock so small? Her walls clasped my shaft and I resisted the urge to just slam in.

Slowly, Ryan, push it in slowly.

Oh, it was so sweet feeling her acclimatize to something bigger than she was used to. To know that I was a bigger man added to the tingling sparkling around my cock, as if her palpitating, slick muscle could possibly be outdone.

It seemed to take forever but eventually I was buried to the root. I pulled out as slowly as I could and pressed in again, trying to re-enter just as slowly but she was slicker and more yielding. So too on the third and fourth stroke but then her resistance leveled off and I was moving steadily in and out trying not to gasp my pleasure too loudly.

I was so hard, she felt so fucking fantastic. Elaine didn't feel anything like this. I could fuck her for a long time now unless I imagined doing it with someone who would let me take her like this. Elaine was real straight and I always had the feeling she was waiting for it to be over.

But this woman was really into it. Already, she was throwing her pussy up to meet me. Each time I pulled out I held back before plunging back in and she would push up. I paused longer and longer and she shoved her cunt onto my cock harder and harder. I let go of her knees and slipped my hands around her thighs to grab her tits but her dress was still on. I tried to pull it off her shoulders but her hands appeared again to stop me. I couldn't grab them and ended up circling her throat instead.

I lunged into her hard and she responded. One hand slipped onto her shoulder and the other pushed her face sideways against the floor. I fucked harder and her pussy squeezed around the whole length of my shaft, clutching it so hard I had difficulty pulling back to initiate the next thrust. I had never held a woman this way, had never treated one so roughly, and was surprised by her positive response and by how much I liked it. I slammed into her with increased gusto.

I lost it. I was already starting to come and tried to stop it, not wanting this fuck to ever end. I gripped her head harder as if that would help but that only made it worse. I lost all restraint and hammered her pussy like a maniac.

Take this, take it, take it!

My hands flew up to grasp her thighs and I pulled her away from the wall. I folded myself over her, squatting, pulling her up to meet me as I spurted inside her, groaning, coming too soon, way too soon!

It was over. She slipped off me and away into the darkness. I fell back, spinning and reeling onto my ass, flinging onto my back, suddenly exhausted. The floor was cold. I threw an arm over my face, exhilarated and disappointed all at the same time. What a fuck!

She was against my side, snuggling. That's what Elaine did which surprised me. If she wanted it over so quickly why did she want to snuggle? Her arm curled across my chest and she kissed my shoulder as her knee slid over my thigh. Her hand trailed along my stomach and onto my far thigh, then traced a path up the nearer one, back onto my stomach and down to my flaccid cock.

Shit! I may be bigger, but I'm quicker too.

I sighed.

The fingers tickled down the vein on the underside of my limp dick and onto my balls.

I wish I could, lady, but I can't.

I willed my cock to get hard but it was no use. It was hard enough to get Elaine to do it once so my body was drilled never to expect a second go. It did feel nice, though. Her fingers were so soft and delicate.

She leaned over me and let her hair dangle onto my chest, then dragged it down until it tickled my cock and balls.

Ahh, that was nice, very nice.

She swept her hair back and forth over my cock long enough for it to finally dawn on me that this woman hadn't gotten off. I had left her hanging. I tried to get up and turn toward her so I could finish the job with my tongue but she pressed me back onto the floor.

Suddeny, her hand was on my balls, cupping them, then sliding up the shaft, fingers closing around it as they progressed up to the tip. She squeezed it and let her thumb rub over the top, then jacked it down to the root, stretching the skin tight over my shaft. She held it down like that,

making it feel raw and exposed. Just when I thought her hand was about to rise again, she dropped her head and took my cock into her mouth.

Oh, fuck. That was so sweet.

Warm, slick saliva surrounded the head of my dick. Her head pushed down, taking more into her mouth. Sometime in the past few seconds I had become hard. She pulled up, tongue swirling around the head, then pushed down, deep, lips nibbled around my root, then drew up, slowly, lips clutching, mouth sucking, all the way to the tip. Back and forth several like that, many times, and then suddenly, she pulled her mouth off with a loud, sucking pop. That was as much as I ever got from Elaine. More, in fact. I sighed, expecting it her to stop and wishing she wouldn't.

She spit on my cock!

I convulsed in surprise, my head rising six inches off the floor, and tried to see what she was doing but it was too dark. My neck was at full crane when her mouth enveloped my cockhead and sunk down my shaft. My head bobbed

precariously in response to the exquisite sensations. She drew her mouth up and down slowly, as she had done before, then pulled off and spit on my cock again. Back onto it, going deeper with each suck until her lips closed around the root and nibbled before her tongue reached out to lick my balls!

I thrust upward and felt a muffled, amused response that was quickly followed by a succession of short bobs and then a prolonged deep one with soft fingers tickling and scratching the underside of my balls. My cock was suddenly bare in the cold air, warmed by more spit, and then her mouth was on me again, going deep right away, really deep. Sucking bobs followed, wet, slimy, slick ones that filled the room with long series of squelching sounds until her mouth popped off again.

This time there the glorious sound of spitting didn't follow.

Her knee slid across me. My cock was grabbed roughly, held upright, then plunged into a slick abyss. As her cunt swallowed me whole I wondered how she had lost her initial tightness. God, I was already in her to the root. I tried to

fuck up into her but she pressed her hands onto my chest and I stopped.

She remained still, and so did I, for a minute or two, maybe even three. It seemed like a long time. Then, she started moving, tiny, barely perceptible movements, more like just squeezing, really. Then, like an old fashioned train pulling away from a station, she humped me faster and faster, squeezing harder each time, as if each impalement goaded her on the way each thrust had done for me.

She was fucking me hard, the way I had fucked her. I let her take me. It was her turn. I didn't move until she was really fucking into it and then all I did was reach up to grasp her tits through the fuck-me dress she was still wearing. I squeezed and massaged them roughly. She arched her back and rubbed them against my hands. It was harsh and coarse and, from our groans and moans, we both loved it.

I mauled her tits mercilessly as she jackhammered my cock with a frenzy that matched the treatment I had inflicted upon her pussy. When she hunched over my chest, I knew she was close. Her breath was a series of uncoordinated

rasps and her lunges were slower but extremely harsh, almost tearing my cock off my body.

Lunge, lunge...lunge, lunge, desperate gasps, then she stopped, chest heaving on mine, collapsing, lying atop me, slipping off my still hard cock and falling to the side, rolling away, not cuddling this time. She was done, exhausted, just like I had been when I had finished with her.

I lay quietly, recovering my breath and listened to her trying get control of hers. Silence gradually took over the room until I could hear the breathing of the other people in the elevator.

I turned and collided with her back as she turned away from me at the same time. I put my arm around her waist and spooned her but she tried to push me away. I knew she was right. If we fell asleep like that and the lights came on, everyone would wake up and Ramone would see us. It was stupid but I persisted and she was too exhausted to resist. My cock was too hard now to simply return to my side of the elevator.

Several minutes went by before I spooned her more tightly. She seemed to be asleep already. I pressed my cock into her backside. I was getting harder at the thought of pressing into her behind. I twitched but she didn't react so I did it again, then again and again. I slid her dress higher and she didn't resist so I pressed my cock into her butt more firmly. No response, but when I tried to twist her forward onto her stomach, she resisted. I pushed her harder and she protested more strongly but I forced her onto her stomach. I pushed her dress up. She tried to push up from the floor but I squashed her down. She tried to close her legs but I used my feet to spread hers apart.

We became still, me lying on top of her, my cock lodged between her legs. I tried to angle it into her cunt but she squiggled, denying me. I grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back, then surrounded her throat with the other. It was a gambit. She seemed to like the rough stuff so it was worth a try.

I pushed my cock against her slit and she squiggled again but this time the end result was insertion. I shoved, sliding my cock through the slick, collapsed walls. God, I loved her claspig cunt and I loved the way she let me take it. My loins

pressed against her ass, her gorgeous, plush, rolling ass. I grunted and jammed into her, squishing her buttocks, then again and again. She grunted in response each time. Yeah, she likes it a little rough, just like I do, I guess.

I jammed my cock into her from behind, tossing long, hard lunging thrusts into her. The minutes flew by and still I didn't tire, nor did I feel in any danger of coming prematurely. It felt like I could fuck her forever and she was responding now like that's just what she wanted me to do.

Yeah, baby. I love fucking you like this.

I pulled her hips up until she was on her knees but when she tried to get up on her hands, I pushed her shoulders down to the floor. I got onto my feet and, squatting, started digging into her.

Oh yeah, baby. Like a caveman!

I loved doing her like this, banging into her, gouging her pussy with my cock. I plowed her like that for some time

and then, tiring, got back onto my knees. I pulled her up from the floor and held her by the elbows as I fucked her. I waddled forward until I heard her head thump and pressed her against the elevator wall. I banged her really hard, using my hand to press her face flat. Somehow, that made the fucking even better.

I rattled her hard, pulled her back until she fell forward onto the floor again, found her hands, and pulled them back to hold her in place for another pounding. After a minute of that I pulled her up and mashed her against the wall again. This time, I rammed into her until I was done. She gasped and fucked back at me just as hard and came too, squeezing my cock as it emptied inside her. I had never produced so much cum.

When I was finished, I pulled out and fell back onto the floor where I sat until I was able to move. I swept my hands around until I found my shorts and pulled them on but when I stood up to finish the job I stumbled. Disoriented in the dark, I stood still for several seconds, suddenly afraid of bumping into and waking Ramone.

Was the best piece of ass I'd ever had worth a knife in the gut? I listened until I could hear breathing, then yanked my shorts up and moved away from the source until I found the opposite wall. There, I sank to the floor. Exhausted, I was asleep in minutes.

My eyes fluttered open. The emergency lights were back on, dim, but to my eyes, too bright. I turned my away and looked along the floor. I was facing one of the elevator doors and nobody was between it and me. I heard rustling behind me and fear flashed through me. I didn't know which side of the elevator I was on, ours or theirs. I raised my head and twisted my groggy head to look over my shoulder.

Thank God.

Mom was sitting with her back toward me, dress unzipped enough to show her spine as she rocked from one buttock to the other, tighten her stockings. Satisfied they were snugly in place, Mom reached behind to zip up her dress

but uncharacteristically fumbled with the zipper. I sat up and turned to help her, putting my hand over hers just as she finally managed to prod the zipper into movement above the dark brown slip that matched the dress. Mom twisted and impatiently brushed my hand away.

I looked across at Nita who was watching with obvious amusement. Had Nita said something while I was still asleep or, worse, had Mom heard us last night? The smirk on Nita's face provided no clues. Mom seemed mad at me. What else could it be?

Nita stood up and smoothed the tight dress over her thighs. I don't know what it was made of but surprisingly, given what had happened last night, it wasn't even wrinkled. Moreover, I couldn't see where I'd torn it on the front. The damage must have been more minor than I'd thought or maybe it was hidden by the crossover wrap that emphasized the outline of her sexy breasts.

The main lights turned on and the elevator lurched. Ramone was caught crouching on his feet, about to get up, and spilled back onto the floor.

"Jesus, fucking Christ," he yelled.

Flashing him a disgusted look, Mom tried to get up but lost her balance too. I jumped to my feet and extended a hand but she ignored it and stood up on her own. Nita laughed. Mom turned and walked to the door through which we had entered and pressed the button marked "1". The elevator sprang into action.

We all clustered behind Mom. The doors opened and we were looking out onto a long hallway with the light of day beyond glass doors in the distance. Without a word, Mom stalked out of the elevator, heels clicking louder than Nita and Ramone's had the night before. Nita cocked her head at me and smiled. I rushed to catch up to Mom. Nita's heels clacked on the floor behind me.

We passed by several people dressed in hospital greens but only one gave us even a passing glance. Without hesitation, Mom pushed through the glass doors and out onto the street. I caught the door just before it closed and hurried to

catch up, not bothering to hold it for Nita who was right behind me.

Mom had waved down a cab and it stopped about twenty feet up the street. I ran and caught up just as she got in the back seat. If I hadn't got there in time, I think she would have told the driver to leave. I looked back at Nita, the woman with whom I'd had the best sex of my life. Would I ever see her again? Would I ever have sex like that again?

Nita was talking to Ramone. He seemed confused but then started to laugh. They both turned to look at us. They were both laughing.

I got in the car, and we sped away.

Mom didn't speak to me the whole way home. As soon as we got there, she got out and strode purposely to the house, leaving me to pay the bill. I hadn't dared to say anything, not even to mention that we had driven to the hospital in

Dad's car. Mom was at the top of the stairs by the time I got inside. The shower was already running as I passed by her door. When I got to my room I flopped onto the bed and was soon asleep.

It was after dinner when I woke up. I showered and went downstairs. Mom was sitting in the living room, reading a magazine or, more accurately, flipping casually through the pages.

"Mom, about last night..."

"I'm tired," she said.

"But I think we should..."

Mom rose abruptly to her feet and brushed past me. She went up the stairs and disappeared down the hallway. A door slammed shut.

The next two days were like that. Every time I tried to talk to Mom it ended the same way. If I remained silent, she ignored me, but if I spoke, she would leave the room. Late in the afternoon on the second day, she broke her silence.

"Put your shoes on. We need to get into the city. Your father has been released and you can drive his car back."

"Aren't we going to eat first?"

"No."

In the car, as soon as we cleared the driveway, I tried again.

"Mom..."

"I'm not in the mood to talk."

So we drove down to the hospital in a silence no less awkward than the cab ride home. At a red light, I started to

speaking but choked it off because of the way Mom's neck tightened.

Why was she so pissed? I was pretty sure she knew that Elaine and I had sex but it wasn't like we were engaged or anything. She couldn't deny that Nita was pretty and had a hot body. Was it because it was disrespectful to do it with her in the room? Probably, and I knew it was a pretty shitty thing to have done, now that my thoughts weren't driven by lust, but couldn't she give me a break? I mean, I had a young man's hormones. Wouldn't it be easier to pretend nothing had happened?

I hated that she was so mad at me. In that moment, I realized how much I loved my mother. I had disappointed her and that twisted my guts into a knot so tight I didn't know if it would ever come undone. I wanted to say I was sorry but couldn't get a single sound to exit my mouth.

Please forgive me, Mom. I'm so sorry.

Why couldn't I just say it?

In the hospital, Dad was flirting with a young nurse who had wheeled him downstairs and was keeping him company on the main floor. He glanced our way when we came in but that brief second was all he spared from attending to the young nurse. Good old Dad.

"How are you sweetheart?" Mom greeted him.

"Fine, fine," Dad replied, not bothering to look up.

"Are you ready to go home?"

"And leave all this?" Dad laughed.

"Ryan can drive you," Mom answered curtly. She spun on her heel.

"I was just kidding," Dad finally looked at Mom, but it was too late, she was already walking briskly away.

I drove Dad home after removing the parking tickets bunched under the driver's side windshield wiper. I had no explanation for the tickets and simply suffered through his barrage until about halfway home when he tired of it and began talking about the nurses that had been taking care of him. We were almost there when he remembered Nita.

"Wasn't she something?"

"Who?"

"That one visiting Herb with her boyfriend the other night?"

"Oh yeah. I guess so."

"You guess so? That was a fine piece of ass, youngster. Better than you'll ever get hold of anyway, unless you get lucky. A wild woman like that is nothing to sneer at."

"I suppose so Dad. Can we talk about something else?"

"Hell, you've got my good looks son, but you've got to liven up a little if you want them to work for you."

"Dad."

"I'm just kidding, son. I would never cheat on your mother. A man likes to look, is all."

How could Dad not know how crappy that sounded to me? I looked at him to see if he was joking and quickly looked away. He was serious but his eyes weren't convincing.

Mom was in bed when we got home. I had to help Dad up the stairs. I guess the medication was wearing off and his bravado with it. Mom was sitting up in bed flipping through a magazine. She didn't even look at us as I helped Dad to his side of the bed and sat him down on its edge. I got the feeling that she had only picked it up when she heard us coming up the stairs. I looked at her and waited for a response. Not necessarily a thank you, anything would do.

I was disappointed. Mom flipped the pages while I waited. As the seconds dragged by, Dad started unbuttoning his shirt. Mom's hair shone in the light from the lamp behind her, producing an aura around her head. There was a sheen on her bare shoulders where she must have rubbed cream on and a bruise on top of the left one. I guess she'd had an uncomfortable night sleeping on the hard linoleum floor. Maybe that's why she'd been awake to hear me with Nita.

I tried to eject the thought as soon as it started to pass through my mind but the observation was undeniable. The lacy, blue nightdress that clung to Mom's left breast momentarily fell away when she exhaled. I thought she looked incredibly sexy with her breast sagging beneath her clothes, then expanding to fill them again. I watched the sequence repeat itself several times and wondered how this woman put up with my father and his shenanigans and why he was blind to what was lying next to him. I vowed to never disappoint her again.

I helped Dad remove his shirt, slipped off his shoes and socks, and pulled his pants off. I peeled the covers back, which exposed Mom's left thigh, then swung his feet up on to the bed and pulled the sheet over him, followed by the

blanket. I bid my parents goodnight and left their room, closing the door quietly behind me.

I love you, Mom, I thought to myself.

And I meant it. However, in my bed, with the light out, I thought about Nita's hot body and the way it felt writhing underneath me. Dad was right. There was a wildness about her that sucked a man in and made him want to take her, hard. I was desperate to be with her again, or someone like her—sex with Elaine just wouldn't cut it anymore. I fell asleep with cock firmly in hand but the last lingering thought was of a lacy blue nightdress with a retreating breast that surged lustily forth, and a long shank of sexy, bare thigh.

The next morning I embarked on a mission: winning Mom over. Instead of trying to talk to her about that night in the elevator, I made myself as quietly helpful as I could. I didn't know how to go about it at first but after a while I got the hang of it. I did little things, unimportant things, but I did

them without being asked and never pointed out that I had done them. Weeks went by.

At first, Mom didn't notice but eventually she began to take note. Just a glance or two but it was nevertheless an acknowledgement of my effort. I suppressed the urge to speak about that night in the elevator knowing it could ruin the progress I had made so far. Over the next few days I kept myself in check and Mom seemed to avoid me less often and gradually softened toward me. However, it still surprised me when we accidentally bumped into each other and she didn't shy away. The next day, I was arranging a bouquet of flowers on the dining table that I had picked for her. She was very pleased when she saw what I was doing. I forgot myself and gave her a big hug. Although Mom tensed up, she didn't push me away.

Thereafter, I was able to give Mom the occasional brief hug. Our relationship slowly returned to normal and then went beyond. We became closer than we had ever been. We talked casually about anything, but never about that night. Whether we were talking or not, we were comfortable in each other's company and Dad's presence was an intrusion. Whenever he left the room, we both relaxed.

I developed a new theory to explain why Mom was so upset about the night. It was rooted in her relationship with Dad. He could have easily died on the operating table and Mom had been very worried yet he took her for granted as soon as he became aware of his surroundings again. Worse, he ignored her and paid attention to anything else in a skirt that was nearby.

So when Ramone checked her out, she responded. And then, during the long night in the elevator, when her own fantasies might have run wild, she heard Ramone having wild, abandoned sex with his girlfriend. Only, in the morning light, it was clear that the drugged Ramone hadn't been capable of vigorous sexual activity the night before and she turned her anger toward me. I can't claim to understand women much but I think Mom was jealous that I had experienced the wildness she had wanted to taste, if only just once.

I think Mom eventually felt guilty about giving me the cold shoulder, especially when it obviously upset me so much. In the end, everything had worked out for the better. Dad

carried on like he always had but Mom didn't seem to care. In fact, she actually seemed pleased to hear his flimsy excuses about needing to work late or go into the office on the weekend since it left us alone to enjoy ourselves in a more relaxed environment.

For my part, remembering how Mom had come alive when Ramone had so blatantly checked her out, I started throwing compliments her way. I helped her with the grocery shopping and when a woman went by wearing an outfit that would look good on Mom, I mentioned it. Dismissive at first, Mom eventually took my suggestions into consideration. Not long after, I found myself tagging along to help Mom shop for new clothes.

We were sitting in the food court, having a coffee, when we ran into Ramone and Nita. They came up behind me but I knew something was up by the look on Mom's face before they sat at the table next to us. Mom glanced at me and then looked away. I turned to see who she was avoiding and looked full on into Nita's face.

"Well, hello...Ryan," she smiled.

Ramone's head snapped over and a smirk formed on his face before his gaze even settled on me. He said something that only Nita could hear.

Nita glanced at him, annoyed, and said, "Shut up." She looked at Mom. "It looks like you survived the ordeal."

Mom nodded. I could tell she was uncomfortable.

"That was sure a night to remember," Nita added.

Mom looked more uncomfortable. Shit, I had just managed to get her over being mad at me. Why didn't Nita just shut the fuck up?

I looked at her and tried to convey that sentiment but she was oblivious. Ramone was eyeing Mom up and that pissed me off but it was better than him finding out what Mom had been pissed at me about.

Mom might have realized that herself because she said, "We should be going."

Nita reached out and put her hand over Mom's, startling both her and me. "But it looks like you just sat down." She turned to Ramone and said, "Get me a coffee, baby."

Ramone objected but relented when Nita threw him a heavy look.

I half stood up and asked Mom, "Did you want another?"

Mom looked daggers at me so I promptly sat back down, but then she changed her mind. Looking at Nita, she said, "Maybe I will have another. This one's cold."

As I got up to follow Ramone, Nita said, "He doesn't know."

She must have meant that Ramone didn't know but she spoke as if it was a question. The tension that had surged within me upon seeing Ramone and Nita drained away

until I looked at Mom and saw the grim look on her face. Nita repeated herself, staring intensely at Mom. Mom shook her head and Nita looked surprised.

"He really doesn't know?"

My gut tightened. Something was going on here that I didn't get. Was she talking about Dad? Was she worried that Mom had told him and he might be in contact with Ramone's father?

"Did you tell Ramone?" Mom asked.

Nita shook her head. Relieved again, I got up to get Mom another coffee. I didn't wait to hear whether or not Mom had told Dad. He wouldn't care. In fact, he'd be proud of me.

Ramone was standing in line but I didn't join him, steering instead toward another place before he saw me. I looked back at the table. Mom and Nita were engaged in intense conversation but Mom didn't look upset which surprised

me. I was afraid she might accuse Nita of shamelessly seducing her son in the dark and start a battle with the younger woman. Ramone got his coffee and left so I veered back and got another coffee for Mom. When I returned, Mom and Nita were talking about shopping and both were ignoring Ramone.

"I'll come with you. Men don't know anything about shopping."

"Alright. Let's go then."

They both got up and Mom walked away.

"Wait here," Nita told Ramone, then turned to follow Mom.

I hesitated, coffee in hand. The last thing I wanted to do was sit here with Ramone. I glanced at him, then went after the women. I followed them down the mall until they disappeared into a store, then sat on a bench and waited for them. I had drunk most of the coffee before they came out.

They both smiled at me and set off down the hall. I followed them to another store and sat on a bench near it.

This was so weird. Mom was shopping with the woman she had been so mad about me doing in the elevator. Half an hour later, they emerged, still talking. They walked my way and stopped, ignoring me and still talking.

"So I'll give you a call then."

"That would be great," Mom answered.

"I'd love to see your home," Nita responded.

Mom was inviting these people to our house?

They hugged and Nita turned to me. "Goodbye, Ryan."

She stepped close and gave me a quick hug and kiss on the cheek, then turned and walked away. I watched her and Mom commented.

"She is worth looking at, isn't she?"

I looked away.

"You can't really blame your father. He has no idea what young woman like that think of old lechs like him."

Mom laughed.

"Come on. Let's go home."

I wanted to ask Mom what she and Nita had talked about but she seemed to be in such a good mood I didn't want to ruin it. Obviously, she wasn't mad at me anymore so I decided to let well enough alone.

Things went on pretty much as usual after that. The relationship between Mom and I got more and more

relaxed. I continued being as helpful as I could and offered up compliments when the opportunity presented itself, which happened more frequently.

Strangely, Mom wore the clothes she had bought while shopping with Nita but only during the day. She changed before Dad came home. I didn't blame her, he'd probably make fun of her rather than acknowledging how good she looked. The clothes Nita had helped pick out suited Mom surprisingly well. The dresses were sexy but not cheesy and Mom looked younger in them. I particularly liked the wrap that emphasized her breasts, much as Nita's clubbing dress did for her. Mom looked super in it.

One night after supper, Mom was arranging a vase of flowers on the dining room table. Dad was sitting in the living room and I was passing behind her on the stairs when I looked down and was captivated by the thrust of her breasts against her dress. I continued down the stairs and stepped behind her. It was one of her own dresses but it fit her very well. Although Mom was aware I was there she didn't acknowledge my presence.

I was about to compliment Mom on the dress but instead did something completely unplanned and strange. I reached out and let my hand hover over her right shoulder, just above the nape of her neck, then let it slowly drop until my finger touched her skin. The contact was categorically different from our hugs. Those platonic embraces had nothing in common with this feathery touch. Mom stiffened as her breath drew in sharply. Her hands stopped arranging the flowers and froze in mid-air above them.

Undeterred despite the turmoil raging inside my head, my finger slid along her neck, following the curve onto the top of her shoulder and then stopped. Starting again, it proceeded outward to the edge of Mom's shoulder and pushed the strap of the dress near the precipice but not over onto her outer arm, then retraced its path, moving slowly until the tip was buried against the nape of Mom's neck.

I took a deep breath but didn't remove my finger. Mom took three quick, short breaths. The kitchen clock ticked loudly. I looked into the living room at my father's feet resting on the footrest in front of his chair, then back at the finger resting on Mom's neck. I pushed my finger deeper

until the tip dug in behind her clavicle and traced it out to her shoulder before returning to the spot where my finger had first landed on her skin. Mom took a deep breath.

I lifted my finger and turned away, walking slowly, though I felt like running.

The next day, I asked Mom if she was really going to have Nita out to the house.

"Yes," she said.

It looked like Mom expected me to say more but I dropped the topic and she let it lie.

That night, I asked Dad if he minded if I built myself a hobby room in the basement. Except for a half bathroom and the rumpus room, the basement was unfinished. Dad

knew I had acquired some carpentry skills from a summer job framing houses so I figured he'd say it was okay.

"You can use the rumpus room," Dad said. "Nobody uses it anymore."

"It's too big."

"So don't use all of it."

"I need to make some special alterations."

"For what?"

"Photography."

"You're not thinking of putting a sink in? I'm not paying for a plumber."

"No. I just need to control the lighting."

"Only," he said, "if you insist. But if you spend more than a couple hundred bucks it's on your nickel."

"Okay Dad. Thanks."

So I started building a room. I had no solid idea why I wanted to build this room and it was strange that I didn't question the urge to do it. I bought some two by four studs and a bunch of drywall and started hammering. I didn't even draw up a plan. I just started the outside wall about nine feet from the basement wall in a section where there weren't any windows and worked my way along about fifteen feet. While I worked, I thought of the movie *Field of Dreams* with Kevin Costner and *Encounters of the Third Kind* with Richard Dreyfuss, both of whom built things without knowing why.

Mom knew I was building a room downstairs but didn't say anything about it. I framed the whole thing and put up the drywall. Even though three of the walls were inside the house, I filled them all with insulation for sound-proofing, then starting taping and mudding. I had never done this

before. It looked so easy when the pros did it but I soon found out I didn't have the knack for mudding. I put too much on, sanded most of it off, put too much back on, sanded it off, and so on, but eventually I got it done.

Mom came down about a week after I started.

"It's kind of long and narrow, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"What's it for?"

"I don't know yet," I answered truthfully.

Mom shook her head and went back upstairs.

I installed a sliding pocket door instead of a regular door, painted the walls steel gray, and put a layer of fibrous sheeting on the floor so it wouldn't be too hard before installing the linoleum. I found an old control panel at a

junk yard, cut a hole in the drywall near the doorway, wired it up and screwed it onto the wall. Only the little red and green lights on it worked but that didn't matter; I was going for effect. I hadn't installed any other lights so, except for those little pin lights, it was pitch black when the sliding door was closed.

It didn't take much imagination to see that the room looked like an elevator.

Finally finished, I waited for Nita's visit. It was only then that I realized why I had built the room. Silly, really. I had no idea how I would get her down to that room, or away from Mom for that matter. I would have to solve that problem when the time came. If I got lucky, she would show up when Mom wasn't home. It didn't make sense but I just knew that, somehow, it would happen.

I was inside the room, standing to one side of the pocket door, when I heard Mom come downstairs. She came right up to the doorway and peeked into the room but didn't make eye contact with me. Then she turned and went back upstairs without saying a word.

Mom was quite distant for several days after that. I wasn't certain why but figured it had to have something to do with the room so I kept my distance. It was five days, in fact, before she stopped to arrange a new bunch of flowers on the dining room table. I was sitting in the living room, watching TV with Dad, came downstairs and went into the dining room. I got up to join her, walking around the far side of the table, and approached from her left side so I could look past her into the living room where Dad's feet were projecting onto the stool in front of his chair.

I stood quietly behind Mom while she continued to needlessly rearrange the flowers. I lifted my arm and held my finger above her shoulder. The air seemed dry and I half expected an arc of static electricity to leap between my finger and Mom's skin. Actually, it seemed as if I was already touching her though I could plainly see that my fingertip was an inch above her shoulder. My fingertip lowered, closing the distance, and was about to touch the base of Mom's neck on the right side when she spoke.

"Nita's coming."

Her words jarred my finger into a halt, hovering above her neck.

"When?"

"Tomorrow night."

Mom stopped arranging the flowers.

"Is that a problem?" she asked.

I dropped my finger onto her neck.

"No," I answered.

"You seem surprised."

"I guess I am."

My finger moved an inch up the side of Mom's neck.

"Why?"

"Because Dad will be home."

"Is that a problem?"

My finger traced a line to the outer edge of Mom's shoulder and stopped. I realized at that moment that the dress was the same dark brown dress she had worn that night in the hospital, the night I had taken Nita in the elevator. I pushed the dress over the edge of Mom's shoulder onto her upper arm.

"No," I said, as Mom sucked in her breath. "I just thought you'd prefer she visit when he wasn't here."

I traced back along Mom's shoulder a couple of inches and then let my finger dip into the hollow above Mom's clavicle.

"Why would you think that?"

"Because he might think she came to see him."

Mom laughed and I moved my hand up to cup the side of her neck with all my fingers.

"What's so funny?"

"You know your father too well. "Don't worry, it's his poker night tomorrow."

I leaned closer to Mom and smelled her hair. I couldn't believe she was doing this for me. She had been so angry about that night and now she was making it possible for me to see Nita again. Would she let me take her down to my fake 'elevator'? At this moment it seemed likely. I kissed the back of her head through her hair. In doing so, I brushed

against the back of her left thigh and buttock and was surprised to realize that I had an erection. Flustered, I backed away, my fingers catching the dress and pulling it back on top of her shoulder.

"I...uh, thanks, Mom."

"Thanks?"

"I mean, for letting me know."

Mom started arranging the flowers again.

"You're welcome," she said.

My gaze dropped over Mom's body and settled on her backside where I had brushed against her, then along her legs and back to her ass. It struck me as odd that it was a very nice, womanly backside, not a motherly behind but not a girl's either.

I tried to rationalize my erection, telling myself it was because of Nita but I knew I hadn't really been thinking about her. I had been concentrating on Mom's neck, the warmth and softness of her skin, and the fragrance of her hair. I stepped awkwardly past her to return to the living room but changed my mind and turned up the stairs.

"Goodnight," I muttered at the last minute as I topped the stairs.

In bed, I consciously kept my hands away from my cock and refused to acknowledge why. It was a long time before I fell asleep.

"Where's Mom?"

I was late getting home. Elaine had insisted on having a talk about our relationship, or lack thereof. Things weren't going well on that front but, sex-wise, it wasn't much of a loss. Two months ago I couldn't have imagined thinking

that, being desperate for whatever I could get, but that night with Nita had changed things. I needed more now. Getting off wasn't enough. I needed excitement, lots of it, and that feeling of power bursting through my loins.

Dad was putting his coat on. "I don't know," he answered.

"Is she home?"

"She was, but I haven't seen her for a while."

"Was she with anybody?"

"No, I don't think so. I heard her talking to someone but I think it was on the phone."

"Oh. Are you sure?"

"What's the matter?"

"Uh, nothing. I was just wondering if she had made dinner. I'm starving."

"Then you shouldn't be late."

"Elaine wanted to talk."

"Ah, I see." Dad smiled broadly. I grimaced and he laughed. "Well, I have to go make a buck or two," he said.

Dad left and I was left alone. I wandered around the house but couldn't find Mom. Shit. Had she decided to meet Nita somewhere else? I thought her car had been in the driveway. I looked out the window and confirmed that it was there. Where the hell was she? Had they gone somewhere in Nita's car? Did Nita have a car? She definitely said Nita was coming tonight.

That was it. Mom hadn't said Nita was coming to see me. She had even asked why I had thanked her. I felt suddenly deflated, in more ways than one. I flopped down on the couch and turned on the TV. I was hungry but too

depressed to find myself something to eat. I washed the TV mindlessly for a few minutes.

Wait a minute, I thought, grasping at straws.

Maybe Nita had come while Dad was upstairs and she had taken her downstairs until he left, or just to show her my 'room'. Okay, then why hadn't she come back upstairs now that Dad was gone? Maybe she hadn't heard him leave, or maybe she was waiting down there with Nita.

Waiting down there with Nita?

Fuck me. Was Mom into watching, or listening? I was sure she had heard me that night in the elevator but it never occurred to me that she got off on it. Was that why she was so mad?

Fuck. I've been blind. My straight-laced mother had heard me fuck the brains out of that hot body and she got off on it. Yeah! I mean, look at the way she responded when Ramone had checked her out. Remember how she looked

at his junk? Fucking right. Mom was into it. She probably had taken Nita downstairs to the elevator room and was waiting nearby to listen. I remembered the way they had talked at the mall, as if they were conspirators.

I leapt to my feet, and groaned. Shit, I had grown really hard just thinking about it. Walking half bent with my hand pushed down the front of my pants to straighten myself out, I made my way through the kitchen to the basement stairs. It was dark. I turned the light on and stepped cautiously down the stairs, looking about for Mom or Nita. The door to the rumpus room was open and the one to my special room showed a three inch gap. Someone was in there or had been. I always left it closed.

I used the switch at the base of the stairs to turn the light off. I didn't want to ruin things when I slid the pocket door open by flooding the room with light. It had been pitch black in the elevator and I wanted everything to be the same in my improvised environment.

I walked carefully toward the 'elevator', feeling my way. I stopped when I felt the door, put my ear to the gap, and

listened. I thought I could hear someone inside breathing, very quietly, but I definitely detected the scent of perfume, the same perfume I had smelled that fateful night.

Fucking 'A', Mom, you are my goddess.

I looked toward where the open door of the rumpus room should be and listened for any sound coming from that direction. I heard nothing but was sure Mom was in there. It would be the best place to be. She could easily get to the pocket door once things got started. That would be the best place to listen because it wasn't insulated. Okay Mom, this will work for both of us and it will be our little secret, kept even from each other.

I peeled my shirt off and tossed it to the side, kicked my runners off and peeled my socks off, then dropped my shorts and stepped out of them. I started to pull the door open but stopped and shoved my undies off. Stark naked, I slid the door open as quietly as I could and stepped inside, then closed it behind me.

Shut in, just like before. I looked to my left where the panel should be. The little green and red pin lights cast a glow but only for a few inches. Other than that it was pitch black but the lights contributed to the illusion of being in an elevator.

Would she be lying on the right side of the door, like before? I started toward the center of the room, seeking her foot by sweeping mine in an arc, and caught something right away. I picked it up. A cloth? No, a dress. I grinned. Shit, man. She was waiting for me in the nude, or maybe with just her panties on. She was as eager as me and had taken her fuck-me dress off as soon as she got in the door. Barely able to contain the smirk on my face, I followed my cock forward. This was going to be fan-fucking-tastic!

I swept my right foot slowly in a wide arc, searching for Nita the way I had first stumbled upon her in the elevator. I was surprised to find her feet right in front of me in the middle of the room. I stooped down and lowered myself until my knees were on either side of her feet. With the flesh of her calves pressing against the inside of my knees, I slowly ran my fingers up the back of her legs.

She was kneeling, I realized, when my hands took a ninety degree change in direction, straight up. The soft sponginess of the back of her thighs was exhilarating, as was the sharp intake of her breath. I encountered the hem of a thin, silky skirt. That was strange. She still had her fuck-me dress on! It must have been a wrap or something that I'd found on the floor. That was okay, maybe even better. I liked the idea of pushing her dress up over her hips to bare her ass, even if I couldn't see. I pictured it in my mind and slid my hands higher, under the dress, carrying it upward with my hands.

I reached her ass far too soon. Not that I was disappointed—don't get me wrong—but the feel of her thighs was so wonderful. I turned my hands and cupped her buttocks, soft and yielding yet pleasingly firm as well, like two over-ripe pears heavy and bursting with juice. I twisted my palms around each side, massaging and lifting, then separating, knowing it would part the hair on her pussy. I imagined the pink slit suddenly appearing, moist and slick, beckoning.

But not yet, not just yet. I wanted to play. I slid my hands to the outside and moved them up until the flimsy dress was pushed over Nita's hips and inward to her waist. I leaned forward until my nose grazed her hair and expelled hot

breath between her shoulder blades. My cock strained forward eager for contact but I held my hips back. If it touched her, I wouldn't be able to keep from ramming it inside her and then I would lose control.

I pressed my mouth against her back and kissed it. She leaned forward from the pressure and I grabbed her arms at the elbows to prevent her unintentional escape. Holding her in place, I kissed my way to the top of her spine and then back down until I reached the small of her back. Despite holding her elbows, Nita had hunched forward, forcing me to lean over her, and the tip of my cock poked between her thighs.

I groaned.

Straightening, I pulled Nita upright, grabbed a handful of hair to keep her in place and slipped the other under the dress and moved up to grab a handful of tit. I caught the right one and squeezed, mashing it between my fingers and pinching an already hard nipple. I wasn't gentle. She moaned and my breath caught in my throat. What a fucking incredible sound!

I dropped my mouth onto her shoulder and it filled with hair. I pulled my face away and used my chin to push the hair away, then latched onto her shoulder and bit gently into the muscle which lifted and cradled my face when she reacted. I relaxed my jaw to release her shoulder and quickly twisted my head to capture her whole ear in my mouth, then filled it with my tongue. I had done this once with Elaine but she hated it and and scrambled away in disgust. Nita responded with a joyous moan.

Ear in mouth and tit in hand, I pushed my hips forward, lodged my cock between her cheeks, and ground it against her ass. I sucked on her ear, then let it go, released her hair and tit, and pushed her shoulders roughly forward. Grabbing the flesh of her hip with my right hand, I pushed her back with the left until her shoulders hit the floor, then slid my right down to grasp my cock, rubbed it against her wet, hairy lips, and pushed the head into her cunt.

Oh, my fucking God, she was so steamy and slick. I didn't have to work through a dry pussy like I often had to do with Elaine. Nita was more than ready for me. I pushed in, loving

every inch of penetration until my hips banged against her ass. I grabbed her hips and started fucking.

It wasn't a gentle fuck. I was too worked up and needed release from two months of pent-up anticipation, two months of sperm load. I railed against her behind, leaned forward to grab her shoulder to keep her from bouncing off and when that wasn't sufficient, grabbed a handful of hair. That felt awesome and I banged her so hard she slid across the linoleum floor.

I could have thrust with less vigor but the thought of fucking her across the elevator floor drove me wild. I slammed my hips against her ass even harder, thrilled by the slapping sound that might be getting Mom off as she listened nearby.

This is for you, Mom, I yelled to myself, lunging extra hard against Nita's ass and hammering her at least three inches in one thrust.

I reached down and grabbed Nita's right arm. Holding her hair with my left hand and her arm with my right, I turned

her in a circle fuck as if I was doing dressage with a horse. Her face had to be skidding across the floor on its left side. I felt bad about being so harsh but it really turned me on and she wasn't protesting at all. In fact, she was moaning so loud I thought she was purposely egging me on.

Suddenly, we stopped moving forward and I realized I had fucked Nita into a corner. I let go of her hair and grabbed both hands, then pulled her up in front of me. Kneeling, with Nita pressed against the wall, I resumed banging her from behind. I let go of her arms and pushed my hands under her dress to grab her tits and pushed my head against hers, flattening her face against the wall.

It was the last hurrah now. I wheezed with every thrust and felt her breath expel loudly each time I slammed her ass against the wall. She sucked air in just as noisily before the next thrust. I rubbed my face against the side of hers and she wiggled hers back. When the release came, I slid her several inches up the wall, keeping her impaled on my cock as it squirted her cunt full of my juice. I had saved up so much for her it took a while to deliver it.

I slumped back on my haunches and Nita followed, her slick, steamy, frothy cunt clutching my rod, and her ass still working it as her orgasm continued to churn. It died down slowly and I did my best to keep my cock stiff enough to fill her yearning pussy. Finally, she was still.

I pulled away from the wall, holding her waist to keep her inside, but when we turned onto our sides on the floor, she slipped off my cock and out of my grasp. Immediately, she tried to crawl away but I caught her foot just as she was about to get completely away.

Not this soon. I want more. I just need a moment's rest.

She kept trying to get away so I twisted her legs and forced her onto her back, then threw myself between her legs. Her knees lifted and twisted frantically but stopped when I tossed my head forward and buried my face in her pungent puss. I stuck my tongue into the mushy mess as deep as I could, wiggled it about, shaking my head to exasperate each twitch, then started lapping.

Nita's legs relaxed and her pelvis thrust up as her feet found the floor. Hands grasped the back of my head and soon her thighs were squeezing the sides. I lapped and flailed my tongue about continuously. I didn't really know what to do—Elaine thought it was gross that I wanted to eat her pussy—but Nita's response encouraged me to keep it up. My head was wrenched from side to side as Nita twisted her hips back and forth, her hands keeping my face mashed against her pussy.

It was hard to breathe and I barely got enough air, wheezing in through my nose whenever I got a chance. Her hips bucked against my mouth and I got a taste of what it must feel like to get fucked in the face like in my favorite porn videos. I could only imagine what this rough treatment was like with a mouth full of cock. It was too rough to be enjoyable, except for the feeling that I was driving this sexy woman wild. That, I liked!

She was beside herself now. Thrusting, twisting and bucking in wild abandon, completely out of control, moaning and groaning and gasping for air. Mom was getting more than an ear full. I hoped this was what she wanted.

Suddenly, Nita's whole body contracted and her cunt literally vibrated all over my face. Her hands simultaneously both pulled my face in tight and also tried to yank it away. The orgasm began to abate but her thighs still quivered on the sides of my face, relaxed, then shook again, and again, and again. Man, I wish I could have an orgasm like that. I was supremely jealous in that moment. It would be almost enough to suffer through childbirth to be able to come like that. Poor Elaine. Her orgasms weren't even a faint echo of Nita's.

Nita suddenly slumped, limp upon the floor. I got up onto all fours and grasped her legs behind the knees, intent on bending them back to her shoulders for a nice squatting fuck like I'd done before. But when I got onto my feet, her rubbery legs slipped away and I ended up straddling her stomach just below her tits. Nita reached out to my hips and tried to push me away but moved her hands onto my reawakening cock. She sighed and closed her fingers around it. Reluctantly, she started to pump it, resigned to the fact that I needed to get off again.

By the time Nita had regained her breath I was as hard as ever. She jacked me off with more interest now, pulling a hand away and returning it to my cock after I heard her spitting in the darkness. Fuck, this woman was so fucking awesome! Each time she did that my cock lurched as soon as her slick hand found it again.

She got me to the point where I wanted more than her hands. I tried to pull back so I could get my cock into her cunt again but she gripped me tight and pulled me forward instead. I crawled ahead to avoid being de-rooted. Nita levered my cock downward painfully and I hunched over her to lessen the pain. What the fuck was she doing?

Oh, glorious sweet answer. My cock slipped through her beautiful, puffy lips and was enveloped in her warm, wet mouth!

I gasped loudly and tried to get more of it inside but her hands kept me at bay. Slowly, she let me get more and more in. Soon, I was pushing my shaft through her curled fingers and into her mouth. Her hands were still except to guide me as fucked her face. Oh God, I wished it was light in here.

I would love to see my cock disappearing into her face, to see her cheeks filling, to see her gorgeous eyes each time I plugged her mouth full of my cock.

I put a hand behind Nita's head to keep it in place. Soon, I was pulling it up to meet my thrusts but when she squeezed my thigh in warning, I backed off. After several more warnings, I settled into a regular motion acceptable to us both. Knowing her hands had fallen away made my cock surge. The squelch of my cock dipping into her mouth was too much to bear and I began emptying myself into her mouth, filling it to the brim. Hearing her swallow caused another eruption and I filled it again until she swallowed a second time. Her hands were back, holding my cock while she lifted her head to lick the sides, put it back into her mouth to suck and then out to clean it again and then back for the last visit to sweet, slick heaven.

I was done and twisted off to the side to collapse on my backside. I heard her getting up and knew she was going but didn't try to stop her. I was spent. The door slid open.

"When are you coming back?" I called.

There was no answer.

I got up in a hurry; she was already going up the stairs. I ran toward the sound and grabbed the post at the bottom of the stairs to steady myself. I brushed the opposite wall, trying to flip the light switch but missed it. The door at the top of the stairs opened and the kitchen light spilled into the basement, framing Nita's body like a silhouette.

I started to speak but the words ended in a gulp and I choked on it. Her body was suspended above me for a frozen moment, and then it was gone. I shielded my eyes against the stark brightness of the kitchen light, blinding me in the basement darkness.

That brief glimpse of the sexiest woman alive haunted me for the rest of the evening. In fact, it does even now so many years later because I can picture it as if I was still there. A woman in a dress that couldn't hide the outline of her body from the brightness of the light above it, one arm pushing the kitchen door open and the other curled around a brown bundle.

Only the dress wasn't a dress, not even a flimsy fuck-me number. It was a slip, a brown one, and the bundle under her arm was brown too. Chocolate brown, like the dress Mom had worn that night in the elevator.

To say I was shocked would be the understatement of the year. The more I thought about it, the more confused I became. I studied the image of the silhouette that had burned its way deep into my mind. The legs, seen from the bottom of the stairs, topped by a healthy set of buttocks partly visible under the skimpy dress, or slip—which was it? The hair, tousled and not straight like Nita's—but wouldn't her hair look like that after such an incredibly intense fuck?

Who had I really seen at the top of the stairs?

My mind said it was Mom but my gut roiled at the thought. It couldn't be! She had been downstairs listening. I was positive of that. Maybe she had followed Nita up the stairs

and I had only seen her, carrying her dress because she had taken it off while listening to the wild sex in the elevator room.

In a reversal, my mind now said it was Nita but my nagging gut worried that it might be Mom. Slowly, my mind won and my stomach settled down. Mom had done me a huge favor and I shouldn't kick a gift horse in the mouth. I turned on the light and went back for my clothes. Dressed, I went upstairs, treading slowly, afraid to run into Mom. I wasn't sure enough in my mind about what I seen to trust myself for a face to face.

I showered and went straight to bed. The next day, I slipped out of the house without eating breakfast. That night, I avoided Mom. Strange, the first time I'd had Nita Mom had angrily shunned me and here I was staying clear of her after she had handed Nita to me on a platter. What ingratitude!

Still, I was uncomfortable around Mom. Days went by and the unsettled feeling gradually diminished. My worry changed from being afraid of being around her to

wondering why she also seemed to be avoiding me. It was after-the-elevator déjà-vu all over. I found myself slipping back into my helpful routine, loading and unloading the dishwasher, tidying up and doing whatever else came to mind.

I couldn't bring myself to compliment Mom until almost two weeks after the incident. Mom wore what had to be one of the dresses she had bought while shopping with Nita, a wrap that fit snugly around her body. I examined her closely when I thought she wasn't looking. Did that body match up with what I'd felt downstairs. I gave my head a shake and looked away.

Jesus Christ bonehead. For the last fucking time, it wasn't Mom!

Why did I persist in this fantasy? I looked back at Mom just as she walked to the dining room table and began arranging flowers. Her legs were strong and well defined. The dress, tighter than her normal affair, outlined a wonderfully feminine derriere. Sumptuous and inviting. She might be older, and my mother, but she definitely had what it took

to garner a man's attention. Why did I want to think it was her downstairs? I was getting so fucking weird. I shook my head again but, despite lingering recriminations, joined Mom at the dining room table.

"That's a nice dress, Mom. It looks awesome on you."

"Thanks, it's nice that someone around here notices what I wear."

"Is it a special occasion?"

"Does it have to be a special occasion for me to look nice?"

"No."

"Good," Mom responded cheerily.

"Well, you do look nice."

"I hope it makes you feel better. You've been down in the dumps since your 'friend' visited."

"Nita? Yeah, I guess I have."

"Did something bad happen?" Mom pushed the flower stems around with more force.

"Bad? No. I...we...it was great, actually. I should, I mean, uh, thanks Mom, for asking her to come over."

"Actually, she invited herself, remember?"

"Oh yeah."

"But, you're welcome anyway."

"Well, thanks again, and yeah, it does make me feel better to see you dressing in a, uh, more fun way."

Mom laughed. "It is kind of fun, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

Mom fiddled with the flowers and I stood in awkward silence behind her. I expected her to finish but she kept moving the flowers about and I realized that maybe she was waiting for me to leave, or to say something more.

"So," I finally broke down, "do you think Nita will come again?"

"Would you like her to?"

"Yeah, very much."

"I could call her if you like."

There was a long pause.

"When?" I choked out.

"How about tomorrow night. It's Dad's poker night again."

Oh yeah. Dad played poker every second Wednesday.
Perfect.

"That would be great, Mom."

I put my finger on her neck, the way I had done before. There was more bare shoulder available with this dress. Mom didn't even flinch, as if she had expected me to touch her. I stroked the muscle running from her neck to her shoulder.

"She might not come," Mom said.

"Why? Did she say anything? Was something wrong?"

Mom didn't answer.

"I wouldn't want her to be mad," I said.

"She wasn't mad, just...I don't know. Why don't I just call her and we'll see what happens?"

"Okay. Thanks, Mom."

I leaned closer and gave Mom a light kiss on her right cheek, then skipped lower and brushed my lips against the side of her neck. My erection brushed against the back of her left hip. I pulled my lips pulled away from her skin but stayed close, mouth hovering less than half an inch away. I could feel my hot breath bouncing off Mom's neck. Mom swayed back slightly and my erection pressed against her left buttock. I didn't pull away.

"I sure hope she comes," I whispered.

"We'll see," Mom replied.

The next day was Wednesday. I couldn't get Mom away from Dad long enough to ask her if she had called Nita and whether or not she was coming. Mom seemed to purposely stay near Dad and I started worrying that she hadn't remembered to call her or that she had and Nita said she wasn't coming.

As I looked at Mom, trying to will her to hear my request and answer it with a nod or knowing smile, I realized that all thought that the woman I had been with downstairs was Mom had disappeared from my mind. How bizarre for me that have thought that in the first place.

Dinner was very good but when I started to help Mom clean up, partly so I could query her, she slipped away and joined Dad in the living room. By the time I got the dishwasher loaded and started, and got the counters cleared and wiped, Mom had disappeared.

"Where's Mom?" I asked Dad.

Dad looked up. "I don't know. She was here a minute ago."
He turned his attention back to the TV.

"Aren't you playing poker tonight?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure if I'm up for it tonight."

Oh my God. He's going to ruin it.

"Where's Mom?" I asked again. I needed her help. Did she know about this?

"What's up?" Mom's voice rang out.

I turned and caught Mom coming down the stairs. She was wearing the chocolate brown dress. She finished descending the stairs and swept past me into the living room, leaving me in a mist of perfume. I turned and looked at her, now standing in front of Dad's chair. My gaze was drawn to her legs which looked really nice although I couldn't see much more than an inch or so above the knee.

"What's this about your poker night?"

"I think I might not go."

"Don, it's your turn next time. You have to go."

"It is? Oh yeah. I guess I should then."

"You'd best get ready. You'll be late."

Dad got up and rushed upstairs. Mom looked at me. I was about to thank her profusely when her smile disappeared.

"You're not wearing that to see Nita?"

I looked down at my clothes. Yeah, what's wrong with this? But I didn't say it.

"And have a shower while you're at it," Mom said.

She spun around and sat down on the couch, crossed her legs and let one stretch out. She picked up the TV remote then looked at me.

"Well?"

I ran up the stairs. In the shower, my cock stood up hard. I soaped it more than anything else but had to quit lest I waste valuable spunk down the drain. I toweled off quickly and ran into my room with the towel wrapped around myself. I picked out some decent clothes, ran back to comb my hair, threw on some of Dad's aftershave, even though I didn't shave—I preferred the bristly look—and rushed downstairs.

Nobody was there. I looked outside. Dad's car was gone and Mom's was still in the driveway. I looked around for Mom, went back upstairs and checked out my parents' room. Nobody. I went back downstairs, checked all the rooms again and sat down.

What the fuck? I sat for a few minutes, then got up and went into the kitchen. The door to the basement was ajar. I opened it and looked downstairs, ducking down to peer at the elevator room. The pocket door was open about three inches again. I smiled. They must be down there, waiting for me. I hardened in my pants and reached in to straighten myself.

Put on better clothes for Nita's visit. Yeah, right. Mom knew I would be taking them off before she even saw me. What a joke.

I used the kitchen light to guide myself down the stairs, walked over to the room and got undressed, piling my clothes neatly to the right of the door. I looked through the gloom at the open rumpus room door and seriously thought about going over there to thank Mom. Thank god I was already naked because otherwise I might have done it without thinking that Mom probably didn't want to be caught getting ready to listen to me having sex with a woman.

I smiled. Let's get on with the show.

I slid the door open and stepped inside, naked and ready to receive my bounty. The door slid closed behind me and I walked confidently to the center of the room. She was there, waiting for me. Kneeling like before, wearing the silky fuck-me dress.

I didn't kneel behind her like before. Instead, I stood behind her and put my fingers on her shoulders on either side of her head. I stroked her lightly and when she tried to turn to look up at me in the darkness, I kept her head facing straight ahead. I rubbed the sides of her face, pushed my fingers around to feel her lips and nose, then pressed my fingertips gently over her closed eyes.

I reached down and grasped the hem of the fuck-me dress and pulled it up. She lifted her arms to let me pull it over her head and off. I tossed it back toward the door. Her arms were still raised above her head, as if she somehow knew I would want to grasp them, to run my hands down along their length, and to explore her cleanly shaved underarms. I bent over and kissed the top of her head, then the side of her face, and finally, her shoulder.

I pushed her arms down and stepped to her right side, grasped her chin and turned her face toward me and up. Dipping slightly, I grasped the hair on top of her head and, with my other hand, fed my cock into her mouth.

She took it without resistance but when she tried to grab my cock with her hand, I batted it away. She didn't try to interfere again. I shifted my feet to get closer, dipped my hips, and started grinding them toward her head, pushing my cock easily in and out of her mouth. My right hand dropped to the back of her head and pulled it further onto my cock while my left, holding her hair, prevented it from moving completely off my cock on the outstroke.

Fuck, she really knew how to let a man enjoy himself, knew how to suck cock, knew how to let a man fuck her face, was instinctively aware how wonderful it felt for him. I crossed my right foot over her thighs to get more in front of her and started feeding my cock deeper into her mouth in slower thrusts. After several thrusts in succession, I pulled it out to let her get her breath, then started in again. The sound started up after a few minutes when her mouth

thickened with saliva. That wonderful squelching sound of cock meshing with mouth. Ahhhh, God, it felt good.

I wanted to spew on her face but was afraid that she would run out of the room to wash it off if I did. So I pulled my cock out and grasped her head, lifting until she stood up. Stepping behind her, I started feeling her, sliding my hands and fingers all over her body, from head to toe, stroking her legs and arms, inside and out, kneading her tits, and brushing over her pubes, kissing here and there, sucking sometimes, nibbling others. I lost track of how long I did this until I noticed that her legs were trembling. It was getting hard for her to stand on her own.

I walked her over to the wall and pressed her gently against it. I spread her legs and her arms, following them out until my hands covered hers. Then, and only then, I started searching for her pussy with my cock. I nudged around unsuccessfully until she began working her ass around to help me, pushing it out and lifting it until my cock was caught underneath.

I slid between her legs under her cheeks for a minute or so until she managed to catch my tip in her slit and I slid into her tunnel which, now thickly wet, still resisted and welcomed at the same time. A long, slow fuck against the wall followed. It was a long time before she pushed me away from the wall with her ass, far enough for her to drop her hands to the floor.

I grasped her hips and started digging into her roughly. She had sent me a signal that she was ready and I wasn't about to ignore it. Her legs bent under the heaviness of my assault and mine acclimatized to her stance. Soon, she was on her knees, shoulders on the floor, and I was squatting over her, dipping my pole into her accommodating cunt, her hips twisting just enough to make the entry slick each time.

I filled her like that. I couldn't see but I knew my cum was dripping down the inside of her thighs and the thought of it made me find another squirt to add to the treasure. I straightened my legs when I was finished and stood quietly behind her. She remained in her hunched over position, letting my cum drip down her legs.

After several minutes, I bent over, found her foot, and grasped her ankle. I dragged her back to where I thought the center of the room was, then twisted her legs until she was lying on her back. I got down and she pulled her legs back, obviously thinking I wanted to bend her legs way back to take her hard again. That is what I intended to do but something made me stop.

It was the perfume.

I had smelled it upstairs when Mom whisked by.

The mystery of the silhouette was solved. Now I knew for sure.

My sexual fantasy woman was none other than my mother.

I froze and so did she, sensing that something was wrong. Her legs, half bent and poised to be shoved all the way back, dropped until her feet hit the floor and slowly straightened. She was waiting for me to go, to run away. I knew because that was what was going through my mind.

But I couldn't move. Should I confront her and give up this fantastic sex? Play the duped, wounded son and return to Elaine, and my hand? The room echoed our heavy breathing, each of tense, waiting for the traumatic event to unfold. She lay still and I knelt unmoving before her, between her legs. Her lack of response decided me.

I moved. Not up and away but toward her, rising until I was hovering above her. Slowly, I lowered myself until my chest brushed her breasts and my cock dangled on her belly. My face found the side of hers. Her arm curled around my head and her fingers found the side of my face. Another set of fingers threaded into the hair at the back of my head. I let my weight sag lower, squashing her breasts and trapping my hard cock between our bellies.

I nuzzled the side of Mom's neck, nibbled it, found her ear and kissed it, drew back and found her mouth. I covered her lips with mine and kissed her. I worked her lips with mine for a while before pushing my tongue into her mouth. That was the start of a long, intense duel which I gladly lost.

Our bodies moved, hardly at all at first, then more and more, straining to be together, matching each other part to part, from torso to feet, rubbing, pushing, pulsing, trembling together, needing to be one and the same. I didn't know I had entered her until my cock was all the way in. I grunted and started fucking her.

"I need you Nita," I mumbled, meaning it, knowing it was Mom but desperate to maintain the illusion in case it was needed.

Mom didn't answer but her response was more than enough. Her legs curled around my thighs until her heels dug into my hips and urged me deeper inside her. I obliged and soon we were straining to get completely inside each other, cock to cunt, face to face, and everywhere in between.

"God, I need you so much."

"Shhhhhhh."

They were the last words spoken. We didn't need them, not here, not in this room.

We could have fucked for hours or it might have been for only ten minutes. I have no idea how long it took but it was the most wonderful, fulfilling orgasm of my life. When it was over, we cuddled and nuzzled until, finally, she indicated that she wanted to go. I slipped sideways off her and let her get up.

This time I didn't try to follow. I heard her pick up her clothes and walk slowly up the stairs to the kitchen. She didn't rush, didn't try to run away. The kitchen door opened and I looked up but all I could see were her bare legs. She paused as if to let me see more if I wanted, then disappeared.

I got dressed and went upstairs to shower. The shower was on in Mom's room when I went by. There was no doubt about it.

I was a mother fucker, and I didn't want it to stop!

For the next week, it was hard to be around Mom. I didn't know where to look and excused myself from the breakfast or dinner table as soon as possible to minimize my discomfort. Thankfully, Mom seemed equally disinterested in interacting with me, though it took me several days to notice. That made me fearful that I would lose the fulfilling excursions in the 'The Room' so I bucked up and returned to being helpful, overcoming the shame and disgust I felt for wanting and actually fucking my mother. I felt angry, as if it was Mom's fault that I wanted her so badly.

At first, Mom ignored my efforts, then she thanked me begrudgingly, but eventually, we were back to normal and I was actually able to banter with her a bit without feeling queasy or angry. The ice-breaker was something we heard on TV that we both laughed at too hard. I realized then that I really wanted the barrier between us gone whether or not visits to The Room continued. Mom and I got along so well in the next couple of days that I almost wished sex wouldn't ensue. Almost.

I was putting the vacuum away in the hall closet when Mom tried to get by. I leaned against the wall to let her pass but, looking at her figure, couldn't help myself. The words were out before I could stop them.

"Hey Mom, do you think Nita will come by again sometime soon?"

Mom stopped dead in her tracks. She was so still I thought maybe something was wrong and was about to ask her if she was okay when she answered, very quietly.

"I don't know."

"Oh," was my only reply. I tried to think of something else to say, something that would prompt the kind of response I was seeking, but my mind was blank. Mom started to go and I felt the opportunity to continue our new relationship slipping away. Still, I couldn't speak.

Mom paused and, half turning toward me but keeping her face pointed away, asked in a trembling voice, "Would you like me to ask her?"

"Yes, I would," I answered in a voice just as shaky.

"Alright."

Mom continued on to her room. My eyes might have been playing tricks on me but she swayed as if she was a little light-headed. I chided myself for taking such a foolish chance. Why hadn't I broached the topic in a more subtle manner? I could have blown everything. Still, I was exhilarated by Mom's response, especially because I had a feeling it wasn't what she had meant to do.

The next day, I waited for Mom to inform me of Nita's next visit but she was silent. Finally, I asked her outright just before dinner.

"So, when's Nita coming?"

Mom looked away and busied herself with the stove though she'd only just checked everything.

"I don't know," was the quiet response.

"You did ask her?"

"Not yet."

"Oh. Are you going to?"

"I'm not sure."

I wanted to ask why but my instincts suggested that wouldn't be wise. I changed the subject.

"What's with all the cake and stuff?"

"It's my turn for Bridge night."

"Oh right."

Mom played bridge every Tuesday night so her turn as host came up every three months.

"And, of course, your father is going out after supper," she added. "You'd think with all I do for his poker nights he could help like the other husbands do, but oh no, he always finds an excuse not to be here."

"Mom, you know you ladies have more fun without him around."

Mom laughed. "Well, I guess that's true. The other husbands usually beat a hasty retreat after the girls have had a few glasses of wine but at least they're there to pour the first few."

"I'll bet they do," I said.

"If they didn't their ears would get red."

"No doubt."

Strangely, Mom suddenly blushed. I couldn't think of anything else to say so I left the kitchen. After dinner, I went up to my room to stay out of the way. The women began to arrive shortly after Dad left. I thought nothing of it until I heard Mrs. Hancock's voice, a rare event. She was younger than most of them, in her early to mid thirties, but more conservative than most. Her husband was a real go-getter, a man on the move so to speak, who had recently won a big promotion but she was shy.

Mrs. Hancock's kid had just started school so, with her husband working long hours and traveling, she was on her own quite a lot and seemed bored. I had picked this up along with a few more juicy tidbits from overhearing gossip when Mom's friends dropped by.

The thing was, Mrs. Hancock was good looking. She had long blonde hair that would have looked better on a tanned face rather than her pale one. Mrs. Hancock was a little mousy looking but she was still pretty and had a nice,

slender body that was kind of a sleeper unless you really looked at it. I bet her tits were bigger than they looked under the concealing clothes she wore.

A month ago that thought would never have crossed my mind. Now, though, it struck me that Mrs. Hancock, and a few of Mom's other friends, were just as bored with their lives and weren't bad looking either, just older.

I laughed and said out loud, "What they need is a really good fuck."

I covered my mouth and looked at the door to make sure it was shut, then pictured Mrs. Hancock and a couple of Mom's other friends that were the most fuckable. I had to stretch my leg out to relieve my sudden discomfort. I wondered how they would have reacted to Ramone's preening. Would they have checked him out like Mom did?

I laughed again, then got a pair of socks out of my drawer, nice thick ones. I stuffed them down the front of my pants and checked myself out in the mirror. Too much. I pulled the socks out, peeled them apart, tossed one away and

folded the other in half. I pushed it down my pants and stood, hips thrust forward, and swayed back and forth. Now that was eye-catching.

What a laugh. I bet if Ramone was here those women wouldn't want their old men around serving wine and snacks. I spoke out loud, "I should give them a 'Ramone' show."

I preened in front of the mirror, then stepped away and keeled over on the bed, laughing my guts out until I had to stop to catch my breath. I wondered, if Mom saw me like this would she think of Ramone and what happened in The Room? Would it prompt her to 'call' Nita? I rejected the idea as too dangerous. It could backfire. I needed a more subtle suggestion.

Suddenly, I was hungry and thought of the cake and cookies downstairs. I was halfway down the stairs when three or four of the women from the dozen arranged around the dining room table and two card tables in the living room looked up. Mrs. Hancock and two other women glanced back for a second look just before I reached the bottom and

swung into the kitchen. It was only then that I realized that I had forgotten to take the sock out of my pants. They weren't looking at my face!

In the kitchen, I made a beeline straight for the sink. I was bending over to open the cupboard below it where the garbage was and had one hand slipping inside my pants to get the sock out when Mrs. Adam's voice rang out.

"Hello Ryan. What are you up do?"

Mrs. Adams was one of the other ladies that had looked back with Mrs. Hancock She was Mom's age but hadn't worn the years as well. I straightened up but kept my back to her. I grabbed an unopened bottle of coke from the counter, unscrewed the cap and threw it in the garbage.

"Just getting a coke and stealing some cake, Mrs. Adams."

I got a small plate out of the cupboard and helped myself to a couple of cookies and a piece of cake. I picked up the plate and the bottle of coke and started to leave.

"You're not leaving yet are you?"

"Uh, I just came down for a snack, Mrs. Adams."

"Yes, well we'd all like to have a snack," she said, looking down at the plate I was holding and then lower. Her eyes were still down there when she added, "I think you could give us all a snack."

Her tone was very suggestive and, despite her age and slight chubbiness, there was an underlying core of unabashed sexuality that wasn't a put-on for kidding around. It triggered a response and unnerved me at the same time.

"I have to get my homework done."

Becoming even more playfully suggestive, Mrs. Adams said, "But we're so hungry, Ryan."

Her gaze returned to the front of my pants.

"Put that down and bring us all a treat."

I hesitated.

"Come on, now. Put it down and help your mother out."

I turned and put the bottle and the plate on the counter.

"Put the rest of the cake on the cookie platter and bring it in."

I did as I was told but felt quite uncomfortable with Mrs. Adams standing next to me eyeing up the front of my pants. Why did Ramone get off on this?

Mrs. Adams led the way into the dining room. "Look what I found in the kitchen," she announced.

Amongst titters and giggles, I reloaded the side plates with cake or cookies or both for the four women there.

"Harriet, it's your bid," one of the women in the living room called.

"Hold your horses. I'll be right there. Come along, Ryan. Let's give the rest of the girls a treat."

She laughed and led me into the living room to serve the other women who were sitting around two card tables. Mrs. Hancock, while trying not to be obvious, immediately locked her eyes onto the front of my pants. So did Mrs. Carter, the eldest, and one by one all of the other women noticed too. Eyes went wide and most looked away but only one frowned. Mrs. Hancock and Mrs. Carter were made of stronger stuff and, either unaware that they were gawking or not caring that they were, thoroughly enjoyed the show. I found Mrs. Carter's reaction surprising. A flower child from the seventies, she had become quite prim despite her affection for the Granny dresses of her youth. I returned to the kitchen amid quiet whispers and laughter.

Mom appeared behind me.

"Ryan, what was that all about."

"I thought you might like some help since Dad's not here."

Good recovery, I thought.

"Uh huh, and what's up with that?"

Mom pointed in the general direction of her complaint, looking a little pissed.

"What?" I asked, innocently.

"That." Mom's shook her extended arm but without greater accuracy.

"Oh that. It's just a joke, Mom. You know, like Ramone." I exaggerated the last syllable of Ramone's name and laughed.

Despite her anger, Mom laughed with me. I mean, even if she thought Ramone was sexy, she had to admit his posing was a funny. Speaking of Ramone, I hoped the thought of him would made her think of Nita and, looking at her face, a flicker of an unidentifiable emotion beneath the laughter gave me hope.

"Do you think that's appropriate for my bridge club?"

"I guess not. Sorry."

"Well, it was funny but maybe you should take it out now."

"Take it out?"

"You know what I mean."

I was surprised at the audacity of my jest and how quick Mom picked up on it. Before she could get angry I picked up two bottles of wine, one white and one red, and held them out.

"Okay Mom, but the ladies are thirsty."

"Well, that will help and I suppose you did give them a laugh, but after that go upstairs and take out whatever you stuffed in there."

I was a very attentive host. I served the ladies wine but then hung around downstairs because, surprisingly, Mom didn't shoo me out right away. Despite knowing the lump was a joke, several of them kept looking but the ones that looked the most were Mrs. Hancock and, well, Mom. The novelty had worn off for the other women but that simply made Mom and Mrs. Hancock's attention more rewarding and it was sufficiently flattering to embolden the front of my pants more than the sock could do alone.

While they played, I thought about Mom servicing the substance of my bulge in the darkness of The Room. Seeing Mrs. Hancock's small mouth, it was hard to imagine her taking it like Mom had. Considering which card to play next, she pursed her lips and I wondered if she could even get it in. I pictured myself trying to feed my cock into her

tiny mouth, using my thumb and index finger to pry it open and still being unable to get more than the head inside, the shaft bending with each unsuccessful attempt.

That picture made me really stiff and the little skit that played in my head after that made me even harder: Mom showing Mrs. Hancock how to do it, opening her mouth wide and taking me deep with ease, alternately looking up at me cow-eyed and then sideways at the younger woman in haughty superiority as if to say, 'That's how it's done'.

"Ryan...Ryan."

"Huh? Yes, Mom?"

Mom didn't answer but indicated with a flick of her eyes that I should go upstairs. My welcome with the only woman that really counted in the room had worn out. My reverie had made me really hard so it was with some difficulty that got up and did as Mom asked.

The next morning, I woke up confident that 'Nita' would visit that night. It was Dad's poker night, so the timing of last night's gambit, using Ramone to prime Mom, seemed perfect. I thought that Mom had been intrigued by Mrs. Hancock's poorly disguised attention to my crotch and that bode well too.

The day dragged, each class more boring than the previous one. When I was finally free I walked quickly to the bus stop but only had to wait there longer, fidgeting like a crackhead in need of a fix. Once off the bus, I refused to run home like a little kid but walked at a very brisk pace. I burst through the door and headed straight into the kitchen. Mom wasn't there. I exited the kitchen and was about to call out, half turned to go upstairs, when I saw Mom sitting in the living room reading a magazine. My heart caught in my throat. She was wearing the brown dress!

I stopped with one foot hanging mid-air about to land on the first step. Slowly, I twisted toward the living room and planted both feet on the floor. Mom looked gorgeous sitting there, aware of my presence but ignoring me. The skirt of

the brown dress was pulled back a little more than expected from the knee of her left leg which was crossed over the right. I didn't say anything but simply stood and waited for her to notice me.

Her hair was thick and luxurious. How had I ever mistaken Nita for Mom, even in the dark, with her longer, straight hair? Mom flipped a couple of pages, then changed her position, crossing right leg over left. With her foot now pointing away from me, the side of Mom's leg was more exposed, with a line delineating the firm upper thigh from the softer part hanging bulbously underneath. The hem was just high enough for me to see the underside of Mom's thigh curve sharply away from her knee. I have always loved that part of a woman's leg.

Mom flipped a few more pages. I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Hi Mom."

She looked up, as if noticing me for the first time.

"Oh, hi."

She returned to the magazine and I crossed to the wall nearest her and leaned against it. Mom re-crossed her legs. This time, the left bent a little more, causing it to cross at a right angle rather than extending off the right knee, and that created a gap between her legs. The dress inched up and, from my vantage point above and to the right in front, I could see part way into the darkness of Mom's skirt.

"What's up?" Mom asked.

"Oh, nothing."

Mom flipped the page and examined the pictures on the left side of the magazine, lifting it off her knee. The dress slipped up another inch and I craned my neck while trying not to appear to be doing so. The dress had slid up enough to show the top of her stockings and the tender flesh above. I stretched more when I thought I caught a glimpse of Mom's panties.

"I don't believe it!" Mom exclaimed.

I jerked my eyes away from Mom's skirt but thankfully she had pulled the magazine closer to her face, hiding me from her view and leaving me free to return my attention to her panties. Were they the dark brown ones?

I was happy to note that Mom had drawn her left knee back when she pulled the magazine close to her face, widening the gap between her thighs. There they were, the brown panties. I felt a twinge below.

"When will they ever quit?" Mom muttered.

Thinking about the evening to come while staring at Mom's panties made my lips tingle and moisture bead on my lips. Mom rattled the magazine but kept it close to her face. The movement made her panties throb and my lower jaw trembled.

"Can you believe that!" Mom cried, dropping the magazine and looking straight at me.

"What?" I managed to croak out.

The muscles in my neck were taut to the breaking point. Mom had caught me staring up her dress and her eyes were intense, but with an indignation derived from the magazine rather than anything I had done. In fact, she seemed unaware of my transgression, although how that was possible was beyond me.

"These politicians. They take whatever they want with no regard for anyone."

Mom looked back at the magazine, genuinely indignant. She didn't pull it close to her face again but neither did she close her legs. Despite the danger, my eyes were drawn into her skirt again. If she glanced up, I would be caught. Would she miss it a second time?

And what if she did? Despite our little game, it was obvious that it hadn't been Nita in The Room. Though I had caressed Mom's neck and pressed myself against her, there hadn't been any blatant acknowledgement of that fact. Still, there was the distinct possibility that our special relationship would not survive the light of day so I did have reason to be afraid.

I gawked at Mom's panties anyway.

"It really pisses me off. I mean, really. Listen to this."

Slowly, Mom drew the magazine closer to her face and as she did her legs widened. I stared at the dark brown panties as Mom began to speak. For the first time, I noticed that they were actually decorated with a lacy pattern that completely covered her mound. Mom's voice droned on and only occasionally became more intense. Each time that happened, her mound quivered in reaction. God, I my mouth had been on that pussy and my cock had filled her cunt. And yet, I was incredibly excited just looking at it covered by panties. Jesus, I so desperately wanted to fill it again. If only I could...

"Don't you think so?"

"What?" I hadn't realized Mom was talking to me.

"Don't you think they should go to jail for that?"

"Uh, yeah, for sure. Damn right they should," I stuttered.

"Oh darn. Is that your father already?"

I hadn't heard anything but Mom twisted around to look over her left shoulder, in the exact opposite direction she should have looked to see if Dad was coming in the driveway. She arched her back and stretched her left hand out to the window. As a result her legs stretched wide open and the dress slid to the top of her legs. A gap appeared on each side of her panties and I immediately noticed that no stray pubic hairs appeared. Had she trimmed it especially for tonight? God I loved her!

"Yup, he'll be wanting his dinner right away since it's poker with the boys tonight."

Mom spun around. Again I was caught with my eyes where they shouldn't be.

"Ryan, can you set the table while I..."

"Ryan!"

I stared at Mom, fright freezing my body.

"Why didn't you tell me my dress had...oh, that's simply awful."

Mom set the magazine down on the couch beside her and tugged her dress down but didn't seem to be in a hurry despite the trauma evident in her voice.

"What if someone had been in the room?"

"I, uh, I didn't notice..."

"How could you not notice?"

"I was, um, listening to your story, about the, um, politicians."

Mom got her legs closed and stood up.

"Well, in future, please pay more attention. If someone else had been here I would have been so embarrassed."

"Sorry Mom. I'll pay more attention next time."

"I hope so. Thank God it was just you."

We were both in the kitchen when Dad came in. Mom was getting the meal ready to serve up and I was carrying dishes out to set the dining room table. Every trip into the kitchen to get plates or cutlery, I took time to look Mom over. That conservative brown dress looked so sexy on her now. I

knew how fine the body beneath it was and how accommodating or demanding it could be. I could hardly wait to spread those legs. And that mouth, I wanted to get into it too. She was such a hot woman and my father, ignoramus that he was, had sat down in front of the TV with barely a hello. No matter, in an hour he would be gone and soon after that, 'Nita' would visit The Room and I would make up for his callous disregard.

Poker night. I loved poker nights. Had Mom been teasing me, just to get me worked up for later? Without thinking, I rubbed my cock as I walked behind Mom on the way to get the glasses.

It's going to a long night, Mom. I'm not letting you out of that room for hours, I thought.

My world caved in after dinner. I had cleared the plates from the table and followed Mom back to the dining room as she carried dessert from the kitchen.

"Is there more of this for the boys?" Dad asked Mom.

"Of course, dear. In the fridge."

"Are you going to serve it for us?"

"Did you help with my bridge club last night?"

Dad looked uncomfortable. "Come on. You know I'm not going to play waiter for a bunch of ladies."

"Then why should I be a waitress for a bunch of drunken louts?"

"It's once every four months for God's sake."

"You can serve yourselves. I'll leave brownies and cookies on the counter and there's more ice cream cake in the fridge."

"Mary."

"Don't Mary me. You guys are big enough to look after yourself."

"I'll talk to them about their language."

"That won't do any good after ten minutes and you know it. I'll be upstairs with the door shut where I don't have to listen to it."

"But Mary, Bill's wife and Gord's wife..."

"I don't care, and that's final."

Final was right. I had grown a big boner watching Mom carrying dessert in, knowing that in less than an hour I would be having the best dessert known to Mankind. Now it was still there, feeling sore, and devastated by the knowledge it wasn't going to be relieved. It was Dad's turn for poker night. There would be no 'Nita' tonight.

I can't wait for another two weeks! Why the fuck had Mom worn that dress? Why did she tease me that way?

That's the way it was. The world isn't fair. It sucked big time.

I tried to go to my room after dessert but Mom asked me to do up the dishes right away since Dad's buddies were coming over. I did them, but made it obvious I wasn't happy. Mom was so busy getting stuff ready for Dad's friends, she probably didn't even notice my snit.

When Dad's buddies arrived I went upstairs, locked myself in my room, and threw myself on the bed. I was really pissed. Mom must have known it was Dad's poker night. I mean, she had prepared stuff for it. So what was with the teasing bit with the dress? Had she really been unaware of my attention? That sucked even worse because it meant she hadn't been egging me on.

Fuck, I was pissed off!

I twisted around onto my stomach and muttered into the pillow. Gradually, my anger subsided and my mind filled with memories of Nita in the elevator. I stuffed my hand in front and massaged my aching cock. At some point, while dreaming of renewed activities with Nita, I dozed off. When I lifted my head, the room was shrouded in a heavy gloom. It was almost dark outside.

Boisterous voices down stairs were pierced now and again by raucous laughter. Clearly, Dad and his buddies had been drinking for a while. How long had I been asleep? I looked at the clock beside my bed. After ten? Holy crap, I had been sleeping for three hours.

I got up, shook my head to clear the cobwebs, and ran my fingers through my hair. I was hungry and wondered if there was any cake or other good stuff left. I stopped to take a leak and then headed downstairs. Mom's door was open a crack and the light was on so I stopped to listen to see if she was watching a movie but heard nothing. Maybe she was reading in her nightgown. I pushed the door open a little.

"Mom?"

I pushed the door a bit more and poked my head inside. Mom wasn't in bed so I went right in and called out a little louder to the bathroom.

"Mom?"

No answer. I looked inside to be sure, half hoping I would catch her getting in or out of the shower. Hey, she hadn't seemed to be fussed that her panties had been showing if it was just me in the room so maybe it would be alright for me to see her in her nightie or even in the buff. Unfortunately, Mom wasn't there but the thought of her being caught in a compromising position rekindled the fire I had felt throughout dinner until Dad had dropped his bomb.

Mom must have relented and gone downstairs to serve Dad and his buddies. I went downstairs to get some food and, what the hell, check out Mom's body. I guess I could live through the next two weeks after all. Who knows, maybe she'd let me watch a movie with her in her room.

Half of Dad's buddies were playing around the dining room table and another four and Dad were crowded around a single card table in the living room. There were drink glasses and empty beer bottles everywhere. They didn't pay any attention to me.

I looked in the kitchen but Mom wasn't there. That was weird. I grabbed a brownie and wandered into the living room, casually watched the play for a minute or so, then went down the hall past the guest bedroom and Dad's office to the bathroom. It was empty. I guess Mom must have found it too loud even upstairs and had gone out to visit a friend. I wandered back to the living room.

I wondered if Mom had gone over to Mrs. Hancock's place. Her husband was still out of town and the thought of the two of them together reminded me of the daydream I'd had about them sucking my cock. Sensing my awareness, it stiffened. Feeling self-conscious, I ducked into the kitchen then rationalized my escape by getting a mound of food and lifting two beers. Nobody was paying any attention to me so I figured I could sneak them upstairs.

I was about to go back to my room when I thought about what it would be like to get Mrs. Hancock into The Room. I was still pissed at Mom so I figured, if she wasn't going to play anymore, could parley Mrs. Hancock's crotch interest into a visit to The Room? What was her first name? Glenda? Yeah, that was it, Glenda. Was she lonely enough to play? She seemed interested which was surprising given how shy she normally was. Would that make her submissive? Would she let me push my cock into her tiny mouth, blushing all the while?

Suck it, Glenda.

I shot a look at the dining room. Thank God I hadn't said that out loud. Her husband wasn't here but one of the other might know him. I decided it was best not to hang around the kitchen if I was going to daydream like that. Instead of going upstairs I wandered downstairs, wondering how could I get Mrs. Hancock in The Room.

Shit, the door was open a crack! I stopped in my tracks, looked over my shoulder, then walked to the rumpus room. Pushing the door open, I used the light from the basement

to find my way to a table and put all my goodies down on it. Returning to the basement, I checked out the door again and walked closer to it.

Perfume, faint, but definitely there. My chest tingled and the feeling spread to my stomach and neck, then up my spine to my head and down to my groin. She couldn't be. She wouldn't, not with Dad and all his friends here. Would she?

I climbed carefully up the stairs, closed the kitchen door, then quietly descended. At the bottom, I turned out the light. I stretched my hand out and felt my way in the dark until my fingers touched the door, then moved my hand left until I could grasp the open edge. I pulled it to the right and stepped inside, then gently pulled the door closed behind me. I stood absolutely still.

She was here! I could smell her, could hear the faint sound of controlled breathing. I swept my foot in a forward arc but didn't find the familiar pile of her dress. No matter, it was here somewhere on the floor. I was sure of it.

As quietly as I could, I pulled my t-shirt over my head and tossed it into the right corner. Bracing myself against the left side of the door, I lifted my right foot and removed its sock, then, using the right side of the door to steady myself, removed the left one. Silently, I popped the snap, slid the zipper down, and pushed my pants down to the floor. I stepped free and kicked them into the corner to join my t-shirt and socks. My underwear followed.

I stepped forward a couple of steps and stopped. I knew she'd be kneeling in front of me, facing away. The thought of her there, with bare ass waiting for me to push her forward and take her from behind, made my cock leap into hardness so quickly I thought it would break from sudden brittleness.

No, I won't give in. She teased the hell out of me and that's what she wants. I'll make her wait for it. I'll make her beg for it. I'll tease the hell out of her, maybe even kiss her pussy, but only a few licks until she says 'please'. I'm the one with the cock around here and she's the one that needs it. She's proved that much already.

I circled around until I would be in front of Mom, trying to be quiet so it would be a surprise when my cock first touched her face. A small gasp told me of my success as my cock, with incredible accuracy, struck a glancing blow and skidded off the side of Mom's nose. I drew back and twisted my hips until my shaft slapped against the side of her face, drew back farther and twisted the other way to slap the other side with my rigid member. I drew back again and thrust forward, hitting her on closed lips and skidding off the other side of her face.

Mom's hands came up through the darkness but I grabbed them, held them for a moment, and tossed them away. She got the message and they didn't return. I cock-slapped her face four or five times on each side for emphasis and then tried to poke it into her mouth. It was still closed so my attempt at entry was unsuccessful. I grasped the hair on top of Mom's head to hold her in place and tried again but only bumped against tightly closed lips.

Oh yeah? So you want to play that way, do you?

I jabbed at Mom's mouth and tugged up on her hair, trying to lift her mouth open, but her face only tilted up and my cock simply stabbed and deflected off her neck. I put my other hand on her chin and tried to pry her mouth open. Her lips parted a little but only enough to get the very tip of my head between the poutiness until it banged against closed teeth. Ah, but those soft moist lips felt wonderful. Mom had such full lips.

I released her chin and grabbed my shaft. Moving it sideways, I rubbed the tip between Mom's lips, scraping it against her teeth. Gradually, her mouth opened until sufficient room was available for the head to get part way past Mom's front teeth. Her teeth scraped top and bottom but her gorgeous mouth felt fantastic anyway, so warm, pulpy and slick. I tried to shove deeper but only gained half an inch. I knew Mom could easily take me in deep, so what was she playing at? Is this what it would be like trying to shove it in Mrs. Hancock's tiny mouth?

Mrs. Hancock? I suddenly remembered Mom looking at Mrs. Hancock, watching her stare at the bulge in my pants and noticing the poorly disguised yearning on her face. Had she seen me too, looking at Mrs. Hancock's mouth, while

she was looking at my crotch? Is this what Mom was doing?
Had she read my mind?

I pushed harder but to no avail, stymied by Mom's partially closed mouth. I grasped the sides of her head and tried to force my cock deeper but still couldn't, the shaft bending under the strain just as I had imagined it would trying to get into Mrs. Hancock's small mouth.

Bending over Mom's head, I flexed my hips and pumped my cock harder through Mom's teeth. They parted more and the helmet scraped by until the entire head was lodged firmly inside Mom's mouth but though I had gained entrance Mom's tongue and constricted throat blocked further progress. Retreat was also prevented by Mom's teeth which closed around my shaft as soon as the head popped inside. She wouldn't let me in but she wouldn't let me escape either. I paused to get my breath, then renewed the attack, grunting with the effort.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh."

I was paying a high price to enjoy the pleasure of Mom's mouth but despite the painful scraping and bending, I continued the assault. Obviously, Mom was also game or she would have opened her mouth and let me pop out. I gained ground slowly but only by millimeters on each thrust. However, the deeper I got, the less Mom's teeth bothered me. I thrust harder and harder though I sensed progress was completely under Mom's control, being awarded rather than won. I was at the entrance of her throat, enraptured by inches of slithering glory, when the noise reached my brain.

Voices and thumping feet!

Mom's head drew back, sliding easily from my grip and her mouth popped noisily off my cock. Suddenly, she was gone and I knew she had leapt toward the door. My own reaction was slower, due to shock or a lack of oxygen-enriching blood in my brain. My father's voice boomed.

"There it is. He said it's a hobby room," he slurred, "but it's empty."

The din of voices and pounding feet grew louder. They were almost here.

"You gotta see this. It looks like an elevator for Christ's sake. Has buttons and ever'ting."

I reached the door and slipped my hand past Mom's fumbling search to flip the latch, locking it just as someone, probably Dad, tried to yank the door open.

"What the fuck?"

That was Dad's voice. He pulled harder. I prayed the latch on the cheap pocket door would hold. It would be hard to explain what Mom and I were doing inside in the dark, naked, and me sporting an eight pounder.

The door rattled and I looked skyward. Please God, let it hold.

"You guys see some kind of secret button or something?"

Hands slithered over the door and the wall, searching for a way in. Someone banged the wall with their fist and the door rattled.

"There's gotta be some kind of trick to it. Some kind of weird kid I've got hey?"

"No weirder than mine."

That was Mr. Thompson. His son Peter and I had once been best buddies and were still good friends.

"He's such a fucking geek."

That started a barrage of "my kid's weirder than yours" comments. Dad threw in a few daisies of some of the things I'd done in the past. Each time someone spoke, gales of laughter ensued. Gradually the hands stopped sliding on the wall as the drunks satisfied themselves with slagging their kids or those of their close relatives. But Dad's contributions had struck home.

After Dad's first put-down, Mom slipped a comforting arm around my waist and leaned her head on my shoulder. After the second comment, she slipped in front of me and pulled me closer, then turned to lean against the side wall, probably to avoid the fake elevator control panel I had installed next to the pocket door. She used my cock to turn and pull me close to her. Her free hand explored the side of my face and then the other released my cock and slipped up to the back of my neck. Her mouth was suddenly on mine and the slagging voices turned into a background drone.

Mom pulsed her body against mine and I became aware for the first time that she wasn't naked. In fact she was still fully dressed. My arms circled around and pulled her tighter until the urge to explore her body grew too strong. My hands found her breasts and took the measure of each, squeezing gently to test their firmness, and then slid down to her hips and around to her ass.

"I don't know what's with kids today," one of the men said.
"All they do is play computer games."

"Yeah," Dad agreed. "I was hoping my kid would be good at baseball or football, something anyway. Christ, he's so uncoordinated he's lucky to stay on his feet."

I cringed at this condescending criticism. Voices clamored to put down their own kids.

Mom's hand slid from my face down to my hip, then around and took hold of my cock. She spoke, effectively abandoning her anonymity.

"I love your cock," she whispered.

It lurched in her hand but it was the hoarse voice more than the soft fingers closing around the shaft that triggered the reaction. Now she was doing something with her other hand. I pushed my hips away from the wall and thrust my shaft through the circle of her delicate fingers.

"Wait," she whispered.

My cock was dropped. I felt Mom lifting her foot off the floor, first one then the other. My cock was grabbed again and she pushed close. A leg slithered up the back of mine.

"Do it," she whispered, pulling on my tool. "Show them."

Mom's hand slipped over my shoulder and curled around my neck. She used it for leverage to pull herself up. The leg slid higher until Mom's heel notched into the small of my back.

"Fuck me, right in front of them."

Her voice was hoarse and excited as her hand directed my cock, mashing the tip against her soft, moist bush. Her face cradled into my neck and her teeth nibbled my ear.

"Fuck me."

She gouged my tip through her slit.

"I need you so bad," she whispered.

An extra pull and my knob was enveloped. Mom shifted, hopping closer on her one foot as the other dug into my back.

"Show them, baby. Give me all of your cock."

I pushed and groaned as my shaft slithered through the clinging dampness of her tunnel.

"Shhhhh," she whispered.

Disregarding her warning, I plunged home, pushing her against the wall and lifting her up onto her tippy toe. She rewarded me with a hoarse, muffled laugh. I drew back and slammed into her hard, thumping her ass against the wall. I wanted to take her hard, right here, on the other side of the wall from my fucking asshole father and his stupid friends. I ground my root against Mom's pussy and groaned loudly.

"Shhhhhh," Mom cautioned.

My mouth was suddenly being stuffed with something. From the pungent odor and taste, I knew it was her panties, the dark brown, lacy ones I had stared so hard at earlier today. My tongue discovered the thick, lacy bit that covered the front and I slammed into her, filling her cunt.

"Oh yes, baby. Fuck me hard."

Mom sprung up from her foot, curled it around my waist, and locked her legs together. Her mouth fastened onto mine and her tongue plunged into me, pushing the panties up to the roof of my mouth. I shoved my shoulders off the wall and walked around The Room, stopping for one or two thrusts before stumbling on a step or two for a couple more lunges.

I almost fell so I leaned over carefully to set Mom on the floor to fuck her real good. She stretched her arms out to help and I lowered her until her weight eased and then I

knew her shoulders were resting on the floor. I tried to get down onto my knees but Mom kept her legs locked around my waist. At first I didn't know what she wanted, then I pulled her feet apart and pushed her ankles forward until Mom's knees were beside her head. With her ass tilted up, I squatted over her, hands stretched out to hold her ankles in place on the floor, and started slow-fucking her, really deep. Oh man, I'm so glad she had done so much yoga over the years.

Way in, then up and out all the way, then squatting to find her hole again and shoving in deep. Again, and again, and again. I wished I could see myself doing it like this. I had watched a few pornos where guys did women like this but I never thought I would be able to do it. Elaine would never let me do her this way because it wouldn't be 'comfortable'.

I worried about Mom bruising her shoulders from being on the floor like this and was about to get off her when she said it again, "Show him, baby. Use his woman, right under their fucking noses."

Ah God, I plunged in deep again, withdrew, and then returned faster, not pulling all the way out because I was too eager to get back into her hot, steamy pulpiness. The drunken voices and laughter covered the slap of my thighs against Mom's upturned ass each time I plunged deep into her cunt.

It's mine!

"Her cunt is mine!"

Shit, had I said that out loud? I slammed it harder.

Mom gasped. "Yours baby, all yours."

I was almost there. Mom twisted and pushed me all the way out just as I was about to slide in to release my load.

"Show him," she cried, lifting my cock above her slit and pulling so I couldn't get back in. "Show him," she repeated, directing my cock down over her stomach.

I started to come.

"Ohhhh, ohhhhh, yeah, show him," Mom whispered hoarsely.

My load spurted, downward. I couldn't see but knew that whatever wasn't hitting the floor was splattering Mom's stomach, tits and face. God, I wished I could see that! When I was finished, I twisted around and sat on the floor, only now realizing how harshly I was breathing through my nose. I spit out Mom's panties. I had forgotten about them.

Mom sat up beside me and I could feel her using her dress to wipe her face. I wondered how much had hit her. She rubbed for a while so I guess enough had landed where she seemed to have wanted it. Man, I wished I could have seen it. An older woman in a conservative, brown dress, getting me to fuck her in that awkward position, then holding my cock to direct my spunk onto her face, all while her husband was in the next room drinking with his buddies. Unbelievable!

We sat in the dark listening to my father and his drunken friends. They were making trips upstairs to bring chips and beer downstairs. The party had moved into the rumpus room. Mom had resumed her quiet anonymity, so we sat in silence. Eventually, someone left, noisily bidding the others goodnight. Others followed until there were only a couple left. The conversation became less boisterous and silly.

Mom started to crawl toward the door, or rather, toward the voices. I grasped her ankle and prevented her getting away. She struggled, so I grabbed the other ankle and held her tight until she stopped. She was still, lying face down. I wasn't sure if I had it in me to do her again but she hadn't tried very hard to get away. Maybe she hadn't come yet.

I spread her legs. She struggled a bit but when I pushed her knees hard onto the floor, she became still. I pushed the dress up her thighs and onto her ass, reached up to find the zipper and drew it down her back. Pulling the dress off her shoulders, I worked until I got her arms out of it but left the dress on. I pushed my hands under the skirt onto Mom's ass and kneaded her cheeks.

We listened to the voices of the men, unable to make out what they were saying except for the occasions when their voices rose. I worked my hands all around Mom's ass and when she parted her legs a little wider, I knew she was ready to be fucked again.

I kept massaging her ass but pushed my fingers between her legs and pulled on the soft flesh of her inner thighs, tugging her pussy lips apart, teasing, always teasing. Gradually, I began slipping my fingers into her slit, just a rub at first, but then longer and deeper. Soon, I had two fingers inside her and when she lifted her ass up from the floor, I pushed in three.

Some time later, it was four. I kept them close together and worked slowly, twisting them half around and then back the other way, always moving in and out like a slow drill. Mom held her ass high and kept her thighs wide, and I imagined her hands were stretched out on the floor to brace herself. Her pelvis moved continually, reacting, reaching for more and then shying away. She moaned softly, constantly. But she didn't groan until I gobbled on her pussy before pushing my whole hand into her steamy cunt.

Mom balked but I stroked her back and whispered, "Relax."

I don't know if she was comforted by my voice but after a brief respite, her abdomen started undulating again. I worked my hand inside her, pulled it out and gobbled noisily onto her pussy for effect—it didn't need more lubrication! I spit again anyway and she moaned.

I heard them come out of the rumpus room. They were leaving.

"We should help you clean up," one of them said.

"Don't worry about it," Dad said. "The little lady will clean it up tomorrow."

They all laughed.

I stayed my hand as they started up the stairs but Mom didn't stop grinding her ass and worked her cunt on my

hand, right down to my wrist. For once I was glad I didn't have big hands. When they reached the top of the stairs, I started twisting my arm and reached under Mom's tummy with my other hand to rub her clit. Mom went wild.

She moaned loudly, twisting frantically on my arm and at the same time bucked her clit against the palm of my other hand. She was going nuts so I helped her, jiggling her cunt and rubbing her clit. Her body convulsed and her legs alternately went stiff and straight, then bent and quivered uncontrollably. For a minute, I was scared she was having a fit but then her juice discharged exuberantly over my hand and down my arm. I couldn't believe a woman could come like that.

Mom quivered on my hand for several minutes as I slowly worked it out of her cunt. Afterwards, as she lay face down on the floor, she still shuddered every few seconds. I waited patiently for her to recover, my hand inside her dress, stroking her back. She was still for a long time and I continued to stroke her back.

The house grew quiet. I guess Dad had gone to bed. Mom stirred and slowly got up. I didn't try to follow her and looked away when she opened the door. I didn't leave until her steps had long faded away. It was dark in the house, and it was a mess. I promised to get up early to help Mom clean up.

But I slept in.

Neither Mom nor Dad was in when I woke up. I grabbed some toast and rushed out of the house. I had an exam that morning and barely made it. When I came home, I fully expected the cold shoulder treatment. I knew now that before Mom had been upset with herself, not me, so it took a couple of weeks for the guilt to wear off. I probably couldn't expect a visit to The Room until Dad's next poker night.

However, Mom was attentive from the moment I walked in the door. It wasn't that she was overly friendly, she was just her natural self. Surprised but overjoyed, I didn't stay in my

room like I usually did and hurried downstairs after dumping my stuff to hang around with her.

When Dad came home Mom asked me to help her in the kitchen. So I stood beside her, peeling carrots and potatoes while she prepared the rest of dinner. Dad sat in the kitchen for awhile, which was unusual, and tried to join in the conversation. Obviously, he felt guilty about leaving a huge mess the night before and thought his company would make up for it. He soon left when it became clear that Mom only responded when necessary, and then begrudgingly. I guess he knew he was in the doghouse so he slunk off.

While Dad was still in the kitchen, Mom pressed her knee against mine and held it there. I looked nervously past her at Dad but didn't pull mine away. Our connected limbs swayed back and forth. I can't tell you how sexually intense that simple pressing of knees was. The unusual contact sent shivers of excitement up and down my legs, stirring my loins as much or more than peeking under Mom's dress. When I finished peeling the vegetables, I turned to face Mom and asked if I should set the table.

"Sure, and tell your father dinner will be ready in half an hour."

I was startled when she suddenly stepped forward and stretched up to give me a quick kiss on the mouth, then pressed her lips into the side of my neck, letting her breasts sag heavily against my chest. It may have been wishful thinking but I thought her pelvis moved suggestively.

"Go on, now, before you get me into trouble." She laughed and turned away.

That night after dinner, Mom let her skirt ride up high on her legs when Dad's favorite show was on and she knew he was distracted. She was well aware that I was looking and cast a mischievous glance my way now and then.

The next day was similar, except that I was there for breakfast and was able to see the movement of Mom's unconstrained breasts through the gap of her loosely belted robe. Again, she revealed more when Dad's attention was elsewhere. When I left for school, she patted me affectionately on the butt. The evening was a repeat of the

previous night except the teasing was even worse given that Mom wore a looser skirt. Once, when Dad got up to get himself a drink—normally, he would have asked Mom or me to get it for him—Mom looked down at her legs and made a production about brushing something away. Of course, she had to open her legs wide enough for me to see her panties. The skirt was tugged down when we heard Dad's footsteps returning.

I loved it but wasn't sure if I could take this kind of teasing until Dad's next poker night. My balls were blue and I knew Elaine was incapable of relieving that kind of pain. Tomorrow was Saturday and I found the thought of having plain sex with her particularly unsatisfying. I wanted to take Mom downstairs to The Room instead.

I was up in time for breakfast and another loose robe display. My foggy brain awoke with a start when I saw what was under the robe. Mom was wearing a sexy, lacy negligee with a bodice that was very, very low. Her tits almost spilled out each time she let the robe part for me to take a look. When she sat at the side of the table, she let the robe fall off the leg on my side, revealing the entire length of her thigh and even a bit of the side of her ass. She arched her back to

stretch once while Dad was reading the newspaper and I could see the entire profile of her tit through the gap in the robe.

"What are you doing today?" Mom asked Dad.

He looked cornered. He probably had no plans but knew if he didn't he would be given something to do.

"Oh, I promised Bob I would go over and help him get his boat ready."

That was probably untrue but Dad was a master at avoiding chores.

Mom looked disappointed. "How long will that take?"

"Well, we need to pull the leg off so it's hard to say. Could be a couple of hours, could be four or five."

"If it's a couple then I have some things you could do around the house."

"Ryan will be here, won't you son?" Dad appealed, looking at me like we were friends and I owed him. "Anyway, you know I can't do heavy lifting."

"It's not that heavy," Mom said.

"Can't Ryan do it?"

"Do what? I haven't even told you what I want you to do."

"The doctor told me not to strain myself."

"Well, we wouldn't want that, now would we?"

"Helping Bob will be enough exercise. I'll probably need to rest after that."

"Okay, okay, I'll get Ryan to do it but if you finish early you can come home and help."

"I'll be here if we get done early. Oh shit, is it that time already?" Dad looked at his watch and got up. "I better get going."

Dad rushed to get out the door. He called me just as he was about to leave. Looking past me to make sure Mom wasn't looking, he stuffed three twenties into my hand.

"Do whatever she wants, son. I'll, uh, make it up to her later."

I guess he wasn't going to get home early.

"What's that?" Mom called, appearing in the kitchen doorway.

"Nothing dear. Gotta go."

Dad shut the door and I marveled at how easily Mom had manipulated him. Mom's laugh jerked me out of my reverie.

"Like a book," she said, raising a hand toward my departed father. The robe fell open, exposing the sexy negligee underneath. What little was covered of her breasts could still be partly seen through the lace. My eyes dropped lower to the skimpy material barely covering her mound.

"Ryan, I'm up here."

I jerked my eyes up. "What," I stammered. I had been caught red-handed and tried to cover up. "I was just wondering, what was it you wanted Dad to do?"

Mom lowered her hand and pulled the robe closed. She kinked her hip to the side and that pushed her right leg flush against the robe all the way down. I traced an imaginary line along the outside of her leg to her toes and back, then moved up over her hips and into to her waist. I skipped past her breasts, though I wanted to linger, and looked Mom in the eye.

"What was it you..."

Mom took my hand and turned, pulling me behind her. The thin robe couldn't hide the shape of her ass. We were half way up the stairs before she spoke again.

"What was it your father said at the door?"

My cock had already swollen to fill the limits of my pants. We reached the top of the stairs and Mom stopped with me two steps lower.

"Uh, I...he said, um..."

"Didn't he say you should do whatever I want?" Mom looked over her shoulder with teasing eyes. "Didn't he pay you to do that?"

Mom dropped my hand and walked down the hall and into her bedroom, shaking her hips in an exaggerated fashion.

I wasn't sure what to make of this. I had expected nothing much to happen after Dad left and for Mom to disappear. Then I would look for her in The Room and we could have our fun in the dark the way we always had. This blatant flirting made me nervous.

Mom was in her bedroom, waiting, so I stiffened my resolve and walked down the hall. She had stopped by the side of the bed but twisted around to sit when I came in, pushing herself back to prop up against the pillows. I walked up to the bed and waited for Mom to let me know what to do. She put a hand behind her head and toyed with the edge of the robe with the other.

"Get undressed," she said, sliding one foot up on the bed which raised her knee and caused the robe fall away from her legs.

I peeled off my short-sleeved shirt, pushing each shoulder back in exaggerated fashion, wanting to look my best. I tensed the muscles in each arm unnecessarily as I unbuckled my belt and pushed my pants down. I tried not

to stumble when I took off my socks but did anyway. I stood in my underwear, waiting.

Mom didn't say anything but looked at me expectantly. I started to shuck my shorts down quickly the way I normally did but caught myself and did it slowly. Mom smiled. I pushed the back down over my ass and flipped the front down to free my cock. It sprang forth with vigor, making me proud, and the small gasp from Mom was an added treat. I remembered then that Mom had never seen me in the light. With greater confidence, I pushed the shorts down my legs and stepped out of them, then stood before her for inspection, and hopefully an invitation to join her on the bed.

"Mom patted the bed. For some reason, I hesitated and Mom reached out to grasp my cock. I stifled a groan.

"Do you like the way I look?"

"Yes," I croaked, casting my eyes over her body, half concealed by the robe.

Following my eyes, Mom parted the upper part of the robe. The nightie no longer covered the panties and her mound was prominent under the sheer material.

"I don't think we need the dark anymore. Do you?" Mom flexed her hips, pushing her mound upwards.

"Um, I guess not."

"Then lie down with me."

Mom released my cock and I clambered onto the bed between her legs, which she opened to make room. I started to lift her legs but she shook my hands off.

"Take my panties off."

She didn't have to tell me to do it slowly. I removed them in a manner that showed just how much I appreciated what

was underneath. When I peeled them off the last foot, Mom lifted her knees up and drew her feet close to her ass.

"Kiss it."

I complied eagerly, pushing my face into her bush. I licked and slathered, pushed my tongue in deep and darted it around her swollen lips. When her hands found my head and her fingers plied the hair at the back of my neck, I knew I was doing well. She arched her back while I serviced the parts she steered me to and her whole body wiggled constantly on the bed. The first sign of her orgasm was the rush of fluid onto my face. It didn't take me by surprise; I already knew that Mom signaled her pleasure generously.

Mom smiled when I wiped her juice from the sides of my mouth. She pushed herself forward off the pillows and pulled the negligee over her shoulders, pausing with her arms stretched straight up so I could enjoy the stretched, upward thrust of her bare breasts. Abruptly, she dropped her arms to let her tits bounce on her chest and jiggle about. The nipples were hard and prominent, begging to be

sucked. Mom let the negligee fall from her fingers and leaned back into the pillows.

"Make love to me," she whispered.

I fell upon her breasts, grasping one and sucking the nipple of the other. I put my tongue and fingers to work playing with the best toys a guy could ever dream of having. I kissed Mom thoroughly and though I enjoyed it I was keen to return to pleasuring her tits. When I entered her, I didn't try to bend her legs back the way I did in The Room. We fucked fully stretched out, legs pressed against legs, arms together and stretched out over her head, bodies glued and writhing in unison. It was the most intimate, loving sex I had ever experienced. We even rubbed our faces together when we weren't kissing as if we couldn't bear to be separated.

I unleashed my full load within her. Not once did I think of pulling out. I left my cock inside after we were done. We didn't speak, not even a single word. My cock never got soft enough to fall out and after a long time, maybe half an hour later, I started moving again. Just a twitch here and there to

start, but soon we were moving with a definite rhythm. We were perfect together, each part of our bodies knowing instinctively how to respond to its counterpart, rubbing, pressing, bumping , thrusting...whatever seemed to work.

The second load felt just as voluminous as the first but of course it wasn't. Still, it surged through my shaft with violence and gushed into Mom's womb with as much force as the first load.

"My, my," Mom whispered when I was done, clutching me with her arms and entwining her legs around mine. "Don't pull out. I want another one."

"I won't," I promised, and I didn't.

We had to lay like that for quite a while before I was hard enough but eventually, with Mom's targeted urging, we made love a third time. There was no bending into awkward positions, no turning over, no pulling out and spraying with spunk, but I was satisfied beyond words.

We knew Dad would be home before dinner but Mom and I did it one more time, downstairs in the living room, in case we didn't hear him come in. She had knelt on the couch and looked out the window, commenting on how people didn't look if they saw that someone was home. I was about to say something but Mom lifted the back of her dress and the words fluttered away. She wasn't wearing panties and I quickly positioned myself behind her.

I kissed and nuzzled but she wouldn't let me get inside her until a couple sauntered by. They waved and looked away, unsuspecting, probably because they couldn't see well enough through the window to see that someone was behind Mom. I entered her while they were directly in front of us and shoved in so hard that Mom's head lurched forward onto the back of the couch.

We fucked leisurely for a long time, both of us having been fully sated earlier in the day, keeping things alive until the next person walked by to renew the vigor of our coupling. The point came, however, when things went beyond our control. I grabbed Mom's hands and pulled her off the couch, pushed her forward onto the cushions, and let her have it furiously from behind. It was a rollicking finish to

what had started as the laziest fuck of my life. It was more like the fucks we had enjoyed in The Room. Dad's car door slammed just as my slick cock pulled out of Mom's cunt. For all our precautions, we hadn't heard him drive in anyway.

I bounded up the stairs and turned to see if Mom was following me. She wasn't. She waited by the door to greet my father, her pussy hair still damp and slick with our lovemaking and my spunk threatening to leak down the inside of her thighs. She gave Dad a nice welcoming kiss.

"Your son did very well. I don't know what you paid him to do what you should have but I'm sure it wasn't enough. You should give him more."

She turned and walked away from Dad and I ducked down the hall to my room. He came up, thanked me for taking care of Mom, and gave me another forty bucks. I always wondered what he would have done if he knew he had paid another man a hundred bucks to fuck his wife all day long.

After that Mom and I made love two or three times a week. It was just regular sex. I don't mean it wasn't good, just that it wasn't raw like the sex we had in The Room. I guess the anonymity that darkness bestows lets a person really let go. I liked making love to my Mom, but I did miss the freedom to do whatever I wanted. I found myself pining for Dad's next poker night but Mom took me upstairs to make love. It was as if The Room no longer existed.

Two weeks later I home to find Mom wearing the brown dress. She was oblivious to a stain that I spied right away but before I could call it to her attention, Dad noticed.

"You're not going out in that, are you?" he asked, pointing to the stain on the front of the dress.

I looked elsewhere because I knew exactly what the stain was and when it had been made. It was that time when Mom hadn't removed her clothes because Dad and his buddies were playing poker upstairs. I was fucking her with her legs bent right over and she had pulled my cock out and pointed

it at her face. My thoughts returned to the present and my stupefied gaze to my father.

Mom hadn't answered him so he continued, "There's a big stain on it."

"I know," Mom replied.

"Well, if it won't come off, you should throw it away."

"It's good enough for around the house. What do you think, Ryan?"

Mom did a pirouette. I looked away, glanced back, and blushed. Fortunately, Dad had lost interest but Mom was greatly amused and later she teased me mercilessly with many shots up her skirt. She stretched one leg over the other to rub it, feigning an itch on her calf, then did the same a few minutes later with the inside of her thigh. I got getting pretty hot and bothered, partly because I remembered that on Dad's last poker night we had made pretty vanilla love so at my first opportunity I went upstairs

to relive myself. However, Mom's actions and the stained dress promised something different this time and I couldn't let myself waste my spunk.

I returned downstairs to find both Dad and Mom gone. I hoped Mom had gone to the store or something and not out to visit a friend. Time passed, too much time for her to be at the store. Disappointed, I resigned myself to my hand and was about to go back upstairs to exercise it but looked out the window instead and saw Mom's car still in the driveway. That prompted a search upstairs but Mom wasn't waiting in bed as I had expected.

Worried but also a little excited, I went downstairs. Sure enough, the pocket door was cracked open a couple of inches. Now very excited, I turned off the light and approached the door. I started to open it but then decided to take my clothes off. If Mom was in there, I didn't want to spoil it by having to stop to get undressed.

Naked, I pulled the door open, stepped inside, and closed it behind me. The scent of perfume confirmed her presence. I followed my aching cock which, like a witching

rod, led me directly to her. I knelt behind her and put my hands out to find her waist. They closed upon bare skin. Mom was naked and she was kneeling on a mat for protection against the hard, linoleum floor. Good idea, I thought, we didn't want Dad wondering why her knees were red.

I slipped my hands around Mom's waist and took the weight of her breasts. She had great tits. Not too big but not small either and topped with nice, thick nipples, the kind a guy likes to suck on. I lowered my mouth to the crook of her neck and nibbled as my fingers encircled her swollen nipples and pinched them, gently, then harder. I lifted her tits off her chest and rolled the nipples between thumbs and forefingers. I bit her neck lightly, then moved up to kiss her ear and lightly chewed it. Mom's neck rolled with pleasure and she rose up a little, just enough for my cock to slide under her slick pussy.

I nudged her feet apart and scooted closer, angling my cock up and into her pussy. Too eager to wait, I slid my shaft in, all the way until the root mashed against the softness of her ass. I released her left tit and grabbed her hair, tugging it down to lift her face. I twisted it back and plunged my

tongue thickly into Mom's mouth, then rammed my cock in and out of her hard. I was determined to start this fuck with a bang.

I hammered Mom from behind, rocking her up and down my shaft. When I released her hair, she tossed herself forward but kept her haunches up high. I grabbed her hips and continued the pummeling. Tiring of that, I pulled her up to her feet but when she tried to straighten up I pushed her over and kept her bent almost double. I banged her like that, walking her around the room, turning only when we encountered a wall.

On one such occasion, I didn't steer Mom away but fucked her against the wall. I pulled her up straight, and flattened her against the wall, fucking gently at first but then doing her harder and harder. I pulled out and turned her back to the wall. She lifted a leg to ease my entry and then wrapped both around my waist once I got fully into gear. I finished her that way and fell back onto my haunches. I skittered back until I felt the pad and sat on it, wheezing to catch my breath.

Mom found me. She wasn't done. She tried to pull my face into her bush but I resisted. I did enough of that upstairs. Mom sank down beside me and took my cock into her hand. She started to jack me. I tried to fend her off, it being too soon, but she was persistent. I stopped protesting when her mouth closed over my knob and slid down my shaft. Her head bobbed up and down, reaching lower and lower until her lips closed around my root. She wiggled her head and slowly drew her mouth back until it popped off with a loud sound. Mom spit on my cock and recaptured it in her mouth.

She did that so many times, I lost count. Finally ready to fuck her again, I pushed her back and twisted to follow her. I tried to enter her but she grabbed my cock and pulled me up over her chest. She didn't let go until my cock was inside her mouth and then she stretched her arms around my ass and thighs, pulling me in.

Okay, that was fine by me. I started fucking Mom's face. When my cock had been slithering in and out of her mouth for quite a while, Mom started pulling it out and rubbing it around her cheeks and nose, even pressing the tip into an eye. I didn't get it at first but then I understood that she

wanted me to lose my spunk on her face. Yeah, okay, I was ready for that too!

It didn't take much longer in Mom's mouth after that realization for me to unload on her face. Again, I wished it wasn't dark. I wanted to see her flinch and squint as my cum burst upon her face. Still, this was pretty good. I even held her head so she couldn't draw away though she was the one who had asked for it.

As soon as I finished, Mom pushed me up and twisted around onto her stomach. She grabbed my right hand and pulled it behind her, between her legs, then pushed, mashing my fingers against her sloppy wet pussy. The tips of two fingers slipped inside and Mom curled her hand around the others, squeezing them together, and pushed them into her cunt.

Oh yeah. You really liked that, didn't you? I thought, remembering the time I had fisted her.

I pushed my fingers into Mom's cunt until the wide part of my hand blocked further progress, then started twisting

back and forth. I reached around to palm Mom's clit and swollen lips. Sooner than I would have thought possible, my hand popped through and I was fucking Mom with my wrist. She made animal-like sounds and twisted on the end of my arm like a fish on a hook, wild and frantic. It sounded like she was about to come but she went on like that for a long time.

I started to think it would never end and tried to do something different that would send her over the edge but nothing worked. There wasn't much I could do anyway. It was when I was lifting her high off the floor, and her ass was near my face, that I accidentally found the solution. Deciding to ease Mom back to the floor, I dropped my face faster than her body and it crashed into her ass. My tongue stuck out and slid sideways along the length her crack, and then back again. I thought Mom had been going wild before but that took her to a whole new level. Needing for this to end, I stopped exploring her crack and put my tongue right on her pucker hole, then forced it inside.

That did it. Mom wailed and wiggled frantically, her legs tensing and releasing, not relaxing, but straining hard, her cheeks tightening as she quivered with the effort. I jiggled

my wrist and wiggled my tongue until her orgasm began to subside, ending in a whimper.

Afterward, while having a cup upstairs and waiting for a call to see if Dad needed a ride home, Mom casually mentioned that Mrs. Hancock had visited that afternoon. As usual, she wasn't getting along with her husband and was feeling depressed and neglected. Mom was worried about her friend, the youngest in their group, because she was afraid she would live through years of frustration like she had.

"Oops, did I really say that?" Mom covered her mouth and then reached out to put her other hand over mine on the table. "I should say, lately."

"I guess you just meant to say her puffed up husband isn't the man he thinks he is."

"I guess you could say that," Mom agreed. Neither of us pointed out the unvoiced reference to Dad, the guy who thought he was God's gift to women but couldn't satisfy the one woman he actually had.

"She does seem easily distracted," I said.

"Distracted?" Mom burst out laughing. Her eyes twinkled at me. "I guess you could say that, Mr. Socks."

"It was just one sock," I countered, protesting the plural reference.

"Whatever. Glenda was certainly—how did you say it?—distracted."

We both laughed but I was thinking that Mom's change of heart about visiting The Room might have something to do with Mrs. Hancock's visit. Mom's friend was lonely and that reminded her of how lonely she had been, for years, while Dad gawked at every woman he came across. To me, lonely meant horny. Thinking about Mrs. Hancock's situation had made Mom horny and I wanted to encourage that.

"But seriously," I said, "her situation is kind of sad."

The smile faded from Mom's face. "It is. It would be a shame for her to live through what others have, what I have, unnecessarily. She's not the kind to seek a divorce and I don't know that she could anyway. As far as I can tell, Bill doesn't fool around, he's just married to his career. He probably has no idea his wife is so unhappy."

"Maybe you should ask her over again. She probably needs someone to talk to."

Mom rubbed the back of my hand.

"You know, I think you're right. Sometimes you're very thoughtful."

I bet Mom wouldn't have said that if she knew I just thought having Mrs. Hancock around might make her horny. It had worked once so it might do so again.

Mom had Mrs. Hancock over for coffee several times in the next two weeks and there was definitely an effect but it wasn't the one I had hoped for. Sex with Mom stopped almost completely. The few times I was home earlier than Dad either Mrs. Hancock was visiting or Mom wanted to talk about her. I could have taught Mrs. Hancock a thing or two about frustration.

"Glenda really does need an outlet," Mom was saying as I sat next to her on the couch, playing with her leg and trying to interest her in going upstairs for the thirty minutes we had before Dad got home.

"Yeah, an outlet," I muttered, scratching the top of Mom's leg just above the knee, 'accidentally' scraping the hem of her dress up to mid-thigh.

"She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Yeah, I guess so," I replied in a noncommittal tone.

I slipped my finger between Mom's thighs but she casually pulled my hand out and tossed it aside.

"She needs to have an affair. There's lots of men around here that would jump at the chance but they're married."

I was shocked at the casual way Mom spoke about a married woman having an affair and wondered if she had ever had an affair, or even more than one.

"She needs someone single, but discreet," Mom went on.

"Yeah, she needs to get fucked." I put my hand back between Mom's thighs and was surprised when she didn't push it away.

"That's a vulgar way of putting it, but yes, I guess she does need to get fucked."

I got my hand far enough up Mom's dress that I was able to scratch my fingertips across the front of her panties. I

was elated because a finger across the front of her panties almost always removed Mom's resistance and this time was no different. She leaned back into the couch and I followed her, parting her relaxed legs continuing the conversation to cover up the fact that my fingers were now openly stroking her pussy.

"Too bad her son is too young," I said, hoping the suggestion would trigger a need to go upstairs.

"Yes, the easy solutions are often unavailable," Mom giggled.

"And they're usually the best ones," I whispered in her ear, cupping her entire pussy in the palm of my hand and pressing my longest finger along the length of her groove.

"That's true, baby," Mom whispered, her pelvis reacting to my touch. "Oh God, do you think she suspicious?"

The remark was strange and made no sense. Why would Mrs. Hancock be suspicious? I took it as a ploy to throw me

off and kept Mom pressed against the couch when she tried to sit up.

"That might be why she looks at you the way she does wondering if that's why I've been so much happier lately."

"She'll have a long wait until her son can help her," I growled, sliding my hand up and pushing my fingers down inside Mom's panties. My longest finger slid easily through her moist lips and into her slick tunnel. Mom gasped and turned toward me, her arms circling around my neck. As her hips followed, I slipped a second finger into her cunt. By the time our kiss ended, I had all my fingers inside her, the way she liked it when she was downstairs.

"I guess," she panted, "unless..."

"Unless what?" I gasped as Mom reached into my pants and encircled my shaft with her soft fingers. She stroked it and used the soft pad of her thumb to rub the top of the helmet.

"Nothing," Mom said. She licked my ear and whispered hoarsely, the way she knew I liked to hear her speak, "Do you want to fuck me before your father gets home?" then added in a throatier voice, "before my husband comes home?"

I don't know why Mom referred to Dad as her husband. She had never done that before except for that one time in The Room with Dad and his friends outside. Pretending I was about to have another man's wife, which was technically true, was a surprising turn on for me. I guess it was just another example of how well Mom knew me. Her mind made sex with her hot and at that moment I knew I would never tire of her like my father had.

Mom didn't wait for an answer. She twisted sideways onto her back and pulled her knees way back as she spread her legs the way she knew I liked to have her.

"Like this, or do you want me from behind," she laughed, undoing my belt and pulling my cock toward her waiting pussy.

I was in her before she could get my zipper down all the way, holding her ankles to keep her legs up and spread wide. I hammered her eagerly and didn't wait for her to catch up. It was as if we were in The Room except it was daylight. Mom goaded me, yanking the side of my shirt and twisting her hips, squeezing my shaft mercilessly with her love muscle and growling in my ear.

"Fuck me, come on, fuck me before my husband comes home!"

Mom bent her knees and I leaned over her, still holding her ankles. I didn't last long. Within minutes I unloaded my spunk between her legs, which was a good thing because Dad came home not two minutes later. I wanted more but would have to wait. Thank the Lord it was Dad's poker night in two days. To keep Mom keyed up, I mentioned Mrs. Hancock several times over the next two days and flirted with her a lot. Talking about Mrs. Hancock definitely seemed to make Mom horny.

The day of Dad's poker night, Mom was especially responsive to my flirting. She wore a nice skirt and blouse

that showed off her figure well. It wasn't the brown dress but with all the other signals Mom was throwing my way, I was sure a visit to The Room was on the menu. Or maybe, just maybe, she would let me hammer her on the couch again. The linoleum was getting hard on the knees, for both of us, even with a pad on it. Mom had been hot on the couch and if Dad hadn't been coming home I bet she would have let me bend her over the cushions and fuck her from behind right away while my cock was still covered in my cum.

Mom nudged me with her knee in the kitchen and pressed against my side when there was no need to be so close, letting the meaty side of her breast sag against my ribs. She even patted me on the bum twice when Dad wasn't looking though he was in the same room! The kicker was when she pulled me aside and told me to go upstairs and put on 'those sexy shorts, you know, the ones with the socks that Mrs. Hancock liked so much." I was in seventh heaven.

Dad was going out the door and I, perhaps too eager, was already approaching Mom.

"Your friend is here," Dad announced, then left, leaving the door open.

About to wrap my arms around Mom, I pulled up just as Mrs. Hancock appeared at the door.

"Am I too early?" she asked.

"No, you're just in time," Mom gushed, pulling her inside and shutting the front door. "I'm so glad you could come."

Mom held out her hand.

"Let me take your coat."

Mrs. Hancock was hesitant and glanced nervously at me before reluctantly unbuttoning her coat. She turned, making it easier for Mom to pull it off her arms.

"You look absolutely lovely in that dress," Mom said.

Mrs. Hancock blushed. "It's the one from the picture that you liked so much." She glanced at me and then looked back at Mom nervously. "Bill likes me to wear it at his company things. It's tacky, isn't it?"

"On the contrary, it's very elegant," Mom assured her.

"I wore a coat to hide it from Bill," Mrs. Hancock said, then explained further, "I had to leave before the babysitter arrived."

"You look very classy. Doesn't she, Ryan?"

Mom nudged Mrs. Hancock forward and she blushed again as I took in the dress. To say the dress looked great on her was an understatement. The black cocktail dress made her smaller breasts look inviting and the back was cut very low, exposing a long neck that was normally covered when her hair wasn't up like it was now. It ended just as the swell that swooped out to form her buttocks began. The dress completely transformed Mrs. Hancock's normally mousy presentation, at least by looks anyway.

"It's nice," I offered, thinking she looked hot as hell but still miffed by her arrival. I should be on my way downstairs to The Room or already at it on the couch with Mom. What the fuck was she doing here?

"We're so glad you could come," Mom slipped her arm around her friend's waist, a little possessively, I thought, "and get away from your husband for a night. Aren't we, Ryan."

The reference to 'husband' seemed unnecessary and its use prompted memories of how often Mom had been using it lately.

"Yes, we certainly are," I replied stiffly.

Mom held her friend in place, facing me, until Mrs. Hancock blushed and looked down. I regarded her calmly, still pissed that she was here. Her eyes had inadvertently locked on the front of my shorts and that triggered an involuntary response within me. I checked out the small tits

that provided substance to the front of the dress. It was cut low and wide so I could easily see the sides of the small affairs. Yeah, she was quite fuckable. Maybe Mom was right and she really did need it. Man, I would never get so caught up in a career that I'd ignore something like this.

Mrs. Hancock seemed embarrassed to be standing in front of me so scantily clad and under such intense scrutiny, and yet strangely happy to be there. Mom followed Mrs. Hancock's gaze down to my shorts, looked up at me, and smiled.

"Well, why don't we have some coffee? Ryan, will you do serve us?"

I made coffee and put together a plate full of snacks while alternating between listening to Mrs. Hancock's conversation with Mom and complaining bitterly to myself about her presence . I was a little surprised that she was openly discussing intimate details about her private life with her husband when I was in the next room but I guess it was a continuation of the conversation she had been having with Mom for the past two weeks. Evidently, Mr.

Hancock was even less a loverboy than I had thought. Christ, he hardly ever made love to his wife!

Resigned to her fate, Mrs. Hancock stopped trying to get away. In fact, she actually arched her ass upwards to facilitate deeper entry and I obliged by digging in as far as I could. It was hard to hold on to her sweaty waist so I grabbed her wrists and tried to keep her in place that way. When that proved unsatisfactory, I kept hold of her left hand and grabbed her hair with my right.

I wished I could see because in the dark I couldn't tell if she was still facing the floor or if her head was pulled up and looking at the wall. I imagined the latter and somehow that brought me closer to coming. I finished her that way and as soon as I started spurting I grabbed her shoulders and pulled, grinding my cock inside her so my cum would reach into the farthest corners of her cunt.

I did it, Mom!

I stayed on my knees after that, panting, while Mrs. Hancock wiggled forward until I slid out of her and then

crawled away. I heard her straighten her dress so surmised that she had stood up. A few seconds later, the door slid back and then I heard her climbing the stairs. I waited for what may have been ten minutes but it could have been more or less; long enough for her to leave, anyway, before I turned on the basement light, found my clothes and got dressed. I went upstairs.

Mrs. Hancock was still there!

I suddenly felt the opposite of the man who taken her in such commanding fashion only moments before. It was a very awkward moment.

"Ryan, Mrs. Hancock found The Room very intriguing, didn't you Glenda?"

Mrs. Hancock didn't look at me, or Mom, for that matter. She gazed in Mom's direction and agreed that she had found the room to be...helpful. She moved to the front door.

"But I really must get home, Mary."

"Well, thanks so much for dropping by."

"Not at all."

"You will come back soon?"

"Of course. Thank you."

Mrs. Hancock didn't sound convinced. Although I hadn't wanted to go downstairs at first, I now found her lack of enthusiasm disappointing.

"You can use The Room to meditate anytime you want."

"Perhaps."

Mom ignored the doubt in Mrs. Hancock's voice as she hurried down the walk toward her car.

"Why don't you wear those black stretchy pants with the cute little top next time," Mom called.

Mrs. Hancock stopped and turned half around.

"The light blue one?" she asked, completing the spin.

"Yes, it goes so nicely with your eyes."

"I guess I could."

She sounded more relaxed, as if being outside even a short distance made her feel safe.

"So, next Tuesday then? Norm is bowling that night." Mom's question sounded more like a confirmation.

"Tuesday? Okay."

Mrs. Hancock left and Mom shut the door, turned, and leaned back against it.

"So, you look pretty worn out. Why don't you go up and get a shower and then tell me all about it?"

I did as Mom asked but was unable to fill her in because Dad came home early. Late that night, she snuck into my room and woke me up.

"So what happened?"

Part way through my revelations, Mom slipped under the covers and fondled my cock as I described the juicy parts. I didn't think my cock could be revived but as soon as Mom touched it I was raring to go. However, she insisted on hearing everything in detail before she would let me inside her. That didn't stop her from stroking my cock and tickling my balls so I was in a frantic state when the story had finally been told to her satisfaction. I rolled on top of her and she pulled me inside. I moaned loudly as her slick, velvet sheath sucked me in deep.

"Shhhh," she whispered. "I forgot to close the door."

I looked over my shoulder and confirmed that the door was open about a foot. I didn't know if hers had been left open too but there was no way I was sliding out of her to close a fucking door. I tried to contain the expression of my joy and that only heightened the excitement of our coupling. Throughout, Mom demanded that I recite details of Mrs. Hancock's reactions—what she did and the sounds she made—and asked if I had done certain things, all lewd. Regardless of how much I explained, or confirmed, she wanted more.

"Like this?" she would ask. Or, "this way?"

I don't know if Mom was trying to work me up or if she was truly interested in how another woman fucked. I found it annoying at first but then it grew on me and I found myself prompting her with descriptions of things I hadn't actually done. Mom then got me to do them, and asked if that was how Mrs. Hancock reacted. She even mimicked the sound

effects I described. It was weird and, strangely, very exciting.

I was wasted the next day, and the one after that. Mom and I didn't have sex until the third day after Mrs. Hancock's visit. She was true to her word and thereafter let me have sex with her in the living room, kitchen and upstairs in both her bedroom and mine, and the bathroom. It was as if the primal urges emanating from The Room had spread throughout the house. Once, we even did it in the car after pulling in to the garage and started before the door was fully closed.

We still engaged in the longer, more intimate love-making but Mom didn't seem to have a preference for it. It was as if she was no longer self-conscious about letting her wilder side come out and she confessed to me, while we lay stroking each other after a particularly long session, that I was the first man she had ever been with she could just be herself. That made me feel pretty damn special!

Mrs. Hancock didn't come back the following Tuesday or the one after that. In fact, it was a full five weeks before she showed up at our door again. She was wearing the blue top and the black stretchy pants. I hadn't realized how nice her ass was. Smaller breasts, nice ass, is a common combination I later came to observe.

We sat in the living room for a long time but every time Mom tried to get Mrs. Hancock up to go downstairs, she balked and we kept talking and drinking tea. Eventually, we switched to drinks but after her fourth glass of Bailey's she was still too nervous to go down to The Room. That's when Mom's comforting turned into strokes that carried a different message. I got into the act too and it became obvious that we were seducing Mrs. Hancock as she sat on the couch.

Mrs. Hancock was endearingly shy and embarrassed, protesting meekly but never actually stopping us from stroking her face, arms and legs, and eventually her breasts. She closed her eyes and let us both fondle her breasts and probably never knew that it was Mom's hand that first slipped between her legs to massage her pussy through the black stretchy pants. I unbuttoned the blue top and freed

her breasts and applied the first kisses, then sucked her nipple into my mouth while Mom reached in to pull my cock out of my shorts. She jacked me off while she leisurely kissed Mrs. Hancock and when I took her place, she pulled the black stretchy pants down to her knees and off.

Mom kissed Mrs. Hancock again and pulled her over as she laid back on the couch. Eyes still closed, Mrs. Hancock willingly followed and Mom's skirt was soon pulled up and her panties shoved down. I yanked Mrs. Hancock's panties down to her knees and pushed my cock into her cunt from behind. I rode her like that, mashing her pussy onto Mom's, sometimes gently and others not. I grabbed her hair from force of habit but Mom pulled her head back down to keep her lips on hers so I only held it loosely after that, for effect.

That was the last time that Mrs. Hancock was shy at our house. At visited at least once every two weeks and sometimes more often. We always had sex several times whether at night or in the afternoon. Sometimes, Mrs. Hancock and I would start while Mom made us lunch or I would make some soup and sandwiches or something else within my limited skill set while the two of them had a female-only round of play.

Of course, Mrs. Hancock became pregnant. The surprising thing was that Mom was thrilled whereas Mrs. Hancock was only happy. Mom's over-the-top joy reminded me of her stopping my use of a condom that first time with Mrs. Hancock. It was a casual comment she made after Tonya was born, however, that confirmed my suspicion that Mom had planned the pregnancy all along.

"She's like a granddaughter," Mom confessed after Mrs. Hancock and her baby had been over for a visit. "In a way, she is, since she's so obviously yours."

There was no doubt about that. Tonya looked a lot like me and very little like her father, or rather, Mrs. Hancock's husband. As she grew older, I was worried that would become more apparent and said so but Mom was blinded by the need to have little Tonya around as much as possible. In fact, she seldom took part in threesomes anymore, preferring to look after Tonya while Mrs. Hancock and I fucked our brains out upstairs.

I didn't mind so much, especially for the first eight months or so while Glenda was breast feeding. I liked handling her larger breasts and sampling her milk. She was at first reluctant, thinking I was robbing the baby, but it seemed slaking my thirst only made her produce more. Her breasts became very sensitive and my prolonged attention made her very horny, and that led shy Mrs. Hancock into even wilder sex.

Tonya was a toddler when the rumors started. Mom found out about it and quickly unearthed the source. It was Mrs. Adams. We talked about what to do but didn't have any ideas on how to keep Mrs. Adams quiet. Then Mom came up with an idea.

"Sandra," she announced.

"Of course," Glenda exclaimed, reaching out to rest her hand on Mom's arm.

"Sandra? Who's Sandra?," I asked.

"Mrs. Carter," they both answered, as if repeating the name confirmed that the problem was solved.

"Mrs. Carter? Why Mrs. Carter?" I asked.

"Because her husband is the manager of the mill and Harriet's husband works there. He'd having trouble finding another job," Glenda explained, as if it was all so obvious.

"Okay, I'll bite. Mrs. Adams is spreading rumors and her husband's boss is Mrs. Carter's husband. So why should Mrs. Carter help us?" I spread both arms with up-turned hands.

"Because, silly," Glenda said, smiling sagely and putting her other hand over mine on the kitchen table, "Sandra Carter was our yoga instructor."

Mom nodded, matching Glenda's wise countenance.

"Uh huh. So you took a class together and now you belong to the same bridge club," I said, still skeptical and looking for a better explanation from Mom but she avoided my eyes.

Glenda interjected, "Sandra likes Mary. She always has. So much so that we suspected she has...well, a certain tendency."

"Not that there's anything wrong with that," Mom said. Glenda giggled.

"Oh, I see." Both women nodded, in part acknowledging their patience in allowing me to catch up. "She's a dyke."

"Ryan!" they both yelled.

"I mean, she likes women," I corrected.

"She's bi, anyway," Glenda acknowledged.

"I'll second that," Mom said. "She was quite taken by your ridiculous sock bit."

Glenda laughed uproariously. "Wasn't that a hoot? And thank God he did or we wouldn't be here today."

"Or in this mess," Mom added.

"Yes," I agreed.

"But you're right, Mary. Sandra really gave Ryan the once over. She was staring at his crotch. I know, because I caught myself doing the same thing and looked around to see if I'd been caught and was quite shocked to see the way she was looking at Ryan's...cock."

Glenda tittered again and reached down to pat my member affectionately.

"Sooo," Mom said, "we have some compelling bait to lure Sandra into our circle. We just have to set the trap."

"Mom," I protested. "She must be sixty years old."

"She just turned fifty," Mom corrected me, sounding a bit miffed by my horror at her age. "And she has an awesome body for a woman her age. She's been doing yoga all her life."

I remembered Mrs. Carter and couldn't dispute the fact that she had a nice figure, but under the clothes, wouldn't she be all wrinkly and stuff? My face must have worn my thoughts.

"She can probably bend herself into all sorts of weird positions," Glenda observed with a devious expression.

She had hit me right in my weak spot. Glenda could be submissive and acrobatic in the sack but even she struggled to get into and maintain the positions I liked to fuck her in. I pictured Mrs. Carter's tanned, wiry body rolled up almost into a ball, toes curled onto the floor beside her auburn hair with her ass pointing upward, waiting for me to squat thrust my cock into her cunt.

"Should we give it a try?" Mom asked, picking the right moment for a vote.

Glenda looked at me and before I could nod, said, "All for one, and one for all."

Laughter enveloped the table.

So it came to pass that Mom and Glenda had Mrs. Carter over for an afternoon tea to discuss starting up a class for the new hot yoga fashion that had been sweeping across the country. There weren't any classes available in town and would she teach one?

I had answered the door, according to plan, but had left soon after to go on a run. Meanwhile, Mom and Glenda had spicy tea with Mrs. Carter, tea that was spiced up with a strong liqueur, just enough to take the edge off and make her more amenable to a mellow conversation. They were

deep into it when I came back from my run, tanned and sweating with my muscle shirt plastered to my chest and white shorts, making them look more like skin than clothes. Snacks and cups were spread across the coffee table and a bottle of liqueur openly displayed that hadn't been there when I left. It was two thirds gone. I sat down on the lazy boy chair in the corner.

The women were in a good mood and the fashion show featuring male models that was on the TV was all but ignored except, that is, by Mrs. Carter who glanced at it now and then. It was flattering that she glanced at me more than the TV.

Mom and Glenda sat very close to Mrs. Carter, each having about a foot between them and the arms of the couch. Mrs. Carter seemed a little uncomfortable at their proximity when I first came in which I think was acknowledgement on her part that it was inappropriate and not that she didn't like it. When everyone, including me, ignored it, she became more comfortable with the situation which I'm sure she had been before I came in.

Mom and Glenda started paying more attention to the TV, making frank comment about the models. At first, I thought it was a strange thing to have on but then realized it was a good way for three women to laugh it up and get cosy.

Mom looked at me and said, "Ryan, take that shirt off and throw it in the laundry. It stinks!"

I rolled my eyes and got up, leisurely strolled across the living room in front of them, stopped near the kitchen door to peel the t-shirt over my head, and threw it up the stairs. It landed half way up and I sauntered into the kitchen, got a water bottle and filled it up with cold water, then doused my head and splashed a little over the front and back of my shorts. Hair dripping, I casually wandered back into the living room but stopped in front of the TV to take a long swig from the water bottle.

Mom complained, "Get out of the way, you big oaf."

Glenda also urged me to get clear of the TV but Mrs. Carter was silent and I could see from the corner of my eye that she was eyeing up my physique. I remembered the the

scenario Glenda had drawn for me the week before of Mrs. Carter sustaining contorted positions and felt my cock swell and press against the front of my shorts. I tensed my leg muscles and tightened my butt, then turned and looked directly at Mrs. Carter, trying to affect a heated look in my eyes.

She was caught but, like a deer in headlight, couldn't look away.

"Get out of the way," Glenda cried.

Mom waved me aside and I moved, slowly, keeping my eyes on Mrs. Carter. She didn't turn her head but her eyes followed me all the way to the chair where I was slow to twist around to sit down. When I did, I kept my knees wide apart to let the damp material of my shorts stretch tighly over my bulge which had become more defined when I had wet the front.

Mom and Glenda put an arm around Mrs. Carter at the same time and leaned forward to look at the TV, pulling her with them. Mrs. Carter looked too but glanced my way

twice before they pulled back to lean against the couch. Their hands dangled over the shoulders of the more petite Mrs. Carter, fingertips coming perilously close to brushing the nipples I could see faintly poking through her tank top. Their apparent hardness confirmed the constrained excitement evident in her eyes.

I kept silent in the background as the women continued to comment about the models. The lack of commercial breaks suggested the program was recorded. Mrs. Carter occasionally glanced my way and no longer seemed embarrassed when I looked back. Some time went by before I noticed Mom's fingertips grazing the upper part of Mrs. Carter's right breast and Glenda's doing the same with the left. They leaned forward as a threesome for a closer look at a model and when they settled back on the couch Mom's hand was on Mrs. Carter's thigh. Glenda's landed on the other soon after.

It was strange. I thought Mrs. Carter would have avoided looking my way, perhaps in shame, but she now regarded me steadily, ignoring the TV. Mom and Glenda openly stroked her upper legs and their fingers pressed on the upper swells of her breasts, not quite reaching far enough

to brush the nipples. I imagined that they were and pictured the little buds flicking back and forth, bending and then snapping back into place, as the fingers passed by on their innocent journey, devoid of any excuse for such an intimate touch.

It was a surreal scene. Mrs. Carter sitting on the couch, flanked by my brunette mother on one side and the blonde Mrs. Hancock on the other, both caressing her thighs and dangling their hands on the upper part of her breasts.

Mom and Glenda had stopped watching the TV and were now talking to one another in excited, hushed tones across Mrs. Carter. They were still talking about the attributes of the models but weren't involving Mrs. Carter in the conversation. Mom withdrew her arm from around Mrs. Carter's neck and started stroking her hair. Glenda did the same and both started stroking the sides of her face. Mrs. Carter leaned her head back against the couch and closed her eyes. Within two minutes of doing that, the other woman moved the hands that had been stroking her legs up over her stomach and cupped her breasts.

They didn't move for a minute or so but then began to gently knead and rub Mrs. Carter's small breasts with the palms of their hands. Taking the lead, as usual, Mom kissed Mrs. Carter lightly on the cheek. When Glenda did the same, Mrs. Carter placed a hand on the other women's legs and they responded by turning slightly toward her. Mom kissed her on the lips then drew back to let Glenda have a turn. Soon, they were swapping with Mrs. Carter turning her head from one to the other but never opening her eyes. I wondered if she thought it would end if she did.

Mom jerked her head at me while Glenda was busy with Mrs. Carter. When I got up she jerked her head again, indicating that I should pull the coffee table out of the way, which I did. By the time that was done, Mom was busy with Mrs. Carter. Glenda smiled at me. She was very excited.

When it was Glenda's turn, Mom indicated that I should approach Mrs. Carter so I did, standing in front of her and pushing my pelvis forward to emphasize the bulge in my shorts in case she opened her eyes. Mom shook her head to indicate that I should kneel down in front of her. Once on the floor, Mom nodded at Mrs. Carter's legs and then turned to take Glenda's place. I didn't know what to do and

Glenda was no help, smiling at me and awaiting her turn as she fondled Mrs. Carter's left breast.

When Mom finished she noticed my confusion and nodded sharply at Mrs. Carter's feet. I didn't get it and, exasperated, Mom lifted her leg and stuck her foot in my face, wiggling it. I slipped her sandal off and Mom nodded, as if to say 'duh'. I took her other sandal off and Mom nodded her head vigorously at Mrs. Carter's shoes but when she took her turn again, I removed Glenda's instead. I was afraid that a male touch would break the spell and this wonderful menagerie would stop.

Mom finished kissing Mrs. Carter and renewed her silent instructions to remove Mrs. Carter's sandals. Reluctantly, I unbuckled her right shoe, trying hard not to contact her skin so as to preserve my identity. I unbuckled the left and stopped, not sure how to remove the sandals without lifting her feet. Unable to solve the problem, I lifted Mrs. Carter's right leg, holding it behind the ankle, and slipped the loose sandal off her foot. When I lowered her leg to get the other, her foot landed on my upper knee. I left it there, thinking it would be less intrusive than pushing it down to the floor.

I lifted her left leg and removed its sandal and lowered that foot onto my other knee.

Mom and Glenda stopped kissing Mrs. Carter and looked at each other, nodding and smiling smugly. Mom began lifting the bottom of Mrs. Carter's tank top from inside the waistband of her skirt and Glenda reached down to the Mrs. Carter's knees and started bunching up the material until the hem was in her hand. As she pulled on the long skirt, which reached almost to Mrs. Carter's ankles, her legs were revealed.

I had expected Mrs. Carter to have old looking legs like those of other aged women but I was pleasantly surprised to see a pair of healthy, tanned and muscular legs appear, I supposed due to all that yoga. Mom and Glenda smirked when they saw the expression on my face but soon turned to more important tasks.

Glenda pulled the skirt high above Mrs. Carter's knees, way up onto her thighs, and Mom flipped the thicker, stretchy material of the tank top over and above Mrs. Carter's breasts, exposing her nipples, which stood out sharply

against a horizontal band of white skin. Mrs. Carter obviously didn't tan topless and the stark contrast exaggerated the prominence of her longish nipples with fantastic effect.

Mom slid one hand underneath Mrs. Carter's skirt and Glenda did the same. Watching me with unbridled amusement, they each cupped the bottom of a breast and lifted, then waited for me to lean forward to sample the goods. They were as surprisingly supple as her legs but I was reluctant to make contact, just as I had been with Mrs. Carter's feet.

However, it was too good an good offer to refuse. I put my hands on the couch on either side of Mrs. Carter's thighs and leaned forward until my lips hovered over her left tit. I closed the distance and licked the stiff nipple, curled my tongue to give it a flick, then captured it between my lips and sucked.

"Ohhhhh my God," Mrs. Carter moaned, the first sound she had made since I had come back from my run.

Her left hand rose, got tangled in my right, extracted itself, and grasped the back of my head, pulling it harder onto her tit. I sucked harder and she groaned loudly. I wasn't sure if it was my attention to her tit or something Mom and Glenda were doing under her skirt but the timing was right. I sucked hard again and she groaned immediately which was great because it signaled that I was a welcome addition to the group. I twisted my head around on her tit as I sucked and then moved over to the right one to suck it, capturing the left in my hand and twisting its nipple as I sucked on the other.

I paused when moving my mouth back to the left to look down to see what Mom and Glenda were doing under Mrs. Carter's skirt. Their hands were very busy. Mrs. Carter's knees had risen, probably from the pressure exerted when I leaned forward to suck her tits while her feet were still on my thighs. This had caused her legs to spread open and the skirt to fall to her midriff but I couldn't see her pussy, or even if she was wearing panties, because of the cluster of busy feminine hands.

I raised my head just as Mom latched onto Mrs. Carter's mouth to deliver a vigorous, mouth-watering kiss. I forgot

to claim her nipple until Mom was finished and then pushed forward to take my own turn with Mrs. Carter's mouth.

Man, holy of holies, could this old girl ever kiss! I was swept into a whirlwind of oral sensations as her busy tongue and lips and God knows what else inside her mouth worked against mine. It was a seething caldron of hot, steamy moisture mostly imparted by pulpy flesh but sprinkled with hard bits that pricked and tantalized. I withdrew and was instantly brushed aside by Glenda pushing her face in to replace mine. I took a deep breath and returned to Mrs. Carter nice little tits where I felt more in control.

Another five minutes or so passed like that but I only kissed Mrs. Carter once more. I was game but I couldn't get more than one turn because Mom and Glenda kept getting there first. Needing more, I shoved my shorts down and tried to pull Mrs. Carter toward the edge of the cushion so I could get my cock into her but Mom kicked me away and then Glenda added her foot to help rebuff my intended assault.

Mom and Glenda pulled Mrs. Carter forward and led her off the couch onto her knees and then out to the middle of the carpet. Kneeling on either side of her, they kissed and caressed her breasts, neck and face while their fingers remained active around her pussy. I watched for a couple of minutes until Mom looked back and nodded for me to get behind Mrs. Carter. As soon as I was in position, Mom and Glenda pulled up the back of her skirt which had fallen around her knees on the floor.

Mrs. Carter had a surprisingly nice ass for a woman over fifty but I guess by this point I shouldn't have been surprised. It wasn't wrinkly or even flabby like I expected nor was it as soft. Rather, it was lean and firm, hardly more substantive than a monkey butt. I question Mom with my eyes for the go-ahead and then slowly fed my cock into Mrs. Carter from behind.

She was very tight and I was rewarded by a loud groan and the feel of Mom's and Glenda's fingers as my cock slipped into Mrs. Carter's cunt. They tickled my shaft when I pulled out and again on the way back in. I executed half a dozen strokes to loosen her tunnel and then fucked her with long,

steady strokes, reaching around to grasp her tits to keep her from falling forward.

She was amazingly responsive, pushing back to meet every thrust, evidently enjoying having her pussy filled, but the credit wasn't all mine. Her pleasure was partly or even mostly due to the expert fingerwork by Mom and Glenda around her swollen mound and clit, and the soft kisses they rained upon her ears and neck.

As my thrusts grew harder and more erratic, Mrs. Carter abandoned the proactive response and leaned forward to simply take what I delivered, her body flopping about with each lunge. If we hadn't been holding her, she would have been thrown onto the carpet. Mom slipped in front and underneath so I released my hold on her tits and let Mrs. Carter flop onto Mom's body whose hands found the bottom of Mom's blouse and pushed it up and over to free her larger breasts.

Mrs. Carter's grunting was echoed by Mom as their pussies rubbed against each other. Feeling left out, Mrs. Hancock kneeled with knees wide above the head of Mom and Mrs.

Carter, dipping down to let Mom taste and then twisting her pelvis up to force herself against Mrs. Carter's mouth. I pulled her forward and pushed my tongue into her small mouth, immediately noting that we had both improved our skill in kissing.

Our bodies formed a quivering mass of limbs, appendages, and torsos that writhed together amid moans and groans and sucking sounds that ebbed and flowed but gradually increased in intensity until we reached a feverish, frenzied pitch. Loud gasps and relieved moans followed rigidly tensed muscles as everyone came within seconds of each other, no doubt the relief of one triggering the release of another. We fell apart, breathing heavily, and looked at each other somewhat in shock, taken aback by the ease with which we had come together and the desperation with which we had coupled.

Mrs. Carter was the first to break the spell, standing and straightening her skirt, then arranging her top appropriately around her still excited breasts and nipples that refused to stand down. Mom stood next and then Glenda. I was the last to get up, moving back and sitting on the couch, pulling my shorts up as I moved.

"I really should be going," Mrs. Carter said in a controlled, even tone as if she had just finished a nice cup of tea.

"Me too," Glenda added, still short of breath.

They walked to the door and Mom followed. Although they were out of my sight, I could hear them talking about getting together again but after a prolonged silence during which the door did not open I got up to investigate.

They were all in a group hug, trading kisses, hands sliding around waists and gliding up to caress shoulders and necks with pauses at the sides of breasts. My appearance triggered a break-up. They said final goodbyes and the two women left, leaving Mom and I alone.

"Whew," Mom said.

"Yeah."

"I think I'll go upstairs before cleaning up."

Mom started up the stairs.

"I'll get it, Mom."

I picked up some dishes and cups.

"Leave it," Mom said.

"I don't mind," I said, turning to look at Mom.

She had stopped halfway up the stairs. One look at her and I dropped the dishes. Mom giggled and ran up the stairs. I roared up after her. Though it was an upstairs fuck, it had qualities associated with The Room.

Nothing was ever explicitly said but Mrs. Carter put a stop to all the gossip within a week. Mom baked her specialty, an upside down pineapple cake, and sent me to deliver it to Mrs. Carter. She was waiting in a long flowing, thin cotton dress similar to the one she had worn before. I wondered, given that she had nice legs, why she wore such long dresses. Quickly putting the cake in the kitchen, Mrs. Carter took me by the hand and led me directly upstairs.

"My husband won't be home for an hour or two," she said.

I followed eagerly, watching her small butt move underneath the long skirt as she swished up the stairs. She led me into her bedroom and up to her bed where she turned and pressed against me, arms circling my neck as her mouth latched onto mine. I had forgotten how incredibly active her mouth was and almost forgot to explore her small, nipple encrusted tits. They were long and hard and Mrs. Carter moaned as soon as my palms slid over them. I pulled the dress off her shoulders and peeled it down to her waist, then ducked my head to capture one of those elongated erasers between my lips and sucked it deep into my mouth, enveloping most of her tit in the process.

"Bite them," Mrs. Carter cried.

I complied. Her dress slipped over her narrow hips and fell to the floor. She jumped on me, wrapping her legs around my waist, whispering, "Get your cock out!"

Hastily, I shoved my pants down. She lifted herself and then plunged down onto my shaft as soon as my cock was free, moving violently enough to throw me off balance. I stumbled, half-turned, and fell onto the bed. Mrs. Carter laughed like a school girl, humping me wildly and demonstrating that she had a mouth down below that was just as active as the one above.

I never got off my back. Try as I might, I couldn't twist Mrs. Carter around. She was petite but wiry, tough, and extremely agile. My own size and weight became a liability. She worked on me from above with both mouths and I acquiesced. What the hell, I would let her have her way and then have mine after she wore herself out.

But it didn't turn out that way. I was still squirting inside her when I realized that I couldn't stop her from sliding off my cock which desperately wanted to retain her warmth. I tried to stop her but my hands couldn't grab her because my arms wouldn't lower. I turned my head to see my left arm restrained by a handcuff and tried to pull my right across to loosen it but it too was held. I raised my head and looked down my body.

"What the fuck?"

"You shouldn't swear, young man," Mrs. Carter spoke curtly, reminding me that Mom had said she was once a teacher.

She had already restrained my left leg, probably while I was looking at my hands, and as I watched, slow-witted and dumbfounded, she closed the cuff around my right ankle.

"There, that should do it."

"What are you doing?"

"What does it look like I'm doing?"

"Your husband will be home soon," I protested.

"That's right, so you'd best keep your voice down."

Mrs. Carter checked each restrained limb and cinched each one a bit tighter to restrain me further.

"But, I have to go."

"Oh, I don't think so. Not yet, anyway. Maybe after my shower."

"But what if he comes home?"

"Shhhhhh," Mrs. Carter put her finger to her lips and walked away, calmly, hips swaying sexily, into the adjoining bathroom.

Flat on my back, I listened to the shower and gradually relaxed. Obviously, Mrs. Carter wanted another go around but wanted to be clean and fresh at the start. Mr. Carter probably wasn't due home for a long time and she probably knew he would be working late. I smiled and waited for her to finish her shower. I could play her game. Anyway, one more go round wouldn't hurt.

Clearly, Mrs. Carter was a woman that enjoyed control. I smiled, thinking about the way Mom and Mrs. Hancock had sucked me into becoming involved, talking about her yoga prowess and the positions she could hold herself in. Yeah, right, as if Mrs. Carter would ever relinquish control and let me fuck her in a rolled-up position. I laughed out loud. Oh well. I stretched and smiled lazily, then squirmed on the bed, relishing in my hardening cock. Would she sink upon my shaft as soon as she was out of the shower, body still wet, or would she use her mouth to tease my cock?

The shower stopped but she didn't appear. I heard a towel scrubbing a body and then ruffling through hair. The shrill whine of a hair dryer blocked out all other hints of what

Mrs. Carter was doing. Finally, she emerged from the bathroom and walked past the bed, parading her tanned body in front of me. The tease! She smiled and her eyes opened wider when she noticed my hard cock.

"Don't get too worked up," she said. "I won't be able to take care of that for a while."

"Uh huh," I said in a sarcastic tone, knowing full well, by her past behavior, that it wouldn't be long before Mrs. Carter was sinking her pussy onto my cock. I cocked my hips to give an extra lift to my cock before she disappeared into her closet.

Mrs. Carter emerged from the closet with a dress, an evening dress, which she draped on a bench in front of her dresser before getting a bra and panties from a drawer. She put those on, sat down, and started brushing her hair. I watched, bemused.

Nice act, lady.

I wiggled on the bed to make my cock waver about in the air. She looked at me and smiled.

"I told you," she said.

"Yeah, sure."

Mrs. Carter finished her hair and began applying make up, reminding me of the many times I used to watch Mom do the same thing. Thinking of Mom made me even hornier. I had to save some for her, no matter how wild Mrs. Carter got, because I knew she'd want to hear all about how Mrs. Carter fucked when I got home. I laughed, and Mrs. Carter looked at me, shaking her head. If she only knew that I would tell Mom every detail as soon as I got home, the way she moaned and whimpered and how she reacted as I fucked her, all while fucking my mother.

I'm going to do a real number on you, lady.

Mrs. Carter was leaning her head to the side, affixing an earring, when I heard the door open downstairs. I jerked

my head toward Mrs. Carter in a panicked glance before training my eyes and ears on the open bedroom door.

A coat was being hung up, then a bi-fold door closed. Someone was downstairs! Mr. Carter!

Mrs. Carter calmly put on her other earring, unconcerned.

"Your husband's home!" I hissed.

She turned to me and put her finger to her lips, then blew me a kiss.

"Sandra?" he yelled.

Mrs. Carter smiled at me but didn't answer.

"Sandra? Are you home?"

Still, she remained silent.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs. I struggled but the restraints were too tight. I couldn't get off the bed. Was she crazy?

"Sandra?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did you remember about the Bensons?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you ready?"

"Almost."

Footsteps approached the open door. My chest constricted and it hurt to breathe. Every muscle in my body tensed. Mrs. Carter laughed silently. A door opened and closed. Thank God, Mr. Carter must have gone into the upstairs

bathroom. A quiet laugh from Mrs. Carter cut through the tension.

"That's not funny," I whispered hoarsely, my chest still hurting.

"That depends on your point of view," she chuckled.

Mrs. Carter finished applying her make up and put the dress on, eyeing herself in the mirror as she twisted her torso to view the left and then the right profile. Satisfied, she sauntered over to the bed and leaned over to give me a light kiss on the lips. Her hand found my cock and she stroked it slow and hard several times.

"My, you're very hard today, Ryan," she chuckled.

The doorbell rang.

Mr. Carter called out, "That's them. Can you get it?"

"Alright," Mrs. Carter called back.

She released my cock and leaned back but then surprised me and dropped her mouth over the head. Immediately, she worked her mouth magic, tongue slithering around the knob and tickling the underside while the inside of her cheeks convulsed on the upper half of my shaft. She drew back with a pop and laughed.

"Don't miss me," she laughed.

"Wait!" I whispered frantically. "You can't leave me here like this."

"Why not?" she tinkled.

"Because...untie me."

"Whatever for?"

Mrs. Carter looked at my wavering pole and said, "I wish they had cancelled. Oh well." With a long sigh, she turned and left the room, leaving the door partly open.

The front door opened and chatty voices drifted upstairs. Another door opened closer to me and I tensed up again, knowing it was Mr. Carter. Would he look in his bedroom before going downstairs to join his guests?

I tried to free myself but couldn't and thankfully he went downstairs. I listened to the drone of conversation downstairs but couldn't make out individual words except when their voices rose in laughter. The main course ended and dessert was served. Footsteps sounded on the stairway. It was a woman.

Okay, the joke's over.

Mrs. Carter had finally come to her senses. The footsteps were close, almost to the door. I wanted to berate her but held myself in check. It would be best to wait until I was released.

"Still here, I see, and quiet as a mouse. Good boy."

Mrs. Carter walked over to the dresser and picked up a container with a small pump on top.

"What's this? I didn't leave a good enough impression?"

She was talking about my cock, which had lost its tensile strength and was struggling to remain upright. Half bent, it was a sad reflection of the rigid pole that had bid farewell to Mrs. Carter's mouth an hour earlier.

"Tsk, tsk. This will never do."

Mrs. Carter pumped hand cream on her hands and wrung them together, spreading it around her palms and onto the back of her hands. She applied another healthy dollop and walked toward the bed.

"Untie me," I whispered, barely restraining my anger.

"All in due course, dear."

Mrs. Carter kneeled on the bed and reached out to cup her hands over my cock which stiffened in anticipation.

"That's better," she cooed, dropping her hands around my shaft and curling her fingers around it.

Ahhhh, heaven. She stroked it, the soft skin of her slick hands sliding easily up and down my shaft. In spite of my anger, I closed my eyes and arched my back, pushing my hardening cock up through her tantalizing fingers.

"Much better," she cooed, stroking more firmly.

Mrs. Carter applied long, hard squeezing strokes with one hand while the other slipped down to massage my balls.

"Sandra?" Mr. Carter shouted. "We're ready to play."

"Start without me," she yelled back.

Her mouth dropped down to hover over the tip of my cock, then teasingly huffed hot breath over it. I groaned. She licked. I moaned, and she sucked. She didn't drop her mouth but teased the head instead with her swirling, licking tongue.

"Sandra!"

My eyes opened and her head popped off.

"Just a minute!"

She looked at me and smiled.

"I have to go. Sorry, sweetie but they want to play Bridge. Oh, don't be sad. Let me leave you something to tide you over until I get back."

She leaned down to take my cock into her mouth again but instead poked her finger into my ass.

"Oh my God!"

"Shhhhh, baby. You don't want my husband to hear, do you?"

I shook my head and gritted my teeth.

"Feels good doesn't it?"

I nodded. Surprisingly, it did.

"Just for a minute," she whispered.

"Sandra!"

Mrs. Carter ignored the call and dropped her mouth over the head of my cock instead of answering. Her finger slid in

and out of my ass as she sucked and the other hand stroked my shaft. Fucking awesome! She pulled her mouth off and her finger slipped out me. She wiggled my cock and then tossed it to the side.

"Later," she whispered.

"Don't go," I pleaded.

"Later."

"Sandra!"

"I'm coming, I'm coming."

She disappeared through the door. It was several minutes before I realized that she had left me tied on the bed. How the hell was I going to get out of here before her husband came upstairs?

I woke with a start. It was dim in the room. Night had fallen, robbing the bedroom of light except for the small lamp on the dresser and the light from the hallway. They were saying goodbye, that's what must have woken me up. What time was it? I couldn't see my watch. Craning my neck, I just managed to see the big red number on the clock radio. Eleven twenty. Are you kidding? Soft voices and dishes clattering in the distance indicated that Mr. and Mrs. Carter were cleaning up. They would be coming upstairs soon. Finally, she would let me go, getting here before her husband did. Boy, I really owed her a licking, and not the soft, velvety kind.

"You go ahead, dear. I'll clean this up."

Was she kidding? She was sending him up first?

I struggled frantically with the ropes but had no more success than the dozen times I had already tried. Footsteps on the stairs. Heavy, male footsteps. She was insane! How did she think she could get away with having me tied up on her bed? Nuts, just plain wacko!

Footsteps coming closer, almost here. A door closing again, footsteps muffled. Whew! He must have gone into the bathroom. I almost called out.

Come on Mrs. Carter. Enough is enough. Get up here and let me go!

Footsteps, lighter ones, coming up the stairs.

About time!

She entered the room, pushed the door most of the way closed, but not all the way. She walked to the dresser and removed her earrings, then a necklace. I wiggled frantically on the bed but she ignored me. Kicking her shoes off, she turned her head toward me.

"Did you fall asleep?"

"Yes, now let me go before we really get in trouble."

"I'm glad to see he didn't go to sleep," she said, ignoring my warning.

I looked down. My cock was still hard.

"Mrs. Carter, Sandra, this had gone far enough."

"You're wrong. We're just getting started."

She unzipped the back of her dress, pushed it off her shoulders, and stepped out of it. She draped it neatly over the dresser's bench seat, then reached behind herself to unsnap her bra. After removing it, she tossed it toward a basket in the corner, causing her breasts to swing away from her chest. Her nipples were long and hard. Was she as excited as I was? Had she been thinking about me lying here with my cock stabbing toward the ceiling, waiting for her to fuck herself with it?

Mrs. Carter approached the bed, peeling her panties off as she walked.

"Mrs. Carter, this is crazy. Your husband..."

"Don't worry about him," she replied. "Think about where you're going to put that nice, lovely cock instead."

The panties were pushed off her feet and she knelt on the bed, exposing a neatly trimmed bush perfectly situated between her lean, well-muscled thighs.

"Mrs. Carter, we really..."

"Shhhhh. Don't you want me to suck it some more? I won't stop this time, I promise."

She crawled forward on her knees and grasped my cock before I could answer. The words stuck in my throat but I managed to cough them up again, only to choke on them when she used her pussy to flatten my cock against my belly. She rubbed her slick slit over the underside of my shaft and whispered.

"Did you think about doing dirty things to me, you filthy boy? Did you think about fucking me while my husband and I were downstairs with our friends? Did you make me use my mouth? Did you think about my cunt?"

She guided my cock into her pussy and squeezed all the way down my shaft.

"Oh God, I've been thinking about this all night."

Mrs. Carter started fucking, gripping my shoulders for extra leverage while her thighs clutched my sides to help squeeze my cock harder, but as soon as she attained a rhythm she threw herself upright and churned her pelvis chaotically.

"Oh yeah, been thinking about this," she repeated. "Beats listening to those boring old assholes."

I tried to stay with her, having resigned myself to getting caught. Mr. Carter had to come in and catch us any moment now. It was inevitable. I only hoped I could come before he

chased me off, or even killed me. My cock had been aching all night and it needed to unload which it should do any second now.

But it didn't. I was amazed that I didn't come immediately, especially when Mrs. Carter's cunt was just as active as her mouth. It actively massaged my cock as her sheath slithered up and down my shaft and there was an extra tight pulpy squeeze on the tip every time she slammed herself down. Fuck, this old girl had an award-winning cunt!

Come in and kill us, Mr. Carter. I don't care anymore.

But he didn't come, and he didn't kill us. He had to be taking the world's longest dump. Mrs. Carter fucked me forever, punishing my body with hers, twisting so violently I thought she would tear my cock right off. Her mouth found mine and I was again amazed by her sensuous kissing. A guy could come on those alone. Then I was coming, spurting a treasure trove of gunk inside her, hearing it squish as the overflow squeezed out of her pussy. She fell over my chest and hugged me tight, clinging to my body as she wrung every last ounce of spunk from my cock.

Then I remembered Mr. Carter.

"Your husband," I whispered.

Her head nodded against mine.

"Don't worry," she said. "He drops off right away and sleeps like a rock."

"Sleeping? In the bathroom?"

"Bathroom? Oh my," she laughed. "No wonder you were in such a panic. He has his own room."

Mrs. Carter covered her mouth and laughed hard. When she was able to control herself, with some obvious difficulty, she said, "I thought you were just putting on an act but you really were scared, weren't you?"

I nodded. "Yeah, and it's not funny."

"Depends on your point of view," she said, having to cover her mouth again.

"Let me go now," I said, not in the least bit amused.

"Don't be mad, munchkins."

Munchkins?

"Untie me," I demanded more forcefully.

"Alright, don't have a cow about it."

Mrs. Carter loosed the ropes and laid on her back while I freed myself. As soon as I was done, I leapt to my feet and ran to the door, closing it firmly. Feeling more secure, I returned to get my clothes. Mrs. Carter watched me, a big smile on her face.

"You not leaving?"

With that, she spun around and sat on the bed with her back to me, then tumbled forward in a half somersault until her back pressed against the headboard but her her feet remained on the bed behind her. She grasped her ankles to keep her legs down and apart. Her shoulders, resting on a pillow, allowed her head to arch back enough to make eye contact when she spoke.

"You should never leave before dessert," she laughed.

I stared, awestruck, holding my shorts which I had just picked up from the floor. This was one of the contortionist positions I had imagined when Mom and Mrs. Hancock tried to enlist my help in seducing Mrs. Carter to handle the Mrs. Adams problem.

I stared at the back of the thighs framing her swollen, glistening pussy and shook my head as I tried to pull up my shorts. But they dropped to the floor instead and my feet carried me up and onto the bed. I straddled her and was surprised that my cock wasn't dangling over her. It had grown rock hard again and I had to push it down to get it to

point at her pussy. I squatted until the tip grazed her slit and then slipped the head inside.

"So you are going to stay," she smugly observed.

"Shut up," I said.

I pushed my cock all the way in, pulled out and shoved back in again, all the way, using my weight to make sure it went as deep as it possibly could.

"Shut the fuck up," I said, though Mrs. Carter hadn't said a word; she had only laughed.

I fixed that, slamming in hard the next time. I leaned forward to grab the headboard and used it to steady myself as I hopped up and down, jamming my cock into her lewdly exposed backside as hard as I could, bouncing Mrs. Carter up and down on the bed. It was fucking awesome. I banged her like that until my cock started spewing again and then I pulled it out and shoved it between her thighs, grasping her knees to hold her legs up, knowing the residue would splash

on her stomach and tits and maybe even reach her neck and face. I didn't care. This was payback.

I didn't get off her right away. I was loathe to do so, wanting to retain the sense of power I had experienced sitting astride her. I hadn't meant to but, looking down and remembering what she'd done with her finger before leaving me to play cards with her friends, I pushed a finger into her asshole.

Groan.

Yeah? I poked it in again, pulled it out, gobbled on her butthole, and pushed it in again. It went in easier that time, so I gobbled some more and soon had my finger moving easily in and out of her monkey butt. I wasn't quite sure how to proceed. Sure, I had seen this lots of time on porn flicks but I had never done it myself, hadn't even come close. I tried my thumb and when it worked just as easily, I tried two fingers. She wasn't quite ready for that but didn't ask me to stop.

A little more fingering and maybe a lick or two on her pussy should do it.

I knelt on the bed, my knees straddling her face, and licked her. Oh, she liked that alright. I licked her again, lapping with long tongue strokes and then stabbing it inside, pulling out to flick it across her clit and then returned to licking her whole pussy. When I applied both fingers again, this time using just the tips of my index fingers, she didn't complain. Several times, I gobbed saliva and pussy juice on her bung hole and soon had her moaning and, even better, had both fingers going in and out to the second knuckle.

Her mouth suddenly enveloped my cock. Well, what a welcome shock that was. How she could suck and milk a hard cock in that position was beyond me but Mrs. Carter was an extraordinary woman. Before you could say 'Jiminy Cricket' I was flexing my hips and fucking her mouth. Then I did something I couldn't imagine myself ever doing. I leaned forward and pushed my tongue into Mrs. Carter's asshole.

I wouldn't have thought she could buck her hips in that position but her haunches sprung up from the bed and pasted her cheeks onto mine, not exactly what I had in mind for dancing cheek-to-cheek. I wiggled my face, trying to escape, and that sent Mrs. Carter over the edge. She went wild, moaning and groaning so loud I was sure she would wake up the dead, or at least Mr. Carter, who would rush into the room and shoot me in the back. But I didn't dwell on that. No sir. What popped into my lecherous mind was...She's ready for cock.

I pulled my cock out of Mrs. Carter mouth and was on my feet in an instant, squatting over her rear door and trying to shovel it into her ass. She was a trooper. By her reaction, I was pretty sure she hadn't done this before, her own fingerwork in my butt notwithstanding, at least not with a neophyte like me. Nevertheless, she didn't complain about my fumbling attempts to get my rigid member into her butt.

After an unexpected struggle—the difficulty was surprising given the quarter-sized hole her asshole had become thanks to the double fingerwork. Nevertheless, I was soon sliding my cock—shoving would be a better word—in and out of

her asshole. I wasn't sure if I liked her butt better than her cunt; on second thought, I knew I didn't, but it imparted such an overwhelming sense of control that I knew I'd want to have it again.

So I came a third time, a much more muted affair, pulling out and spewing what I had left on Mrs. Carter's ass, watched it fill up and then bubble away as if draining into a clogged sink. After that I got dressed and sneaked down the hallway past Mr. Carter's bedroom while she was still gasping and quivering on her bed. I had to stop to rest myself on the way home. Mrs. Carter had worn us both out.

You could be forgiven for thinking that I would seek to have sex with more of Mom's acquaintances, or just as easily that I might avoid them like the plague. In fact, I was content to have sex with Mom, Mrs. Hancock and Mrs. Carter for several years. They were all the older women I could handle and then only because sex with two of them became less frequent.

Mrs. Hancock was the first to withdraw from extracurricular activities. As Tonya grew older she became increasingly involved in her activities and those of her son. However, she still came around often because she knew Mom was Tonya's real grandmother. That wasn't just kindness; she and Mom had a real connection that lived on long after they stopped being lovers. About twice a year, Mrs. Hancock did need a release and though I often missed the subtle hints, Mom always clued me in. I enjoyed those times but none lived up to Mrs. Hancock's first visit to The Room.

Other than that, Mrs. Hancock and I did not have sex but there wasn't a strong emotional connection between us anyway. We liked each other, but it wasn't love. I liked playing with Tonya and looked after him lots of times so she and Mom could go shopping or out to lunch together. The only woman in my life that I truly loved was Mom, except for one other. As with Mrs. Hancock, sex became less frequent and more tender. It wasn't dull but it was more like making love, no matter how intense it became.

With both Mom and Mrs. Hancock, the knowledge of who we were with suppressed our wildest inclinations. Glenda

could partly shed that once or twice a year. In fact, I don't think she could help herself, but Mom was a different story. I think the first year or so was a phase that would have ended within a few months if Mrs. Hancock's sadness hadn't become apparent at the same time and meshed with Mom's sudden urge for a grandchild. What a solution she concocted!

And then there was Mrs. Carter. Her seduction would never have happened if it wasn't for Mrs. Adam's loose tongue but who could foresee the voracious sexual appetite buried within such a proper container? According to her, it was something that blossomed, or rather exploded, after that first seduction in our living room. She also claimed it was the first time she had been with a woman, although she had always experienced yearnings. Mrs. Carter's sexual appetite didn't wane over the years. She was irrepressible. I had sex with her more often than anyone else, even my wife.

Wife, you say? Yes, I'm married.

It turns out that I actually loved Elaine, a fact I slowly came to realize after the frustration of being limited to vanilla sex

was removed. The more tender sex that Mom and I eventually settled upon taught me how to be a better lover and more considerate companion for my girlfriend.

Elaine and I eventually married. The week before the wedding was the last time that Mom and I had sex. She was waiting for me the day after my stag in The Room. Dad had been sent off on a long series of errands and I awoke amid a sprinkle of red rose petals on my pillow and an old brown dress draped across the foot of my bed. I went directly downstairs, knowing what I was getting into, but not realizing it would be the last time.

There was, however, no way to stave off Mrs. Carter. I struggled with my conscience but must confess I didn't try too hard. I rationalized my sins by claiming that, just like a woman, a man also needs an unconstrained release every now and then. It's something that can actually be good for a marriage.

It's harder to acknowledge that what's good for the gander is also good for the goose. I'm just lucky that, with Mom's guidance, Elaine found what she was looking for in The

Room. We never discussed The Room let alone admitted we knew who was in there with us. It was just better that way.

Oh, and I told a little white lie. Three months after Elaine starting visiting The Room, Mom became a return visitor.

*****THE END*****