

Josh Knows Best

Chapter 1

Mom and I had been on our own since my sperm donor ran off with his secretary; I was twelve. Prior to that, he had been nothing more than a stranger in the house. I assume he was pissed he had to marry mom when he was only twenty years old. But, on the other hand, she was only eighteen when he knocked her up on prom night.

She was a month shy of her nineteenth birthday when I was born. She never pretended I was anything but an 'oops!,' but never failed to add that I was the best surprise of her life. She told me over and over how amazed she was that something as good as me could be fathered by a total asshat.

Mom was a secretary, sorry, administrative assistant, to the principal at my high school. She was thirty-two when I started high school but looked more like twenty-two. I cannot count the times I had to clean someone's clock for calling her a MILF.

She was hot, smokin' hot, but she was no one's MILF but mine.

Does that make me a sicko whack-job? Maybe. I could really not give a shit.

She worked two jobs to keep a decent roof over our heads. On evenings she worked as a bartender. She was hot and funny and made as much in tips as she did from working at the high

school. Friday and Saturday nights were rough, so weekend mornings were her mornings to sleep in.

It was only a few days until I graduated. I had no homework. I didn't work until 5:00 pm that night. Even so, I woke up at 6:45, like always. There was no reason for me to still be in my boxer briefs when mom woke up. Well, there was one reason.

They were skintight. And I had a nice cock. Okay, two reasons.

The house we rented was decent and in a good neighborhood, but it was small, with only a single bathroom. We had learned to share. If I needed to take a leak and mom was in the shower, I just let her know I was coming in. The same was true if I was in the shower.

Our bedrooms abutted each other along one wall. Half the wall extended into her bedroom to make room for a small closet for me. The other half extended into my room - her closet. The walls were thin.

She had no time for boyfriends, but at about the same time I discovered jerking off and internet porn I realized what the humming sound and muffled moans from her room signified.

It did not matter how many times I had already jerked off that day, whenever I heard that sound, my cock jumped to attention. I had learned to pace myself and cum only when I heard her cumming.

Despite sharing a single bathroom, I had only seen her naked once. She hadn't seen me naked since before the sperm donor walked out.

Once was enough.

Despite working long hours and not getting enough rest, she made sure she got her workout time in. Her dedication showed.

She was trim, which made her hips and tits look amazing. Her tits were not huge. I imagined they would fit my hand perfectly. She had curly, shoulder-length auburn hair and lips that should have starred in lipstick commercials.

She was a beautiful woman. A lonely woman. I was a horny teenage virgin.

I had decided to seduce her.

I planned to fuck my mom. Fuck her and more.

I figured the first step was to help her see I was no longer a 'little boy'. I was a good six inches taller than her. I swam for the high school team and was proud of my body. And my cock.

I'm not going to lie and claim I was nine inches or ten inches or some silly bullshit like that. I was just shy of seven inches, uncut, with a nice thick shaft. I was a shower, not a grower.

Thus, the skintight boxer briefs.

I always made her breakfast on the weekend. This Saturday morning, I hoped to feed more than her stomach. I hoped to feed her libido. I wanted to plant nasty, dirty, OMG ideas inside her brain.

My desire for her was so intense that when I heard her bedroom door open and the soft swish of her bare feet on the carpet I didn't feel nervous. If I was anxious, it was for her to hurry up so I could show myself off to her. So, I hurried over to the sink to pretend I was getting a glass of water.

She was hiding a yawn when she got to the end of the short hallway and turned into the kitchen.

"Morning, Joshie..." her voice trailed off as she saw me standing by the sink in my underwear.

"Morning, mom. I don't know why I was so tired last night. I didn't hear you come in, so I must have been asleep, but I could not drag my butt out of bed this morning. I just had time to get the coffee going. It should be ready. Do you want eggs? Pancakes?"

I had turned slightly when she entered the kitchen. My cock-bulge was in three-quarter profile. Fuck you, Mr. Geiger, I thought to myself, I learned something from your class. Mr. Geiger had given me the only "C" of my high school career; a fucking film history class, no less.

Mom did her best not to stare, but her eyes kept dropping to my crotch. I kept my face neutral.

"Oh, uh, I didn't get a chance to eat much last night. I barely had time to breathe. I'm famished, Joshie. Would pancakes and some bacon be too much trouble?"

There was no point in asking her, again, to call me 'Josh,' so I let it go. "No sweat, mom. We even have blueberries. Blueberry pancakes?"

She swallowed hard.

"Sure, baby. That would be great." She started for the coffee pot, but I waved her to the table.

"Sit, sit. I'll get your coffee. Sounds like you had a rough night."

She pulled out a chair and sat down. She had on a nightshirt, cotton, old but not old enough to allow me to see as much as I wanted.

I would turn nineteen in a couple of weeks. Then, a month later, mom would turn thirty-seven. If the next few weeks went as planned, I would give her something much sexier to sleep in for her birthday.

I poured coffee into her mug and added a heaping spoonful of turbinado sugar and a large slug of half-n-half. I stirred it for her, leaving the spoon on the edge of the sink, and brought the mug to her.

The mug was full, as I had intended. I walked slowly to keep from sloshing hot coffee over my hand. I kept my eyes fixed on the mug, giving mom plenty of time to eye my cock through the tight white fabric as I approached the table.

Her face was flushed when I set the mug down, and I suppressed a grin. I bent and kissed the top of her forehead. That wasn't unusual. Standing as close as I was, my cock nearly brushing her arm, was.

"Morning, mom. Love you," I told her as I walked to the fridge to retrieve the bacon, blueberries and a couple of eggs.

"Love you too, baby," she croaked.

My back was to her, so I allowed myself a grin. I got the bacon frying and turned to the pancake batter.

I was glad she chose pancakes. It gave me a chance to face her, cradling the bowl in one hand and whisking the batter for all I was worth. She got a good look at my abs and my biceps. And my cock. Like I said, I'm a shower, not a grower, but it does grow. It was growing now. Getting harder. Straining to rip open my boxers.

Mom's eyes were growing as well.

She had not touched her coffee.

I bent over to grab a pan out from the drawer, giving her a nice look at my butt. I got the pan hot, added some bacon fat, waited, and flicked a drop of water in the pan. It danced its way into oblivion. The oil was hot enough.

The pan was only large enough for one good-sized pancake. I poured the batter in and sat the mixing bowl back down on the counter.

My back was to mom. I tugged at my boxers, making no effort to hide the fact.

The tug lowered the waistband enough to show a quarter-inch of pubic hair. I turned back to mom, resting a hip on the kitchen counter. Her eyes were on my crotch.

Yes! I shouted silently as I did a mental fist pump. She's interested. Careful now, don't jerk the line too fast. Wait, dummy, just wait. She's just nibbling at the bait still.

"So, work was a killer?"

It took her a moment to answer. Her eyes were glued to my cock. Eventually, she pulled her eyes away and tried to speak, but only a croak came out. She took a drink of coffee. I saw her take a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"Yeah," she finally managed to get out. "The place was still packed at last call. Thank God Mel took the johns. I'm sure they were a mess. He looked pretty disgusted by the time he was finished and came back to help finish the bar area."

"I can imagine. Bunch of drunks. At least the women don't pee all over the floor."

"Yeah? You'd be surprised. The ladies' room isn't all that much easier to clean than the men's."

The top of the pancakes began to sport bubbles. I lifted the edge. Golden brown. I flipped it like a pro, skills honed from working part-time at a diner. The bacon was done. I turned off the flame and laid the bacon out on a paper towel to drain.

I turned back to the table. A yawn bubbled up from my chest. I went with it, stretching my arms and arching my back. I felt my briefs slide a bit lower.

"First pancake will be ready in a second, mom."

"One will be enough for me, Joshie," she answered in a cracked voice.

I turned, plated her pancake, hiding a smile. I buttered the pancake while I warmed the syrup in the microwave. I poured myself a mug of coffee before carrying the pancake with a couple strips of bacon over to mom and sat down beside her.

"Aren't you eating?" She asked.

I took a sip of coffee. I had already eaten, but wanted her to think I had slept in. "Nah, I'm not hungry yet. I'll put the batter in the fridge. Then, if I get hungry, I can make some more pancakes later. You sure you only want one?"

"Yup." She picked up a strip of bacon but paused. "I feel funny eating in front of you."

"Don't," I laughed. "Like I said, I'm not hungry." Not for food, anyway. "Eat. I'll sit and have my coffee."

I shifted slightly, and my knee touched hers. The nightshirt ended above her knees. My skin was pressed against hers. Her skin was hot, and I took a drink of coffee to hide another smile.

I waited to see if she would move her leg. She did not.

She ate quietly. I drank my coffee.

When she finished, I hurried to my feet. I leaned over to get her plate.

"I got it, mom. Rest. You want more coffee?"

My cock was pressed against the back of her arm.

"No," she whispered.

I took her plate and the two cups to the sink. I washed them quickly and sat them in the dish drainer. My cock was hard as a rock.

I was so hard my cock had tented the tight material of my boxers. I glanced down. The waistband had pulled down to the base of my cock. My bushy pubic hair was on full display. There was a wet patch spreading out from the head of my dick.

I leaned against the counter and let my mom's eyes wander over my body. I tightened muscles deep in my belly, and my cock strained against my shorts. I felt a gush of precum.

"Joshie, why are you dressed like that?" Mom croaked.

"I slept in. I didn't think you'd be up this early," I lied.

"Maybe you should get dressed now?" she whispered.

"Cause of this?" I grabbed my hardon and shook it a couple of times. Mom moaned softly.

"Sorry, I can't help it. You are fucking hot, mom. You are sexy as all fuck. I can't control how my body reacts."

"You think I'm sexy?"

"Fuck yes. Are you kidding me? You know how many guys I've slugged for calling you a MILF?"

"MILF? What's that?"

I smiled.

"Mother.I'd.Love.to,Fuck; MILF." I spoke slowly, stressing each word.

"Your friends said that about me?"

"Hell yeah, but only once. I don't care that it's true."

"True?" she whispered, eyes glued to mine.

I gave a single nod. "True. Very true, mom."

"Joshie, what," she swallowed hard. "Honey, what are you saying?"

I walked across the small kitchen, pulled her out of the chair and hugged her.

There was nothing strange about that. She was my mom. We hugged.

But I didn't usually have a hand pressed against her belly, and I didn't usually push her hair back to nuzzle the side of her neck. And the hand I put around her waist was more on her butt than her back. But, other than that, we had hugged before.

"That I want to fuck you, mom. I want to climb in the shower with you. Bathe you. Pat you dry, carry you to your room, lie you down on your bed and fuck you. I want to make you happy. Make you cum. Make you feel good. Let me make you feel good, mom. Please?"

She stiffened in my arm. I had committed myself. The hook would either be set, or she would spit it out and flee. Maybe even slapping me before locking herself in her room and telling me to get out of her house.

I could feel her mind whirling. We stood there, in the middle of the small kitchen, for a long time. I wasn't sure what she was going to do when she pulled back.

When she cupped her hand over my cock I moaned with her.

I quieted her by pressing my lips to hers and pushing my tongue halfway down her throat.

Mom suddenly shoved me away. I stumbled back against the table. She turned, buried her face in her hands and leaned her head against the wall.

"No, no, no," she cried. "Sweet Jesus, what am I doing?"

I hurried to her and wrapped my arms around her from behind. I was sure she could feel my hardon against her butt, but I did not grind into her.

I kissed the side of her neck.

"You aren't doing anything," I assured her, "I am. You aren't taking advantage of me. I'm almost nineteen. I've thought about this for a long time. I want to make you feel good. You. Are. Not. Abusing. Me. This is me, on my own, wanting you."

"But it's so wrong," she whimpers.

I nuzzled the side of her neck.

"Is it? A parent taking advantage of a child is sick; it would be abuse, the worse kind of abuse. But this isn't that. Mom, I'm pushing you." I kissed the side of her neck again, then nipped at it with my teeth. "Let me make you feel good."

She shivered in my arms. I continued to kiss the side of her neck but did nothing else, afraid of panicking her.

I sighed with relief when she relaxed against me.

I stooped slightly and slipped my hands beneath her nightshirt. My hands rested on her hips and I ran them up her body, slowly lifting the shirt as she shivered. Goosebumps rippled across her skin. I stopped when my hands cupped her breasts.

"Jesus, your tits are wonderful," I muttered into her hair. "I always imagined they would fit perfectly in my hands, and they do. Fuck me, they do." I kneaded them gently. Her head dropped back to rest on my chest.

I loosened my grip and rubbed my palms over her nipples.

"Your nipples are so hard, mom. So hard."

Her hand moved behind her back, and she grabbed my cock.

"You like this?" I whispered against her skin. "You like the way I play with your titties?" I nipped at her neck. "You like how hard my cock is?"

She moaned.

I plucked at her nipples with my thumb and forefinger, and she moaned again.

"Tell me, mom. Do you like it? Or should I stop?" I let my hands fall away from her breasts and started to lower my arms.

"No, Joshie, don't stop. Yes, I like it. I like all of it. God help me; I love it."

I picked her up in a bear hug.

"Good. I love it too. And I love you." I sat her back on her feet. "Let's get you out of that nightshirt. Okay?"

Her back still to me, she nodded. I gripped the bottom of the shirt and pulled it off over her head. I let it fall to the kitchen floor. I hooked my thumbs in the top of her panties and pulled them off as I knelt.

On my knees now, I urged her to lift first one foot, then the other, and tossed her panties aside.

My mother stood naked before me. Kneeling was appropriate. I worshipped her, worshipped her beauty.

I took a butt cheek in each hand and kissed them. Kissed the dimples that adorned her lower back. I kissed the top of her ass crack.

I reached around her waist and rubbed my fingers over her slit. She was soaking wet. I kept kissing her ass cheeks as I worked two fingers into her pussy.

"Oh, Joshie, that feels so good, baby."

I pushed my fingers deeper into her pussy, and she arched her back.

I used my other hand to pull at her ass cheek, opening her crack to my mouth. I did not hesitate. I had been waiting for this moment. I prepared for it, jerking off to any number of rimming porn videos. I pressed my lips to the darker, puckered skin.

I licked her asshole with a long slow stroke of my tongue.

"Jesus, fuck," mom cried as I finger-fucked her while tonguing her asshole.

I felt her body stiffen and forced myself to pull away.

"No, no, don't stop, baby. I'm so close."

"Turn around, please." She stood there, trembling. "Please turn around, mom."

She turned slowly.

"Open your eyes." She did, but her eyes were glued to the ceiling. "Look at me, mom." Her eyes dropped to mine. I smiled

as I held up the fingers I had been fucking her with. They glistened. Her eyes were glued to them.

Her gaze followed my hand as I reached down and pulled the front of my briefs down, careful not to use my wet fingers. My cock sprang free, a wild animal unleashed at last.

The head extended halfway beyond the foreskin. I wrapped my wet fingers around my cock and milked it with one long, slow, hard stroke. My own liquid pooled over my fingers.

I held them in front of my face. Mom stared, mesmerized. I put my index finger in my mouth and sucked it clean. Then my middle finger, then both.

"Just an appetizer, mom. I'm going to feast on your cunt. You're going to cum on my face and hand. Then, after you catch your breath, I'm going to turn you around and fuck you from behind. I'm going to pound my cock into your pussy right here in the kitchen. Would you like that, mom?"

Her eyes blazed. She reached down and grabbed me by the hair.

"You know I would love it, Joshie. You can see my pussy running down the inside of my legs. Quit talking about it," she snarled, yanking my head forward by the hair as she pushed her hips forward. "Eat mommy's pussy, baby. Get in there and eat my fucking cunt, Joshie. Eat mommy's cunt."

I let her yank my head forward as I opened my mouth wide and engulfed her pussy. I sucked her lips into my mouth as I drove my tongue into her. My face was instantly soaked with her honey.

I rubbed my nose against her clit as she yanked my head back and forth, fucking herself with my stiffened tongue. She pulled at my hair hard enough to hurt. I loved it.

She was so fucking drenched it was easy to push three fingers into her pussy. I curled them and massaged the rough patch on the front wall of her cunt. Her fingers spasmed in my hair. My scalp screamed right along with my mom.

"Fuck, yes, baby. That's the spot, Joshie. Make mommy cum, baby. Make me cum."

Fingers still working inside her pussy, I lapped up her slit, swallowing her nectar.

I clasped my lips around her clit. It was rock hard and throbbing. I tugged with my lips as I lashed her clit with the tip of my tongue.

Her orgasm was almost instantaneous and huge.

She pulled my head forward at the same time as she shoved her pussy against my mouth.

I had read not everyone believes in female ejaculation, but the hot fluid that filled my mouth and flowed over my cheeks did not taste like pee. On the other hand, it did not taste like cum either.

I had not lied intentionally. I had intended to give her a moment to catch her breath, but my brain was on fire.

I stood, tried to kick my underwear away but only freed one foot. No matter. I had freed myself enough for what I needed to do. I spun mom around. With a hand between her shoulder blades, I urged her to lean against the wall. The hand wrapped around her waist tugged her hips toward me.

I squatted slightly and, moved the head up and down her slit. When I found the opening to her cunt, I thrust myself inside.

She pushed back against me with a loud groan.

She was so fucking wet I penetrated her with ease. I pushed until my pubis flattened her ass cheeks. Then, with one hand around her waist to steady her, I did what I said I would do.

I pounded into her.

Hard, fast strokes that filled the kitchen with the sounds of flesh on flesh, the grunts my pounding forced from mom's body and the guttural sounds rasping from my throat.

I did not ask if she liked what I was doing; I hadn't the breath to spare.

In my fantasies, I pulled out and came all over her back. In reality, I found I had no desire to do that. I wanted to cum in her pussy.

I wanted to fill my mom's pussy with my sperm.

I removed my hand from between her shoulders. I gripped both of her hips. Pulling her back onto my thrusting cock.

Earlier, she had forced herself backward, pushing against the wall, impaling herself on my dick. No longer.

She sagged against the wall, only my hands, and my cock, holding her upright.

I controlled my breathing. I had practiced for this moment. Every time I jerked off, I did my best to delay cumming. I had no intention of shooting my load after two thrusts.

I watched my cock sliding in and out of her pussy. Watched as the skin of her entrance thinned almost to translucency as I withdrew. Watched my thrusts churn her pussy juice into a creamy white butter.

I watched as her asshole bulged outward a little every time I buried my cock in her.

I leaned over and allowed a mouthful of spit to fall into her ass crack. I took a chance and let go of one hip, rubbed my spit over her asshole with one finger and then pushed it into her ass.

Her back arched. She threw her hands against the wall and pushed back against me with a moan.

I worked my finger in and out of her ass, pushing down as much as in.

I angled my cock, thrusting toward the finger I had buried in her ass, massaging her pussy wall between my cock and finger.

She began to buck, one hand pounding against the wall. Her head turned to look back at me, over her shoulder.

"Cum with me, Joshie, baby. Cum with me. Fill my cunt, baby. Do it now."

With a roar, I pushed as deep into her pussy as it was possible to go.

My cock swelled, filling her. I could feel it pulsing against my finger. My balls drew up. My ass cheeks clenched.

Five years of pent-up desire and frustration were released in a matter of a minute. It was a minute that lasted an eternity yet was over far too soon.

It remains the most amazing minute of my life. Yet, even as lost as I was in the moment, I focused on every sensation, vowing to remember it all.

I felt mom's pussy bulging against my finger as my balls filled her with semen. I could feel her pussy clenching around my cock, trying to trap my seed, trying to force my sperm into her womb.

I had no idea if mom was on birth control, and I don't recall caring.

I was focused on how she thrashed beneath me, pressed between my body and the kitchen wall.

Long moments passed before I could control my body enough to step away. As my cock slipped from her pussy's embrace, our combined outpourings dripped to the floor.

Mom turned, pushed me back a step and dropped to her knees.

She grabbed my still-hard cock and eagerly swallowed it. She mulled my cock in her mouth, licking, sucking, and kissing as I gradually softened.

I urged her to her feet. Picked her up in my arms and carried her to her bedroom.

I laid her on the bed and climbed in beside her.

I spooned her, my slick cock pressed into her ass crack.

It was a long time before we left that bed.

Chapter 2

Mom and I slept for an hour or so. When we woke, I was able to bathe her in the shower before making love to her again, more slowly this time. I fell asleep snuggled against her back.

Thank God, I set the alarm on my phone. When it went off, I struggled out of bed, tired but exuberant. I had just enough time to make a sandwich and head off to man the grill at Mickey's.

Mom was still in bed when I left; her shift at the bar did not start until 7:00 pm. Mickey's closed at 9:00. Mom would not be home until almost 2:00 in the morning. Between the romps with mom and a night on my feet, dripping sweat onto a sizzling grill, I was out like a fucking light within minutes of my head hitting the pillow.

I had taken a shower, in the event mom decided to join me. My bed was a twin, but I would have loved to snuggle some more.

When I woke, I was alone. Alone with my usual ferocious morning wood.

As I laid there, the events of yesterday running through my mind, I idly stroked my cock. My normal routine would be to jerk off and then go back to sleep for an hour or two. Not that morning.

I hopped out of bed, naked, and padded across the narrow hall to the bathroom where I peed for what felt like an hour. I made coffee and got myself a giant bowl of cereal. These mundane tasks occupied my mind just enough to allow my cock to, more or less, deflate.

I wiped the precum off the head of dick and licked my finger clean before leaning against the countertop and eating my cereal. When I finished, I washed the bowl and spoon and poured a cup of coffee.

I was torn between being quiet so mom could get her rest and making enough noise to wake her so that we could pick up where we had left off.

By the time I finished my coffee I still hadn't heard a sound from mom's room. I sat my cup down and tiptoed to her door.

I tapped lightly with one knuckle.

"Mom?" I called, barely above a whisper. No response. A slightly louder tap followed by a slightly louder, "mom?" Nothing.

I took hold of the doorknob and turned slowly. It wasn't locked. I would have been surprised if it had been. I pushed the door open an inch or so.

"Mom?" I opened her door a crack, just enough to peek through the gap.

Her bed was made.

The room was empty.

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I checked the bathroom. Her toothbrush was gone. How had I missed that earlier? I yanked open the medicine cabinet; her deodorant was missing. I jerked the shower curtain back so hard several of the rings went flying. Her shampoo was not there.

I went back to her bedroom. No phone charger on the bedside table. I opened her closet. The small carry-on she kept on the top shelf was gone, as were some of her clothes.

As my heart pounded, I tried not to panic. Maybe something happened to Nana? But she would have told me. Maybe she wanted to let me sleep? I hurried back to the kitchen. The kitchen table, under the saltshaker, was our unofficial official location for leaving notes. I had eaten leaning against the countertop. I might have missed a note.

Nothing.

Running now, I hurried to my room and grabbed my phone. I was already seeing the local news talking heads babbling on with faked concern about a local woman who went missing after finishing her shift at a local bar. Beneath the false concern would be the subtext implying that working in a bar implied she had hooked up with the wrong patron after work.

In our part of the world, a woman working in a bar was always cause for a raised eyebrow.

Mel answered the third time I hit 'redial'.

"This better be fucking good or I swear I'll track you down and shove that phone so far up your fucking ass you'll..."

"Mel, sorry dude, it's Josh. Sorry to call so early but I'm worried about my mom. She didn't come home last night. Was everything okay at the bar last night?"

"No, everything was not fucking okay at the bar last night. I ran my ass off is how everything was at the bar last night. Your mom called in sick. If she's not there puking her guts out, she's fired. Pass the word."

He hung up before I could utter a syllable.

I called mom. Voicemail. I called again. And again. Every call went straight to voicemail. She either had the phone switched off or was declining to accept the call.

"Mom, answer your phone, I'm worried." I typed out, my fingers stumbling over the keys.

I re-sent the text again, pacing the narrow confines of my room. My finger was poised to hit the 'send' button once again when I jolted to a halt.

"You stupid ass dumb motherfucker," I whispered to the empty room while shaking my head at my stupidity.

Our iPhones are part of Family Share. Mom is not a techie. I couple of clicks and I know two things. I know she didn't turn sharing off and I know where she is.

I jerked on a pair of shorts and my tennis shoes, dropped my phone in one pocket and hurried outside. I opened the door to the detached garage; her car was gone. Duh. I hopped on my bike and took off, pedaling as fast as I could.

Though our town is surrounded by flat farmland and I was in good shape, it took a while to bike the eleven miles to the motel where mom and her phone had holed up.

I was dripping with sweat and panting for breath when I skidded into the parking lot. The motel had seen better days. Like many small-town businesses, the freeway had dealt the

motel a near fatal wound. It was kept alive by those in need of a place to hook up or the hopelessly lost and exhausted traveler fearing they had wandered into a Stephen King story.

Mom's car was in the parking lot, near the end of the line of rooms. There was only one other car in the lot. I pulled my phone out of my pocket, regretting my repeated attempts to call or text her. What if she had turned her phone off to get some peace?

I walked to the room in front of her car and hit "dial". I had always hated mom's ringtone, "who let the dogs out". As I heard it wafting through the cheap door, I thought it was the greatest song ever written.

I tapped lightly on the door with one knuckle, even though I wanted to bust it down with my shoulder.

"Mom, open the door. I heard your phone." I pitch my voice low and speak slowly. To my ears I sounded too much like a kid trying to coax a stray dog to eat out of his hand.

I saw the curtain covering the window beside the door twitch.

"Joshua, go home. I do not want to talk to you right now."

"Mom, please open the door." I hate the way my voice cracks.

"Josh, please, please, just go away and let me think. Please." I could hear her sobs through the door.

"I can't do that, mom. I can't just leave you here like this. Let me in. Please."

The only sound came from the cars on the county road.

"Mom," I tried again. "I can't just hop on my bike and go home and leave you here. I'm worried about you. You don't sound like you're in any shape to drive and this place is a dump. You don't belong here."

With that I sat with my back to the door. I crossed my legs and leaned forward to rest on my elbows. I entertained myself by counting the drops of sweat that dripped from the tip of my nose to darken the dusty concrete.

I reached twenty-three before I heard the lock being turned. I scrambled to my feet and faced the door.

The door opened but the chain remained on. The part of mom's face I could see was a mess. One red-rimmed eye, smeared mascara, and tear-streaked cheeks. The mascara told me she had planned to go to work last night. Whatever had led her to this dump had been sudden.

"Josh, Joshie, please go home. I need to think," she whispered.

I wanted to reach through the crack and wipe away her tears, but hesitated, holding my hand to my chest. "Mom. I can't

leave you like this. You're a mess. Let me take care of you. Please, don't send me away."

Fresh tears poured down her face as she closed the door. Not a good sign. I held my breath.

A sigh heaved its way out of my chest when I heard the rattle of the chain.

The door opened and she stood there with red swollen eyes and cheeks smeared with trails of mascara. I wanted to grab her up and run far away from this place. The motel. The town. The fucking state.

I wanted to pick her up and protect her, take care of her, make her happy. But I just stood there. What if scooping her up in my arms only frightened her even more?

I opened my mouth but the only sound I produced was a croak. I swallowed hard and fought not to start crying.

When she reached out and took my hand, I failed. She led me to a chair near the window. I plopped down and managed to swallow my sobs even as tears continued to course down my cheeks. She took a seat on the bed opposite me.

"Why did you leave me like that, mom? Why?" My voice was thick.

I blinked my eyes rapidly. I could not believe I was crying like a kid. I'm not a little boy; I'm a man. I thought to myself.

"I thought you loved me?" I croaked.

"I do love you, Joshua. That's why I left. What I did was unforgiveable. I'm your mom. I'm the adult here. I should have stopped it. I'm so ashamed of myself."

She started to cry.

My heart stops pounding. Everything stopped.

This is how you protect her? This is how you make her feel loved and safe? By making her cry. Making her so ashamed she has to run away?

The voice in my head is relentless.

Mom wiped at her face, making an even bigger mess of her mascara, took a shuddering breath and continued.

"I'm the adult. I'm the parent. What you wanted was wrong and I was wrong to give in. I was as wrong as if you had said you wanted to set the house on fire and I let you. You're still more a kid than an adult."

I took a deep breath. The breath was shakier than I would have liked. And it would have been nice if my nose had not been dripping tears and snot.

"It may not look like it, right now, but I am a man. I've thought carefully about this. I have been running it back and forth in my mind for months. I've turned it over and over. You are not asking me to do this. I am not too young or immature to understand what other people would think. I know they wouldn't understand. I don't care. Fuck 'em."

I paused. I was about to lie and I was not used to lying to my mom.

"I know we might get hurt. That's a risk in any relationship. But I want this. Want us." I finish with the lie. "I know this is not permanent."

Mom began to shake her head before I had said more than half of what I want to say.

"No, Josh. Even if all you said is true, this is still wrong. What about the age difference? I would lose my mind if I discovered you were dating a woman my age. It's too great a difference. It would never work." She held up a hand and I closed my mouth without speaking.

"You should not waste time on something that can never last. You should be dating someone your own age. Doing this will close you off from all the things you should be doing and

learning. Forget the fact I'm your mom, your mother for God's sake, I am too old for you."

She stopped speaking and dropped her eyes to look at the floor.

"I really don't like girls my age." I shook my head. "That's not right. I like them but I don't want to date them. Maybe because they've had it so easy all their lives, I find them so, so...." I searched for the right word. "Unserious. Trivial. I don't care what they saw on Snap Chat or TikTok. They're ... boring. Even if this ends, there is no one at school I'm interested in being more than friends with."

I took a chance and moved to sit beside her on the bed.

"If someone my age comes along who interests me, I'll explore the option. I'll be off to college in a few weeks. I'm hoping there will be someone there who interests me." Another lie.

My voice is shakier than I liked as I managed to finish. "Or, if you are going to push me away in order to avoid this, then I'll stop. I don't think I could stand that. Having you as a lover would be," I paused. "Amazing. But if the idea of that means you'll force me away I wouldn't be able to stand that. I need you as a mother more than I need you as a lover."

I found myself crying again at the thought of her not being there.

I was still crying when mom leaned into me and put her arm around my shoulder. She pulled me into the bed.

She's smaller than me but somehow managed to wrap me up in her arms.

She held me until I cried myself to sleep.

So, much for showing her what I man I was.

Fuck.

†

I don't think I slept long. My face was still wet when I woke. My head was cradled against mom's chest.

I did my best to breathe her in without being obvious. I was afraid she would pull away if she knew I was awake.

I burrowed my head deeper between her breasts, murmuring as I did so.

I could feel her heartbeat against my cheek. I listened to the soft susurrus sound of her breathing.

I didn't care what society thought or anyone said. This is where I belonged. This is where she belonged.

I turned slightly and nuzzled the middle of her chest. The hand nestled in my hair tensed, then began to stroke my hair.

I tilted my head upwards. Pressing my nose against her throat I breathed her in before kissing the hollow spot at the base.

She sighed. Her hand tugged at my hair. I put a hand on her hip. I pressed against her with my nose and my hand, encouraging her to roll onto her back.

Instead, she rolled away and sat up on the far side of the bed.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "Don't go. Don't leave. Please."

My mom took a deep breath and sighed. "If we're going to do this, and it is still a big if Joshua, don't forget that fact please, it won't be in some shit hole rattrap like this. Come on. Let's go home."

I shot across the bed and wrapped an arm around her holding her against my chest.

"Oh, thank God. You fucking scared me, mom."

"If, IF this continues, call me Janice. At least when we're alone."

With that she stood up and went into the bathroom. I sat there watching her pack up her few toiletries. She washed her face. She looked less a mess when she returned.

"Is that all you wore? Shorts and tennis shoes?"

"I was losing my mind, mo...Janice. Give me a break."

"Go wash your face, Joshua, so we can get outta here."

"For someone who doesn't want me to call her mom you sure ordered me around like one." I smiled.

She didn't.

I got up and washed my face.

†

I felt almost normal after washing my face. I managed to wedge my bike in the trunk of mom's car while she checked out.

I could see she was pissed when she got into the car.

"What happened?" I asked as she started the car.

"Asshole clerk. All leers and snide innuendos. What a dick. I'll ask Mel to ban him from the bar."

"Mel, says you're fired."

Mom gave a short bark of a laugh. "Right. I should be that lucky."

The drive home was silent. Without asking, mom pulled into the McDonald's on the edge of town. I was starved. She rolled her eyes as I ordered a sausage McMuffin breakfast with a large Coke and two breakfast burritos. She settled for her usual single Egg McMuffin.

Mom parked and grabbed her stuff. I closed the garage door, then followed mom into the house. I sat the McD's bag on the table and poured her a cup of coffee.

It felt like the morning had lasted a year, but it had not even been long enough for the coffee to get cold.

Mom nibbled at her sandwich. I scarfed down mine, then doused my burritos with real hot sauce, not that pansy assed shit from McD's. Mom rolled her eyes.

"You'll make yourself sick eating so fast," she observed.

I shook my head. "No way, stomach like a horse." I hesitate, then went for it. "Cock like a horse too." I added with a wink.

Mom, Janice, stared at me then shook her head.

I was almost done with my hashbrown before mom finished her single little sandwich.

I took a giant gulp of my Coke and then reached for one of Janice's hands.

"I meant everything I said. I think we can be lovers and you can still be my mom. But if you don't think so, I want you as my mom more than as a lover. I don't want to lose you. Understand?"

"Josh, Joshua, how can this be right?" Janice's voice was soft, and I had to strain to hear it.

"I don't know. Most of the time, for most people it isn't right. But I can't feel ashamed of what we did. I can't. It felt right to me. But if it doesn't to you, then we should stop. I can't lose you over this."

She stood up, holding on to the table for support.

"I'm tired, Joshua. Exhausted. I don't think I slept at all last night. I'm too tired to think. I'm going to lie down. I need to sleep, have to sleep before I can process this."

"Of course," I replied, touching the back of her hand. "Of course. You look beat. Go to bed. I'll take care of lunch and supper. You sleep."

She nodded, hesitated, then tousled my hair.

Her bedroom door closed. The click of the latch sounded horrendously loud in the quiet house.

I sat at the kitchen table, ignoring the breakfast debris, thinking.

†

Janice had never left this utterly exhausted in her life, not even when Joshua was an infant and she was working two jobs and dealing with the psychopath she had married.

Her eyes burned. She was nauseated. Her back and legs ached. Her head throbbed. She understood now what was meant by 'bone tired'.

Despite her exhaustion, sleep eluded her.

This has to stop. She would tell herself and roll over to go to sleep.

Before she could re-arrange her pillow, she had changed her mind.

Joshua is right. It was his idea. We aren't hurting anyone. I've missed feeling wanted, feeling loved in the way a man loves a woman.

No! You're sick!

In desperation, she yanked open the drawer of the bedside table and grabbed the bottle of Tylenol PM she kept there. She took three - fuck the recommended dosage - dry swallowing them to avoid risking running into Josh while getting a glass of water.

She eventually slept and woke to vague memories of bizarre dreams. She felt hungover. She always did after taking Tylenol PM, which is why she rarely took it. She laid there, feeling only minimally less shitty than she had before sleeping. She wondered what time it was.

She had drawn the heavy curtains over the sole bedroom window. The room was dark and offered no clue as to the time. Her phone served as her clock and her phone was in her purse and her purse was in the kitchen. She rolled to the side of the bed and stood up, stifling a groan and feeling old. Very old.

She crossed to the window and pull the curtain back. It was dark. Well, I slept for a while at least. How long?

She listened for the sound of the TV and heard nothing. She listened for the sound of Josh moving about the house. Nothing. She crossed to the door and open it slowly. The hall and living room were wreathed in darkness.

She tiptoed her way to the kitchen. A faint light from the garage's dusk-to-dawn light illuminated the kitchen. The clock on the stove read 3:42.

"That was some nap," she whispered to herself. She opened the fridge and pulled out the Brita pitcher and poured a glass of water. She drank it in one long draft. She poured a second glass before refilling the filter reservoir with tap water and returning the pitcher to the refrigerator.

She was hiding back to her bedroom when she noticed a note tucked beneath the saltshaker. She stepped to the table and picked up the note.

Janice,

I didn't want to wake you for dinner.

I made lasagna. It's in fridge.

If you don't want to mess with warming something there is a ham and cheddar sandwich in the fridge as well.

Love you,

Josh

Her eyes filled with tears. At the same time, she realized she was ravenous. She returned to the refrigerator and found the sandwich. She freed it from the zip lock bag and took a huge bite as she made her way to the cupboard. She opened the door, praying Josh had not eaten all the Doritos and whispered a silent thank God when she saw the gaudy red package.

She removed the clip from the top of the bag and pour some out into a bowl as quietly as she could. She resealed the bag, took another bite of her sandwich and crossed back to the kitchen table.

She ate the remainder of her early morning snack more slowly. She read and re-read Josh's note. Finished, she drank the last of the water in her glass and put the glass and bowl in the sink. She opened the tap just a smidge and rinsed the Dorito powder from her fingertips.

She debated brushing her teeth as she walked down the hall toward her bedroom. She excused herself from the task, telling herself she didn't want to wake Josh, but knowing that was a lie. Now that she had eaten a cloud of fatigue had again settled over her.

She crawled back into bed, pulled the sheet up to her waist and drop off to sleep.

Somewhere between the tumult of her dreams and finding Josh's note, she had reached a decision.

Chapter 3

Mom was still asleep when I woke up. For the second morning in a row, I refrained from jerking off and falling back asleep. I wondered if this was to be my new morning ritual - wake up, not jerk off and wonder if I had frightened my mother away.

I paused at her door before I hit the toilet. I could hear her breathing. She didn't snore but when she was really asleep her breathing was deep and heavy.

I had to remind myself it was Monday. A week's worth of drama, or more, had been compressed into the last forty-eight hours. I was about to start my final week of high school. It had not felt real yet.

I reviewed my schedule for the day and grabbed my phone. I dialed the office, my mom worked there so I had the number memorized since I was, I don't know, six years old probably.

The phone went to voicemail. There would not be anyone in the office for another twenty minutes.

"Hi, Maggie." Maggie was the other admin in the office. "It's Josh. I'm calling in for mom and me. We've both got some kind of freakin' nasty stomach bug. She's in the bathroom right now puking. If you need her to confirm call back. Uh, thanks. Bye. Josh. Josh Shepard. Shit. Sorry. You know that."

I disconnected the call, pleased with myself. I thought my just-woke-up voice helped me do a first-class job of pretending not

only to be sick,, but also as a dorky, mumbling student asked by his mom to call the sick line.

I started some bacon frying and then got the coffee going. I was about to fry a couple of eggs when I heard a loud, "shit, shit, shit!" coming from mom's room. I turned off the stove and hurried down the hall.

"M...Janice, you, okay?" I called after knocking with one knuckle against the cheap, hollow-core door.

"I overslept. I'm going to be late."

I heard the bed creak through the door.

"Don't sweat it. I already called and left a message for Maggie. I told her we both have a stomach bug and won't be in today."

"Josh, you shouldn't skip school," she scolded.

I snorted. "I have five days left. I have a 3.92 GPA and there will be no real work or learning this week anyway. We need a day to recover."

I stepped back as the bedroom door opened.

"Fine, but I have a ton of work to do. Graduation is in a week and the school year ends ten days after that. There is a boatload of data to be forwarded to the district. I should..."

I held a finger to her lips. Even with her eyes dark with fatigue, hair akimbo and no makeup, she was beautiful.

"Shh, you need to have something to eat. And then you should probably go back to bed." I grinned. "You're kind of a mess, lady."

Instinctively, she reached up and tried to tame her hair with her hands and my grin widened. She dropped her hands and then smacked me, hard on the upper arm.

"Don't be a brat, Josh."

I laughed but my laugh died when her eyes dropped.

I was only wearing briefs. The tight boxer style briefs I loved because they showed off my dick.

She was looking at my dick. My hardon had faded after my morning pee but my cock, more of shower than a grower, was easily visible beneath the tight fabric.

I started to get hard.

My own eyes dropped to Janice's chest. She wore a ratty old tee-shirt of mine as a nightshirt. I could see her nipples harden beneath the cotton.

She looked up and our eyes locked. I saw the heat I had seen Saturday morning when she had been pressed up against the kitchen wall.

I grabbed her behind the neck and pulled her face to mine. Her arms went around my waist as I drove my tongue between her lips.

Fuck morning breath. Just fuck it.

I grabbed the bottom of her tee shirt and pulled it up. We broke our kiss long enough to pull the shirt over her head and drop it to the floor. She stumbled backward. I followed, lips pressed hard against hers, hands clenched to her ass.

We reached the foot of the bed, changed course slightly, and then she was lying back on the bed, feet on the floor. I was between her open legs, bending over, pressing my now hard cock onto her pussy, reveling in its heat, kissing her.

Her kisses were wild, fervid. Her hands yanked at my hair.

After a moment her hands went to my chest, and she pushed me away. Sitting up on the edge of the bed, her hands groped for the waistband of my briefs, and she yanked them down. My cock sprang free, slapping hard against my belly.

Mom, Janice, bent and took my cock in her mouth before I could react. I let her suck me a few times then put my hands on her face and lifted her head.

"Please, baby," she began but I put my finger on her lips again.

"First you." I insisted, urging her with my hands to lie back on the bed.

I dropped to my knees and lifted her legs to rest atop my shoulders.

"Josh, I haven't showered," she protested.

I shrugged and then engulfed her pussy with my mouth. Her musk was strong, powerful but she did not smell bad. I wiggled my tongue between her lips and pushed it deep into her cunt.

She moaned, clutching at my hair.

I fucked her with my tongue, moved up to suck her rock-hard nub and then went back to tongue-fucking her. The second time I nipped at her clit she stiffened.

I shot to my feet, grabbed beneath her ass and lifted her, sliding her toward me. I had to let go with one hand to guide my cock into her pussy before grabbing her ass again.

I held her there, her ass resting on my thighs, legs wrapped around my waist, with only her shoulders and head still on the bed.

"Fuck me, baby. Fuck me. I'm so close."

She need not have asked twice.

I rose up on my toes and fucked her, fucked Janice, fucked my mom, as hard, as fast and as deep as I could.

The sound of flesh on flesh was so loud my ears rang. Or perhaps that was due to Janice's cries.

She was incoherent. Grunts. Gasps. Moans.

I was no better.

Our desire had reduced us to a more primeval state. And not simply in regard to speech.

As with the first time we fucked, we were rutting, not making love. Making love would happen later. Now we dripped sweat and grunted; lust and desire drove thought from our minds.

Janice's legs spasmed around my waist. She began to bounce up and down on my cock. Her moans rose in pitch to become a keening wail.

My cock expanded. My balls contracted. I pushed deep inside her and came.

Janice bucked, stilled, cried out, bucked some more. This seemed to go on for a very long time.

She grabbed my head with both hands, using my hair to pull my face to hers. Her kisses, at first wild, grew gentler.

Regaining a semblance of control we wiggled, my cock still inside her, back onto the bed.

I dropped my head to her shoulder, panting.

We laid there, panting, holding each other until my cock softened.

My cock slipped from her but remained nestled in her wet heat.

†

Sometime later, without speaking, we both stirred and stood. My cock and thighs glistened. Janice's thighs glistened. A trail of clear liquid began to snake out of her pussy and down her left thigh.

We took our time in the shower, washing, caressing, kissing. I was hard again before we finished.

As I sit here, thinking back I cannot help but yearn for my youth.

We dried off. I think I shocked Janice when, instead of going into my bedroom to dress, I walked naked to the kitchen.

The bacon I had started looked disgusting, encased in a pool of congealed grease. I scraped the mess into the trash and started over.

Mom, also naked, came into the kitchen with two hand towels that she put on our chairs. She walked to the small kitchen panty and retrieved an apron.

"One does not fry bacon, or anything that pops for that matter, naked," she offered as she handed the apron to me.

It felt sexy, wearing an apron with no clothes on, knowing the woman you love is looking at your bare ass.

Mom poured a cup of coffee and sat down at the table. When I cracked the eggs into the pan she rose and put bread into the toaster. She buttered it when it popped up. I sat her plate - one egg, two strips of bacon - in front of her. Then sat down with mine - two eggs and five strips of bacon.

We ate in silence.

I sopped up the last of the yolk with a bit of toast, chewed it with relish and then leaned back in my chair.

"I like sitting naked with you," I said as Janice sipped her coffee. She nodded.

"I used to enjoy skinny-dipping and sunbathing nude." She added after setting down her coffee cup.

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Wow, where?"

"Not that far away, actually. Just across the line into Indiana." She named a state park.

"No shit. Did Nana every know about that?"

Janice snorted. "Christ, no. I can't imagine the looks and sighs that would have earned me." She picked her cup back up but paused, peering at me over the rim of the cup. "Want to check it out?"

I admit, I was taken aback by the suggestion. "Today?"

"Why not? You called and said we won't be in. The weather is supposed to be nice. School is not out yet so the park shouldn't be busy. We can pack a lunch and be there in an

hour, hour and a quarter. I don't work tonight and neither do you."

"Well, hell, let's do it." I agreed jumping to my feet. "I'll do the dishes quick while you get ready."

"Okay, then I'll pack lunch while you get ready. I'll bring sunscreen but you bring your own beach towel."

I nodded my head in agreement and mom headed toward her room. I did my best to call her Janice but in my head she would always 'mom'.

It did not take long to get ready. I carried my backpack, mom's tote, and the cooler to the car while she locked the house up. Mom knew the way, so I hopped in the passenger seat and away we went.

"Mo-Janice, should we stop and get condoms?"

I knew mom was not on birth control pills. Years earlier, I had found her diaphragm while snooping in her bedroom. She had not been using it with us. I did not want to use condoms. I had no experience with them, but I loved the feel of my bare cock in her pussy.

Besides, I had discovered the idea of my filling her pussy with my sperm turned me on.

She shook her head. "I have an implant." She took one hand off the wheel and pointed to the inside of her left arm. She frowned. "It's probably time to have it replaced. Remind me to check when we get home."

I nodded, relieved we would not have to fuck with condoms, and I could continue to watch my semen leak out of her pussy.

As always, I fell asleep before we were out of town. I woke when the car slowed to turn into the entrance of the park. I e jumped out, used a stubby pencil to scribble our license plate number on a pocket-sized manila envelope, cram five bucks in it and stuff it into the collection box.

When I got back in, mom drove to the far end of the campgrounds. I saw only three tents and they were in the campground closest to the lake. At the end of the farthest parking lot, mom parked. We grabbed our stuff, and she led us to an overgrown path.

"Wow," she breathed. "It's still here. Amazing." She turned to me. "The path leads to a cove. There's a stream that enters the lake there. The outlet to the lake is too small for anything bigger than a kayak or canoe." I could hear the excitement in her voice. "The cove is surprisingly large and deep, surrounded by trees with a good-sized patch of grass along the sunny side. It's perfect, or was anyway, for nude sunbathing."

"Cool, let's check it out."

We followed the trail for a quarter mile and there it was. Mom stopped, looking around, face alight, looking younger than ever. "Oh my God," she gasped. "It hasn't changed a bit. It's like we've stepped back in time."

I pulled her close with one arm and kissed her temple. "Good, I'm glad it makes you happy. Shall we?" I pointed to the sunny patch of grass. She shook her head.

"Better get closer to the trees, where the shade will cover us before too long. I'll be okay but I don't want you getting sunburnt."

She was right. She took after Nana. Both Nana's parents were from Italy, southern Italy, near Naples. She had married a half-Italian man, making mom three-quarters Italian. She had Nana's black hair and black eyes. She was an amazing tanner. Ten minutes in the sun and her skin looked like well-oiled mahogany with nary a freckle to be seen.

My sperm donor's family were Swedes. Thank God I didn't look like him, but my skin and hair were more Nordic than Italian. I tanned, but I also burned easily if I wasn't careful.

My body had not seen sun for months and my butt and cock, never. I nodded. "Sunburning my junk does not sound like fun."

Mom laughed. "I burned my nipples once. Let me tell you, that sucked."

We spread out the towels and stretched out on our backs. The sun felt amazing. How had I lived for almost nineteen years and never appreciated the glory of the sun's warmth on my naked skin?

A slight breeze, blowing in from the lake, wafted over me. It started at my feet and a delightful chill rolled over my body. It felt so good I chuckled.

"What's so funny?" mom asked.

"Nothing. The sun. The breeze. It's so fucking amazing I had to chuckle. I don't want to wear clothes ever again."

It was mom's turn to chuckle. "Good luck with that." She was quiet for a few moments. "It does feel good though, doesn't it? I had forgotten how nice this is."

"Can we come again?"

"Sure, but in a few more weeks it will be a lot more crowded. Means there is more of a risk someone will recognize us."

"There are nudist families, aren't there?"

Mom snorted. "Sure, just not around here. And the preferred term is 'naturist' not 'nudist'."

I must have drowsed because when I opened my eyes I was lying in the shade. It was far from cold, even with the breeze off the lake, but I missed the feel of the sun on my skin. The shade had engulfed mom's left arm and part of her chest.

The line separating shade from sun angled across her left breast and nipple. My dick was hard. It was almost always hard when I woke up. I lacked a father or older brother to ask if this was normal. Seeing the way sun and shadow added artistry to the beauty of mom's breast made my dick harder still.

"The polite thing to do, young man, is to roll onto your stomach."

The voice startled me so badly, I let loose a yelp and sat straight up. I turned to the voice.

An older woman was smoothing out a large towel on the grass not too far from my mom. She was already naked.

I was so surprised to discover we were not alone I gaped at the woman.

She tsked me. I don't think I had been tsked since I stopped going to reading hour at the library before I started kindergarten.

"Young man, clothed or unclothed, it is also not polite to stare. You are young, and no doubt quite proud of your penis. I

retain enough memories of young men to understand you have no control over your erection, but naturist etiquette suggests, nay requires, you to roll over and bury it in the sand as some say. Lacking a beach, I suggest you simply roll onto your stomach."

As the older woman made herself comfortable on her towel, I realized mom was laughing silently. The older lady pulled a book out of the bag that sat beside the rug and began to read.

"Josh, Ms. Porter is correct. You should not stare. Never take photos. Nothing remotely sexual, meaning erections should be concealed."

"Excuse me, but do I know you?" the older woman, presumably Ms. Porter asked.

"I grew up in Afton. You were the librarian. The first time I ran into you here, I was a student and mortified you would recognize me." Mom sat up and held out her hand. "Janice Brugi."

"Of course, Janice. Carla's daughter, yes?" Mom nodded. "Carla mentioned you had a son. Is this strapping youngster yours?"

I was shitting myself, but mom never turned a hair.

"Yes. This is Josh. He stumbled onto some old photos his father took once, when we were here." She turned to me. "No

photos. Remember that." She turned back to Ms. Porter. "He was intrigued by the idea, and I decided to introduce him to the joys of being a naturist."

"Good for you, Janice. Good for you." She looked past mom at me. "I don't suppose you're gay, are you?"

I shook my head.

"Pity. My grandnephew is and he is desperately lonely. The dating pool for young gay men is miniscule in Afton." She peered at me again, dropping her head toward her right shoulder. "Bisexual, perhaps?"

Mom was laughing out loud now.

I shook my head. "No, ma'am," I choked out.

Ms. Porter sighed and turned to her book.

I decided a swim was in order. The shock of finding we had company, along with the back and forth of the conversation had cured me of my erection problem. I rose from the towel with as much dignity as I could muster and made my way toward the lake.

The water felt as amazing on my skin as the sun.

Chapter 4

I floated on my back. The warmth of the sun on my front warred with the coolness of the water on my back. The breeze sent goosebumps rippling over my skin. Glorious. I returned to my towel and was sitting before it occurred to me; I was not the least bit self-conscious being nude.

Mom rose and took my place in the lake. I stood and turned my back to the sun. I sat cross-legged with my arms resting on my legs, my hands hanging loosely between them. I bowed my head, letting the sun dry my neck.

"Careful, Joshua. The sun feels good but a sunburn will not."

I raised my head. Ms. Porter had marked her place with a bookmark and put the book aside. She was looking at me.

"Yes, ma'am. I minute or two more and I'll scoot back into the shade." I pointed with my chin. "What are you reading?"

"A Farewell to Arms," she replied, holding the book up so that I could see the cover.

"Brutal ending," I said.

"You've read it?" I nodded. "For class?" she continued. I laughed.

"No. It's over twenty-five pages, far too long for a generation raised on social media. The Old Man and the Sea was all they dared force us to read. I loved it so I checked out a few of his other works."

Ms. Porter frowned. "I only work parttime now but I see plenty of young people reading, surely things aren't as dire as all that?"

"Isn't it pretty to think so?" I replied with a grin.

She smiled back. "Now you're showing off."

I confessed with a shrug.

"It's a great pity your mother never went to college. She was a voracious reader as a child. I waived the check-out limit for her."

"I keep hoping she'll go back," I admitted. "She should be a principal or superintendent not an administrative assistant to a man with half her brains."

Ms. Porter nodded. "True, but Janice did what women have always done. She endured. Did what she had to do. No shame in that."

"I'm not ashamed of her," I protested. "I'm in awe of her. I regret she never had the opportunity to explore, to see what more she could do and be."

Ms. Porter nodded again. "We are both, I fear, being a bit presumptuous. We are assuming Janice would wish to have a different life. Perhaps what she wished to be is exactly what she became. People, my sister especially, often assume, or flatly state, that I must be lonely or that I must regret never marrying, having children. I find it irksome on the best of days, yet here I sit doing the same. Shame on me."

I turned to look at mom. She was swimming short laps back and forth across the cove. Had I decided she must not be happy, must not be satisfied, because I could not imagine being so if I had been in her shoes? After all, they were her shoes, not mine.

I racked my brain trying to recall mom saying anything about not being content with her life, unhappy with her life, even. Of course, she would never say such things to me. Did she act sad? Act unsatisfied?

I admitted to myself, she did not.

What was I saving her from? How could I make her feel whole, feel like a complete woman, if she already felt like a whole woman?

Was I saving her or trapping her? Drawing her closer, binding her more tightly to me than she already was. I had always wondered if she hadn't dated because she was afraid of how I would react.

Was I proving she would have been right to worry? Was I making it even harder for her to put enough distance between us to have her own life?

I learned early in life not to play poker. I wear my emotions on my sleeve, as they say.

"Joshua, are you okay?" Ms. Porter asked. I could feel her peering at me, though my eyes remained fixed on mom.

"Uh, yeah, I'm fine. Too much sun. You're right," I managed to croak before I moved my towel into the shade and stretched out on my stomach. I rested my head on folded arms. My face turned away from Ms. Porter.

The stillness of my body gave lie to the turmoil inside my skull.

I pretended to be asleep when mom returned from her swim. I was peripherally aware of the two of them chatting but nothing from the conversation penetrated the whirlwind of arguments and recriminations roiling my brain.

I was vaguely aware of Ms. Porter saying she was going to take a dip in the lake. I would be left alone with mom. A few hours ago, the thought would have filled me with joy and a healthy dollop of desire. Now, it filled me with dread.

"Josh, what's wrong? I know you're not sleeping."

I could never fool mom into believing I was asleep.

I came up with nothing better than the oft used, never believed, "nothing".

She dropped a hand on the back of my leg, down low by my foot. "Uh-huh. When you're ready to talk, I'm here."

"Am I sucking away your life? Trapping you?"

"What? No, don't be ridiculous. Why would you ask such a silly thing?"

"Because you never date, you work all the time and now we're...you know. It occurred to me I'm like a vampire, sucking your life away from you, keeping you from something better."

"Baby, I did date, but nothing ever clicked. Unlike your father, the men I dated weren't batshit crazy, but still, there was never anyone worth the effort of pursuing. That had zero to do with you. What brought this on?"

"Nothing in particular. I simply realized that instead of fulfilling you, I might be smothering you. Did I blackmail you into this with all my blubbering and whining?"

"No," she replied, slapping the side of my leg for good measure. "You were very clear if this was too much for me, we did not have to go on, that you'd rather keep me as a mother. How is that blackmail? You both gave me the choice and promised to support whatever choice I made."

She patted my leg. "Sweetheart, you convinced me you've thought about this like an adult. Like an adult you gave me room to make up my own mind. You..."

"But I didn't," I interrupted. "I didn't give you room. I stalked you to your hotel and forced you to let me in." I still had not turned to look at her.

"That's true," she replied after a pause. "On the other hand, I was not adult enough to tell you I need time and some space. I just ran off. Not very mature on my part. You forced me to listen to your side. You forced me to face the truth of what had happened and what I wanted to do about it. Don't misunderstand, I don't mean 'forced' as in coercion of any kind, but rather you would not allow me to ignore the situation."

She patted my ankle again. "Honey, I'm glad you're thoughtful enough to worry but on this one I think you're being too hard on yourself." Her hand left my ankle and I heard her moving away.

"I don't know about you but I'm starved. I'm going to grab a sandwich. You want one?"

A moment ago my stomach would have recoiled at the thought of eating. Now? Now, it growled loudly. I rolled over and sat cross-legged on my towel. "Yes, please."

"Ham or tuna?"

"Whichever one you don't want. I like both." I was not being noble. I did like both.

"Well, knowing your appetite, I brought two of each. So, ham or tuna?"

"Tuna."

She tossed me the sandwich. I was in the process of setting it down beside me when she tossed a bag of Cheddar and Sour Cream Ruffles that hit me on the side of head. Her laughter confirmed she had intended to hit me in the head. I pretended to glare at her.

She laughed harder.

"I'll get my own soda, thanks." I rose and crossed to the cooler and grabbed a can of Coke.

"Oh, honey, you know I'd never hit you with a can of soda."

I gave her a look as I walked back to my towel. "Do I?" I asked.

"I saw the entire incidence, Josh," Ms. Porter called as she padded her way toward her blanket. "As a librarian I am required by law to report any suspicions of child abuse to the authorities."

My heart was already crawling into my throat when I caught the twinkle in her eye. Mom just laughed.

"Ms. Porter, would you like a sandwich? Ham? Tuna?"

"No thank you, Janice. I'll sit for a few minutes to dry off, then head home."

Mom nodded. I finished my sandwich and opened the bag of chips. I stared at one before popping it into my mouth.

"I get why the British might call a 'chip' a 'crisp'," I said, careful to avoid spraying stray bits of chip as I spoke. "But a French fry, does not look like a chip. A chip is round and flat, like a coin. Or a poker chip. I cannot wrap my head around calling a fry, a chip."

I shrugged. "Call them fries or call them chips, in either case it is a wonderful thing to do to a potato."

Ms. Porter rose and pulled a sun dress over her head. She folded up her towel and stowed it, and her book, in her bag.

"It was lovely to see you again, Janice," she offered turning to go.

"Ms. Porter?" mom called.

"Yes?"

"Uh, please don't mention seeing me here to my mom."

Ms. Porter smiled. "By here, do you mean at the park, or do you mean being nude at the park?"

"The later," mom replied.

"Of course, dear. I suspected that was the case. Lovely to meet you Josh."

"A Farewell to Arms or The Sun Also Rises, which would you rather have stranded on a desert island?" I asked before she could turn away.

"Am I restricted to American authors?" I shook my head. "Would you, perhaps, allow a trilogy to be treated as a single work?" I considered for a moment then nodded. Without hesitation Ms. Porter answered.

"The Old Filth trilogy by Jane Gardam. Why she never caught on with readers in the United States is beyond me. Wonderful writer. Do you know her?"

I shook my head.

"I expect that state of affairs to have been corrected before we meet again." She looked at mom. "I do hope we shall meet again."

"I would like that," mom replied. "Summers are fairly slow for me." She looked at me. "Josh? You afraid to be seen with your mother at a naturist beach?"

"No, I am not," I answered firmly.

"Barring uncooperative weather, I'm usually here most afternoons, Sunday through Wednesday. I cover the library Thursday through Saturday to allow the fulltime staff to enjoy long weekends."

"We'll keep an eye peeled," I told her, waiting to see her response.

"Puns are the lowest form of humor, Josh, really." She tried to sound gruff, but her eyes were smiling.

Mom looked confused.

"Peel off clothes. Eyes peeled." Ms. Porter offered by way of explanation before turning with a wave and heading down the path leading to the parking lot.

"Oh, that is awful," mom groaned.

†

After we re-packed our stuff into mom's car she paused, resting her butt on the trunk lid. She retrieved her phone from the pocket of her shorts, then looked at me.

"Would you mind if I check on mom? We're so close. I feel guilty at least not checking to see if she's home and free for a quick visit."

"Sure," I replied. I loved Nana. I thought she was a hoot. Mom, having grown up with Nana's sighs and passive-aggressive observations, had a more complicated view of her mother. For me, the fact Nana always had home-made cookies on hand overcame any number of negatives.

She hit the dial button and I wandered away to give her some privacy. It was impossible to have a phone conversation with Nana that lasted less than ten minutes. It was like the fourth law of matter or energy or something. Einstein or Planck wrote a paper on it. Trust me.

I had time to trudge over to the outhouse. It was locked. I shrugged and peed into the bushes. When I returned mom was putting her phone away. I could see the conversation had left her as frazzled as all her calls to Nana tended to do.

"Let me guess," I offered. "She wondered why you hadn't called earlier. The house was 'in a state'. She had planned to go to either the grocery store, get gas or get her hair done. Then when you said we'd make it another time she expressed wonderment at how you could be 'so silly' as to suggest such a thing. She would always have time for her daughter and grandson."

I smiled at mom's wry grin. Or perhaps it was a grimace.

I continued. "You know she's shittin' kittens we're coming to visit. She can't say so without feeling vulnerable. You might abandon her like your dad." I turned to mom. "Wow, your dad, my dad. I'm starting to think it's a good thing I'm a dude. The women in your family have a defective gene when it comes to picking men."

Does that include me? Is mom making another mistake? The thought raced through my head before my words finished exiting my mouth.

"You'd think I would have learned something, wouldn't you?" mom replied, opening the car and climbing behind the wheel.

It was only a twenty-minute drive to Nana's. She fussed over how much I had grown. I had not. She was so excited about graduation next weekend. She put on her I disapprove but won't say so look when she learned I was skipping school today.

She would outlive my mom by five years, but I have yet to determine whether Nana imagined she was being kind by not saying out loud what her facial expressions made so clear. For the most part I chose to believe she didn't realize how easy it was to read her face. Like me, she would have been a terrible poker player.

I was in luck, oatmeal-chocolate chip cookies. Whole milk. not the non-fat mom preferred. Even mom relaxed after a cup of tea. She and Nana did not get cross with each other. They laughed as Nana recounted the latest tales of absurdity afflicting life in small town America. Neighbors would stab you in the back and then quite happily give the shirt off their own to staunch the wound. I was on the verge of escape. Eighteen-year-old Joshua would have hooted in disbelief if told him one day he would return. Eighteen-year-old me thought only of escape.

And of Janice.

†

Mom declined Nana's offer to stay for supper. She wanted to get home before dark. She was tired and wanted to get a good night's sleep.

All true.

I knew the way home from Nana's and mom accepted my offer to drive. Stopping at Nana's had not been much of a detour. We would be home in half an hour. One perk of rural life - no rush hour traffic.

The warmth of the afternoon was already leaking away by the time we left Nana's. There was no need for the A/C; we drove with the windows down. The early spring air smelled wonderful. A living, vibrant green smell. In a few more weeks

the summer heat would burn away that smell and replace it with one of parched earth and dust.

"It was a good day, huh?" I asked, shouting a bit to be heard over the rush of the wind.

"It was a wonderful day. It's been ages since I visited with mom and left in a good mood."

I nodded and reached over to hold her hand. She took it and leaned over the center console to rest her head on my upper arm. The wind wiped her hair into my face; I did not mind at all.

The faint smell of the lake mingled with the scent of spring. I twisted my neck and managed to kiss the top of her head. She squeezed my hand.

I tried to focus on the road. Honest to God, I did.

And I succeeded, but that didn't stop my cock. The warmth of mom's cheek on my arm, the feel of her hand in mine, the smell of her hair. Any one of the three would have been enough in those days. Who am I kidding? Nothing was required to get me hard in those days.

At first, I thought she was ignoring, or perhaps had not noticed, the growing tent in my shorts.

When her index finger stroked the bulge beneath my shorts, I knew I had been mistaken. She had noticed and was not ignoring.

I wondered, briefly, if I should stop her. The day had been fantastic. Compared with the day before, it had been beyond 'fantastic'. I feared we were tempting fate.

But then her finger began to move over my boner and fear lost out to desire.

"That feels good," I commented, shifting slightly in the seat.

Mom said nothing. Her finger continued to stroke my cock. I felt myself grow harder with every beat of my heart. Her touch was maddeningly light. I did my best not to squirm.

Her hand moved and she pulled at the drawstring of my shorts. Her hand moved beneath the waistband. Warm, soft fingers wrapped around my cock. Unbidden, a low moan escaped my lips only to be swept out the window to join the spring air.

It was difficult to stroke me, with her arm confined as it was by the waistband of my shorts. I wanted to lift my butt and pull them down. At the same time, I did not want to appear too demanding.

Thirty years later and I still have trouble navigating the line between openness regarding one's wants and fear of appearing too demanding.

Like the amazing lover she was, my quandary was resolved when she tugged at the waistband of my shorts. I lifted my butt. She tugged my shorts down to mid-thigh and I sat my bare ass back down onto the scratchy fabric of the car seat.

I still recall that. The itchiness of the car seat. Despite the wave of excitement that broke over me when she took my cock in her mouth.

I pushed my back against the seat, raising my butt, pushing my cock into her mouth.

She did not protest.

I forced my body to relax and my mind to pay attention to the road as her mouth and hand began to move over the shaft of my cock.

I groaned, as much with embarrassment as with passion, when I came in less than a minute. Mom slowed her strokes and waited patiently for me to finish. She held me in her mouth as my cock softened.

"I'm sorry," I panted when she pulled away and rested her cheek on my shoulder. Her hand cupped my cock.

"For what?"

"For cumming so fast, like a freakin' little kid."

She laughed. "Josh, honey, I was sucking your dick. It makes no difference to me when you cum. I should probably thank you. You saved me from a sore jaw."

"Does my cum taste bad? Should I warn you before I cum? Do you need me to stop so you can get a soda out of the back?"

"No sweetheart. It doesn't taste bad. I can't say it tastes good but it doesn't bother me." Her head left my arm as she pulled back to look at me. "You've never tasted your semen?"

"No," I gasped, surprised. I had never considered doing so. "I taste my precum sometimes, when I jerk off, when I lick my hand for lube."

"That's probably close I would imagine." Mom was quiet. A few more miles rolled beneath the tires. "I'd like to watch you masturbate."

I risked taking my eyes off the road to glance at her. "You want me to jerk off in front of you?"

She nodded. "I think it would be erotic," she added. "But I want you to do it after you haven't had an orgasm for a couple of days." Out of the corner of my eye I could see she was blushing. "I want there to be a lot of semen."

"Cum. You want to see a lot of cum when I shoot."

I swear I felt the heat from her blush.

"I'll do it. I'll go two days without cumming and then jerk off for you but you have to say - 'I want to watch you shoot a huge load, Josh'."

"Josh, baby, I want to watch you shoot a huge load of cum all over your chest and belly for me."

"Deal."

†

The thoughts mom had planted made it even harder to concentrate on the road. As we approached the town, she finally scooted back over in her own seat, leaving my limp cock to loll against my thigh.

Chapter 5

A day in the sun and a blowjob on the ride home left me totally bushed. Mom looked exhausted as well. I told her to go change while I threw something together for supper.

I re-heated the lasagna and tossed together a salad while mom showered. She returned to the kitchen with a towel around her hair and nothing else.

"I thought sexuality was verboten in naturists etiquette," I commented.

"We're at home, not the beach or a resort. Besides, you're the one making it sexual. Not my fault."

I snorted. I was too hungry to shower before eating, so I served us both. Mom had no comment when I opened two beers.

Sated, stomach-wise at least, I stood beneath the shower and rinsed away the smell of the lake. I stroked my cock a few times but kept my promise and didn't cum. I toweled off and went to the living room, nude, to watch TV.

Mom said nothing as I dropped a hand towel atop the sofa cushion and sat down beside her. We binge watched a few episodes of The Mandalorian. She ended up leaning against my side with my arm draped over her shoulders. She casually played with my cock.

I took it as evidence of my rapidly increasing maturity that I did not pull her onto my lap and fuck her.

After the third episode, I could feel her yawning against my chest.

"Let's go to bed," I suggested, kissing the top of her head.

She nodded and pulled away from me.

We stood.

We brushed our teeth. Sharing the sink as we often did.

I did not ask; I simply followed her into her room.

She did not object when I climbed in and laid down beside her. I truly intended to let her sleep but her warmth and the way she sighed when I cupped her breast, undid me.

I gently nudged her onto her back. I leaned over her on one elbow and found her mouth with mine.

She sucked at my tongue. Nipped at my bottom lip. Gaspd when my thumb found her nipple.

I was about to crawl between her legs when I had a much better idea.

I broke our kiss and stretched out on my back.

"Climb on top of me," I said, stroking her side.

She did as I asked, pressing her pussy against my erection.

"That feels so fucking amazing, Janice but don't move too much. Not if you don't want me to cum."

She nodded, then leaned over and began to brush her breasts across my chest, lightly, just her nipples. The hard little pebbles danced over my skin and I shivered with delight. She took one of her breasts in her hand and began to rub the hard nipple against my own.

I moaned. I had never played with my nipples. I had no idea what I had been missing.

She bent and took my nipple between her lips and flicked it with her tongue. Another, deeper, longer moan escaped my throat.

She bit my nipple. Not hard but I hissed in surprise. She raised her head, looking at me. I nodded. She bit again, increasing the pressure until I panted, "okay, okay, that's enough".

My cock ached. Two days? Was I insane?

Mom started toying with my other nipple. Kissing. Licking. Tugging. Biting.

She moved up slightly, rubbing her pussy on my lower belly, as she continued to lavish her attention and skill on my nipples. I found myself squirming beneath her, unable to lie still.

"Stop, mo...Janice. I'm afraid I'll cum even if you're not touching my cock," I gasped.

She stopped, leaned forward, and found my lips with hers. I adored her kisses but I put my hands around her waist and urged her forward.

I captured one of swaying breasts with my mouth. I put what she had just taught me to use. It imagined she had only done to me what she would like done to her. Her reaction confirmed my assumption was valid.

She enlaced her fingers in my hair and held my head fast to her breast, all the while rubbing her pussy over my chest.

"Harder, baby. A little harder."

My teeth closed a bit harder on her nipple. Mom reached behind her hip. Her fingers found my nipple, grasped it. Twisted. Hard. I jerked in pain, surprise. And with pleasure.

"I said harder, Josh. I'll tell you to stop if it's too much."

I bit harder, tugged harder, until she hissed, "enough".

I released her nipple with short-lived regret. I urged her forward, slipping beneath her at the same time and wiggling first one arm then the other between her legs. She knelt over my face; her knees dented the mattress on either side of my head. My hands cupped her ass cheeks.

Her pussy, rosy and dripping with excitement hovered just above my mouth.

I lifted my head and took as much of her into my hungry mouth as was humanly possible. I drove my tongue between the lips. As if breaching a levee, my mouth filled with her desire.

Greedily, I supped, nose pressed hard against her clit.

Her hands gripped my head, alternating between clutching me closer and trying to push me away. I retained enough control to ease up when she tried to push herself off my mouth.

After the initial flood, I lapped at the slow trickle of nectar, taking time to tilt my head and pay attention to her clit. All the while a thought, a new desire, tickled my brain. I hesitated. What if she found my desire disgusting? Gross?

Thirty years on and I still do not know if was courage or lust that enabled me to act.

I wiggled lower and put my mouth over her perineum, her taint as some call it. Funny that. Cock. Pussy. Cunt. None of those words bother me. Taint does. Weird but there it is.

Now my nose was pressed between her lips. My chin against her bottom. Her sphincter? Asshole?

Asshole is another word I don't care for. Same for butthole. Sphincter is even more clinical sounding than perineum. Pucker? Maybe.

My chin was pressed against her pucker as I licked and nipped at the skin between her pussy and bottom. She did not protest. She did not push herself away. The soft moans and sighs continued. Emboldened, I moved my mouth and kissed her bottom.

I kissed lightly at first, monitoring her response. She did not ask me to stop; I increased the pressure of my lips. All seemed well. I tentatively caressed the puckered skin with the tip of tongue. She tensed, then relaxed.

It was only when my tongue threatened to penetrate her bottom that she pressed against my head and whispered, "no, that's enough, baby".

When I eased the pressure of my tongue she relaxed. I felt one of her hands go between her legs as she began to rub her clit. I continued to tongue and kiss her bottom.

When she came, I feared she would crush my skull with her thighs.

My cock and balls ached. Mom's orgasm increased the flood from her pussy. She was on the verge of waterboarding me. Her bottom twitched as she came. I found that fascinating. As hard as it was to breathe in that position, I did not move, did not stop loving her body with my lips and tongue, until she pushed herself off my face and collapsed, panting, at my side.

I touched my face, awe-struck. I was soaked. I could have been mistaken for someone who had just completed a cross-country run. The front of my hair was soaked. My left ear was plugged; if I had been climbing out of a pool, I would have shaken my head, trying to clear the water out of my ear.

Not that night.

I snuffled to clear my nose and the back of my throat was filled with her. Her taste. Her scent.

Her love.

Chapter 6

Mom's panting slowed as she lay nestled along my side. I tried to memorize every sensation I had just experienced. The ache in my belly, balls and cock was a distraction. I had never had "blue balls". When I was horny, I jerked off. I assumed this was what I was experiencing. The sensation was definitely painful, yet it was also arousing in a way, promising immense rewards in the future.

Mom rolled onto her side and her eyes went to my cock then to my face.

"Honey, forget what I said. You don't have to wait two days before you cum."

I surprised myself by shaking my head. "No, I want to try." I rolled to face her. "You almost drowned me. You even got my hair wet." In the faint light I saw her blush.

"Well, what you were doing to me was pretty intense."

"You liked it?"

She snorted at the question.

"Yes, Josh. I liked it. For future reference, sweetheart, most women hate being asked some version of 'was it good for you', but yes, I liked it. Loved it. I don't think I've ever cum so hard in my life."

"Good," I whispered. "In my defense, in almost everything you read, women are complaining how men never make them cum."

"Well, that does happen. It will happen to us. Even without an orgasm women can feel good after sex. Trust me, if I don't like something you do, I'll tell you."

"What about what you do like? Will you tell me that? That's at least as important, isn't it?"

"Yeah, sure. Of course," mom answered.

I took a silent, deep breath and asked the question that was worrying me. "Did you like it when I kissed your bottom?"

After a pause, she nodded.

"I did. I would never have imagined that I would, but I did. No one has ever done that to me before." She rolled onto her back and stared at the ceiling. "Your father used to pressure me to have anal sex. I gave in once or twice. I never liked it. He never did anything like that though."

My heart sank a little. Anal was something I had been obsessing about. "No problem, we don't have to do that if you don't like it, anal I mean. Is it okay if I kiss you there?"

Another pause ensued and it dawned on me...I was not the only one figuring out how to talk about sex with my lover. It was a revelation. A deep sense of relief filled me.

"Yes, okay, I did like that. But only after a shower, so I won't worry about feeling clean," she whispered after a moment.

"Yeah, of course. I wouldn't want you to be, you know, dirty down there either."

"That was one of the problems with your father. He always sprang the idea on me. I never had time to get ready. It felt so messy and embarrassing."

Sex Education came to my rescue. It was definitely not a show I had watched with mom, though, maybe after all that had happened, we could. "You could douche first. I mean if you wanted to," I mumbled.

"Douche?"

Now I blushed, wondering what had happened to my newfound communication confidence.

"On Sex Education, the two gay characters douche before they have anal sex."

"I didn't know you watched that show," she replied. "I watched a couple of episodes. I thought the kids were too young for all the sex they seemed to be having. I don't recall them talking

about anal sex. In the United States douching is cleansing your vagina. What you're describing is an enema."

I was too embarrassed to push any further.

"Are you saying you would like to try anal?" Mom asked.

I shrugged, hoping I looked and sounded casual. "Sure, but only if you wanted to. I think most guys want to at least try it."

"You mean most guys want to do it to someone, not the other way around," she replied. "Let me think about it. Any experience involving your father should definitely not be used as a guide. Everything was so warped by his psychopathology." She turned to me. "Sorry. I try not to say bad things about your father."

"Why?" I snorted. "I don't know him. Don't remember him. Don't miss him, though I do miss having someone like a dad. I have no desire to ever meet him. Neither of us owe him a goddamn thing."

"Okay, baby, I understand. Just don't let those feelings turn into bitterness. Store them away as unfortunate facts you can do nothing about and let them be. Okay?"

"Sure. I'm not bitter. He doesn't occupy my thoughts enough to trigger bitterness. Can we not talk about him?"

"Yup, that's my favorite activity regarding your father. Not talking about him. Or even thinking about him for that matter." She glanced at my cock again. "Joshua, are you going to be able to sleep like that?"

"Yeah, I think so." Even to my own ears my reply did not sound convincing.

"I have an idea." Mom got out and walked out of the bedroom. Admiring her ass and boobs did nothing to ease the ache in my belly.

I heard the water running in the bathroom. Soon, she returned with a washcloth in her hands.

"A word of warning, this is cold," she told me as she knelt beside me on the bed. "Ready?" I nodded.

She draped the washcloth over my cock and tucked it around my balls. I let out a loud gasp. The water from the tap had never felt this cold before. I gave it a few minutes, but the ache only grew stronger.

"Maybe a warm cloth?" I wondered, rolling over and getting out of bed.

In the bathroom I managed to pee despite my boner. I ran the water until it was hot and soaked the washcloth, wrung it out and wrapped it around my cock and balls. Perhaps it was all mental, but it seemed to help.

I returned to bed and returned to my place by mom's side, lying on my back.

"Honey, I changed my mind. Let me give you another blow job or jerk you off."

I rolled over enough to kiss her, holding the still warm cloth over my cock. "Nope. I'm fine. I know it's early, but I'm beat. I'm going to go to sleep."

She kissed me back, then rolled on her side and pressed her butt against my hip. "Okay, sweetheart but if you can't sleep and need to jerk off, don't worry about it please."

I kissed the back of her shoulder by way of answering and then closed my eyes.

Wonder of wonders, as far as I could recall the next morning I had fallen right to sleep.

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When I woke my cock was hard. Of course. Mom's hand was wrapped around it. I realized I could get used to that. I had to pee. Duh. But, and it was a big but, the ache had receded from my balls and lower belly.

By the time I finished peeing, mom was tapping on the door.

"It's open," I called, wetting my toothbrush.

She hugged me from behind. Her breasts felt hot against my skin.

"Did you sleep okay, Josh?"

Mouth foamed with toothpaste, I contented myself with a nod. After rinsing, I dropped my toothbrush in the holder. "I slept great. You?"

I looked at her face in the mirror. She nodded but she looked beat.

I turned in her arms and kissed her.

"Josh, I haven't brushed my teeth," she protested.

I settled for a quick peek. "I don't really care." I cupped one cheek. "I'm calling you in sick again. You're tired. You need to rest." She opened her mouth to protest, and I put a finger over her lips. "No arguing. You can't tell me you're not wiped out."

"I am," she admitted. "But I won't be able to rest here. I'll just worry about all the shit I need to be doing at work. I'll take it easy. If I get too tired, I'll come home early."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

I nodded. "Cool, brush your teeth and then I'll shave quick, and we can shower together."

She looked worried.

"No fooling around," I reassured her. "Just a shower. We won't be late." I drew an 'X' over the middle of my chest. "Cross my heart."

"Fine," she sighed.

"Don't pretend you don't want to." I told her with a smile and another kiss.

To be honest, I did put my tongue in her mouth a few times. Ground my hardon against her ass a few times and spend more time soaping her boobs than was strictly necessary but we mostly just showered.

And I heard no complaints.

†

The entire high school was amped. A summer of no homework and sleeping in was tantalizingly close. For those of us who were seniors there was the added excitement of graduation, the fear of leaving behind the known for the unknown and the unacknowledged fear that perhaps high school really was "the best years" of our lives.

That was a terrifying thought for most of us.

I was walking on clouds but given my generally sunny nature my elation was hardly noticed. Except for Jeff, my best friend since kindergarten.

"Dude, what's up with you? You don't look like you were puking your guts up yesterday?" he asked as he took the stairs to the main entrance two at a time.

I was always early, since I rode in with mom and she had to be there before classes started. I wondered, briefly, what he would say if I told him mom and I had been fucking all weekend.

"Didn't last long. I'd blame the diner food, but mom had it too."

"Cool, but you look like you just won the Powerball or something. As my dear old granddad would say, 'you're grinnin' like a jackass eatin' catcus'. Spill? What gives?" He stopped and grabbed my arm.

"You gave in and banged Suze, didn't you?"

I shook my head. Suze was nice enough. We'd had both known her since kindergarten as well. She was seriously and openly enamored of me since she got her boobs. I am not bragging. I liked Suze but was not interested and she had become something of a pest.

"No, I did not bang Suze. Fuck, dude. Let it go."

"Why the hell not? You know she'd let you and she's fucking hot."

Jeff was right on both counts.

I shrugged and tried to change the subject. "We getting our gowns today?"

"Your mom basically runs the place. You know we're getting our cap and gowns today. Quit trying to change the subject. You definitely look like a dude who just lost his cherry. Welcome to the club by the way. Spill."

Jeff was constantly regaling me with tales of his love life. My conservative estimate was about ten percent of what he claimed might be true.

"Nothing to spill, bro. We're about to graduate. The weather hasn't turned to shit yet. It's a beautiful fucking day. That's all."

He dropped the subject, but it was clear he thought I was holding something back.

See why I never play poker?

I managed to stop thinking about mom, her face, her boobs, her ass and her pussy a couple of times but for most of the day a loop of our weekend activities played over and over in my brain. As a consequence, I spent most of the day trying to hide my boner with a book. This did not help the ache in my balls.

At a desk I worried less. Perhaps that was a mistake. Ms. Lang, Ancient Civilizations, was almost as hot as mom. My desk was in front of her desk. As I worked on filling in a worksheet she had passed out, I had, unconsciously, reached down to adjust my cock. Later, I glanced up and she was staring at my crotch.

She didn't seem to notice my glance. I wondered if I was wrong. Head bent forward but secretly watching her from beneath my eyelashes, I tightened the muscles in my crotch and made my cock strain against my jeans.

Her eyes widened. Just a bit, but there was no mistaking it.

Just what I needed. My cock strained. My balls ached. Ms. Lang tried not to stare.

And I struggled to finish the worksheet as, in my mind, a naked Ms. Lang and mom took turns sucking and licking my cock before I jerked off watching them 69 each other.

By the time I was sitting outside, waiting for mom to finish up and drive us home, the book on my lap was hiding a wet spot on the front of my jeans, along with my boner.

I fought the urge to jump up, grab mom and bury my tongue in her mouth when she pushed open the front doors to the school. I almost risked doing just that once we were inside the car. The buses were gone. No one was around. I knew it would upset her, so I didn't.

Neither of us talked on the ride home. That was unusual. Typically, mom would regale me with the absurd tales of educational bureaucracy, and I would do my best to get her to laugh over whatever ridiculousness my peers had been up to.

There was none of that. She was flushed. My cock throbbed. How the hell I would be able to make it through another night without cumming was beyond me.

Mom pulled into the detached garage. I walked, painfully and proudly, to the mailbox at the curb to get the mail. It was all junk.

Mom had dropped her keys into the bowl on the small sideboard in the kitchen, like she always did. Her purse sat beside the bowl as it always had.

Staring at them it hit me how much had changed. We were isolated over the weekend, other than the brief interactions with Nana and Ms. Porter. Today, we faced the world, pretending nothing had changed.

How the house could look unchanged after everything that had happened seemed impossible. The events of the past three days should have changed the world.

I could hear mom in her bedroom, changing. I hurried down the hall and pushed open her door.

"Josh, I'm chang..." she started to say, standing in her skirt, top off and hands reaching around to unhook her bra.

I damn near leapt across the small room and took her in my arms. I silenced her words with a kiss, my tongue, at long last, at home in her mouth.

For moment, I thought she would push me away, then her hands were in my hair and her own tongue was trying to push its way into my mouth.

My hands went behind her back and I unclasped her bra with less difficulty than I had feared. Without breaking our kiss, we pulled apart enough to let her bra fall to the floor. Then her lush, oh so very warm, boobs were pressed against my tee-shirt.

Her hands went to my crotch.

"Careful, mom. I'm so close. I want to try to wait until tomorrow night." I warned her lips still pressed to the side of her mouth.

"Oh, God, Josh I want you to fuck me, baby. I need you to fuck me," she whimpered against my cheek.

Summoning all my willpower, I stepped away.

"Take a shower, mom. Get all clean. I'll throw something together for supper. After we eat, we'll watch TV for an hour. I'll shower and then I'll make you cum as hard as yesterday."

Her face fell. "Seriously? But baby..."

I shushed her with a kiss. "This was your idea and I'm digging it. Take a shower. Don't masturbate. Promise?" She nodded. "Good. Don't dress after. Stay naked."

"What about you?"

I kissed her again.

"Don't worry about me."

†

By the time mom walked into the kitchen, her long, still dark brown hair wrapped up in a towel, I almost had supper ready. Pork chops fried with onions, green beans and the last of the deli potato salad and, of course, iced tea.

God, she was a gorgeous woman. Even at the end, the fucking cancer could not steal her beauty.

Would I have done anything different had I known what the future held?

No, I most certainly fucking would not.

"Sit, mom," I told her as I sat a glass of iced tea beside her plate. "A few more minutes and the pork chops will be done."

"It smells wonderful, Joshua. You're too good to me."

"Bullshit," I replied without turning from the stove. "You worked hard all day. You always do. I had a few hours of keep-them-busy crap at school. Relax. I can cook supper for you."

"Well, I appreciate it."

"I know you do. Just don't acted like you don't deserve it."

I plated our supper and carried the two plates to the table. After sitting them down I bent over her and kissed her. She put a hand against my hip.

"Aren't you going to undress?" she asked as I sat down.

"Not yet," I replied with a smile and a leer.

"Joshua," she said, giving me a hard look. "Are you teasing me?"

"You know what?" I replied. "I do believe I am."

And I did.

Mom insisted on doing the dishes. I leaned against one end of the counter, occasionally rubbing my cock through my jeans.

"You're going to make me break something," she protested.

I pulled off my tee-shirt.

She rinsed a plate and set it in the rack to dry.

I tugged my jeans down until the top of my pubic hair showed.

She put the second plate in the rack.

I thumbed open my jeans.

A fork. A second fork.

I unzipped my jeans, allowing the fly to open and show my bush and the base of my cock.

I stopped there and walked into the living room and turned on the TV. The 6:00 news was half over. The weather forecast was on. I focused on that, and my cock softened slightly. The wet spot on the left side of my jeans had re-appeared.

When mom walked in from the kitchen, I could see her thighs were wet.

So much for focusing on the weather forecast.

Like a proper naturist she put a small towel down on the couch and sat beside me.

"How far did you make it in Sex Education?"

"Episode four, I think," she answered softly.

I raised my arm and she settled in against my side. I let my arm rest around her shoulders.

We watched two episodes before I rose.

"Wait here. I won't be long." I told her and then kissed her again. A long lingering kiss with lots of tongue that left me aching and her moaning.

I hurried to the bathroom and retrieved the plastic basin from the closet. I filled the bottom with hot soapy water and dropped in a dark blue washcloth. I carried them, along with a hand towel to mom's room and sat them on the floor near the bed.

Mom sat on the sofa waiting. I smiled at her and held out a hand. She took it and stood.

"Joshua, what are you up to?"

"Teasing you, remember?"

With that I lifted her in my arms.

"Put me down," she squealed.

"Nope. Put your legs around me. Grab my neck."

She did as I asked. Her pussy was hot against my bare belly. Praying my jeans would not fall down around my ankles, trip me and turn my plan into a farce, I carried her down the hallway to her bedroom.

Our bedroom, I recall correcting myself.

The scent of her excitement filled the room as I lowered her to the bed. Seeing the dishpan of water sitting on the floor she raised her eyebrows.

"Nothing too crazy, mom," I reassured her as I unzipped my jeans and stepped out of them. My cock was an angry red, dripping precum and bouncing hypnotically with every heartbeat.

Steeling myself, I stepped between her legs, rubbed the head of my cock between her pussy lips and entered her. I buried my cock in her and then stopped. I focused on my breathing. Focused on not cumming. Struggled to not start fucking her as hard and fast as I was capable of.

"Mmm, so nice. Fuck me, baby," mom purred.

She frowned when I shook my head and very slowly pulled my cock from the heat of her sex. "Not tonight, mom. I'll cum if I do."

"Please, Josh. I've changed my mind. Just fuck me, sweetheart."

I leaned over her. I shivered when my cock pressed against her pussy. I kissed her softly. Shook my head.

"Do you still keep your dildo in your bedside table?" I asked with a smile.

"I knew you poked around places you oughtn't have," mom replied, shaking her head. "Brat."

"May I get it?"

She nodded.

Leaning over her leg, I open the drawer and retrieved the sleek, purple dildo. There was a small tube of lubricant in the drawer but from the feel of mom's pussy I wouldn't need it. I grabbed one of the pillows from the bed and dropped it on the floor.

I fell to my knees on the pillow, then lifted one of her feet at a time and rested it atop my thighs. I pressed lightly with the back of my hands, and she opened herself to me.

It was a glorious sight. Clear honey collecting at the bottom of her slit. Lips rosy and slick. Clit hard, jutting from its hood, begging for attention.

I stared. I stroked the inside of her legs. I stroked her pussy. I put two fingers inside her.

I leaned closer and blew a long, steady breath over her clit, sending goosebumps rippling over her belly and thighs.

Closer still and I inhaled the scent that was driving me mad. Pulling my face away from the beauty of her arousal was the hardest thing I think I had ever done.

Mom's whimper led me to believe she was disappointed I had not sucked her clit into my mouth.

Instead, I began to run the dildo up and down her slit. First the tip, then the body. When the purple dong glimmered with her passion, I slowly inserted it.

"Tell me if I put it in too far," I whispered.

She didn't speak out loud but I saw her nod.

I began to work the toy in and out of her pussy. I went slow. I changed the angle and noted which combination of depth, angle and speed elicited the deepest response from her body.

I did not touch her clit. Not with my fingers. Not with my mouth.

Pulling the dildo out of her pussy drew another kittenish whimper of protest from her chest.

I put two fingers inside her. I want to pleasure her but I want to explore her as well. Up until then I had been so lost in desire I felt I had not paid enough attention.

The front wall of her pussy felt rougher. I pushed deeper; I felt her cervix. It was firm, almost hard. I moved it gently and she groaned.

Almost nineteen years ago I came from there. I slid out of her body and now I'm touching it. The thought stunned me.

I removed my fingers slowly. I put my hands under the back of her legs and lifted them, rolling her onto her back.

I kissed her. Not her pussy. Her bottom.

I reached around one leg and cradled her clit with my thumb, pressing not rubbing. Her bottom tightened at my touch. I licked my way up from the pucker skin to the bottom of her pussy and back down again.

I sat back. The hand wrapped around her thigh pressed against her bush, my thumb still rested atop her throbbing clit. I gently pushed two fingers of my free hand into her pussy. I caressed the inside of her pussy while I rested my cheek on her thigh.

I lost myself in the sight of my fingers pleasuring her body, the sounds of her soft moans and whimpers, and the intoxicating perfume of her body. The rest of the world faded away. I was encased in a bubble of physical sensations and profound emotional contentment.

I hoped then, and still do, that mom had also found herself disconnected from everything but us.

I slipped my fingers from her pussy and used my slick fingers to paint her bottom, before leaning forward to lick her clean. I did this several times. Pussy. Bottom. Fingers. Mouth. Tongue.

"Tell me if I hurt you," I whispered finally as I pushed the tip of my finger against her bottom. Her reply was a deeper moan.

I slowly increased the pressure. There was a moment of resistance and then my finger was inside her bottom. My gasp may have been louder than hers.

Slowly, carefully, I moved my finger in and out, exploring her bottom as I had her pussy. I felt nothing but velvety skin. Saw nothing on my finger that gave me pause.

Careful not to touch her with the finger I had just had in her bottom, I lubed a second finger by bathing it in the nectar flowing from her pussy. With the same care and patience, I penetrated her with two fingers.

"Okay?" I asked softly.

"Uh-huh, uh-huh," was her panted answer. "Baby, I want to cum."

"Soon," I replied and kissed the inside of her leg.

I sat back on my heels and pulled the washbasin closer. I carefully washed and rinsed the fingers that had been in her

bottom. I saw nothing on them but did not want to risk causing a bladder infection.

Turning back, I ran the dildo between her lips. It slipped easily into her pussy. It was not a particularly large dildo, as far as girth, but with its handle it was a bit awkward. As I lubed the dildo, I laved her bottom with my tongue.

Leaning back, I drew the dildo down her slit and rested the head against her bottom.

"You okay with this?" I asked, looking behind her splayed legs and adoring her flushed face. "We don't have to."

"No, I'm okay. I want to try it."

I kissed her thigh, rested my cheek against it, and great deliberateness slowly increased the pressure against her bottom. As with my fingers there was a moment of resistance, then she relaxed, and the head of the dildo was inside her.

"Hold on," she gasped. "Wait."

"Am I hurting you?" I asked as I raised my head to look at her face. Her brow was knitted and she was biting her lower lip.

"No, yes, just a little, just for a second. Just give me time to get use to the feeling."

"Okay, but if it's hurting or even if you aren't enjoying it, tell me and I'll stop."

"I know baby. I know. That's why this is so much different than...well, than with other men."

With that she was silent. I reached around her leg and rest my hand atop her clit and pussy again. I rested my face on her thigh and waited. A thin stream of excitement ran over her perineum and flowed around the purple dildo resting inside bottom.

"Okay, Josh. A little more."

I watched, fascinated, cock aching and dripping, as the dildo disappeared into my mom's body.

"It's so strange," she gasped. "I feel it in my butt yet it I feel it in my pussy too."

"Okay to keep going?"

"Yes," she sighed. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but it feels good."

"Good, I'm glad," I replied.

I pulled it back, reinserted. Did it again a little faster.

"Honey, make me cum. Please."

I repositioned myself on the pillow and removed my arm from around her leg. I pushed one finger into her pussy and began to fuck her with it. Then two. When I added a third, I leaned forward and captured her clit between my lips.

My fingers worked her pussy. The dildo her ass. I could feel it against my fingers as it moved in and out of her ass. My lips and tongue surrounded her clit.

It did not take very long.

Her back arched. I rose up higher to keep my lips on her clit. She stiffened. Sucked in a deep breath. Held it for what seemed ages then let it out in a huffed, incoherent, nearly silent scream.

Her pussy clenched at my fingers and hot water flowed over my hand. Her bottom nearly forced the dildo from her. Her knees slammed against the sides of my head as her heels drove into my back, forcing me against her body.

She began to buck, which made it hard to keep up with her.

"Oh, God, don't stop. Don't stop, Josh baby. Please."

I did not. I worked my fingers, worked my mouth, worked the dildo.

She stilled again, her body relaxed, and I imagined she was done. I was wrong.

She began to thrash a second time, legs shaking. This time she grabbed the hair on my head and yanked my face tighter against her pussy.

"Oh, sweet fucking, Christ!" she cried loud enough I was afraid the neighbors might hear her even though the windows were closed.

She continued to quiver and yank at my hair as I gradually slowed down what I was doing. By the time she collapsed, panting, onto the bed I was gently kissing her clit. My fingers were inside her but unmoving, as was the purple phallus.

I went back to resting my head against her thigh.

"Take it out now, Josh," she whispered after a time.

I did so with as much care as when I put in it her.

There was another gasp when it slipped free. I put it in the waiting dishpan and covered it with the washcloth.

Standing, I picked up the pillow. Using it had been a mistake. The entire time my cock had been leaking on it. Having no intention of washing a pillowcase at this stage of the game, I settled for flipping it over as I placed it on the bed.

I lifted mom's limp legs onto the bed and scooted her up in the bed. I gave her the clean pillow and kept the one with precum for myself.

She rolled, exhausted onto her side.

I cradled by aching cock in the crack of her bottom. Its heat eased the ache enough I was able to sleep.

Sleep. School. Dinner.

Twenty-four more hours.

Tomorrow night it would be my turn.

As I drifted away it felt like an eternity.

Chapter 7

With only three days remaining before high school would be in the rearview mirror all I could think about was last night. All I could dream about was the night to come. The way Janice, Mom, had come with my fingers in her pussy, dildo in her ass and my tongue on her clit looped through my mind on repeat.

The only time the fog lifted was during Ms. Lang's class. I sat in the same spot, slouched, and did my best to keep her eyes darting to my crotch. She usually loved to rattle on about whatever topic struck her fancy.

Today, she passed out another worksheet. My aversion to not doing well on an assignment warred with the image of Mom riding my cock, reverse cowgirl style, while Ms. Lang licked Mom's clit and my cock.

I attempted to feel guilty over fantasizing about my lover with another woman, but failed. The images were just too fucking hot.

My last period was free. I asked Jeff for a ride home. He was happy to blow off his last class, Adv Strength Training.

I texted mom, letting her know I had a ride home. She texted back she was still catching up from not coming in on Monday, and might be late.

Perfect.

I threw together a meatloaf and put it in the oven. While the meatloaf was cooking I slid a pan of Brussel sprouts, tossed in garlic, red-pepper flakes and olive oil alongside it to roast. Add a tossed salad and supper was taken care of.

I jumped in the shower. I freaked myself out a little, soaping my butt. It wasn't that I spent more time doing it than usual, but I was more aware of what I was doing, what I was touching. Does having your butt played with feel good? Mom said it did. I wondered, if I thought it felt good, did that mean I was not as hetero as I told myself?

"Josh, I'm home," Mom called through the bathroom door.

I turned the shower off.

"I'm done. You shower while I finish supper. It should be almost done."

I heard her move on to her bedroom. I toweled myself dry. I left the bathroom with my cock hard and pointing to the sky. Mom stood just outside the bathroom door, waiting to enter.

I gave her a quick peck on the cheek, grabbed a hand towel to sit on and headed to the kitchen. I donned the apron. My hardon rubbed maddeningly, and more than a little uncomfortably, against the fabric.

Not to be outdone, Mom sauntered into the kitchen, naked and luscious, spread her own towel on a chair and sat down. I opened a beer and handed it to her. I sat the meatloaf and Brussel sprouts atop the two trivets I had placed on the table, along with the bowl of salad. I fetched a beer for myself and sat down to eat.

The meal passed in silence. We were both too lost in our thoughts to engage in idle chitchat. I opened a second beer. Mom refrained from commenting. I had read that alcohol inhibited sexual performance. Given the state of my cock and libido, I was not concerned.

While Mom did the dishes, I sat at one end of the sofa, leaning against the arm, one foot on the floor, the other leg bent and resting on the seat of the sofa. I was able to focus on the TV enough that my cock softened. Slightly. At least until Mom joined me on the sofa.

My lower belly was wet, and precum dangled and dripped. Call me weird but it was strangely pretty the way the strand of fluid caught the flickering light from the television.

I had decided I would not be the one to break down and suggest we go to the bedroom and do what we both dreamed of.

Mom must have had the same thought.

Time passed. Normally, she would be in bed by now. Still, she sat there, trying to pretend to watch TV.

I would stroke my cock every so often, though it increased the ache in my balls. I kept my eyes on the TV.

The evening news ended. Jimmy Fallon came on. Still, we sat.

I yawned.

"You're teasing me," Mom protested. Her first words since supper.

"Why, whatever do you mean?" I asked, using my best Val Kilmer, 'Doc' Holliday accent from Tombstone. The movie was marginal at best but Val Kilmer owned the role of 'Doc'.

"You know exactly what I mean, Joshua," she huffed, crossing her arms over her chest.

I rose and moved to stand in front of the sofa. I leaned over and rested one hand on the back of the sofa near her shoulder.

"I thought you wanted to watch me jerk off?"

"You know I do, so why are you just sitting there?"

I leaned closer. "I don't know. I was worried you might have changed your mind?" I whispered.

"I haven't," she whispered back.

"Then ask, Janice. Mom. Ask for me to stroke my cock for you."

She swallowed hard, so hard I could hear it.

"Stroke your cock for me, Josh. Your big, gorgeous, cock. Show, me."

I stepped back and offered her my hand. She took it and I led her to our bedroom.

†

As I have mentioned before, the house I grew up in was older and smaller. The bedroom I now thought of as ours had room for only one chair, and that was a small one. It was an old dining room chair, repurposed. I moved it from the corner of the room to the wall facing the foot of the bed.

I put a pillow on the wooden seat and over the pillow a towel. I had learned my lesson regarding bodily fluids and pillows last night. I planned on mom's pussy being soaked. The pillow was to protect her bottom. The towel was to protect the pillow.

She watched, curious but silent.

"Sit down please," I instructed.

She sat down. Without asking, I opened the drawer I knew contained her under things. From the drawer I removed four pairs of her panty hose.

"May I see your hand, please?"

She held out her hand. I took it and moved to the back of the chair. "Is that hurting your arm or shoulder?"

"No," she whispered.

I loosely tied her wrist to the back of the chair.

"You can easily pull your hand free but, if you can, if you want, I'd like you to act as if it is tied tightly. I know people talk about safe words but I think that is silly. If you say 'stop', I will stop. Is that okay?" She nodded. "May I secure your other wrist and ankles?"

She nodded. I shook my head.

"I need you to say it, Mom."

"It's okay if you tie me to the chair, Josh. If I want you to stop, I will tell you."

I leaned over her and we shared a long, lingering kiss.

"I love you," I whispered.

"I love you too, baby."

I took my time finishing, pausing frequently for kissing and caressing. At last, she sat tied to the bedroom chair. I wonder for a moment if the old chair had witnessed or participated in anything like this before.

I stepped back to the open drawer of her dresser. My earlier reconnaissance had led to the discovery of a beautiful, nearly see through red thong. I picked it up and dangled it from one finger as I turned back to Mom. I held it out with what I hoped was both an inquiring and deeply appreciative look.

Mom blushed.

She gave a small gasp when I hung the skimpy red material over my cock. There was very little space between the chair and the end of her bed. When I stepped in front of her, my legs pressed against the chair. The slightest movement of my hips, or her head, would put her mouth on my silk draped cock.

She began to lean toward it. I shook my head.

"Uh-uh. I'm going to jerk off for you. Isn't that what you want?"

She nodded. I responded with an exaggerated frown.

"I want to watch you jerk off that beautiful hot cock, baby. Jerk off for me."

I smiled.

"In due time."

I softened the teasing with another long, wet kiss that left us both panting.

I straightened and began to trail the soft red silk up and down the underside of my shaft. The urge to grab my cock, jerk it a couple times and cum all over Mom's breasts was very nearly irresistible.

I held her thong beneath the head of my cock and milked the shaft, wetting it with my precum. I knelt between her legs and opened her pussy with one hand. With the other I bunched up the silk and pushed it into her very wet pussy.

Mom moaned deep in her throat. I rubbed my finger over her clit a few times and the moans morphed into sexy whimpers of desire.

I slowly inched the now soaked fabric out of her body. Eyes locked with hers I held the thong to my nose and inhaled deeply.

I wiped the head of my cock with it, then wrapped the silk around my cock.

I stroked my cock, testing how smoothly the soaked material would slide over my dick.

Very smoothly indeed it turned out.

I used mom's pussy-soaked thong to jerk off. My movements were slow. They had to be or I would have explode instantly.

When I felt myself sliding too close to the edge, I summoned my rapidly dwindling willpower and paused.

I would stop and smell the thong. Stop and ease it back in her pussy. Tease her clit. Her nipples.

Once I pulled it out and shoved it into my mouth and sucked at her essence. I re-inserted it. Offered it to Mom. She opened her mouth without hesitation.

I finished watching her suck on a thong saturated with her own body's desires.

My whole body shuddered. My hips jerked.

Clear liquid jizz flew from my cock, not the usual milky pearlescent cum. It laced over her shoulder and splattered the

wall behind her. Semen draped over the side of her face, her hair, her tits.

I was incapable of making a sound. I wondered if I was about to die. It seemed as if my heart had stopped. My chest was filled with the sensations flooding my body. There was no room for air.

I collapsed on the end of the bed, still jerking at my cock. A cock that was drained, incapable of expressing so much as another drop of semen. Still clutching my cock, I slid off the bed and laid on my side, finally able to pant and groan.

"Joshua," Mom called in a very mom voice. "Look at me."

I rolled my head and forced my eyes open.

"Joshua you have been a bad boy haven't you? Playing with yourself. Getting cum all over my cheek and boobs."

Her eyes sparkled. I was unable to respond, still trying to get enough air into my chest. My cock ached and twitched in his hand. My heart, the heart I feared had stopped beating, now pounded so hard I could feel my chest vibrate.

Mom wiped a finger along her cheek and then plopped it into her mouth, sucking at it in a highly exaggerated fashion.

"Yes," she nodded. "That is definitely your cum on my cheek."

She slipped her other hand free and bent to untie her ankles.

"You were in my dresser, weren't you? Playing with things you shouldn't have?"

As she spoke, soft and guttural, she continued to wipe at the cum on her face and chest. Pausing to suck her fingers clean.

"Stand up, Joshua."

With a shuddering breath, I pushed myself off the floor, using the bed for leverage. I fought not to sway.

"Have you been a naughty boy, Joshua?"

I nodded.

It was her turn to shake her head. As depleted as I was, I had to suppress a smile.

Touche, Mom. Nicely played, I silently congratulated her.

"Yes, Mom. I've been naughty. I took things from your drawer. I played with my cock and got cum on you."

"You teased me a great deal didn't you, Joshua?"

"Yes, Mom. I thought you would like it."

"Oh, I loved it but still, what a naughty big boy you've grown up to be."

She wiped a trail of cum off her breast with two fingers, then paused.

Sultry mom was gone. Janice, my mom, replaced her.

"Same rules, Josh. No safe words. Just a simple no, okay baby?"

I nodded.

Her eyes re-ignited. Her body, not just her voice, morphed into something more primal.

"Open wide. Do you want to see what you did to me?"

I opened and she put her two fingers into my mouth. I never occurred to me, ridiculous as that seems in retrospect, that her fingers would taste like my cum. I had never tasted my cum. Never even considered it.

I cannot describe the taste. From what I have read no one can. Semen sure as hell does not taste salty. It tasted weird; that's all I got.

I remember thinking, well that wasn't so bad. Oops. I should have touched wood.

"Hmm, should I make you clean me up with your tongue?" she purred. "Or does Joshua deserve a spanking?"

"Spanking," I immediately replied, not out of any horror at licking the scant traces of my cum off her chest but as soon as she mentioned spanking my cock, my poor aching, tired, cock twitched.

"I don't know," Mom sighed. "You made your choice awfully quickly. You might enjoy it too much."

I assure you I was a very naïve young man. I watched porn, of course, but nothing too out there. I had never watched any serious BDSM, except a few loose restraints, such as I had applied to Mom earlier, but as soon as it was mentioned, I was consumed by the idea of being spanked.

Mom had ignited a desire I knew had to be explored. Having been offered, I did not want to lose the chance. Of course, I could have simply said, "spank me" and she would have, but I was in the groove. We had traded spots.

I had been in control.

Now she was.

So, I leaned forward and did as she asked. I drew my tongue over one of the shiny smears on her breast. I stopped when I got to her nipple. I sucked it into my mouth and tugged, knowing she liked that.

Her gasp echoed in my ears and made my heart soar.

I cleaned her breasts and loved her nipples, savoring her pleasure. She enjoyed my ministrations. That was enough to overcome any hesitancy.

Finished, I lifted my head and captured her eye.

"I should still be spanked, Mom."

With that I bent over the end of the bed, legs sprawled. My cock and balls were visible, pressed against the mattress.

Mom stepped to one side. I heard the sound of her hand connecting with my right butt cheek before I felt the sting.

"You're going to hurt your hand more than my butt."

She crossed to her closet. She had a several belts, all hanging tidily from a set of hooks. She selected one, I assumed at random, and returned to stand at the end of the bed.

"You need to guide me," she whispered, all mother now, no hint of role playing in her voice.

"Okay," I replied.

I heard the soft whistle as the belt sliced through the air, then the sound and burn of it connecting with my skin. It stung more than her hand but not a lot more. I could feel my cock getting hard.

"Harder," I whispered. Thwack. "Harder."

The process was repeated twice more before I hissed, "that's good."

Strangely, it was good. It hurt. Quite a bit to tell the truth but every stroke raced straight to my cock, stiffening it.

Fuck me. I like pain. I thought and on the heels of that, would I like giving pain?

I did not count the strokes. If Mom did, she never said. My ass was in flames. My cock once again aching.

"Have you learned your lesson, naughty boy?"

I pondered the question. "I still not sorry I came on your gorgeous breasts," I replied at last.

"I see," she growled.

Thwack.

Thwack.

Thwack.

The pain isolated me from the rest of the world. There was only the fire on my ass. The ache in my cock and and the smell of mom's cunt.

"Can I apologize by eating your cunt?" I asked, the waver in my voice was not an act.

"No, Joshua you cannot. I need your cock. Fuck me. Hard. Like the first time, my face and chest smashed against the wall as your cock pounds into me."

I mentally shrugged. What's another role reversal in the situation we found ourselves navigating.

I rose from the bed and crossed to the dressing mirror hanging on the closet door. I turned my back to it and looked over my shoulder. My ass was a mass of purple and red welts.

"Feel my ass. Is it as hot as your cunt?"

Mom crossed the small space and rested her hand on my ass. She hissed.

"Are you okay?" she whispered.

"Never better," I replied with a smile before my features morphed into a feral look of lust.

Mom's eyes blazed. She turned and pressed her chest to the wall beside the closet door.

I squatted, used one hand to lift her hips higher and other to steer my cock into her waiting pussy. I paused with the head of my cock just inside her. Cock ready, I grabbed both her hips.

I jerked her onto my cock as I thrust. I impaled her on my cock.

She gasped.

I pulled out. Hesitated. Ram my cock back home.

To someone standing outside the bedroom door the sounds are bodies made would have sounded like someone was being beaten.

The fire on my ass cheeks was forgotten. I was aware of nothing except the feel of Mom's pussy clenching at my cock and the sound of our grunts and gasps.

I roared as my cock did its best to fill her with cum. I doubt there was much left. I kept pounding until my roar was answered with a snarled, "holy fucking Christ!"

We staggered back to the bed and collapsed, feet still on the floor, eyes closed, bed shaking from our pounding hearts and heaving chests.

Chapter 8

The next morning the welts had subsided but my ass was a dusky purple. Even with my underwear as a buffer my jeans felt rough on my sensitive skin. Sitting hurt, a little, but I welcomed the pain. It re-ignited my memories of the night before.

Thursday, the penultimate day of my high school career had arrived. Even if my ass had not been sore, I would have had trouble sitting still.

Ms. Lang tried to lecture but she was clearly distracted. I wondered if anyone else in class realized it was the bulge in my jeans distracting her.

It wasn't until halfway through my last class of the day that I realized I had to work tonight. I wasn't working Friday night. That was the night before graduation. But mom would be working Friday and Saturday night. I was struck with horror. No chance of fucking until after mom woke up on Saturday?

Seriously? What the fuck? Was this what it meant to become an adult? Having to work in time for fucking around your job?

That would totally fucking suck.

I considered calling in sick, but my cock did not exert absolute control over my body. Class ended and I headed to the diner. It was busy enough to make the time pass quickly. I don't think I had ever cleaned the kitchen so quickly before. Having something more than your hand to look forward to when you got home was downright inspirational.

I ran the mile and a half home. I hurried through the kitchen, remembering to lock the door, and was disappointed to see mom sitting watching Fallon in her nightshirt. I hugged her from behind and kissed the side of her neck.

"Why are you wearing a shirt?" I whispered as I nuzzled her neck.

"Settle down, buddy. I'm not eighteen. I'm pooped and my pussy is sore," she snorted.

"Did I hurt you?" I asked, alarm tugged at my guts.

"Yes, but in the way I wanted, the way I asked for. I hurt you too. I had forgotten how nice it was to wiggle in your chair and be reminded you'd been righteously fucked the night before. I'm not complaining. Are you okay?"

"I'm fucking perfect. And horny. I'm perfectly horny."

"No doubt. I am too but I need some rest." She stood. "Come on, I'll take a shower with you, see if we can relieve some of that horniness."

Do not let anyone tell you getting a hand job is the same as jerking off. It so is not.

As mom stroked my cock, warm water flowing over my shoulders and down my body, I kissed her.

"You know, if your pussy is sore, I could fuck you in the ass?"

"Yes, I'm sure you could," she chuckled. She kissed me back.

"Not tonight. Maybe Saturday. I'll have a break after I help set up the diplomas and the actual ceremony. I can run home in-

between. I'll have privacy to prepare myself. I don't have to go to work until 9:00 pm. We'll have plenty of time for fun."

Conversation was lost to the feel of her hand gliding over my cock. My orgasm was good but not as amazing as when my cock was buried in her pussy or her mouth.

In the bedroom, mom had me lie on my stomach. She gently rubbed aloe vera gel over my still smarting ass. Before she was done my cock was throbbing again. When she finished with the gel, I rolled onto my back.

I reached for my cock and began to jerk off. Mom snuggled against my side and stroked the top of my thigh and watched. The past few days had drained my balls. When I came there was hardly any semen.

Mom rolled away and grabbed a handful of tissues. She wiped my belly clean, gave me a quick peck on the lips and said, "good night". She settled in, pressed against my side and with seconds was sound asleep.

The next thing I knew, the room was bright, my cock was hard and mom was in the shower.

Friday morning. My last day of high school.

There was absolutely nothing of any educational value achieved that day, at least not amongst the seniors.

The bell rang at 3:20 and that was it. I was no longer a high school student. Tomorrow by this time I would have been a high school graduate for an hour or so. I wondered if I would have felt more excited if I had not been having such an intense time at home.

I let out a yell along with all the other seniors. We milled around on the yard in front of the school. I had taken the night off from work but mom had not. Jeff kept haranguing me about going to a party at Roger's house. I really was not interested. A party at Roger's meant a bunch of drunk, and soon to be puking, teenagers interspersed with other teenagers baked out of their minds.

Not my scene but I hated the idea of waiting at home for mom to come dragging in, exhausted and smelling of stale beer. So, I heard myself telling Jeff I would go.

"No, shit?" he exclaimed. "Fuck yeah, bro. About time you learned to party." He pronounced it "par tay" and I almost told him to forget it.

I texted mom. She texted back telling me to have fun but not to have more than one beer and if I did call her for a ride home. I replied with an eyeroll, thumbs up and heart emojis.

"Congratulations, Josh," a soft voice behind said as I hit the 'send' button. "Are you working tonight?"

I turned to Ms. Lang and shook my head. "No. I took the night off."

"Ah, clearing the decks for partying," she chuckled. "Pity, I don't feel like cooking tonight. I thought I would stop by the diner. While I was there, I was going to treat you to a graduation Coke."

Is she hitting on me? I wondered.

"Cool," I replied. "Unless a long lost, and rich, relative dies and leaves me his money, I'll be there way too much the rest of the summer."

"See you around then. And congratulations."

With that she headed toward the faculty parking lot. I caught myself staring at her ass. When she reached her car, she turned and waved goodbye. And caught me staring at her ass.

I felt guilty. Partly for staring and partly for betraying mom by looking at another woman. I reminded myself there was nothing weird or wrong about noticing Ms. Lang. She had only been teaching a couple of years, meaning she was only five or six years older than me. Besides, she was hot.

"Dude, she totally wants to ride you," Jeff offered helpfully.

"Shut up, man. Come on. I'm starving. Let's go get something to eat. We have time for me to annihilate you at Mario Kart before the party."

"Yeah, right. In your dreams, Brugi, in your dreams."

I slaughtered him. Just for the record.

†

The party was as awkward as I had expected. Suze was there. The drunker she got the clinger she got. Clingy was replaced by aggression and demands. The third time she tried to kiss me I took her by the wrists and told her again, I loved having her for a friend, but wasn't interested in dating.

"I don't want to date either," she yelled. "I want to fuck, jerk."

She proceeded to toss what was left of her beer on my chest and stomped off. There was only a sip of beer left in her cup so the damage to my shirt was minimal but enough to leave Jeff incapacitated with laughter.

He was having too much fun to leave and I did not feel like walking two miles home. I almost regretted taking the night off. At least I would have made some money while not having any fun.

I spotted a couch with only one other person sitting on it, Maggie. Maggie and I had known each other since fourth grade. She was more cute than pretty and wicked smart. She had focused more on science, while I took more history and lit classes. We had not spent much time together since freshman year.

"Is this seat taken, madam?" I asked in my best Downton Abbey accent. I thought I nailed it but Maggie rolled her eyes.

"Fleeing from the terror of the woman scorned," she drawled. "I'm not sure I care to be your rebound couch companion."

"Nothing to rebound from," I replied as I sat. "I don't mean to be mean or anything."

"For someone with a genetic defect, you are halfway decent."

"Genetic defect?"

"Y-chromosome, Josh. For a guy you're not horrible."

"Wow, thanks for the compliment. I'm honored," I replied. It was my turn to roll my eyes.

"You should be," Maggie retorted. "God must hate me. I keep praying to wake up a lesbian, but no dice."

I laughed.

"I wasn't joking," Maggie said, giving me the side eye.

"I know, Maggie. That's why I laughed. You really think guys are so terrible? Come on."

"Uh, hmm, let me see," she intoned, a mock look of contemplation on her face. "Barry?" she held up a finger. "Total dick. Jon?" Another finger. "Douche. Sam?" A third finger. "Dick and douche."

"Hang on, Maggie, exes don't count. Of course you hate them."

"My point being, every guy I've gotten to know beyond the purely casual ended up being a horror show of insecurity, pettiness and irritation because I wouldn't blow them on the second date."

"You're joking about that," I insisted.

She turned to face me. "Only partly. I think Sam asked for a blowjob on our first date, which by the way, consisted of me buying him a supersized Big Mac meal and I detest McDonald's."

"Ouch. Okay, I got give you that one. I will also go far as to concede the average high school male is lacking a certain level of maturity." I held up a hand as she opened her mouth. "However, the average high school female gives the average high school male a run for his money."

She closed her mouth and sighed. "Well, just fuck me. There's goes the lesbian escape hatch. Maybe I'll join a convent."

"I thought you said you didn't want to be a lesbian?" I joked.

"Har-har," she rejoined, but almost smiled.

"I don't suppose you have a car?" I asked.

"Would I be sitting here if I did? I rode here with She Who Wants To Jump Your Bones."

"Really? Are you the designated driver?"

"I hadn't planned on it. I wasn't planning on drinking but hauling Suze's drunk ass into a car without getting barfed on was not part of the deal. She can't drive though."

"I have an idea, be right back."

I hurried over to Jeff. I knew for a fact he was drinking the same beer he got when we arrived. He was fucking pain in the ass but he was not a big partier despite his boasts.

"Dude, give me your keys," I told him.

"What? Fuck off, no way."

"Maggie came her with Suze, who is totally fucked up. She can't be allowed to drive. I'll take Maggie home in your car and you drive Suze home in hers. You're practically neighbors."

"Why doesn't Maggie drive you home in Suze's car?"

"I don't care. If Suze gives her the keys, will you make sure Suze gets home?"

He nodded.

"Cool." I started to turn away then stopped. "Dude, make sure one of these jock dipshits doesn't take her off to a room somewhere. She's way too drunk."

"What the fuck, she's not my date," he protested. I ignored him. For all his faults he was a good guy. I knew he would keep an eye on Suze.

"See if you can get the keys from Suze," I told Maggie when I returned. "Jeff will keep an eye on her and give her a ride home."

Maggie shrugged and with a sigh rose from the sofa and moved across the room to where Suze was holding forth and spilling most of her latest cup of beer in the process. From my vantage point, Suze paid no attention to Maggie, not even when she pushed her hand into Suze's front pocket and pulled out the car keys.

"We can't leave her like this. I can't believe I'm friends with the stupid bitch," Maggie sighed. "Come on. You'll probably have to carry her."

"We're good. Jeff will keep an eye on her and get her home." I saw the skeptical look in Maggie's eyes. "He's a goofball, he talks too much, but he's a good guy. He'll make sure she gets home safe."

Maggie glanced over at Jeff. He was watching us. He rolled his eyes, nodded and mouth 'get the fuck outta here'.

Maggie gave him a fierce look, pointed two fingers at her eyes then at his. He laughed.

"Come on, Maggie. You can trust him. Honest."

It was her friend's car so Maggie drove. We did not speak. It was a nice night. The moon was three-quarters full and there were no clouds to dim its glow. I noticed again how fresh, new and green the world smelled. It was easy to ignore the odd scent of car exhaust and garbage cans that needed a wash.

Maggie pulled up to the curb in front of my house. I turned to her. "Do you want to come in? Have a Coke? Watch a movie?"

She eyed me for a moment then turned the engine off. "Sure," she sighed, as if she was doing me a favor.

I stifled a grin and settled for a simple, "cool".

What are you doing? I raved to myself as we walked to the house.

†

As the guest I let Maggie choose the movie. She chose Bird Box. I surprised myself by liking it. It seemed like cheating on mom to sit too close to Maggie. On the other hand, I did not want to insult her by not acting interested.

Movie over, I stood. "You want another Coke? A beer?"

"Beer, unless it's an IPA, they're too bitter for me."

"Pilsner it is."

I returned with the beers, handed her one and sat down, nearer the middle of the sofa but not touching her.

"I don't bite you know," Maggie offered as I picked up the TV remote.

Now I was really stuck. I could not claim to be seeing someone. Maggie would know I was not dating anyone from school. Telling her I was involved with my mother was not an option. Worse, I wanted to put my arm around her.

I was fucking my mother. She had, more or less, promised me anal after graduation but I was sitting here, wanting to put my arm around Maggie. And not just put my arm around her. What the fuck was wrong with me?

You're a fucking asshole that's what's wrong with you, my brain replied.

I turned to Maggie and cupped her cheek with one hand. I allowed myself one quick kiss, no tongue. I was appalled by how hard I found it to pull away.

"We'll both be heading off to school in a few weeks. What's the point of starting anything?" I asked, still cupping her cheek. I realized I had been wrong. She was not cute; she was definitely pretty.

Even when she rolled her eyes, she was pretty.

"I'm not asking to marry you, or even date. That doesn't mean we can't make out. Have some fun." She smiled, the question in her eyes easily read.

"True, but my mom will be home soon."

"We'll see the lights from her car in plenty of time." The smile faded from Maggie's face. "If you don't want to make out with me, just say so. Don't be a pussy."

I had lied to mom. I had told her I knew what we were doing was not permanent. I lied and told her if a girl came along who interested me, I would pursue a relationship. I had not expected to have my lie tested in less than a week.

Had I been lying to myself as much as to mom?

There was no denying I wanted to kiss Maggie, kiss her and more. But that would mean I was cheating on mom. Right?

If you ever want to push a guy into doing something they're hesitating over, imply their hesitation reflects a lack of masculinity. Whether or not that was Maggie's intention by calling me a pussy or not, it worked.

I twisted, leaned over her and kissed her, one hand cupping the back of her neck. She offered her tongue and I accepted it.

I was surprised, and delighted, when she pushed me back and moved to straddle my lap. Now, she was kissing me and doing an exceptionally nice job of it. Her hands were around my neck. She pressed her ample chest against mine. She ground her pussy against my rapidly hardening cock.

My questions, my guilt, all were forgotten as my body responded to hers.

Mine was not the only body responding. Maggie's kisses became more fervid. One of her hands left my neck and

pushed between our bodies. I shivered a little when her hand clutched at my cock.

I wiggled my hands beneath her top and found her breasts. Even through her bra I could feel how hard her nipples were. She moaned into my mouth as I kneaded her breasts. She moved her hand and began to grind herself against the bulge in my jeans.

I tried to push her bra down and failed. I tried to push it up and succeeded. Her bra and shirt were now bunched up beneath her chin. Her boobs, smaller than moms but gorgeous, were freed. A feast for eyes, hands and mouth.

I lifted my head and found her nipple. She gasped as I sucked it between my lips. Moaned as I flicked it with the tip of my tongue.

She lifted herself off my lap and hurriedly pulled off her jeans. She had on plain, white cotton panties. The front was nearly transparent. Beneath the darkened, damp fabric I could easily see her pussy lips and a small, well-trimmed, patch of dark curls. I thought for a moment she was going to take off her panties. She did not.

She straddled me again, grinding herself so forcefully against my jeans I was worried she would hurt herself. She leaned over me and I reapplied myself to taking care of her nipples.

She began to groan and buck against me.

Car lights lit up the wall behind us.

"Maggie, my mom is home!" I hissed, trying to lift her off my lap. She was too lost in her orgasm to care. "Maggie!" I called louder and lifted harder, sliding from beneath her. "Hurry up and get your clothes back on. My mom is here."

Still panting, Maggie nodded. She groped for her jeans, grabbed them and headed down the hallway for the bathroom. Mom opened the side door into the kitchen at the same time. I could not be certain if Maggie was out of sight when she opened the door.

"Hey, mom. How as work?" I called in what I hoped was a normal voice. "Maggie is here. We just finished Bird Box. It was pretty good."

Mom came into the living room. She looked tired. She gave me a long look. I did my best to not look guilty.

"You want to watch some TV with us?"

She shook her head. "No, my ass is dragging and I got to get up earlier than usual and get to school to make sure everything is ready for graduation."

"Hi, Ms. Brugi," I heard Maggie call from the hallway. I stifled a groan. She hadn't flushed the toilet. If she had not gone into the bathroom to use the toilet, why was she there? Mom was

so far from stupid it was not funny. She would know something was fishy.

"Hi, Maggie. You kids got tired of the grad party?"

"Oh, please," Maggie replied, rolling her eyes as she came into view. "Thank God, Josh was there or I would have been trapped waiting for Suze." She turned to look at me then back at mom. "We should bet on whether or not she makes it to the graduation ceremony and whether or not if she does, can she make it through without fainting or puking or both."

Mom frowned. "She was that drunk?"

"Wasted," Maggie affirmed.

"Jeff agreed to keep an eye on her and get her home," I explained. "We didn't abandon her. I wanted to borrow Jeff's car to bring Maggie home but he was being a pain in the ass. Instead, Maggie borrowed Suze's car and brought me home."

"Well, you kids watch TV as long as you want. I'm going to bed," mom announced.

"Thanks, Ms B but I need to get home." Maggie turned to me. "Thanks for the movie and the Coke."

"And the beer," mom drawled, staring at the coffee table.

"And the beer," Maggie laugh, not even bothering to blush.
"night. See you tomorrow, Josh."

"Joshua, make sure Maggie gets to her car safely."

"Yes, ma'am," I replied as I stood.

"Madam," I said to Maggie, bowing. "As a guess of our humble abode, you are allowed to use the front door of our domicile."

I opened the front door and flipped on the front light as both mom and Maggie rolled their eyes.

I walked Maggie to the car. I had no idea if mom was watching but when Maggie rose up on tiptoes, I had to kiss her. What option did I have? She had just brought herself to an orgasm while I sucked on her boobs. And now I would refuse to kiss her?

"I had fun, Josh," Maggie whispered as she got into Suze's car.

"I did too," I admitted. The truth of the statement brought my guilt roaring back to life. "See you tomorrow."

She nodded and closed the door.

I waited until she turned out of our neighborhood before I went back inside. Mom was coming out of the bathroom, crossing the hall to her bedroom.

I brushed my teeth quickly and climbed into bed behind her. When I put an arm around her she snuggled back against my chest.

"Did you two have sex?" she asked.

"What? No!"

"Josh, the living room reeked of sex. I'm not angry. I want you to find a nice girl. Just be careful."

"We did not have sex. We did kiss and make out. Maggie did...uh, masturbate. That's what you smelled."

"Josh, it's fine. Honest. But if you are sleeping with anyone else, we need to use condoms and I expect you to use condoms with them." She rolled to face me. "And if you're serious about them, this has to stop?" She rested a hand on my cheek. "Understand?"

I nodded. "Maggie and I didn't have sex."

"Honey, I almost wish you had. She's a lovely girl. I always hoped you'd ask her out."

"I don't want this to end. Us." I whispered.

"Honey, you know it will. It has to. You know that. I know that. It's okay. But we need to do it honestly and in a way that no

one is hurt. Not me. Not you. Not Maggie or whoever." She kissed me quickly. "I need to get to sleep. Hang out with your friends tomorrow as long as you want. When you get home, I'll give you your graduation present."

"Mom..."

She cut me off with a finger over my lips. "Hush, go to sleep. Big day tomorrow."

I did sleep but woke with muddled memories of confused dreams. Mom was already gone. I had not heard her get out of bed or get dressed.

I tried to work up some enthusiasm for graduation but failed. Had I fucked up? How much could I love mom if I was letting Maggie cum by rubbing herself against my hardon?

So many years ago, and still I alternate between being horrified at my actions with Maggie and trying to rationalize them. Both my shame and rationalizations invariably give way to a much more painful emotion, fear.

Did I kill mom?

When I lied to reassure her, pretending I did not want what we had to last, did that lie cause her cancer? Did God, who I do not even believe in, throw my lie back in my face? Ensuring what we had would be all too impermanent? Was I being punished? Were we being punished?

It is not rational but I feel it is safe to say, no one has ever claimed there was anything rational about love.

I showered, shaved, forced myself to eat a bowl of cereal, dressed, grab the cheap black nylon gown and mortarboard and waited outside for Jeff to pick me up.

†

"Bro, you so owe me. You better have gotten laid last night?"

I did my best to glower at Jeff. He really could be tiresome at times. The only verbal reply I offered was a grunt.

"It took three of us to get Suze into my car. I thought her dad was going to murder me before I could explain I was only giving her a ride home because Maggie couldn't deal with her drunk ass. When I left her parents were arguing over whether they needed to take her to the hospital to get her stomach pump. Oh, and better still, Suze's dad said he was calling the cops on Roger. Fuckin' shit hit the fan, bro."

"Suze owes you dude, not me. She wasn't my date."

"Fuck that, Josh. You bailed so you could try to get into Maggie's pants." He turned to me. "How was she? She's not as hot as Suze but still better you deserve, ya bitch."

"We watched Bird Box and had a beer apiece. When mom got home, Maggie left. I did not get in her pants, as you so elegantly put it."

No, the nagging voice in my head added. But you wanted to.

"Bro, are you gay? You know you can tell me, right? I'm cool if you are."

"No, Jeff. I am not gay. I just don't think of women solely in terms of fucking them."

"Oh, really?" Jeff mocked in a sing-song voice. "Aren't you the sensitive, non-patriarchal, woke, motherfucker." He shook his head. "I think you're gay. Gay and deeply repressed but I still love ya." He threw me a sidelong glance. "In a totally hetero way. Don't get any ideas."

Thank God, Jeff's last name was Nelson. Once we were lined up, I was spared any further interrogation. On the other hand, not having Jeff peppering me with questions, asides, and innuendos freed my mind up to obsess over mom, Maggie and my life in general.

As expected, the auditorium was too hot. Our lack of any famous alumni saved us from anything more than the valedictorian's speech. No one remember a word of what she said by the time she sat back down.

Since my last name started with a B, I crossed the stage fairly early. Even so, I was in a heat-induced fog when I received my diploma. I waved at mom as I returned to my seat. She had taken a seat with the rest of the sweaty crowd. By the time Mack Zimmer crossed the stage and returned to his seat I was soaked and feeling lightheaded.

Jeff, of course, came bounding over as soon as the ceremony ended. His hair was damp and beneath the unzipped robe he was as sweaty as I was. I unzipped my robe and used it to fan myself. Jeff's parents joined us, followed by mom and Nana.

"Hi, Ms. B," Jeff said giving her a hug. He stepped back and put his hands on top of her shoulders. "Now that I've graduated and you are no longer in a position of authority vis-a-vi moi, would you marry me? Josh, feeble-minded as he may be, will be out of your hair soon."

I punched him on the arm. His mom smacked him in the back of the head. His dad just stared at him, perplexed as to how this being could have any connection with his loins.

Mom chuckled.

"Sweetie, ask me when you're making more money than me and I'll think about it."

"I don't know Janice. He looks like a strapping young man," Nana offered, shocking us all.

"You wound me, Ms. B. So crass, so materialistic. You should listen to your mother."

"Oh, for pity sakes, put a sock in it, Jeff," his mom snapped. She stepped between mom and I and hooked one arm in ours. "Come on, we have reservations for five at Red Lobster. My folks didn't feel up to the trip and canceled at the last minute, so we got two open seats. They can fit a third in. Join us."

"Oh, that's so sweet of you, but I have to get mom back home," my mother told her.

"Janice, I haven't been out to eat in forever. Let me treat you and Josh." Nana interjected.

"Well, that settles it. Meet you there." With that Jeff's mom released our arms, grabbed her husband's and son's, and set off at a respectable clip toward the exit.

"Wow," mom chuckled. "Poor George, stuck between Karen and Jeff. He may look like his dad but he's all Karen personality-wise."

I caught her eye behind Nana's back, hoping they conveyed my concern and anxiety.

Mom smiled and patted my cheek.

†

Lunch was interminable. Not even the interplay of Jeff and his mom could distract me. When it was over, mom rose and congratulated Jeff again. She told me to enjoy my afternoon and she would see me at home later.

As was traditional, most of the newly graduated seniors met up at the city park. The cops kept a close eye out for booze or dope, so it was a more sedate crowd. Groups of three and four formed, then broke apart and reformed again, sea foam atop the waves.

Maggie found me. I had seen Suze at graduation but had not had a chance to talk to her. She had disappeared after the ceremony ended. Maggie informed me her parents planned to keep her grounded until she left for school. They had even threatened to pull their help with her tuition if she could not prove to them she was not simply going to waste her time at college getting falling down drunk.

I think she was hoping I would ask her out. I was considering it but could not make up my mind before she gave a half wave and wandered away.

I played a few games of volleyball, then a few of half touch, half kill football. Being bang around proved to be the most successful way to quit worrying about what was happening to mom and me, Maggie and me, or just me.

The crowd began to thin out as supper time neared. I think we were all surprised at the sense of melancholy, of ending, that came over us as we began to drift away. It felt more than a

little like Frodo saying goodbye to his friends before boarding a ship at the Gray Havens.

I remember thinking, I did not need that grief on top of the anxiety that was keeping my heart pounding and my gut queasy.

Jeff dropped me at my house. I walked into the kitchen half worried mom would not be there. Worried she had stayed with Nana. Stay away from me.

I could hear the TV in the living room. I crossed the kitchen and stepped through the archway. Mom sat on the sofa. The TV was broadcasting a golf game, which immediately told me she was not actually watching TV; she detested golf.

She was naked except for her smile.

"Good thing I didn't invite Jeff in," I managed to choke out.

"It would have made his day."

"Year," I corrected. "Decade." I stared for a moment longer. "Are we okay?"

"Yes, baby. I told you we were. You worry too much. This whole thing is crazy and probably wrong. I want you to find someone you enjoy being with, be that Maggie, or someone you meet at the university. But in the meantime, we've come this far. We might as well enjoy what we can, while we can."

With that she rose and held out her hand to me.

Hand and hand we walked back to the bedroom.

†

The top sheet and light summer blanket had been neatly folded at the foot of the bed. Mom had draped a silk scarf over the bedside lamp, turning the harsh white light into a soft red-purple glow. Atop a towel at the top of the mattress rested the dildo, lube and several condoms.

I turned to mom and she smiled.

"Go take a shower, baby. Take your time. Bring back a pan of soapy water and a washcloth when you're finished." With that she kissed me lightly and turned me toward the door.

I showered in a daze. My cock was already raging as I toweled off and ran a basin of water as she had requested.

Mom was lying on her side, head propped up on her arm. She was gorgeous. She had her hair tied back in a ponytail. Her breasts, full and natural, draped over her chest. Her nipples hardened as I walked into the room. I placed the basin on the floor beside the bed and knelt beside her.

I leaned forward as she rolled onto her back. She cupped my face and pulled me into a long, slow kiss. Of all the amazing moments we were to share, that kiss stands out in my memory. It was intimate, more intimate in a way than what would come after it.

That kiss connected us. Breath to breath. Tongue to tongue. We became as close to one as two people, separated by skin by physical bodies, were capable of becoming.

I am convinced part of that kiss has remained, physically, with me to this day. Besides sharing half her genes, I am certain a molecule of water from her tongue, perhaps an atom of oxygen from her breath, has found a home somewhere in my body. It has never been transformed, never been exhaled.

It's there. Inside me. Even now as I remember and write. I know it.

Through some alchemy of grace and desire, mom moved beneath me without breaking our kiss. I straddled her waist, cock leaking onto the soft pale skin of her belly as our mouths worshipped each other.

Time faded into irrelevance as we kissed. At some point, I found myself worshipping her breasts. There was no tugging or biting that night. Tenderness and love supplied more than enough intensity.

My mouth found her pussy. I drank from the well of her being. She orgasmed with my lips tugging at her clit and her hands

pulling at my hair. As I waited for her body and mind to calm, I kissed the insides of her thighs.

I sat back on my heels and massaged her legs and feet. As she relaxed, I swear her body became lighter. It was as if she floated above the bed. I watched her breathe. I could see her left breast shiver slightly with every heartbeat. Eyes closed; she was the picture of contentment.

Lowering her leg, I put a hand beneath each of her knees and rolled her up into to a ball. I moved my hands, cupping her butt. I used my thumbs to open her. I did not hesitate. I leaned forward and planted my mouth over her bottom.

I worshipped her ass with my mouth as I had her breasts. She did not resist when I stiffened my tongue and pushed beyond her sphincter.

She moaned and the sound set my heart on fire.

Later, far from sated but ready to move on, I picked up the dildo and lubed it by putting it in her pussy. I returned to tonguing her ass as I fucked her with her purple toy. She began to shudder. Perhaps she had another orgasm. I don't know.

I sat back and rubbed the dildo over her ass. There was less resistance this time when I inserted it. Mom sighed. I began to work the dildo in and out of her bottom. I put my thumb in her pussy and rock my hand, fucking her with my thumb and rubbing her clit with the side of my index finger.

When she began to buck, I stopped. I let her relax back onto the bed. I removed the dildo from her butt. I did not see anything dirty on it but I leaned over the side of the bed and let it slide into the basin of soapy water. It was no longer needed.

"Use a condom, baby," mom whispered. "Easier to clean up."

"I don't think we need it but if you'll feel better about this I will." She nodded. I reached passed her and picked up one of foil squares and looked at it.

"Have you ever used a condom?" she asked.

I shook my head, a little embarrassed at the admission.

"Come up here." I climbed over her leg and knelt by her side. I watched as she ripped open the foil packet. She showed me how to collapse the tip of the condom as she pressed it against the head of my cock and unrolled it.

"We should have trimmed your pubes, Josh. When you take this off, it's going to pull the hair a bit."

"It's okay," I replied as I leaned over to kiss her.

We kissed for a very long time before she pulled away.

"Do you want me on my knees?" she asked.

That is how I had always envisioned this unfolding but now I was not sure.

"Can we do it with you on your back? I want to see your face. I want to kiss you."

"Of course, we can, baby. Kneel between my legs." I did as she asked. "Slip your arms beneath my legs. You can rest some of your weight on my legs."

Now, she laid beneath me, knees on her chest, pussy and ass exposed. Mom twisted and reached behind her. When she turned back she held the lube.

"Give me your hand."

I held out my hand and she squirted a large dollop of lube onto my fingers.

"Lube up your cock and my ass, Josh."

I coated my condom-clad cock with lube and then ran my slick fingers over her puckered bottom.

"Inside as well, baby."

Two fingers slipped easily into her ass. I moved my fingers around, stretching her, readying her.

"One sec, baby," she whispered when I removed my fingers from her bottom. Once again, she twisted and stretched. I heard water dripping. When she rolled onto her back, she held the washcloth out to me. I wiped the lube, and nothing else I could see, off my fingers. Leaning over her, I dropped the washcloth back in the basin.

Settling between her legs I looked at her, flushed and breathing a little hard, and felt like crying.

"You sure you're okay with this, mom?"

She smiled and nodded. "I'm more than okay, baby. I'm looking forward to it. Go slow at first."

"Of course. Tell me if I'm hurting you. We don't have to do this."

"I know and that makes all the difference."

With that she pulled her legs back a bit more, offering herself to me, trusting me.

I pressed the head of my cock against her bottom. She did not tense at the contact. The smile never left her face. She nodded.

I pressed a little harder. A brief moment of resistance and then the head of my cock slipped inside her.

And with that, my world shifted once more.

I understand that statement will sound like hyperbole to most but in truth, it is not. My partner was allowing me to do something that required a higher level of trust. To be given that trust was overwhelming. She was giving me a gift but I was giving her something as well.

I was giving her back control over her body. Control my sperm donor had attempted to wrest from her. I was giving her the right to enjoy her body in whatever way she saw fit. The right to be a full partner.

I do not mean to sound as if I was, or am, some sort of super lover. It was definitely a two-way street. I was in awe of the trust she had placed in me. It was that, not an innate special quality I possessed, that resulted in my treating her with such care.

Over the years I have had casual lovers, not many but some. I would like to imagine I was as careful with them but I'm sure I was not. I do not believe I was ever cruel or a total dick but sex in the context of love is as different from casual sex as your hand is from a pussy.

I froze. I remember that clearly. The sensation of mom's ass around my cock was utterly different than that of her pussy.

It was a revelation to me. Not to be crude but I had stupidly imagined a hole would be hole. How childish.

A mouth was a hole but I was already aware of how amazingly different a blowjob was from fucking a pussy. Why I was so taken aback to find being in her butt was so amazingly different than being in her pussy is beyond me.

As lost as I was in amazement, I did manage to pay attention to what I was feeling. One difference was obvious. Her sphincter squeezed my cock tighter than her pussy and in very circumscribed way. Beyond its tightness the sphincter, her butt was not as tight as her pussy.

All true but there is no doubt a great deal of the difference between anal and regular intercourse lies in the aura of mystery and naughtiness surrounding anal sex.

"You can go deeper, baby."

Mom's whisper brought me back to the moment. I slowly pushed my cock into her ass. The grip her ass had on my cock thrilled me to my core.

With the front of my legs pressed against the back of hers, I rode over her, using my weight to push deeper into her.

"Josh, that's unbelievable," she gasped. "I had no idea."

I leaned over, pushing even deeper into her ass, and kissed her.

"You're amazing. Fucking amazing," I whispered against her cheek.

She reached up and patted mine. "So, are you baby. So are you."

Her smile morphed into a look one might imagine on the face of a succubus. Her eyes glittered. "How 'bout you fuck me now with that amazing cock, baby."

Eyes locked with hers, I swiveled my hips back until I left the crown of my cock snag against the hard, tight ring of her ass. I paused and then in one swift motion drove back into her.

My thrust forced the air from her chest. Her heels went around my waist and dug into the small of my back. I leaned far over her. My cock was nearly vertical as it entered her body.

Her eyes never left mine. My gaze darted from her face to her pussy, where he fingers rubbed and slapped at her clit.

The novelty, the intensity, made it impossible for either of us to last for very long.

She began to buck beneath me. I put more and more of my weight on her, on my cock, fucking her with long, slow, deep strokes.

Her ass clenched around me. Her face contorted. She slapped at her clit as liquid flowed from her pussy. Her ass was so far up in the air, her wetness flowed over her lower belly.

She began to gasp and buck again. The sounds she made sent me rocketing over the edge of the abyss.

With a roar, I pushed deep and felt my cock pulsing, filling the condom.

I knew two things at that moment. The first, this was not a one and done. I had no illusion this would be our standard position for making love but I knew we would do it again. Second, no more condoms. There was something so primal about filling her body, be it ass, mouth, or pussy, with my seed that was too powerful to resist.

However, she had prepared for this, I had seen nothing, dirty or gross.

I vowed to myself all future fucking would be bareback.

When I caught my breath enough to risk moving, I slowly withdrew from her butt. I carefully pulled off the condom and tied it closed. I hopped off the bed and grabbed the washbasin.

In the bathroom, I washed the dildo, my hands and my cock. I filled the pan with first water, grabbed a clean washcloth and return to the bedroom. I gently washed her bottom.

"Did I hurt you?" I asked.

She laughed. "No, you did not. I may be sore in the morning." She waved away my frown. "Josh, I told you I've missed walking around, feeling well and truly fucked the next day."

"Can we do it again?"

"Oh, you liked that did you?" she teased. I nodded. "Of course, we have to plan it. I don't think I can just, you know, do it without getting ready."

"Sure. I don't want to use a condom next time. There was nothing on the dildo, nothing on the condom or washcloth."

"Can I think about that?"

I nodded.

She rolled to her side and picked up her watch. "I told Mel I wouldn't be in until 9 o'clock tonight. That gives me thirty minutes for a nap. Want to join me?"

"Yeah, but let me go make you something to eat before you go to work." I kissed her. "I wish you didn't have to work there anymore. It's too much."

"It's fine, honey. It's a nice chunk of change with the added bonus of giving Mel endless amounts of shit. If I'm not up by

8 o'clock, wake me." She rose up and kissed me. A kiss that nearly pulled me back into the bed and ruined her chance for a nap.

With a sigh, she pulled away and laid back on the bed.

"Don't take a shower," I told her. "Sleep an extra ten minutes."

"Oh baby, I have to. I must reek of sex."

I grinned. "I know. That's the point."

She shook her head and laughed. "What is with men and marking their territory. Even though Mel won't know who I've had sex with you're getting off on him knowing you've had me aren't you?"

I shrugged. "Maybe."

"Go on. Let me sleep."

She slept. She had a light supper before she headed to the bar.

She did not shower before she left.

Chapter 9

I groaned when I awoke the next morning. It took me a minute to realize it was Sunday. And another to realize even if it wasn't, I was no longer a high school student. As that sense of relief and weirdness wafted over me, I remembered that neither mom nor I had work today. My groan gave way to a sigh and a smile.

I rolled over, looking for mom. She was lying on her side, back toward me, sheet kicked off. Her ponytail had come loose and her still dark hair was a mass of chaotic waves. Losing her hair during chemo hit us both hard. One would think, in the scheme of things, losing your hair would have been trivial. It was not.

Now I understand our grief over the loss of her hair was nothing but a synecdoche for the larger despair we felt over the incomprehensible unfairness of her cancer; of being parted from each other by fate rather than choice.

The coming tragedy was unimagined as I laid in bed that morning, one hand trailing lightly over her back, hip and butt. She murmured, still lost in sleep. I knew if I stayed in bed, I would wake her. She needed her rest more than I needed her body. I got out of bed, careful to avoid jostling her, and left the room as noiselessly as possible.

There was cold coffee left in the pot. I grabbed a glass and did my best to add a few ice cubes without making any noise. A healthy, or unhealthy, I suppose, dollop of half-n-half, plus the cold coffee and I was set.

Sitting on the sofa, atop the hand towel I now carried around as a matter of course, I set my iced coffee on the floor and picked up *Old Filth*. I had been happily surprised to see our small library had a copy. I was not sure if mom was serious about more skinny dipping, but Ms. Porter intrigued me. I want to have at least read one of the books she recommended.

I was not sure about it at first. It opened with what read more like stage directions than a novel. It did not take long before my apprehensions were left by the wayside. I had read nearly a hundred pages, the ice in my coffee long crunched into nothingness, when I realized mom was standing in front of me.

"You and your books," she said with a smile.

"I think you'll like it, too," I offered as I rose and folded her into my arms. "Last night was amazing. Thank you."

"I should thank you. I nearly allowed your father to ruin something I have found I enjoy. Quite a lot actually." She stepped back and patted my chest twice with the flat of one hand. "Come on. I'll make us breakfast."

I wish I could tell you what we ate but I cannot. I am appalled at how little, how very little, we remember of our lives.

†

After breakfast, we showered together. We soaped each other's bodies. Mom first. I rinsed her off and kissed her, fondling her breasts, her pussy. I coaxed her to put one foot up on the rim of the tub and knelt. I took my time, sucking and licking, until she came.

Another lost and, at the time, unappreciated facet of youth - the ability to kneel on hard surfaces and then get back up again without groaning.

Mom recovered then washed me. By then the hot water was beginning to fade. She shut off the shower but made no move to get out.

Pushing the shower curtain aside, she sat atop a folded towel on the rim of the tub. With soft hands, she guided me into position. One leg was between hers, the other foot rested on the edge of the tub.

She cupped my balls in one hand. She had trusted me with her ass. I trusted her with my balls. She fondled me, seemingly by magic knowing when to stop, when the ache of her squeezes and tugs became too intense.

Moving her hands and resting her cheek on my belly, she stoked my butt.

"Are you still sore?" she asked, kissing the point where my thigh merged into my lower belly.

"A little," I admitted. "But only if I forget and scoot or lean hard against something. I don't mind. It was fun." I paused. "I'd like to do that again sometime."

"Are you sure?"

I nodded. "Definitely. It was incredibly intense. The stinging and burning in my ass seemed to amp up every sensation yet, somehow, narrowed my focus." I shook my head. I was not making sense. "I was aware of less but what I was aware of was more intense, more real."

Mom nodded then tilted her body forward to take my cock in her mouth. I watched her cheeks flatten as my dick disappeared down her throat. She gazed up at me, watching me watch her. Pulling back, she bent forward and suck one ball into her mouth.

It hurt a little, especially when she sucked or tugged, but it was a good ache. She let that one go and then took the other in her mouth. All the while her hand floated over my cock.

I thought having my balls sucked on was my new experience for the day.

Nope.

She sat back and smiled at me. I tried to smile. Maybe I managed to. I don't know. I was lost in the wonder of her smile and the feel of her hand on my cock.

"Turn around, Josh."

I was confused but obeyed.

"Leaned against the wall."

I did as she asked and waited. Her hands stroked the outside of my legs, up over my hips.

She kissed the cheek of my butt.

"Did I spank you too hard, love?"

"No, ma'am. I deserved it," I whispered.

"Perhaps," she whispered back as her kisses continued.

Her hands went to my butt cheeks. "Arch your back a little, baby," she instructed. She spread my cheeks.

She kissed my hole.

I freaked and jerked away and twisted to look at her. She was still smiling but there was a hint of challenge behind the smile.

"I want to show you how good it feels," she said, rubbing the sides of my legs again. "I washed you. You're all clean." She cocked her head and the smile faded. "And it's not gay, if that's what you're worried about."

I didn't say anything but, like a sorceress, she was always able to read my thoughts.

"Oh, Joshua. How silly. Really? You have the same nerve endings in your perineum as I do. Just as you have the nerves in your nipples. You enjoyed me playing with your nipples. I don't have to ask if that is true; it was obvious. Was enjoying that gay?" She continued to rub my legs. "I think you would enjoy it but if you would rather not, I understand."

"You won't put anything in me? Your finger or anything?"

The smile re-blossomed. "Not until you ask me too," she said, with the most adorable smirk on her face.

I nodded, turned, and leaned into the wall.

As was often the case, she was right. I did enjoy it. I enjoyed it more when she reached between my legs and fondle my balls. More still when she reached around and began to stroke me.

I came, hard, with mom tonguing my butt.

This one memory I am absolutely sure of.

†

"Stop over thinking it," mom told me, once more reading my mind.

Breakfast over, we were sitting at the table sipping a second cup of coffee.

"You get that from me," she continued. "Having your butt played, and enjoying it, does not mean you are gay. If you were imagining Jeff playing with your butt, you might be. Were you imaging Jeff rimming you?"

"God, no!" I spluttered, almost choking on my coffee.

"Leonardo DiCaprio? Keanu?"

"You're showing your age, mom. Those guys are no longer hot."

"Ouch," she chuckled. "Go for the throat why don't you? I beg to differ. And my point remains valid." She stood up. "Let's go to the lake. What do you say?"

"Cool. Excellent. Let's do it."

It did not take long to get ready. The day was beautiful. The sun was about halfway to the top of the sky when we spread out our blanket. No one was there.

We took a swim. The water still carried winter's chill, which made mom's nipples nearly irresistible but since we were out in public, I managed to control myself. I was ready to get out after a few minutes. I've never been much of a swimmer. Mom loved the water. She began to swim laps across the inlet.

I was toweling off my hair when I heard Ms. Porter call out a greeting. I lowered the towel and returned the greeting before I finished drying off. I made myself comfortable on the blanket, watching the sky flicker beyond the swaying tree branches, while Ms. Porter situated herself.

When I could tell she had settled herself on her towel I sat up and reached for my backpack. I retrieved Old Filth and turned to show her.

"I'm about halfway through it," I told her.

"And?" she replied.

"I love it."

"Why?"

"Eddie has had this amazing life and everyone thinks he's just a boring old fuddy duddy. The author drops all these hints, at

random, and so far, hasn't returned to them. She is telling the reader there is even more to his life than she's revealing. I'm beginning to wonder if she ever will. Perhaps, just as in life, there will be parts of Eddie we will never actually know, only suspect."

"I'm glad you're enjoying it. I'll say no more. The other two books in the trilogy are good but that one is my favorite."

"I should have known you would be talking books," mom called as she made her way through the grass, looking gorgeous, body jeweled with beads of water that sparkled in the sun.

"Hello, Janice," Ms. Porter replied. "Of course, we're talking about books. What else is there to talk about? I refuse to allow politics to enter the conversation. Likewise, religion. I don't watch TV and it seems the only movies being made are from comic books, entertaining enough I suppose but hardly the sort of thing one can sink one's conversational teeth into."

Mom chuckled politely and after finishing toweling off her body sat down on the blanket, a respectable distance from me.

"So, Joshua, how does it feel to be a high school graduate?" Ms. Porter asked.

"Strange, stranger than I expected," I admitted. "Kind of sad."

She nodded then turned to rummage through her bag for her own book. "Wait until you wake up and realized high school was almost fifty years ago."

It's only been thirty years but sweet Jesus she was right. I catch myself looking in the mirror and wonder how the fuck can I be forty-eight-years-old? It seems impossible. I don't have forty-eight years' worth of memories.

Nowadays, Ms. Porter doesn't go skinny dipping at the lake. She's going strong at ninety-six, in assisted living but needing very little assisting that I can see. We make a point of visiting her at least once a week.

Like most eighteen-year-olds, thoughts of what the future had in store held little interest for me as I sat on a blanket in the sun all those years ago.

Mom slathered my back with sunscreen and I managed not to get an erection. Mom and Ms. Porter chatted for a few minutes, then Ms. Porter turned to her book. Mom stretched out on the blanket. I buried myself in my own book, afraid Ms. Porter would catch me gazing at mom's body, so beautiful, so naked and so very close.

I read. The sun continued its climb. My stomach growled. Beside me Mom chuckled.

"Hey, I protested. It has to be close to lunchtime." I marked my place and closed my book. I stood and stretched. "I'm going to go take a dip to cool off before I eat."

Mom nodded but gave no sign she was going to join me. I padded across the grass, amazed at how hot the ground had grown and waded into the deliciously chilled water. I swam a few lazy laps but mostly just floated. I was aware someone else had joined our small group in the clearing but I could not work up the energy to try to see who.

My stomach growled again. Louder. I swear it caused the water to ripple around my body. I swam a few strokes and then stood and waded out of the water. I was focused on drying off as I made my way to the blanket, and lunch, still paying no attention to the newcomer.

I was about to open the cooler when the newcomer spoke. I froze.

"Hello, Josh. I never imagined I would run into you, or Janice, here."

I forced myself to grab a coke and a sandwich. Of course, that done I had no reason, other than being gob smacked, not to sit down and return the greeting.

I managed to sit without falling. My hands were full, which prevented me from drawing attention to my nudity by putting my hands over my junk. I sat the sandwich down and popped open the Coke. I took a drink, hoping Ms. Lang would imagine I was simply really thirsty rather than stalling.

"Hi, Ms. Lang," I said, without my voice cracking. Or so I remember it anyway.

"I was telling Nora how I used to come here all the time before life got too busy," Mom said to me.

Nora was Ms. Lang's given name.

"Janice, I had no idea. I think you and I are the only ones from the school who know about this place. At least I haven't seen anyone else here the past two summers. If I had known, I would have invited you to join me."

"I've tried to get my niece to join me," Ms. Porter added. "She's declined me so far. She's not really my niece. She's the grandniece of one my oldest friends. A lovely girl. I had so hoped she would hook up with my grandnephew." She sighed. "That's before I realized he was gay." She turned to me. "Joshua, have you thought anymore about exploring bisexuality. My nephew really is a delight."

Coke spurted out of my nose. Ms. Porter was kind enough not to laugh but my mother and Ms. Lang laughed so hard tears were running down their cheeks.

I did my best not glower as I took a bite of my sandwich.

"My niece, though as I've indicated she's not really a blood relative, has been reluctant to join me here at the lake. She's afraid her parents would cause trouble. They give religion a

bad name. But she's eighteen now. She said she might join me today. I do hope so. Lovely young lady. Truly."

I took another bite of my sandwich. Behind me, there was a rustling of the grass.

"Hi, Aunt Edna," a voice called.

Spraying Coke from your nose is embarrassing. Coming to within a razor's edge of being Heimlich'd, in the nude, by a former teacher or your mother, also nude, would have been worse.

I was able to clear the bit of ham sandwich from my airway without my companions being any the wiser.

"Oh, Margaret!" Ms. Porter called. "You did come. Everyone, meet my adopted niece, Margaret Saunders. She goes to your school. Do any of you know her?"

Mom, Ms. Lang, Maggie and I all exchanged quick glances.

"Yes, Aunt Edna, we know each other," Maggie stammered.

"Oh, how lovely," Ms. Porter announced, clapping her hands.

At the time I imagined she was clueless. Now, I suspect she already knew what many people never learn - sometimes

simply ignoring a potential problem is the best approach. Act as if everything is cool and it may turn out that way.

"Here, Margaret, I brought an extra-large blanket. Make yourself at home. Did you bring anything to eat or did you eat before you came? What did you tell your parents? I hope if you fibbed you made it worthwhile. Perhaps you told them you were proselytizing to a bunch of nudists? When forced to fib it is best to stick as close to the truth as possible."

Ms. Porter, I would discover, rarely spoke unless she had something important to say. With the benefit of hindsight, it is clear she was chattering on to allow us to catch our breath and to continue the impression that four people who were casual acquaintances had no reason to fear being nude around each other.

I have to say, it turned out she was right.

Maggie didn't undress but she did sit down on the edge of Ms. Porter's blanket, as far away from me as possible. I turned my attention back to my sandwich. Mom got up to get a sandwich for herself. Ms. Lang grabbed a book and stretched out on her stomach.

She had, still has, a lovely butt.

Even Ms. Porter was quiet. For no reason, other than I was uncomfortable with the silence, I walked back to the lake and waded in. I did not swim. I dunked my head on, floated for a

few minutes, then walked out. I sat on my towel beside the water and let the sun and breeze dry my body.

"Is the water still cold?"

Wondering if she would still have her clothes on, I looked over my shoulder at Maggie. She was silhouetted by the sun. I shaded my eyes with one hand. She still had her jeans and tee shirt on.

"Yeah, but warmer than it was earlier today. It feels good."

She sat on the grass with the ease and grace of youth. She looked out over the small inlet. The water, black except where the ripples reflected the gaudy white blaze of the midday sun, was mesmerizing.

"Aunt Edna will think I'm a wimp or a prude or both, if I don't join you guys."

"No, she won't," I replied, knowing I was right. "This is about freedom and that includes the freedom to not be nude." I glanced at her. "This is only my second time. If I had known you would be here, or if you were here when I got here, I don't know if I would have undressed." I shrugged. "Though, I didn't bring swimming trunks and it would be hot sitting around in my jeans."

"I have a suit on."

"You're golden, Maggie. Go in, check out the water. If you want to take off your suit later. Cool. If you don't. Still cool." I leaned toward her slightly, and in a conspiratorial whisper, added, "of course, I might have to spend the rest of the day on my stomach either way."

She looked at me, finally, with a frown.

"Ms. Porter has lectured me on the impropriety of displaying any, uh, sign of sexuality."

Her frown deepened. I rolled my eyes.

"A boner," I explained. Maggie gasped, blushed, then laughed.

I joined her.

Still laughing, she walked back to her blanket, peeled off her tee shirt, kicked off her sandals and shimmied out of her jeans. I had been making a joke but the sight of her in a little two-piece bikini made my cock twitch. I've learned over the years that a bathing suit can be more erotic than nudity. As she walked past me and waded into the water, I beat a strategic retreat back to our blanket.

"Here, let me do your back again and you'd better take my spot; there's more shade," mom told me as I started to sit down on the blanket. I switched with her and focused on the coolness of her hands and the lotion on my back. I was able

to appreciate the experience, perhaps for the first time, in a non-sexual way.

"Are you and Margaret friends?" Ms. Porter asked as I drowsed beneath mom's hands.

"Yeah, we haven't had a lot of classes together but we're both friends with Suze."

Ms. Porter gave a tsk. "That young woman needs to figure out a few things before she gets herself in real trouble. Suze, mind you, not Margaret."

"Suze is okay," I replied, feeling I had to defend my friend. "If you're talking about the graduation party, she had way too much to drink but that's unusual for her. Maggie is a good friend. She made sure Suze was okay. I'm sure Suze is mortified."

Mom squeezed my shoulder. I assumed she was approving of my defense of Suze.

"No doubt you know her better than I," Ms. Potter sighed. "I know I'm an old poop but I do believe young people are more foolish than your mother or I ever were." She paused. "And, if I do say so, I was always known as a bit of a hellion."

"That I can believe," mom laughed, handing me the bottle of lotion. "Slather up good, oh pale offspring of mine."

"Janice? Would you be so good as to go my back for me?" Ms. Porter asked.

"Of course."

Mom took care of Ms. Porter, then headed toward the lake. Ms. Lang followed her. I watched as they swam over to Maggie. I wondered what they were talking about.

"I suspect your mother is trying to determine if Margaret is suitable dating material for you," Ms. Porter said.

Are all women mind readers? I recall wondering.

"Mom knows Maggie," I replied. "Maggie hung out with me after graduation and we watched some TV."

"Oh, did you now," Ms. Porter exclaimed.

I decided to ignore her smirk and went back to my book. Books were, and remain, a place where I can stop thinking about life. I was aware mom, Ms. Lang and Maggie had returned but it was not until I needed to put my book aside to go take a leak, that I noticed Maggie had taken the plunge.

She was sitting on Ms. Porter's blanket. Nude.

The four women were chatting about something. They were all beautiful, even Ms. Porter in a way even the youngster I was at the time could appreciate, at least intellectually.

It is one thing to understand that nude is not lewd. It is another, especially at eighteen to tell your body that.

"Uh, hey, mom?"

Mom turned from the conversation. "Yeah, Josh?"

"Um, what's the etiquette for taking a leak? Go behind the bushes? Get dressed and go back to the toilets by the parking lot?"

"Toilets, Joshua," Ms. Porter answered for her. "While we ladies understand you have no need for toilet paper after urinating, we do. We would be put out, immensely so, should you not share in the trek we are forced to make simply because your biology has provided you with a penis."

As was often the case with Ms. Porter, I was not sure if she was being serious. It wasn't until Maggie began to giggle and Mom and Ms. Lang began to laugh that Ms. Porter allowed herself to smile.

"Very funny," I grumbled, irritated I had been taken in yet again.

Maggie hopped up and reached for her bikini bottom. "Actually, would you mind walking me back to the toilets? I have to go, too. Besides, I could use a hand bringing the cooler from my car."

"Sure thing," I said with a nod. "Shit, I didn't bring a swimsuit," I grumbled as I reached for my jeans. I considered wearing the boxer briefs I liked to show off to mom in but stuck with the jeans.

"Mind if I join you?" Ms. Lang asked, though she started dressing before either of us had answered.

"No prob, Ms. Lang," Maggie answered. I tried not to stare as she reached behind her back to tie the top of her bikini.

"You and Joshua are no longer my students. Thank God," she muttered. "Please call me Nora. 'Ms. Lang' makes me feel old."

"Well, I am old," Ms. Porter interjected. "Please continue to call me 'Ms. Porter' or 'Aunt Edna'. I do detest the modern presumption of familiarity."

Maggie and I saw Nora roll her eyes and we struggled not to laugh.

"Mom? You want to join us?"

"No, Josh. I peed in the lake."

I gaped at her. It was Ms. Porter's turn to roll her eyes.

"Joshua, it's a lake not a swimming pool. I would advise you not to go behind the bushes, assuming of course you would prefer not to wade through masses of poison ivy."

"Josh, you really are a Boy Scout at heart, aren't you?" Nora asked, slipping her arms through the straps of her suit.

I did not really hear the question. I was wishing she had worn a bikini as well. She had the body for it.

Nora was not tall, but taller than Mom or Maggie. She was thinner than Maggie. Like mom, they were both brunettes with darker complexions than mine. Maggie has hazel eyes. Nora's are a dark brown. Because she was thinner than Maggie, Nora's boobs looked bigger. They are not but her areolas are larger, as are her nipples.

Their beauty was different than mom's, different from each other. But they were all beautiful women. Inside and out.

I was, I am, blessed.

"I would appreciate it if neither of you mentioned seeing me here," Nora requested as we trudged in the heat back to the parking lot. "My contract, like all teachers' contracts, has a moral turpitude clause. All it would take is one parent complaining and I could be fired."

"No way," I objected. "For doing something that's legal and on your own time?"

"Oh, please Josh," Maggie scoffed looking over her shoulder at me. "Are you really that naïve? For one, public nudity is not legal and we live in rural Illinois." She dropped a hand on Nora's forearm. "No worries, Ms. Lang. We got your back."

"Nora, please. And thank you."

"Josh, I've always thought your mom was way cool but I can't imagine going to a clothing optional beach with my mom, even if she weren't wrapped around Jesus like He's a stripper pole," Maggie said, turning her attention to me.

I had been rehearsing an answer to the question I knew had to come up at some point.

"Did you just compare Jesus to a stripper's pole?" Nora interrupted, giving me extra time to gather my thoughts.

"To mom, and my father, yes. Or oxycotin? Or booze? He's their drug. They don't find peace or comfort in their beliefs. They don't see the beauty of some of His teachings. He's their escape from reality, from the responsibility of making decisions. Life's easy when some lying buffoon in pulpit tells you what to do." Maggie shook her head. "Sorry."

"No need to apologize," Nora assured her. I hoped Maggie would forget her question but no such luck.

"So, how did you end up skinny dipping with your mom?" she asked.

"Well, you've seen my house. Small. One bathroom. It's not like mom or I flaunted our bodies but there was no way not to see each other occasionally. Besides, I think mom made a conscious effort not to make the human body anything to be horrified or frightened of. There are family naturist resorts you know. Still, I admit I was shocked when she brought me here. I got over it pretty fast."

"Janice is a smart woman," Nora said. "She runs that school. Thank God. Stewart is a nice guy but how the hell he got to be a principal is beyond me."

"Oh, dish up some dirt, Nora," Maggie begged.

"Just because I said you can call me by my given name doesn't mean I'm going to start telling you school gossip, Maggie."

"Why not? You've seen my boobs and I've seen yours?"

I skidded to a stop. Nora looked taken aback but not angry. Then she laughed.

"True enough, Maggie but I'm still not telling you school gossip."

Maggie shot me a look over her shoulder and laughed. "I tried," she laughed.

We ended up spending most of the day at the lake. Mid-afternoon another couple showed up. They spread a blanket nearby. She was a computer programmer. He was a sculptor. We spent hours talking about art, the threat or promise of AI, would AI ever match Shakespeare, and over Ms. Porter's objection, religion. The gamut.

All of us nude. Not one of us carrying.

†

"You should ask Maggie out, Josh. She's a sweetheart," mom offered. The ride home had been silent until that point.

"She's great," I agreed.

"Then ask her out." Mom glanced over at where I was slumped in the passenger seat. "You promised me if you met someone you were interested in you would not let what we're going stop you."

"I don't think I promised. Besides, I can think Maggie is great and not want to date her. I think Suze is great but I don't want to date her."

"Honey, I'm not old old but I'm older than you. I am surrounded at work by hormonal adolescents. You interact with Suze the way you do with Jeff. The way you act around Maggie could not be more different. You like her. And let's not

get into like versus like like and all that middle school nonsense. You like her and you are clearly interested in her as more than a friend. Think about it. Okay?"

She let the matter drop after I nodded.

If I could have reached my book, I would have buried myself in it. I have always had a tendency to hide in a book. Mom was right. I was interested in Maggie.

I had nearly settled my mind when mom spoke again.

"That Nora is another sweetheart. She spent most of the day trying not to look at you and not monopolize the conversation with you. She's only a few years older you know."

"Jeez, mom. Enough."

The rest of the ride was quiet.

We made love that night. Slow and sweet with lots of kissing and whispers. I dozed on top her after. When my cock softened enough to slip from her body, I rolled to her side and threw my arm and leg over her.

My wet cock was slippery against her leg. She stroked my shoulder and nuzzled the top of my head as I fell asleep.

Chapter 10

Mom's admin job for the school did not end over the summer; there were never-ending reports to be assembled and filed with the school district, as well as the State and Federal Departments of Education. She continued to work at the bar Friday and Saturday nights.

I worked forty hours a week at the diner. I tried to work as many daytime shifts as possible, even breakfast, which totally blew since breakfast tips sucked. Breakfast diners tended to think Nixon was still President. They believed a half-dollar was a big tip.

Working days meant I was home at night. We fell into an easy routine. Whoever got home first made dinner. Whoever made dinner relaxed while the other did the few dishes. Mom complained my dinners were always fancier so there were more dishes. I started washing the prep and mixing bowls as I went along. When she realized what I was doing she made me stop and apologized for saying anything about it.

In retrospect, it seems to me we made love every night one of us was not working. I doubt that could be true but I will always hope that was so.

I will not claim every night was a new adventure. Many nights, or days, we simply loved each other then fell asleep in each other's arms. Few people find even something as simple as that in this life.

I always recall some lines from Just Breathe by Pearl Jam when I stray into self-pity:

Oh, I'm a lucky man

To count on both hands

The ones I love

Some folks just have one

Yeah, others they got none

Our time was shorter than either of us imagined but I'm not bitter.

I was blessed. We were blessed. We are blessed.

There are so few specific memories. After mom was gone, I vowed I would pay attention to, and remember, every moment in my life; I would never again lose someone and be left with a handful of memories.

I tried. Even so, when I look back over a week or a month and try to remember the specific details of a day, I am horrified there are so few concrete, specific memories.

But there are some.

I could go all unreliable narrator on you and include details about dinner, what we watched on TV, etc. but I'll spare you. I will not even pretend I recall the actual date, though I am sure it was not long after the day we met Maggie and Nora at the lake.

"What do you fantasize about when you masturbate, Josh?"

I was nuzzling the side of her neck and pressing my cock into her side at the time, so her question took me by surprise.

"Different things," I replied, kissing her behind the ear.

"No kidding?" Mom snorted and elbowed me, gently. "Don't try to distract me. Be honest. I'm your mother and I'm fucking you, so shock is no longer on the menu for us."

"Why do you want to know? I'm not trying to be a smart ass. I fantasize about a lot of things."

"A lot of different acts or a lot of different people?"

We were lying on our sides by then facing each other.

"Both," I replied.

She rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Okay, when did you masturbate last?"

I dropped my eyes. "When I got home from work this afternoon," I admitted.

"Today? In the hour before I got home?" Mom was clearly taken aback.

"Uh, yeah. Do we have to talk about this?"

Mom sighed. "I'm sorry. I told you nothing would shock me, then I reacted like that. I'm not shocked. Surprised. Not shocked."

"Well, being nineteen is good for something I guess."

She kissed me then. "It's good for many things. Besides you're not nineteen yet. Three more weeks. We don't have to talk about this but I would like to." I nodded. "Okay," she said after kissing me again. "What did you fantasize about this afternoon when you masturbated."

"You."

"Just me?"

"No," I confessed. She reached over and play pinched my nipple.

"Joshua, just tell me."

"Maybe I should insist you do that stuff to my nipples again."

"Happy to. Was that what you fantasized about?"

"No." I did not say anything else. I held in my laughter until I saw her start to reach for my nipple again.

"Brat," she teased.

"There was someone else with us," I confessed. Mom settled back onto her pillow. "Maggie," I added. Mom smiled.

"I was fucking her. I was sitting on a chair and she was sitting on my cock, facing away, her back to my front. I was playing with her boobs."

"What was I doing?"

"You were on your knees, tonguing her clit and my cock as I fucked her."

"Wow. That's hot."

"You think so?"

"Of course."

"Have you ever done that?"

"Had a threesome?"

"No, had sex with another woman, gone down on a woman."

"Yes," mom answered. No hesitation. "In college a couple of times. Before I met your father."

"You went down on them?"

"Yes. And vice versa."

"You ate their pussy, in other words."

"Are those the words you like to hear? Do you like the idea of me eating pussy?"

"Yes. I've imagined you eating out Maggie while I fuck you from behind."

"Is Maggie the only other woman you imagine being with?"

I shook my head. "Don't laugh, but Ms. Lang."

"Why would I laugh? I'd be happy to eat her pussy."

Mom smirked at the look on my face. "What? Nora is a babe. You've seen her."

"I thought nude isn't lewd."

"It's not. I didn't bury my face in her pussy at the lake but I sure noticed she's a babe. You're at a disadvantage. Your cock is happy to betray you. I can be aroused and unless I'm really aroused you won't be able to tell by simply looking. Nora's body definitely sent a few tingles to my nether regions."

"Nether regions?" I snorted. "Seriously? You going to start talking about your naughty bits? Admit it. Nora made you wet."

"She did. What about Nora? You ever imagine you're fucking her while I'm licking her clit?"

I settled for a nod.

"What about all three of us? Me, Nora and Maggie?"

"No, not until just this moment. Thanks for the idea."

"What's a mother for?"

We stared at each other for a moment and then burst into laughter. I laughed so hard my ribs hurt.

"Have you been in a threesome?" I asked after getting myself under control.

"No. Your father always wanted to try it with a friend of his. I couldn't stand the guy, the friend, not your father. Both of 'em, actually. And I would never subject any of my friends to your father."

"You mean the sperm donor wanted to fuck you with another man?"

"Uh-huh," she gave me a questioning look. "Threesomes aren't just two woman and a man, my young Padawan."

I nodded. I mean sure, that made sense but I'd feel weird with another naked dude in bed.

"No, Joshua, that doesn't mean the men are gay or even bi," mom sighed, once more reading my thoughts. "Where do you get this insecurity from? Your father, please don't call him 'sperm donor', was as straight as they come. Still, he wanted me to fuck him along with one of his buddies."

"You mean like one of them in your pussy and the other in your ass?"

"I'm not sure," she answered. "Or maybe just watch me with him or me blowing him while getting fucked. But, yeah, maybe he had DP in mind." I must have started because I got an eyeroll. "Don't act so surprised. We've done that already. A dildo and a cock. I can think of a few guys I wouldn't mind joining us."

I rose up on one arm. "Seriously?"

"Why not? Assuming such a guy existed. One who would not freak out when he realized the other guy was my son. What about you? If Maggie or Nora was okay with incest, would you share me with one of them?" I nodded. "But not with another guy? That's silly, Josh."

"I guess. I mean, I get it but the idea still freaks me out in a way another woman wouldn't and not just because of the gay aspect. I'd be jealous."

"At least you admit it. Now work on it."

"Your turn. What do you fantasize about when you masturbate?"

"Who says I masturbate anymore? Now that I have a virile young man with a lusty cock at my beck and call."

"You don't?"

"No, I do." Her face scrunched up and through her laughter she added, "I masturbated today at lunch. I closed my door and masturbated at my desk."

"You did not!?"

"Sure, I did. Old fussy butt Stewart wasn't in. It's not the first time I've decompressed that way. In fact, since we've been fucking, I've masturbated more than ever. You re-awoke something that had nearly died inside me, baby."

"Happy to be of service. So, what did you think about while you were getting all nasty in your office?"

"I read about a hotel in New York a few years ago. It's near an elevated park the city built atop an old train line. For some reason, couples began to have sex in the windows and people walking on the Greenway, that's the name of the park, would gather to watch. I imagined I was pressed up against the window with a whole crowd of people watching me being fucked from behind."

"Was I the one fucking you?"

"Most of the time, sometimes my mind would flip to another guy, but mostly you."

"Who was the other guy?"

"I guy I dated in college. You never met him."

"Why him?"

"Nostalgia? I don't know. He wasn't as good a lover as you."

"Was his cock bigger?"

"No," mom groaned. "Men and their insecurities. Jesus."

"Just curious about why he was in your fantasy. That's all."

"Nostalgia is the best answer I can give you, sweetheart."

I nodded. "Were you in love with him?"

"I thought I was. Maybe I was. He moved back to Colorado after school and that was it."

"You could probably find him on social media." I could not believe I even thought that much less said it aloud. Was I out of my fucking mind?

"He's probably married with a zillion kids. My life is here. Mom is going to need more help over the next few years."

She was wrong on the last point. Mom's death stole a big piece of Nana's joy, if not her life. She would outlive mom by five

years. The cause was listed as "heart failure". Her heart did not fail. It was broken. All our hearts were broken.

I was tired of talking. I rolled half on top of her and kissed her as I ground my cock against her thigh. I pushed my leg between hers. Her pussy was hot and wet and she began to hump my leg.

I rolled back, pulling her on top of me. My cock throbbed, trapped between her and my stomach. I urged her to sit up. Hands on her hips I helped her rock atop my cock as she squeezed and tugged at her breasts.

"Don't cum, okay?"

She nodded; eyes closed.

She continued, tilting her pelvis, massaging her boobs, chewing at her lower lip for an eternity that lasted a mere instant. Then, she lifted herself off my body and knelt beside me.

"I'm so close," she whimpered.

"Lie down beside me," I suggested. When she did, I kissed her, softly, slowly, running my hands through her hair, until I felt the tension melt from her body.

Once she had come back from the edge, I scooted to the side of the bed and sat up. She frowned.

"Where are you going..."

Her voice trailed off as I held out my hand. She took it and moved to sit beside me. "Stand up, please." She did as I asked, standing between my legs. I leaned forward and kissed her belly button. "Turn around." She did as I asked without question, without hesitation. Her trust in me caused my body to tremble with emotion.

I rested my hands on her hips, taking deep breaths, getting control of myself.

I rubbed her lower back, her sides, her legs. I moved my butt to the edge of the bed.

"Step back for a moment. Let me put my legs together," I whispered. "Okay, come back. Your legs outside of mine. Straddle them." She shuffled backward. "Are you comfortable?" She nodded.

I kissed her back. "Put my cock in you," I whispered.

She reached between her legs and lowered herself onto my cock. She let her weight rest on my legs, taking me deep into her welcoming body. I leaned back on my elbows.

"Fuck yourself on my cock, Janice. Play with your boobs, your clit, while you ride my cock imagine Nora and Maggie are

taking turns kissing your thighs, licking your clit with my cock buried inside you."

Mom shuddered, then began to move. Hands on her hips I helped her ride my cock. She paused when my cock slipped from her pussy; with one hand she guided my cock back home.

She tugged at her breasts.

Circled her clit.

She spread herself with one hand and began to slap her clit with the other. Her body stiffened. Her gasps grew ragged. She drew in a deep breath and held it.

That was my cue.

I rose from the bed, holding her around the waist. She was able to reach the wall with one hand to steady herself as I gave in to my lust.

My thrusts were fast, deep. Once more the bedroom rang to the sounds of flesh on flesh and incoherent cries of passion, followed by shouts of release.

Her orgasm left her limp in my arms as I filled her with my love. I held her around the waist, unable to stop thrusting as our excitement ran in rivulets down the insides of her legs. At last, I staggered back to our bed. I tried to sit but missed and

landed on the floor, cradling Janice, my mother, my love and my lover against my body.

†

The summer passed in a blur. The five of us, me, mom, Ms. Porter, Nora and Maggie met almost every Sunday at the lake. Our friendships grew. Despite mom's not so subtle hints and pushes, Maggie and I continued as friends. I did not deny I was interested but did not see the point of starting something when we would be departing for different universities in a few weeks.

That was mostly the truth. Mom accepted it. Or she decided further prodding would be counterproductive.

I could tell mom was tired but she would not give up her job at the bar. We still had a crazy amount of sex, some of it pretty wild. I lost some of my insecurities. The first time she blew me with a finger in my ass, I did not decompensate into a troubled questioning blob afterward. I admitted it felt good and I came harder than I ever had from a simple blowjob. And that includes the mind-bending blowjobs Janice was capable of delivering.

We made good use of the dildo - on her. We never got around to her trying it on me. Reverse cowgirl, my cock in her ass, dildo in her pussy became a favorite of ours.

It was a great summer. A glorious summer.

†

I woke up one morning and realized in three weeks I would be leaving for college. I suspected Mom was more aware of the fact than I had been. She had been different lately; in a way not explained by her reports of just tired. She was begging off of sex, though when we did make love or fuck, it was never less than great. Often it was fucking amazing.

She had even skipped the lake the previous weekend.

I reached for her; her side of the bed was empty. As I wondered where she was, it was too early for her to be getting ready for work, I heard her retching in the bathroom.

"Mom, you okay?" I called as I rolled out of bed and hurried to the bathroom. The door was locked.

"Yes, something I ate last night isn't agreeing with me. Just give me some privacy, baby. Okay?"

"Uh, sure. You sure you're, okay?"

"Yes, honey. Take your cereal outside, okay?" With that I heard her begin to retch again.

"Mom?"

"Josh! Go away! Please!"

I much as I wanted to help, I understood. I hated being sick around people. I went back to the bedroom, yanked on my shorts, and grabbed the OJ out of the fridge. It was already warm outside. I sat at our old picnic table and finished off the juice.

When I went back inside, Mom was at the table with a piece of dry toast in front of her and a cup of tea. She was pale and had dark circles under her eyes.

"You are calling in..."

"I already have," Mom said, cutting me off. She patted my hand. "You work today?" I shook my head.

"I'm going to spend the day in bed or on the couch. Why don't you go hang out with Jeff? I could use the privacy."

"He's in Wisconsin. At the lake."

"Give Maggie a call, then. I know you, baby. You'll hover. You can't help it. I just want to sleep today. Okay?"

I nodded. She was right but I didn't see how she expected me to go off and have fun while she was sick at home. "Okay, I'll see what Maggie is up to. Maybe chill at the library or something."

"Good. Don't worry about me. I'm fine. I feel better now that I've thrown up. I hope it was something I ate last night and not some kind of stomach flu, otherwise you may be next." She patted my hand and stood up. "Beat it, Josh. Go splurge on breakfast. All you've done this summer is work."

I wagged my eyebrows. "That's not all I've done."

She smiled and patted my cheek. "True. You've been wonderful."

With that she made her way back to the bedroom and closed the door quietly behind her.

I dressed in my old bedroom to avoid bothering her. She was asleep when I tiptoed in to retrieve my phone. I sat back down at the picnic table and called Maggie.

"Hello?" she croaked.

"Shit, Maggie, sorry, I forgot how early it was. Go back to sleep. Sorry. I'll call you later. Fuck." I started to end the call when her voice stopped me.

"It's fine, Josh. Is everything okay?"

"I'll talk to you later. I'm sorry."

"Quit saying you're sorry and tell me why you call. Jeez, dude."

"Mom isn't feeling well and kicked me outta the house. I was calling to see if you wanted to get breakfast."

There was silence for a moment.

"Yeah, sure. Where? Can we go somewhere besides the diner?"

"Yeah, cool. Wherever you want."

"I'll pick you up in thirty minutes or so."

"I'll be in the backyard. Just come on around."

"Cool."

It was more like an hour before I heard Maggie's flipflops on the driveway. I met her at the side of the house. "Let me check and make sure mom doesn't need anything and I'll be right with you."

"Grab your suit in case we decide to go swimming."

I nodded and went inside. The house was quiet and for a moment I was sure I would find my mother dead in her bed. I have struggled all my life trying to convince myself that was not a premonition. I tapped lightly on the door.

"Mom, you okay? I'm going to hang out with Maggie. I have my phone. Call if you need anything."

"Go have fun. I'm feeling better already. Just tired. You might as well eat while you're out. I don't think I'll feel like cooking tonight."

"Okay but promise me you'll call."

"Of course, sweetheart."

Maggie was waiting in the shade of the open breezeway that connected the house to the detached garage.

"Your mom, okay?"

"Yeah, just a stomach bug or something. She says she's feeling better. She said I should hang out with you all day. If I hadn't heard her puking this morning, I'd swear she was trying to set us up."

"Would that be so terrible?"

I stopped and looked at Maggie. At first, she kept walking. I waited until she stopped and I had her attention before I answered.

"No, Maggie. That would not be so terrible." I was surprised to hear myself speaking the truth and immediately felt guilt

twisted at my guts. I almost told Maggie I had changed my mind. That I would just hang out at the house but she nodded, turned, and kept walking before I could speak.

I was so distracted, trying to figure out what was wrong with me, I didn't even notice Ms. Lang sitting in the passenger seat with the car door open.

"You want shotgun, Joshua?"

I stared at her for a moment, then shook my head. "No, Ms. Lang, I mean Nora. I'm fine in the back."

"Nora and I had plans today, Josh," Maggie said, opening the driver's door. "We're happy to share them with you. You sounded kind of down on the phone. That cool?"

"Yeah, totally."

I was too embarrassed to eat like I do in front of Mom. Even so, I ate twice as much as Nora.

"We were going to go to the lake," Nora mentioned.

I was working on my last pancake and wondering if it would be weird to ask Nora if she was going to eat her last piece of bacon. People tell me I'm reasonably intelligent. Perhaps, but it takes me a moment to switch gears.

"To the lake? Together?"

"Yes, Josh, that's what she said," Maggie snorted. "The lake. The one we've been going to all summer. The one where you got a tan."

She was right but I was nowhere near as dark as Maggie or Nora and I still had to be careful with the sunscreen.

"You guys go there together?"

My two friends, I only rarely thought of Nora as my teacher any longer, exchanged a glance.

"Josh, Nora and I have been seeing each other." Remember I don't play poker. Maggie read the confusion on my face and shook her head. "As in dating each other."

"Wait," I stammered. "I thought you were joking about being a lesbian?"

"I was and I'm not, dork. Turns out I'm a little bi, or fluid or whatever. Please keep it quiet though. I never had Nora as a teacher but my parents would shit a brick and do their best to get her fired if they found out."

"Yeah, sure, cool, yeah," I mumbled. "But I don't want to be a third wheel and crash your party. I'm fine. You guys go on."

Nora shook her head. "Joshua, we would like you to come. We enjoy spending time with you. We'll just be relaxing by the lake. I want, we want, to hear about what you're reading, movie recommendations. We enjoy your company. We're not asking you because we think you need rescuing or something."

I searched her face. Memories of the last few days of school and the way she had eyed me flashed across my brain. I nodded.

The drive to the lake passed quietly. And quickly. My thoughts tumbled, collided, coalesced only to shatter and form into new patterns. My brain as abstract expressionism.

"You're very quiet today, Joshua," Nora observed as we unloaded Maggie's car. Ever the gentleman, I offered to lug the cooler.

I was unable to muster a reply and settled for a nod.

It was the first time I had visited the lake on a weekday. I was surprised to see several people already scattered about. I did not recognize any of the weekend friends I had made. Maggie and Nora shed their clothes, utterly at ease. I joined them but remained on the blanket as they walked hand in hand to the lake.

I supposed holding hands was not overtly sexual and did not violate the nude is not lewd rule. A pang of jealousy caught

me off guard. I shook my head and stretched out on the blanket.

The warmth of the sun eased my body and my mind. I stopped trying to figure out what everything meant and lost myself in simply being alive. I managed not just to stop and smell the roses, there were none, but to smell and feel and even taste the world around me.

For a few moments I no longer worried how I fit with other people and enjoyed the way the world interacted with my body. I was not ready to believe in one interconnected cosmic consciousness but for the first time in my life I realized I was simultaneously both independent and alone, yet part of a much bigger whole. I was not conscious of any sexuality to my thoughts, or lack of thoughts.

"Ah," Nora's voice brought me back to earth. "You might want to roll onto your stomach."

I lifted my head and opened my eyes. My cock bobbed above my belly. "Sorry," I muttered and rolled over.

"Not a problem."

"Where's Maggie?"

"She's chatting with Mike and Jon."

"I don't think I know them."

"Probably not. They work weekend shifts."

She sat down beside me. Not close. Not far away.

"That last few days of school were you looking at my dick?" If Nora was shocked or offended, I did not hear it in her voice.

"Where you trying to show me your dick?"

"Not the first time," I admitted. "So, you're bisexual too?"

"Uh-huh, I am. And you, Joshua," she added with a chuckle. "Are a bit of exhibitionist."

"Yes, I suppose I am." I wondered how she would react if she knew I like my mom spanking me before we fucked.

"Hmm, this is not the right place for this conversation."

"Yeah, mom said overt sexuality was taboo in clothing optional settings."

"Public ones at least," Nora replied.

I refused to tie myself into knots trying to parse her words. I closed my eyes and got back to enjoying the feel of the world pressing in on my body.

†

The rest of the day was relaxed. We swam. Dried off in the sun. Talked. Napped. I called mom once and she texted me back saying she was fine. It was only after returning home I learned that was not true.

Nora invited me to have supper with her and Maggie. It seemed Maggie had more or less moved out of her parents' house. They were not happy about it. They were more convinced than ever that allowing her to go to college would lead straight to eternal damnation. Maggie was eighteen and her parents were not helping her pay for college. There was not much they could do.

They could make trouble, a lot of it, for Nora. If not for that fact, I suspected Maggie would have simply moved in with Nora. Nora was renting a beautiful home, older than ours but bigger and better maintained. The nicest feature was the backyard. It was fenced and the surrounding homes were all single-story. Total privacy.

Maggie and Nora were out of their clothes as soon as we unpacked the car. It was too early for supper, so we each grabbed a beer and headed to the backyard. The yard was shaded, thank God. I had had enough sun and was not interested in slathering on more sunscreen.

We moved three lounge chairs into a rough circle and relaxed.

"Thanks for the invitation," I told them after taking a sip of my beer. "It was a good day."

"It was. I'm glad you came," Maggie replied. She took a drink of her beer and sat in in the grass. She pulled her legs up and sat in a lotus position. She was far more exposed than I had ever seen her.

"Josh, Nora tells me you used to flash her your hardon in class."

I stared at her, then looked at Nora, who shrugged. "It's true, Joshua. You admitted it."

"Yeah," I stammered. "But you seemed to like it." I imagined that was a defense.

"I did," Nora replied with a shrug. "Just as I've enjoyed seeing it out in the open. Of course, at the beach too obvious an interest is not appropriate but, I confess, I did enjoy gazing at your erection today for a few minutes before telling you to rollover."

"What? You got to see Josh's cock hard? That's not fair. Was it huge?" Maggie leaned forward and her breasts swayed in what can only be called an enticing way.

"Well, he's not what you would call small even flaccid," Nora laughed. "It was," she paused, "impressive."

"Uh, you guys, I'm sitting right here," I protested.

Nora snorted. "Welcome to our world."

"Josh?"

"Yeah, Maggie?"

"Your cluelessness is super cute, truly, but at the risk of being blunt, we want to fuck you."

"Wha...? you want, the two of you want to have sex with me?"

"Yes, Joshua. Seems fair. You did tease me something awful the last week of classes," Nora replied. "Maggie and I love each other. That happened fast, so, so fast. We have amazing sex but neither of us is exclusively gay. Maggie is a virgin, as far as sex with a man. I've had a few lovers but I can count them on one hand."

"You're not dating anyone are you? This should be a dude's dream come true?" Maggie added.

I frowned. I wasn't dating Mom. We didn't need to date. We were together already.

"You're thinking too hard again?" Maggie whispered. "Remember how you told us you'd let go of all that for a time, back by the lake, how you felt connected to the world? Look for that place again."

I nodded but I doubted I would be able to do that.

We did not have sex that night. They did not push. We had a nice enough supper. I assured them I would think about what they had said and Maggie drove me home.

She did ask for a kiss goodnight.

It was a very nice kiss.

Chapter 11

Mom was in the living room when I got home. She looked better. A lot better. She was naked. Her dark hair hung loosely around her face.

When I entered the room she rose, crossed the room, and kissed me. Her fingers clutched at my hair as her tongue invaded my mouth. The feel of her hard nipples through my shirt erased any worry I had about the state of my breath.

My cock was hard before I regained enough control to shed my clothes. I devoured her nipples. Sucking. Biting. Flicking. My hands pulled at her ass before one found its way to her pussy.

She came, standing in the middle of our small living room, my mouth ravaging her nipple and three fingers fucking her pussy. My hand was soaked. Her thighs glistened.

I lifted her in my arms and carried her to the sofa. Turning her, I lifted one of her legs to rest on the arm of the sofa. I put a hand between her shoulder blades and pushed her forward. She supported herself on her arms, facing the window, able to watch the quietness of our neighborhood through the gap behind the panels, as I guided the head of my cock to her cunt.

I entered her with one long full stroke. She thrust back against me with a groan. I saw one of her hands leave the back of the sofa and begin to pull at a breast. I pulled out, all the way then drove my cock home again. And again.

Our timing was perfection. She slammed back as I drove into her. She stood now, back arched. One hand at her breasts. The other between her legs, smacking, not rubbing, her clit.

"Fuck me, baby. Harder."

I leaned forward and wrapped both arms around her waist and jerked her onto my cock. Each thrust lifting her foot off the floor.

I lasted no more than a minute but sweat flew from our bodies, sparkling in the lamp light before falling into darkness.

I felt my balls contracting, my cock swelling. I lifted her, arching my own back, holding her in the air, feet dangling. I roared in triumph as I empty myself into her body.

"Oh fuck, I'm so close. Fuck," Janice panted.

I turned, still holding her in the air with my arms and my cock and dropped onto the sofa. I lifted her. Turned her. Picked her up with my hands around her waist and lowered her onto my upturned face.

I plunged my tongue into her cunt. I tilted my head and shove my tongue into her ass, nose buried in her pussy. I struggled to breathe through my mouth. I went back to her pussy.

She came again as I tongue fucked her while rubbing the tip of my nose over her clit with a finger in her ass.

We collapsed. I sagged into the couch with her panting body draped over my chest and face. I turned my head to one side, her pussy and my cum running down the side of my neck, and gasped for air. I was still gasping for air when Mom slid down my body.

She stopped to kiss me, to lick at my chin and face. She teased my nipples and then, now kneeling in front of the couch, took my wet, limp cock into her mouth. She squeezed at my balls, sucking at my cock, draining me.

"God, I love that you're young," she purred against the side of cock. "I won't have long to wait before you're hard again. Before you can take my ass."

Her words pulled a moan from my still heaving chest. I had never seen Janice like this. She was always passionate when we had sex but this was different. I was too lost in my own desire to notice at the time.

"Turn around," she ordered. "Kneel on the couch." I did as she asked. "Knees further apart."

She reached between my legs and pulled my cock back and began to suck it again. She let it go. Sucked a ball into her mouth. Cock again. My other ball. Then she grabbed my ass cheeks and spread them wide.

She pressed her mouth over my pucker and began to tongue me. Face pressed deep in my crack, she moved one hand to my cock, squeezing, stroking.

I started to protest but my words turned to guttural nonsense as her tongue penetrated my ass. She had played around with my butt before but never with such wild abandon.

The ferocity of her attentions and the intensity of the sensations, along with youth, had my cock growing hard within a few minutes. She fucked me, no other word for it, with her tongue and stroked me until I was hard.

"Trade positions, baby," she said, pulling back, then biting the cheek of my ass. Hard.

I cried out, then groaned.

"You like that baby?" she murmured before doing it again, this time biting and sucking.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck," I babbled.

"More later, baby. Switch. I want you to eat my ass then fuck it. I'm all clean down there. I had all afternoon to get ready for you. Now fuck me, Josh. Fuck me with your mouth, your fingers, your cock. I want it all."

I did my best to oblige. I, we, were out of control. I spread her and shoved my face into her crack, unconcerned about what

my unshaven cheeks were going to her soft skin. All I was concerned about was getting my mouth on her sweet, brown ass.

I rimmed her. I shoved my tongue into her. I tongued her ass and finger fucked her. I finger fucked her ass.

One finger.

Two.

Three.

Her hole, her crack was slick with my spit. I use my other hand to pull the wetness from her cunt and spread it over and inside her ass.

Then, as she had requested, I buried my cock in her ass.

I had imagined we had been reduced to rutting before, early in our relationship. I had been mistaken. That night, on the living room sofa, we left our humanity behind. We were no longer lovers; our deep love for each other was temporarily irrelevant. We were no longer mother and son.

We were Male and Female.

We were consumed by raw, unpurified, naked sexual desire. Only the deepest, oldest parts of our brains were working.

We fucked in the most elemental sense of the word.

In the course of my life since, this has happened again, but very, very rarely.

I bit her on the back of the shoulder as I shoved my cock deep and exploded.

Janice, my mother, buried her face into a sofa cushion and screamed. She reached behind her body and buried her nails into my thighs.

Once more, we collapsed, utterly emptied, with strength enough to do no more than gasp for air, hearts pounding. Slowly we slide sideways, ending up wedge between the back of the sofa and one of its arms.

Gradually, we regained our breath and our sanity. I groaned when I saw Mom's shoulder was smeared with blood where I had bitten her. I kissed the wound, licked it clean and kissed it some more. Beneath me, Mom whimpered softly.

"I'm sorry I hurt you," I whispered. "So, sorry."

She turned beneath me; eyes bright. "Don't you dare say that. I loved every second. Every thrust. Every nip. Every bite. You gave me exactly what I wanted. Needed. Craved. Do not insult me or my desires with apologies or regret."

She held my eyes until I nodded, both relieved and awed.

She kissed me softly. "Um, I can taste myself on your lips," she sighed. "Let's go take a shower. Nap and repeat."

I gazed at her wide-eyed. "Seriously?"

"Goddamn right I am."

With that she pushed against my chest lightly and I managed to get off the couch without falling. I helped Mom up. The insides of her legs glistened.

"We'll have to steam clean the couch," I observed.

"Fuck the couch," this new woman in my mother's body retorted. She sat back down on the edge of the couch, as if to prove her lack of concern, and put both hands around the back of my thighs. She leaned forward and began to lick.

I pulled away, unsure of what she was doing. Only then did I see I was not the only one to draw blood. The front of each thigh bore the circular gouges of her nails. I could see new drops welling from the marks she had licked clean.

I started to pull away but she pulled me back. She licked my wounds.

Our humanity had returned, somewhat abashed, at least on my part, but the animals we had wakened had one more task, cleansing the wounds our mating had inflicted.

At some point we made it to the bathroom. We bathed each other, gently, soothing ourselves in the warm water and each other's embraces.

We slept; waking together, as if somehow our internal clocks were now synced.

Silently, Janice climbed atop of me. She guided me home. We held hands and smiled at each other as she rode my cock. I came first. She lifted herself off my cock and moved to straddle my head.

I brought her to her climax with gently licks and sucks of her clit. Tenderness replacing ferocity. I no longer gave a thought to the fact I had just cum inside her.

We slept again.

I woke lying on my stomach, Janice was behind me, gently trailing her fingers over my back and butt.

My thighs ached from her scratches. Despite how wet she had been, my cock felt raw.

I had never felt so at peace before, possibly never since, as I drifted back into sleep.

In that way she had, Janice knew when I awoke.

"I'm pregnant," she stated as matter of fact as if observing the coffee was ready.

†

Before I could begin to react, she climbed out of bed and left. I struggled to the side of the bed, sat for a moment and then followed, morning wood swaying from side to side as I hurried down the hall to the kitchen. Janice was making coffee. To all appearances, utterly unperturbed by what she had said in the bedroom. I began to wonder if I had been dreaming.

"Did you..."

"Not now, my love. Make us some of your wonderfully fluffy pancakes. No bacon. I think the smell might trigger my stomach. I want to try to have a nice breakfast and then we'll talk. Okay?"

I nodded. Janice stepped over to me, pausing to kiss me on the cheek. She playfully grabbed my cock. "Why don't you go pee, wash your hands and bring us a couple of towels to sit on?"

"We could just sit on the couch. It's wrecked already," I replied.

Janice, my beautiful lover, and extraordinary mother laughed and my heart seized.

Thirty minutes later, towels appropriately placed, we sat down to eat. Janice skipped the butter and only had a dab of syrup but ate two pancakes before pushing her plate aside. I finished my four. She had skipped coffee as well, sticking to tea.

I made her another cup, extra sugar and refill my mug.

"Grab your towel," she said as I handed her the tea.

"Where we going?"

"Outside. Picnic table."

"Aren't you worried the neighbors will see us?"

"Nope. Fuck it."

It was lovely outside. The sun was just high enough to burn off the chill. I sipped my coffee and marveled at how tanned Janice was and how dark her areolas and nipples had gotten.

God, or the universe, has a sick sense of humor. Janice's breasts were lovely, deserving of worship, yet there would be the instrument of her death.

"Shall we talk?" I asked.

"Not yet. Smell your coffee. The grass. Your body. My body. The wood of the table. Feel it on your butt. Feel the sun. The breeze. Taste your coffee. Your own mouth. Feel, taste, smell, notice everything you can for a few minutes. Then we'll talk."

It was freaky. Janice had somehow reached inside my head and pulled out the experience I had yesterday, at the lake. Remembering the sensation of peace. I did as she suggested.

I had my eyes closed when she began to speak.

"I didn't connect being sick yesterday with the possibility of being pregnant," she began softly. "I was off by a month on my implant. There was so much going on at the end of the spring. School. Us. I realized my mistake last week. I still wasn't worried. I made an appointment to have it replaced. That was yesterday."

She paused. I heard her taking some slow deep breaths. I imagined the air she exhaled crossing the space between us and finding its way into my lungs.

"I was overdue for my yearly physical as well. Dr. Myers always does a pregnancy test before placing an implant. It was positive."

She was silent again. More deep breaths. I did not speak. I knew she had more to say. I had no idea it would change our world more than her pregnancy.

"She found a lump in my breast. She tried to act as if she wasn't worried but she's scheduled me for an ultrasound of the mass and mammograms today."

"I'll come with you."

"No, baby. I appreciate the thought I'm afraid I would just lose it if you were there."

"Sorry, not happening. I'll drive you. I'll wait in the waiting room if you aren't comfortable with me being with you for the test but I'm coming. End of story."

We were holding hands now across the table. Eyes closed, I did my best to live in the moment, not to panic about the future. Regrets about the past were not an issue. Never had them. Never will.

"What about the baby?" I asked. "How far are you?"

"Hard to say. I'm having an ultrasound for that as well. Based on when the implant was finally empty, probably six weeks or so."

"What are you going to do?"

"If I'm that early, or if there's something wrong with the fetus there's a chance I could miscarry."

"And if you don't?"

"I'll have it. Risks and all."

"Okay," I said and meant it.

"You, Joshua my love, will still go to college in a couple weeks. I was a single mother before and I can do it again."

"We'll see."

"No, we will not see. College. Period. No arguments."

"What time is your ultrasound?"

"Ten o'clock."

"We'd better get going then."

†

The fetal ultrasound showed she was about seven weeks along. The fetus looked healthy.

The ultrasound of the breast mass was worrisome according to Dr. Myers. The mammograms showed masses in both breasts.

Biopsies were scheduled.

Infiltrating ductal carcinoma. In both breasts.

It was unusual. She had no family history. Subsequent genetic testing showed she had a high-risk mutation, a new one, a de novo mutation in medical lingo. Nana's genetic testing showed she did not carry the mutation.

We argued but she refused to start chemo until after she delivered. She also delayed surgery until the third trimester. When she felt the risk to the baby was acceptable, she had both breasts removed. Apparently, lumpectomies are not possible without starting chemo at the same time.

Compared to the rest of the shit she was dealing with the pregnancy was easy.

We both loved John Lennon's music but did not want to name our son John. We both hated the nickname, Johnny.

We settled on Sean.

He came out perfect. All his fingers and toes were there. A gorgeous baby. Nana wanted to sell her house and move in with mom. Janice would not hear of it. Nana spent part of the week with mom, the school had daycare, and I was home pretty much every weekend.

Nora and Maggie were constant companions to us both. I've never asked if they knew I'm Sean's father. I think they know, or suspect. They saw Janice and I at the beach the weekend after she broke the news to me. The weekend before her biopsies. She had a bite on her shoulder. I had a hickey on my ass and claw marks on both legs.

Part of me wonders if Janice was proclaiming to them, to the world, we were lovers. I know part of me was.

Mom finally had her PET scan after Sean was born. It was worse than both of us feared. The cancer was in her bones, her liver and her brain. The chemo was ugly.

I put college on hold and Janice did not complain. She fought with all the tenaciousness and ferocity that she had brought to our love.

Maggie, Nora and Nana were magnificent. I would have died without them.

Janice had listed no one as the father on Sean's birth certificate but she made sure in her will I was appointed his legal guardian.

Six cycles of chemo. Six months of puking, no hair. Too sick to make love. All I could go was hold her. On occasion I would help her masturbate.

One night we made love, slow and sweet and good, like we had early on. I knew then she was done fighting. The scans showed the cancer had grown and spread despite the chemo.

She died at home, in our little house, in our bed. I held her from one side. Sean was nestled against her other side. Nana, Nora and Maggie sat by the bed, touching her legs, her side.

The end was weirdly anticlimactic. She breathed out and simply did not breathe again. I laid with my head on her chest. Weirdly, though she was no longer breathing, her heart continued to beat for several minutes.

Nana and the others took Sean into the living room and left me alone with my mother.

I listened as her heart slowed.

In my head, I heard again her sighs and moans, her whispered endearments. I imagined her fingers combing my hair. Remember the time when I fell off my first bike and sliced open my knee and she made it all better with a band-aid and a kiss.

When her heart stopped beating, I cried.

Then, I wiped my face and joined the others.

Epilogue

"Josh, a hand please," Maggie called.

She was down the hall in Sean's room. His red face and a suspicious odor had led her to pluck him from his highchair moments earlier.

"I can go," Nora said, starting to push her chair away from the table.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

She stood and kissed the top of my head. "I'm finished eating. You finish. Besides, I want to see what's so funny."

Sean's giggles echo down the short hallway.

I finished eating and hurried after them, my own curiosity aroused when Nora's laughter mingled with Sean's.

"Quit laughing and help me," Maggie complained, though she too was giggling.

Sean was a mess. So was Maggie.

His diaper had failed to contain a ginormous poo. It was smeared all up his back. The back of his onesie was saturated with poo. Maggie was struggling to get it off him without getting poo in his hair.

So, of course, he had let fly and soaked the front of her shirt with pee.

He found the situation rife with mirth.

Me? Not so much.

I hurried to Maggie's side. "I got the onesie. He's going to need a bath anyway. Keep the diaper over his dingus until I get him out of this and then I'll get him in the tub."

"I think he's done peeing," Maggie offered.

I swear he laughed louder. "I wouldn't be so sure," I replied. "He's a sneaky little turd."

"Nothing little about that turd," Nora chuckled.

Maggie and I rolled our eyes at her.

"Dingus?" Nora asked. "I thought we decided no silly names for body parts? It's his penis not a dingus."

"Not helping at the moment," I muttered.

Nora response was to smile more broadly.

I was getting good at this. Sean was almost fourteen months now. I got the onesie off and into the dirty clothes hamper without getting poo everywhere. Maggie got his butt cleaned up, more or less. By then Nora had the water running in the tub.

We were getting good at this.

I steadied him with one hand as he stamped his feet in the water swirling in the bottom of the tub. I used the large plastic cup we kept by the bathtub to wash off most of the residual poo before closing the tub's drain and letting it fill for his bath.

I heard Maggie and Nora cleaning up in the kitchen.

I had transferred to Maggie's college. It was closer to our hometown. Not close enough for Nora to live with us but close enough for us to be together every weekend, and one or two nights a week.

It was very close to Nana's home. Mom's death had aged her, but she livened up when she was around Sean. Between the four of us, Maggie and I were able to take a full course load. I would graduate a semester behind her but that was better than I had once imagined.

Being a father is fucking hard. I would not have thought it possible, but my respect and love for my mother has grown. I can only hope to be as good a parent as she was and I have a lot more help.

Even Jeff, and his parents, have adopted Sean.

He has to be one of the most cared for and loved babies in the world. Mom would have been over-joyed.

We have reached a point where we can laugh when we remember silly things she did. Nora has been a treasure trove of stories about the work Janice I never knew.

In their own way, Maggie, Nora, Jeff, and of course, Nana share mom, share Janice with me.

Maggie, Nora and I share each other. Care for and love each other.

We share the joys, and the poo, of raising a wonderful, and wonderfully willful, precocious new human being.

My heart aches that mom is not here to see this. I miss her, as a mother and my lover, and I always will.

But I have Sean.

I have my friends.

I have my new lovers.

I live.

They live.

We love.

Pretty simple really.

THE END