

It Started with a Joke

**I** was a normal college kid. I hung out with my buds when I could, either at my house or at one of theirs. We were all over 21 and so could drink, so we'd always have a couple of beers and then the conversation usually centered on sex. Until we went to college, when some of the guys (including me) got lucky, none of us really knew what we were talking about.

That didn't stop us, of course, and we'd always end up sitting there with raging hard-ons, giggling like schoolgirls. The beauty of the internet was that, technically, we knew all the things we should do with a woman, from sucking her tits to eating her pussy, to mounting her from behind. Technically, we knew. Practically? Not so much. Even when we did get lucky, the event was almost always in the back seat of a car and involved quick and furtive touches until the inevitable - a premature ejaculation - ended the fun.

We knew, though, that mature women would be more fun than girls our own age. More experienced. Lusher bodies. Just hotter overall. Corey claimed to have had an affair with one of his professors, but we didn't believe him. We knew all about MILFs and, of course, the closest MILFs to hand were our own mothers. We'd talk about them for hours on end,

but we had kind of an unwritten rule that limited the MILF subjects of our lust to the mothers of guys who were not there at the time. No one wants to hear the other guys talk about boning his own Mom, but if you weren't there, your Mom was open game. I never asked, but I wondered if the guys talked about my Mom when I wasn't there.

"God, wouldn't you love to get those tits in your mouth! Did you see her yesterday? Hot!"

"I'll bet she sucks a dick. Do you think she sucks a dick?"

Things like that. I wondered if they talked about Mom that way, because she was pretty strict. Let's admit it. She was, and still is, a control freak. She's not malicious about it; she just has to be in charge. Besides, my Mom, Debbie, didn't have the big tits of Joe's Mom, Melissa. She didn't have the tight, petite package of Corey's Mom, Tracy. She didn't have the flaming red hair of Dylan's Mom, Suzy. Mom was taller than average, well-built but maybe a few extra pounds, and had let her hair gray naturally. She was a typical Mom.

So, I thought the guys probably gave Mom a pass on the MILF list. Oh, I was sure they talked about her some, but not with the serious emphasis they gave the others. To me, she was beautiful, but to them? Maybe not so much.

I'll admit, the prime subject of our MILF discussions was Melissa, Joe's Mom, but only when Joe wasn't there. Rules, you know. That all changed on one fateful day in the summer of our college sophomore year, when we were playing X-Box in my room. Joe, usually the best of the gamers among us, seemed off his game that day and, after he had missed about the third easy shot against an alien invader, I couldn't take it any more.

"Joe! What the hell, Dude? You missed another one? What's going on? Use the shotgun."

He sat there for a moment, a stunned look on his face. Then he looked up and said, in a soft voice, "You won't believe what I saw this morning."

"What? Your dick? That little thing finally make an appearance?" I laughed as I said it because every one of us knew the respectable size of Joe's package.

Joe laughed, too. "Guys," he said, "I saw Mom's tits this morning."

That got our attention. Not only had the favorite subject of Melissa's tits been broached, but by her own son. The unwritten rule was not to talk about a guy's Mother if he was there, but we had never considered what to do if one of us brought up his own Mom.

I looked around at the group and they were all like me, mouths hanging open. Corey broke the ice. "You saw your Mom's tits? Are you kidding? What were they like? Nice?"

Joe shook his head. "They were beyond nice. I've never seen such nice tits. No one at my college has tits like that."

"You've probably never seen any tits," I said. "But spill the details. How did you do it?" Of course I wanted to hear

about Melissa's tits, just like all the other guys, but I also wanted to know if there was something I could do to see Mom's tits. I would bet that everyone of us was thinking the same thing about his own Mom.

"I was walking by their bedroom on my way here, and the door was about halfway open. I think she must have forgotten I was home for the weekend. I looked in, thinking I'd tell her goodbye, and she was standing in front of her mirror getting dressed. She had her jeans on and was starting to put her bra and sweater on, I guess. Anyway, I stood there, not knowing what to do or say, looking at her reflection. She saw me in the mirror and, I'll swear, I think she wanted to give me a good look before she put her hands over them. She smiled at me and said something. I think it must have been, 'You going to Tom's?,' but I'm not sure. That was it. But damn. Those puppies are fine."

"What did you do then?"

"What do you think I did? I beat feet out of there. I can't get it out of my brain, though. Man, I wanted to get my hands on those things."

There. That was it. The cat was out of the bag. Joe was admitting that he wanted to fuck his own Mom. Talk about an icebreaker.

"Oh, God," Corey whispered. "I'd love to see my Mom's tits. I'd cream in my pants."

"Me, too," Dylan agreed. "I want to see that red-haired bush of Mom's so bad that I can taste it."

They all turned to me. Never one to have much of a filter, I said, "I would give anything to fuck Mom. The Ice Queen. I wonder what she's like once she gets going."

That was the day the earth shifted and The Rule went out the window. From that day, not only would we talk about each other's Mothers without exception, but we talked about our own Mothers. Who better to know each of them but her own son? The other result was that it made one-on-one conversations about our Moms even more graphic, especially with Joe. He soon knew that I had a real thing for

Melissa. I learned that Joe had it bad for Mom, but that he was just as hot to fuck Melissa as I was to fuck my own Mom.

I learned a lot about Melissa. I knew that Joe loved to rub her ass when he hugged her, and that she let him. He said he started it as a joke one weekend when he came home from college, and hadn't stopped. You talk about something that will get your blood boiling, just imagine what it was like to hear that. Unfortunately, I had nothing of the like to share. I couldn't imagine trying that with Mom. She'd knock my head off and tell Dad, and that would be it.

I could hear it now. "Do you know what your son did today? He grabbed my ass!"

"Tom! Get in here! No more tuition for you."

Yep. Some things are desirable, but unattainable, and that was Mom.

Melissa? Maybe not so unattainable for Joe. He described to me how his hands on her ass were now a regular thing when

no one was around. He said she seemed to like it, and would rub her breasts on his chest when she hugged him. No wonder he came home from school almost every weekend. Things seemed to be moving right along for Joe, until the subject of his trying to fuck Melissa seemed to tail off. It wasn't that we stopped talking about her and Mom, it was just that he seemed less communicative about it. I wondered what that meant, and finally concluded that she had probably jerked him up short and his fun had come to an end.

I think we all had a revelation that weekend. There were four of us, and each of us wanted to fuck his own Mom. Statistically, while the sample may have been small, it was pretty telling. I can't speak for the others, but I realized that probably every guy wants to fuck his Mother. I was studying psychology, and I noted something missing in the research literature. No academic who I could find addressed adult sons wanting their Mothers sexually, and why not? Our little sample of four guys was pretty conclusive, so why did no one talk about it?

Did that mean it rarely or never happened, or that it happened pretty frequently and no one talked about it? I

think that summer was a key period for me because it cemented my interest in research psychology and determined my eventual graduate degree interest. It also focused my desire for Mom.

I always knew she was a good-looking woman to me but, as I said, I always thought she was unattainable to anyone. I had always had an interest in her, but now my interest became much more focused. I watched her like a hawk and when I wasn't watching her, I thought about her. I noticed that she always took great pains to look good. She always had. She bought stylish clothes and never went out without her makeup. That was kind of a family joke. Sandy, my sister, could be ready in about five minutes if she wanted to. Mom would take an hour to shower, get dressed, and put her makeup on.

I asked her about it once. "Mom, what the hell? We're just going to the hardware store. Why do you have to look so good just to go to the hardware?"

She laughed, and didn't give a direct answer. "Oh, it's just the way I am. I've always been like this. You know that. I just like to look good."

I often flirted with her and I know, as I look back, that my flirting was clumsy. I told her, "Well, it works. You always look great. My friends think you're a MILF." As soon as I said it, I thought I had fucked up. She probably didn't know what that meant, and what would I do if she asked me to explain it?

She didn't, though. She just blushed. "Really? Oh, I don't think so." And that was the end of the conversation. But, she blushed. She clearly knew what it meant.

That summer ended, and back to college I went. I discovered the joys of sororities and how easy it was to fuck college girls. Freud would have said, I guess, that my Oedipal phase had passed, but it hadn't. I was getting plenty of pussy, but every time I went home my desire for Mom was rekindled. I couldn't bring myself to do anything about it, of course. Desirable, but not attainable.

To be honest, I wasn't sure Mom even had much of a sex drive. The other guys would talk about hearing their parents going at it, but I had never heard Mom and Dad having sex, as far as I knew. In one of my classes we had explored the role of marriage in western society, and I learned that polling showed that 13% of women and 20% of men admitted they had an affair while married. At the time I thought that number was probably not truly representative. Who would admit to a pollster that he or she had an affair? So, I figured the number might be realistically at least twice the poll results, which could mean that one out of four women fucked around. But, back to Mom, I assumed she would be in the 75% who didn't.

It was the end of my junior year and I was spending the summer at home. Dad, as he did a lot, was on an extended business trip, so that left Sandy, Mom, and me to ourselves at home. One evening after dinner, Sandy had gone out and Mom and I were sitting in the backyard by the pool. Mom was to my right, sitting in a patio chair, with her feet on the chair and her knees up. She had on a pair of gray shorts and a blue low-cut tank top, and she was looking good. I let my gaze travel across her long legs.

"Damn, Mom. Where'd you get that bruise?" She had a series of bruises on the outside of her left thigh.

She looked down and covered it with her hand. "Oh, that? I bruise easily, you know. Who knows what I might have bumped into."

I didn't say anything, but after she went in to get a drink and resumed the same position, I furtively checked the bruises more closely. Damned if it didn't look like a series of fingerprint bruises, with the thumbprint toward the top of her thigh. I had enough experience by this time that I had left similar bruises on many young lasses. It generally happened when they were on top fucking away and I was grasping their thighs while I hunched up to meet them. The bruises were on Mom's left thigh, which would match what a right-handed man would leave. His right hand would be the stronger hand.

Mind, blown.

Every time I got a chance to look, the more that series of bruises was just what I thought they were - the fingerprint

bruises of a lusty fuck session. My Mom. Dad's gone, and Mom has fuck bruises on her leg. My dick was as hard as I could remember it had ever been.

"You look great, Mom. Let me get a photo for Dad, to show him what he's missing." I whipped my camera out and snapped a shot.

"Oh, no. I wasn't ready," she said. "Take another one," and she slid her left hand down to cover the bruises. "Now. I'm ready," and she smiled her angelic photo smile.

I took another one and sent it right off to Dad, but the first one was my prize. That night I downloaded it to my computer and blew it up so I could study the bruises more closely. Yep. I was right. Those were fingermarks. I researched bruising, and learned that the initial bruise shows up as reddening within two days of the injury and the real color show comes in at about five to ten days. So, I had a window. Where was Mom and what was she doing about five to ten days before?

I racked my brain. During the summer I was pretty footloose and didn't expect anyone to keep tabs on me, nor did I keep tabs on Mom's and Sandy's movements. But I did remember that one morning the previous week, Mom had gone out for almost the whole day, "at school." Mom was a professor at the local community college and she had explained that even though classes were out for a couple of weeks between terms, she still had administrative work to catch up on.

After that, I pulled up my notes and dug deeper into the statistics of infidelity. The bottom line was that women got away with it much more than men. Women, if they comported themselves appropriately, were generally above suspicion, and women just seemed to be more careful. I reviewed the statistics. Then it hit me. If 20 to 25% of men fuck around, how can it be that only 13% of women do it? Seemed to me that married women would prefer married men. Fewer complications. The whole research data was wrong. I would bet that the real numbers were much greater than reported. The statistics didn't matter, though. Mom had fuck bruises on her leg.

I sat there, dumbfounded. My Mom. Fucking. Not just fucking, but fucking around. I knew she loved my Dad, so I thought it was less likely that it was a love affair, and more likely that she had enjoyed a lusty fuck session.

Back to the notes. I remembered that our professor had talked about how sex evolved in a marriage, and how that often led to problems. A couple married, in part, because they loved the hot sex sessions while they were dating. Inevitably, and at the time I thought, sadly, after marriage the husband puts his wife on a pedestal and treats her more gently during lovemaking. They get in a rut. He doesn't want her to think he's freaky. He doesn't want to offend her or to make her mad. He loves her. Fucking becomes "lovemaking," while many times the wife longed for the lusty and athletic fucking of earlier times.

Was that where Mom was? She had gotten the holy shit fucked out of her, and it wasn't by Dad. My mind wandered. I remembered back to every woman I had fucked who liked to be on top. I remembered grabbing and squeezing their thighs as they fucked me. With every memory, I pictured Mom on top of me, my hands on those long legs while I sucked her tits.

That was my fantasy, but turning fantasy into reality was something I couldn't fathom. Sometimes, it's just a bridge too far. Even if I accepted that Mom had enjoyed a fuck session with someone (Who in the hell could it be?), she'd never cross the line to having it with me. Mom was too proper. The Ice Queen.

So for most of the summer, that's where I left it. I alternated between thinking I was completely off my rocker for thinking that she had done something like that, and then I'd return to the conclusion that the photo I had taken was inescapable proof. Eventually the bruises faded, no more appeared, and as best I could, I put it out of my mind.

Until that fateful Saturday. Sandy had a date and, based on her nervousness before he showed up, she thought it a pretty important one. She was still getting ready when he arrived and Mom sent me out to bring him in. Mom, he, and I sat in the kitchen chatting, until Sandy showed up. Damn, she looked fine. I couldn't help but think back to those statistics on incest, and that sibling incest led the

numbers. Sandy and her date walked to the back door and Mom and I accompanied them.

As they walked out, Mom and I were standing side by side and I put my right arm around her waist as I called out, "Now you kids stay out of trouble. Don't make me have to lecture you when you bring her home, young man."

That got a laugh out of everyone and Sandy turned around to stick her tongue out at me. Laughing myself, I slid my hand down to Mom's ass and gave it a little squeeze. It was a joke. I didn't plan it. I swear, I didn't even mean anything. It was a joke, part of the acting-like-the-old-man routine.

Mom stiffened, put her right hand back on mine, gave my hand a squeeze, and moved it back to her waist. She didn't say anything, but as I closed the door I thought, "Oh, boy. Now I'm going to get it." But I didn't. She didn't say a word about it. She acted as if nothing had happened and went into the kitchen.

"Find us a movie, Tom, if you're going to stay home tonight. I'll get snacks." That was all she said.

In a better story, maybe a fictional story, I would recount how we ended up making out and then fucking on the couch that night. That didn't happen. Mom seemed the same, but I was a little awkward. I feared I had overstepped a boundary and was on probation, so I was perfectly proper with her. After the movie, she hugged me close and went up to bed, leaving me to think about what had happened.

That ass. Mom was in her fifties by then, but damn, she was solid. Even the young college women I dated often had loose, sloppy asses, but Mom's was solid. That was a fine ass. I couldn't get my mind off it. My hand had been on Mom's ass and even if it was a joke, my hand had been on Mom's ass. And, she had not said a word about it.

If I had watched her closely before, I watched her like a hawk for the next week. I noticed something. When Sandy was there, Mom was proper and cool. When Sandy was out at night and it was just us, Mom would show up in the den wearing a tank top or tee shirt, usually without a bra, and yoga pants or shorts. Once she came down to tell me something before we went to bed and she wore just a tee

shirt and panties. Her nipples were as hard as little pebbles in the tee shirt. She made a point of walking in front of me and turning away, so I got a good shot of her ass in the panties, and then she turned around toward me. Whether she intended it or not, I got a good view of her ass, her beautiful tits, and the mound of her pussy in her panties.

I wore my dick out that night. What was going on? Was Mom giving me signals? Could that be?

Again, my mind went into overdrive. I alternated between thinking she was totally innocent in it and comfortable that her son would never do anything to offend her, and thinking that she was trying to encourage me to make a move.

And there's the quandary of every son who wants to fuck his Mother. You might think you could do it. You might think she's sending signals she might like you to try. But you just can't get the guts to go for it. I had taken a business course on investing the previous semester and they taught us about risk assessment. One of the first steps was to identify the acceptable level of risk you could tolerate. In

this case, the level of acceptable risk was so low as to be almost non-existent. I had gotten away with squeezing her ass, but it was done as a joke and she almost certainly saw it that way. But get really serious with it and make a real move, and I could find everything blowing up in my face. I remembered my thoughts when the guys had fantasized about their Mothers and what would happen if I did the same thing Joe had gotten away with.

"Do you know what your son did today? He grabbed my ass!"

"Tom! Get in here! No more tuition for you."

Yep. Some things are desirable, but unattainable, and that was Mom. I had gotten away with it once, and that would be that. I put it down to experience, although I knew I would have jerk-off fodder for the rest of my life, thinking about "What if...?"

While I had pulled back and had at least a reasonable control of my raging hormones, Mom didn't change her behavior. If anything, she seemed to ramp it up a notch. For

instance, whenever we'd be out, or even around the house standing by each other, she would give me the Mom Arm Hug. That's the hug where your Mom puts her arm under your arm and hugs her tits against your arm. She's just hugging your arm, but those tits are rubbing all over it. Are they oblivious? Do they not know that at that moment, every sensory particle in your body migrates to the arm in question so you can feel her tit?

So, Mom was doing that, more and more. She was still wearing those tee shirts and tank tops without a bra, and her nipples were constantly at attention. She got more comfortable around me with just her panties and a tee shirt.

While all that certainly aroused me, it didn't sway my risk assessment. I would not, I could not, make the final move. I became stiff and wooden around her. Where before I would hug her closely, hoping she'd feel my hard dick, now I barely hugged her at all and when I did, I tried to maintain distance between us. I recited the multiplication tables in my head so I wouldn't get hard. Sometimes it worked, and sometimes it didn't. But I tried, and mostly succeeded. Fantasies are one thing, but I wasn't going to screw up everyone's life with the wrong move.

One night, Sandy was out and it was just Mom and me. She had on her damned shorts that showed off her camel toe, something Mom probably was not even aware of, and a thin back tank top with no bra. We were sitting on the couch watching a movie when, out of the blue, she turned to me. "Tom, what's the matter with you? You used to give great hugs. Now you hold back and it's like hugging a tree. You won't even look at me. Don't you love me anymore?" She seemed close to tears.

I didn't know what to do. She was to my right and I stiffly hugged her upper body to me. "Oh, Mom. It's complicated. Of course I love you."

"Well, you don't act like it anymore. What have I done? What's complicated?"

"Oh, stuff. That's all. I guess I'm nervous about going back to school. I'll be a senior, so I've got to start getting ready for graduate school. It's going to be tough."

She nodded. "OK. But you know if you ever need anything...anything..." and she seemed to put some emphasis on 'anything,' "all you have to do is ask, and I'll give it to you." When she said it, I'll be damned if she didn't give me the Mom Arm Hug. I could feel her nipple rubbing on my arm. I gulped, and looked down, my face burning red.

Her voice took on a lower, husky timbre. "I think my little boy has become a man." She hugged my arm tighter, with the effect of rubbing that tit all over it.

"I'm trying. It's hard sometimes."

She giggled. I knew what she was thinking, because at that moment it was hard, as hard as a diamond-cutting drill bit.

Out of the blue, she said, "My Tom is a breast man, isn't he? Where did that come from? I thought guys were supposed to want girls like their Mothers, and I don't have much going in that front." She let me go and sat back into the cushion. My eyes naturally went to her tits, I couldn't help it, and then I looked into her eyes.

I didn't want to make a mistake, but damn. How much can a guy take? I remembered the thing about husbands putting their wives on a pedestal and treating them like a delicate crystal vase. I thought about the fuck bruise on her leg. Risk assessment be damned. If she wanted to be treated as a hot, desirable woman, that's what I'd give her. I'd treat her like the Tri-Deltas who couldn't wait to get their panties off.

"Those tits are perfect and they're all I've ever wanted."

There. It was out. I had called my Mother's breasts, "Tits," and to her face. Now we'd see where life took me. Mentally, I was deciding how quickly I could get packed and get out before Dad got home.

So in the dance between Mother and Son and their mutual desire, when it exists, the Mother always has to make the move. The son is not going to take charge, because he knows he could be misinterpreting the whole thing. Mom has to make the overt move that tells both parties exactly what is going on.

That's exactly what Mom did. In a swift move, she rolled over onto my lap, facing me and straddling my legs. She took my face in her hands, bent forward, and gave me the kiss of my life. There was no hesitancy in it. She came to me with her mouth slightly open, and I responded immediately. We were kissing like horny teenagers in the back seat of a Subaru. I cupped her face in my hands, gently caressing her while we kissed. She moaned in my mouth. I remember thinking at the time, and I still think it, that the best kiss any man will ever get is that first real kiss from his Mother. That kiss, full of promise, says it all. Mom's kiss, full of promise, said it all. That kiss said that she considered me a man, and a man who might enjoy something he'd never forget. That kiss said that what had previously been considered impossible, was possible. Even if a kiss was all that happened, it was enough. It was the kiss of a lifetime, and we both were caught up in it. Was it ten minutes, or ten hours, or ten days that we kissed like that, with her straddling me, her pussy rubbing against my hard dick?

But the kiss wasn't all that happened. She pulled back to break the kiss and looked me in the eyes. Our faces were inches apart. I noticed that she had beautiful blue eyes, and

I wondered why I had never seen that before. "You're beautiful," I said, and I meant it.

"So are you," she replied softly, and in one quick move she reached to the bottom of her tank top and peeled it right over her head. I was speechless. My Mom, half naked and straddling me, with her beautiful tits right in my face.

What would any normal man do? Yep. I did exactly that. I leaned forward and took her left breast in my mouth. I worked her nipple with my tongue and then tried my best to suck her whole breast into my mouth. I worked that tit like a man possessed, and then switched to the other one. She had her head back, holding my head and rubbing her fingers in my hair, while giving little whimpers, and then she said, "You loved those nipples when you were a baby." I removed my hands from her breasts and grabbed her ass, hunching it on my dick. Based on my experience, I thought she was pretty close to cumming right there.

I was ready to take this to a whole new level, but I was mature enough to have learned the "No, means No" lesson so I wasn't going to do anything she didn't want. My rule

was that the woman always decided if we were going to fuck, and that meant asking permission at every step. Asking permission didn't mean, "May I suck your tit?," but maybe just asking, "Do you like that?" while I gently touched it. That said, I was going to fuck her like the guy who left the marks on her leg hadn't fucked her. If she wanted to be fucked like it was going out of style, then that's what I'd give her. "Hell," I thought. "She's practically naked on my lap. Let's push the bubble."

I pulled my face off her breast and took both of them in my hands. "I love these and I love you. All I want right now is to fuck you like I've always wanted, and to be the best fuck you've ever had."

Some women like a little dirty talk. Some women don't. I thought Dad, if he had placed her on that pedestal, probably didn't tell her that he wanted to fuck her raw. I thought she might like to be fucked raw and to hear that she was so hot. I squeezed her breasts, rubbing my thumbs across her nipples. I pinched her left nipple and said it again. "Did you hear me, Mom? I want to be the best fuck you've ever had."

"You already are," she said softly, and planted her mouth back on mine. My hands were mauling those tits, and she was loving it. "Don't leave marks," she said. "Sandy's here, and your Dad will be home in a week."

It dawned on me. We had been playing a dance between us all summer while Dad was away, and she knew our window was closing. She had decided we were going to fuck, and she had taken the steps to make it happen. Maybe I was a fool for waiting so long. On the other hand, her urgency had clearly tipped her over the edge.

As we kissed, my hands on her breasts, she continued to make hunching motions that rubbed her pussy against my dick. Her hands were holding my head. She took her right hand away, continuing to kiss me, and reached down to put it on my dick. Remember what I said about the first real kiss with your Mother? Well, think about the first time your Mom puts her hand on your hard dick. You will never have a moment to top the first time your Mother touches your hard dick.

She rubbed it, squeezed it through my shorts, and then put her fingers around the head. Mom was still in charge. She pulled back and looked in my eyes, then deftly unbuttoned my shorts and unzipped them. Only when she had my bare dick in her hand did she break eye contact, looking down to examine it. "Oh, my," she whispered. "You're such a bad boy." She squeezed it to emphasize her point and I groaned.

Still determined to allow her wild side to play, I said, "Suck it, Mom. Suck my dick for me."

She laughed a bit. "Honey, that's not a dick. That thing is a cock. Dicks are smaller."

I laughed with her and put my hand on the back of her head as I gently pushed. "Then suck my cock, Baby."

I'm uncircumcised. The guys used to make fun of me about it. For awhile my nickname was "Helmet," and they'd laugh when they called me that at school. It made me pretty self-conscious, until I discovered the secret. The foreskin is loaded with nerve endings. If someone knows what she's doing, it can be mind-blowing. If they don't know and treat

it roughly like they might a circumcised one, it can be pretty painful. Some of the girls at school knew that, but most didn't, so the number of truly pleasurable blowjobs I'd had were in the single digits.

Mom knew. She licked lightly around the foreskin as she stretched it back, and then enveloped the head of my dick in her mouth. Remember what I said about firsts with your Mother? That goes quadruple with your first blowjob from your Mom. Even if it's not a good one, you'll never forget it. And this wasn't a good one. This was a great one. Mom knew her way around a dick, I can tell you that, and I was the beneficiary. I brushed her graying hair back so I could watch. "God, Mom. You can suck a dick." I hunched gently against her face. "I love fucking that beautiful face. I love it." She looked up at me and met my eyes, and I exploded. I didn't mean to, but I couldn't hold it.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I thought I could hold it, but looking at your face..."

She pulled off my dick and spit about a gallon of cum on my belly, laughing. "I forgot how big a load a young guy carries," she said. "You almost drowned me."

"Maybe you need some mouth-to-mouth, then," and I pulled her up and kissed her deeply. I could taste my cum. She climbed back in my lap and we snuggled for awhile, my face nestled in her breasts.

"I don't expect your sister until the wee hours," she whispered in my ear. "Wanna go upstairs?"

Boy, did I jump up. "Hell, yes!" She took my hand and led me up the stairs. I didn't know where we were going, but she led me right into her room. She led me to the bed that she and Dad shared. I had expected her to take me to my room, but no, she took me to hers. That's a pretty wanton woman, isn't it, to fuck in her husband's bed? I knew I was in for the fuck of my life, and I wasn't wrong.

She pushed me back on the bed and quickly stripped her shorts off while I got naked. She crawled up the bed, straddling me, and reached down for my dick. "Take it

easy," she cautioned. "You're big and with menopause, I'm pretty sensitive down there." She rubbed the head of my dick against her slit to lube it, then placed it where she wanted it. I hunched up, involuntarily. "No, no," she said. "Take it easy. Let me get used to it, then we'll see. You have to stretch me out." She slid slowly down my dick, enveloping it completely in her pussy. "Oh, God," she said. "That's nice."

She rode me like a rodeo champion. I was right - she needed a good, hard fuck from time to time, and this was the time. Her on top, I grabbed her thighs, right where those bruises had been. I'll admit it, I smiled. I almost laughed. She had her head thrown back and her eyes closed, so she didn't see. "You think he left bruises?," I thought to myself. "You wait until I'm done with you." As she furiously hunched me, fucking me, I squeezed her left thigh with my right hand, to the best of my might. She seemed to like it. "Oh, God, what are you doing to me," she moaned.

Her sensitivity passed, I met her hunching with my own, practically throwing her off, so I had to hold her legs. I fucked her. I fucked her hard. She loved a good hard fucking, and she was ready for almost everything. It was

"almost" everything because even though she loved me fingering her ass while I ate her pussy, she balked at letting me fuck her there. "Honey, you're too big. Maybe one day we'll try it, but I'm not ready for that right now."

That was good enough for me.

At about one in the morning, she called a halt. It was in-charge Mom again. "You've got to scoot. Sandy will be home soon, and I don't think we want her to see you in bed with your Mother."

"Mom, I don't know what to say."

She kissed me, and I kissed her back, putting all the love in it I could muster. She broke the kiss. "I said, scoot, Mister. We'll have more time. I promise you."

And we did. When there was anyone else around, she was prim and proper Ice Queen Mom. When we were alone and we knew we wouldn't be disturbed, she was the hottest woman I'll ever know. I didn't ask about her fuck buddy - I

decided it was really none of my business - but I never saw any more evidence that she was doing it. Of course, that was the idea. I wouldn't have seen, because she was careful.

Before we knew it, the time for Dad's return had arrived. I was nervous, I have to say. Would he know? Could he tell? Could a man tell if his wife had been fucking? Would I let something slip? Would Mom confess in a moment of guilt and weakness? I just didn't know, but I was afraid. A part of me felt sorry for Dad. He had no idea that his wife was fucking around, and why would he? She was the perfect model of what a wife should be. Theirs was a perfect marriage. I eventually came to the realization that she, like so many wives, yearned for a good, hard fuck. I was giving her that with absolutely minimal risk, so it was a winner for all concerned.

But there was none of that. Frankly, I was amazed, and learned a lot about people by the way she handled it. She was loving to him, as if our time had never happened. You would never know by watching her that she had fucked anyone, much less her son. No wonder women can get away with it better than men

A couple of days after Dad got home, we were grilling steaks on the patio and Mom was sitting in her chair, sipping wine. She had her feet tucked up on the chair with her knees up. Dad looked over at her.

"Damn, Debbie. Where'd you get that bruise?" There was a bright line of fingertip-sized bruises on her outside left thigh, with another bruise a palm's width to the top of her thigh.

She looked down and covered it with her hand. "Oh, that? I bruise easily, you know. Who knows what I might have bumped into."

He nodded, accepting her explanation without question, and went back to the steaks. She made sure Sandy wasn't watching, and looked at me. She smiled, and winked. I knew, at that moment, that I'd be fucking her for a very long time. I still had much to learn.