

Kissing is a Gateway Drug

Panzerfeck

I thought all mothers kissed their sons on the lips. Don't they?

From the very beginning when Danny was nothing but a squidgy little poop machine, right through school and right into adulthood, I always kissed my baby boy on the lips and his sister too. Granted, he died of embarrassment a few times outside the school gates, but I'll tell you something else. A kiss on the cheek is a custom between friends in Europe and a kiss on the cheek can lie.

But you have to be the worst kind of liar to kiss on the lips and yet to convince me that you mean it when you don't. My son grew to be completely honest and to honour his mother. And the few times we ever rowed or fell out, a kiss on the lips soon changed that. I can see in his eyes what he's feeling when he kisses me and what changes soon after. Just like him, it's a beautiful thing.

But, "it's weird," they said. "Nobody does that," they said. And yet it wasn't me who gave their kids cold sores, also

known as facial herpes. Explain that one, Mr and Mrs Oh So Innocent...

Thought not!

Just like his dad couldn't explain the lipstick around his cock the night he threw his eighteen years of marriage away like my life meant absolutely nothing. I may have given him the benefit of the doubt a couple times, but I wore gloss and I certainly didn't pack his lunch before he returned to the office to get those things he forgot.

I don't quite know how it happened though; how those kisses became sexual. I know all too well the steps I took to go down that path. Maybe I just had it in me all along. Maybe my new friends are a bad influence. But you know what?

I don't even care. I love Danny in every way; even his faults. And I wouldn't change us for the world. This is my story!

My name is Cheryl and I'm now a divorced and single parent. I'm at the wrong side of thirty and the right side of forty. I'm a domestic goddess with a bona fide yoga butt, but with ample cuddly stuff, if you know what I mean.

The great thing about being a shorty at 5'3" is that my curves stay in the right places with a bit of hard work (of which I am no stranger to) and the better thing about being a middle-aged natural blonde is that the silvers creeping in don't show up unless you have a magnifying glass.

My son is my life and yet he's generous enough to leave me to my hobbies when I get into my reading or movie nights. Danny, now 20, swings between introvert and extrovert, one day living out of his bedroom and the next playing bass with his band.

He likes classic punk rock. It's loud and scary and out of tune but he looks too adorable, playing in his room dressed like a rag doll, for me to make a thing out of it. I just put in my earphones and listen to my own music until the

trumpets of hell take a break for the night. I'm savvy like that. His father, who disapproved of everything, wasn't.

Before Danny introduced me to one of his closest friend's mothers, I'd lived a pretty straight-laced life. Sure I knew how to get drunk. I could drink any man under the table if the moment allowed, but I'd never done drugs of any kind. I was up to date on what drugs there were and what they did, as a concerned mother would be (so I should hope), but either I was naive or I was stuck up.

It turned out that I was stuck up!

Connecting with Kelly on Facebook, I was tempted into the world of political incorrectness, deliberate childishness and the kind of belly laughing that would make a mom think "wow, I might even be able to give up those hundred sit-ups a day here..."

What can I say? The world is in a desperate place and partly because it's forgotten to laugh at itself. God knows I'd forgotten how until I became the centre of Kelly and her kids' daily pranks. Nothing was off limits.

I think they horrified most of the in-laws away within the space of two weeks, all but for my sister from another mister - Jeff's sister and my one time sister in law - Jennie, who was the only member of that family who had always been the outsider.

I was liberated by the shameless. I didn't need to be asked to fall in with them. That came naturally. I needed to meet these people and it just so happened that they had planned a picnic, or more like a mass gathering of hippies, punks and goths, in the local park to celebrate the last heat wave of the summer.

I don't know about anybody else, but I can get pretty drunk on laughter alone. If I am faced with so much hilarity, my brain will seize with fits of hysterics and I won't be able to remember anything about what happened. Well that day I added a bottle of vintage cider and then Kelly offered me a bite of her magical cookie.

That's not a euphemism or a sexual innuendo by the way. Well, okay it was. But she wasn't offering me THAT cookie.

I'd never tried marijuana in any shape or form as much as I was aware. Two hours after devouring a quarter of a very strange tasting chocolate chip cookie - safe as houses - my life was all giggles and hiccups wrapped in an invisible warm, fuzzy blanket of love and joy.

And to put the cherry on top, I absolutely didn't make a fool of myself in public, I didn't black out, I didn't turn gay, and I didn't end up in a gangbang or summon Satan. I did however get home to bed that night to the greatest night's sleep in a long time, followed by the most intense masturbation session the morning after. I never said I was a prude.

I saw Danny that afternoon. He'd slept in late. I let him, seeing that it was Sunday. Greeting him with a sheepish grin, I don't think he could still quite believe that his mother had done such a thing. I kissed him good morning on the lips and hugged him tight with my face buried in his chest, just to muffle my own laughter.

It was the next time we went to visit Kelly that things changed. Or do I say that they went a little further as I discovered a bit more about myself under the spell of this magical green plant I'd been introduced to so late in life.

There was a little gathering at her house. We started in the living room, but it was soon overrun by loud, chaotic teens. Kelly pulled me aside and took me to the kitchen where we opened a bottle of wine and shared stories of our childhoods, comparing ourselves to our kids. She ducked back into the fridge at some point and pulled out a block of something wrapped in cling film, which I soon discovered was called "magic fudge".

I love fudge. All I have to do is to breathe in its immediate vicinity, though, and I'll put the weight on. But again this didn't smell the same and it didn't taste the same. I had double the dose that was in the piece of cookie given to me the other weekend and it worked its way into my bloodstream much faster.

I spent much of that night cuddling Danny to the point of clinging onto him. All the while I'd disappeared into my

own little bubble where all I could think was how nice it was to be pressed up against him while I looked up to him in adoration.

'You're going to give him mummy issues if you carry on like that,' one of his intellectual friends joked.

'Yeah no more wine for me, Kelly,' I declared.

'I don't think it's the wine,' she replied with a devilish chuckle.

'Oh I'm sorry, Lee,' Danny spoke up, grabbing me by the hips and pulling me back in close. 'Am I cock-blocking your efforts to woo my mother with Discovery Channel trivia?'

While everybody was laughing, I was thinking about how Danny had no clue what he had done to me. I may not have been dripping, but I'm sure that weird tasting fudge was making me horny. But for my own son, for God's sake?

Hysterics activated - night forgotten!

We were on our way home in the back of the taxi when I initiated another cuddle, tucking my head into his chest and wrapping an arm around his belly. 'You have no idea how much I missed these,' I told him.

'Mmm, feels nice,' he mumbled drunkenly in agreement. He smelled my hair, then brushed my fringe aside to kiss my forehead and for a moment - and I think I sighed a little too suggestively then - I was transported back to so many perfect nights that ended along these lines, save for the inevitable inebriated but no less passionate sex.

'Can I have another?' I asked. And so he kissed me again, this time on my cheek as I raised my face to adore him some more. I pouted dutifully and looked to his lips. When he kissed me on the lips, I closed my eyes and thought things that I never expected I would. Oddly they seemed right at home in my head. I opened my eyes and smiled at him and kissed him back, more a peck really.

The thing about kissing is that it's just like the softer drugs like marijuana. While the novelty's there it makes you feel so good that anything bigger has to be better. You grow to want more from the experience and so, depending on what your personality craves, you'll chase what you need.

By the time we got to the front door of the house I was well aware of what I wanted. If only he'd have stumbled off to bed as soon as we got through that door instead of following me into the kitchen.

My thirst was raging. I filled a pint glass with a quarter of orange juice and diluted it with water to the three quarter mark, then handed it to him and did the same for myself, guzzling it like I was putting out a fire. But the fire didn't die down.

'Did you have a good time, mum?' he asked, putting his arms around me for another cuddle. Oh sweet Jesus fudging female Viagra fuck, fuck, FUCK - I was putty in his arms there and then. I took in his scent and nodded,

overcome by that warm, fuzzy loving sensation and when I looked up to him, I swore I saw it in his eyes too.

'I don't know why I ate that fudge but for the life of me the more you cuddle me like this the more I want those kisses,' I confessed.

'Aw mum, you can have all the kisses you want,' he slurred. But he wasn't wasted drunk. His eyes were nowhere near glazed and vacant. I pouted and stood on my tiptoes to reach him, humming my appreciation and-

MWAH!!

He kissed me and-

MWAH!!

I kissed him back and-

MWAH!!

'I love you so much,' I gushed and-

OMNOMNOMNOM!!

I screeched with laughter as he pretended to eat my face off with those little nursing baby booby snogs he used to give my nipples as a toddler. And those hysterics blanked out everything else once again.

When I came to, our tongues were all but swirling and my body was on fire. I backed off, whooping like I'd just come up from the seabed and broke the surface for air, laughing defensively all the same and asking him what just happened.

'I was kissing you goodnight. Goodnight mum,' Danny said in a hurry and turned to leave.

'Good save,' I blurted and turned to wash the glasses. But I poured myself another and took the time to gather my wits.

I hadn't needed fucking in a long time like I did then and there. I remained breathless a good half an hour after.

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I always sleep in the nude. Nothing beats the feeling of sleeping in the nude, even alone. For some reason my mind cannot rest if my body can't breathe, and well, what's the point in maintaining a body like mine if even I can't appreciate how it feels?

I climbed into bed with a weary yawn and dug deep into the pillows, but I had no intention of sleeping just yet. The sensations of kissing, of cuddling, or soft lips and smooth tongues, still all lingered on the senses and my imagination was running wild.

With the duvet folded just below my hips, I ran both hands smoothly down my tummy, then returned one to cup and squeeze one soft breast as the other cupped my pubic bone. How my pussy was throbbing and aching to be touched. I ran two fingers deep down and tested the waters with a sigh of gratitude and found myself very... very wet!

In the dim glow of streetlight filtering through my bedroom window I could see the familiar gloss of my own lubrication and thought, 'Danny, what the hell are you doing to me?'

I tasted myself, mingling the mildly salty sweetness with my own saliva, coating my fingers for the pre-wet dream adventure that was surely to come. Then happy that my fingers were slick enough, I attacked my clit with firm circular motions - around the engorged hood and labia - before delving into myself with a stifled hum of satisfaction.

Oh...

'Kiss me some more,' I whispered to the night and closed my eyes to see the scene unfold. Then out of nowhere...

'Mum?'

I tried my best to whip up the quilt before he could see me, unaware that he was already in the doorway. Had he seen? He sure as hell saw me slap myself in the face as my hand lost its grip on the duvet on its return flight.

'Mum?' he repeated. 'Are you still awake?'

'Yes, sweetie,' I replied. At least he couldn't see me cringing for as little as I was suddenly worth. 'What's the matter?'

He hesitated, just standing there. As my eyes adjusted to the dark I could almost see his mind ticking over. He was dressed only in a pair of white cotton boxer briefs, his lithe but muscular body toned and sinewy against the streetlight that bathed the wall beside him.

'Can I join you?' he asked. I worried about the context of that question, because of what he may or may not have seen. 'I thought you might want me to.'

'But I'm naked, Danny. Wouldn't you mind?' And why had I even asked that? Why couldn't I have just left it at the

initial excuse? At that moment it dawned on me how strongly I could smell my own arousal on my still-wet fingers. And he was to blame for this, by my utterly fudged rationale.

'Cuddles are supposed to be better naked, aren't they?' he asked with a hint of cockiness.

'You smooth bastard,' I remarked. 'Okay but just remember that I'm your mother,' I concluded, still unable to remove myself from the aroused state caused by having accidentally made out with him some forty minutes before.

He pulled the duvet down on his end of the bed, almost revealing my own nakedness in the dark. Then climbing in beside me, he pulled it up to his waist and leaned in to kiss me. I responded in kind, drawn in by the sticky warm wetness of his lips, and realised that I was in danger of being lost to him all over again. So I did what I thought couldn't possibly fail.

I took his arm and pulled it around me, turning away from him with the duvet tucked around my naked breasts to

shield myself and I drew him in to spoon with me and settled in for the night.

'I love you, mum,' he slurred. 'You're the greatest and I never want to leave you.'

'Aw I love you too, more than you'll ever know,' I mumbled sleepily. 'Do you really mean that?'

'Ah-yuh,' he breathed into my ear. 'If you weren't my mum...'

I started to laugh before cutting in. 'Whoa there, stud.'

'I'd marry you if I could. I really mean it. You're perfect in every way.'

And that really was an erection resting against my lower spine. 'Aw baby that's so sweet. Go to sleep now...'

Eventually he did and I could feel him breathing deeply against the small of my neck, cuddling in close to me. Horny and scared senseless all at once, I dared not move away, let alone to finish what I'd started, but I could rarely sleep without masturbating either, so stealthily I tried, slightly lifting one thigh to give my sneaking hand the access it needed. Frustratingly, I couldn't make the effort for having to elbow my son in the ribs for every time that my working hand retreated.

Call me depraved. Call me what you want to. I had needs that night and they weren't letting me sleep. Even worse, I was getting more turned on for the feel of his naked body pressed against mine. By the time I did get to sleep I unknowingly rolled onto my back, made possible by Danny eventually rolling away.

When I came to later that morning, I found myself draped half over my son. My face was pressed to his, one breast was pressed suggestively against his chest, but the real booby prize for Danny was my thigh straddling his hip with my foot having somehow found its way into his boxers and pulled them partway down. And when I opened my eyes,

all I could see was the proudest erect cock standing to attention.

'Erm...'

And he was awake!

'Fucking hell,' I gasped.

'Mum?'

'Jesus fucking Christ, Danny,' I choked as my jaw dropped wide open. Then my eyes tore free and met his with a mixture of embarrassment and remorse. What could I say? What did I want to say? Of all the things that could have fallen from my open mouth at that point, the mention of a cold shower might have been the most sensible.

But I needed it more, something cold and unpleasant to tear me out of my confused and heated state. I left the bed in a hurry and darted for the bathroom.

As disturbed as I came to be that morning, though I distinctly recalled what I have already mentioned here, breakfast was the setting for a much needed talk, because I felt it would have been unfair to the both of us not to put minds at ease as quickly as possible.

I greeted Danny in the kitchen with steaming coffee, French toast and bacon, which he went to town on like some grizzled mountain survivor. Again, as usual, I had greeted him also with a loving mother's kiss on the lips and immediately the nerves - or were they butterflies? - began to thrum.

'Breakfast of champions this, mum,' he said gratefully as he dug in.

'Well you made love like a champion last night, babe,' I remarked with a wink. It was now his turn to choke and I felt like a total bitch there and then for laughing.

'No!'

'No?'

'We didn't...'

'Relax, no, we didn't,' I assured. 'But I did wake up with quite the vista this morning,' I added with a hint of scold.

'Oh that old chestnut,' he said in between bites and then hid his face in his coffee mug.

I smirked knowing that I shouldn't have. 'Is that what you're calling him?' Then seriously, 'Danny, what the fuck - I remember bits of last night and I'm apprehensive to say the least. It's not entirely your fault. We were both a bit out of it, but I really have to ask and I need you to be as honest with me as you always have been...'

'Alright,' he relented with a weighty sigh and he met my deer in the headlights glare from across the table, just as scared as I was.

'Why did you come into my room last night?'

'I don't know,' he began. I raised one eyebrow and crossed my arms defensively at the same time; a question and a wall to hide behind in case I couldn't handle the answer to come. 'You just kept kissing me and it became...'

'Inappropriate?' I suggested.

'That's a bit of a shit word isn't it,' he observed, then, 'it became heated. I don't know if you remember but you asked me not to stop, so I didn't and we were... fuck...'

'Ing Hell,' I added.

'I went to my room and I was all over the show. I couldn't think straight.'

The distress in Danny's eyes was enough. I covered my mouth with both hands and snuck a baited breath so not to stop him. Whether he wanted to say what he was saying or not, maybe selfishly I needed to hear it for myself, because he was telling me things I couldn't have known or just didn't recall yet.

'I heard you get into bed and then all I remember was that part of me wanted to make sure you were okay and then part of me wanted to see if you still wanted me to.'

'Wanted to what?' I asked, clueless and unprepared.

'You told me you wanted me to come to bed with you,' he claimed. 'I didn't think anything of it really but you were just so happily wasted that it was like your life depended on it.'

'I said that?' I begged. 'No I did not,' I denied.

'Yes you fucking did, mum, and I just wanted to make sure my mum was happy,' he defended. 'That's all I care about, mum. There's nothing else to it really.'

'Really,' I tested. I could tell he was being defensive and not one hundred percent chivalrous for lack of a better word.

'And then I came into your room and you said "kiss me some more..."'

And the bomb dropped. There it was; Hiroshima in a coffee cup. I was blind and trapped and this wasn't going anywhere good.

'Oh God, Danny, I didn't,' I sobbed dryly, but I wasn't denying it. I was just guilty and at his mercy. 'I wasn't myself last night. Will you forgive me, please?'

The cocky little bastard, looking me square in the eye, sober as a judge and brimming with emotion, simply said, 'no!'

'No?' NO?'

'No, mum,' he said, 'because there's nothing to be sorry for. Silly shit happens and it doesn't change a thing. Welcome to my life. I'm not the stuck up asshole dad is and yet look at what he did with his moral fucking standards and stout principles. You're finally having fun, mum, and I couldn't be happier to witness it up close.'

'Even if I'm blackout wrecked and snogging my own son's face off?' I asked, just to be sure. For some reason, the image of his very impressive morning glory flashed before my eyes again. I drank my coffee and swallowed whole, then thought about swallowing things whole in general.

What was my life?

'Are you kidding? Mum, you make out like... oh my fucking word-

'Okay that's enough,' I insisted warily. Danny went back to his breakfast quietly. But the silence wasn't to last. Would it ever?

'I just have one question for you, while we're clearing the air,' he started. 'What do you remember?'

What would it hurt to answer him, I supposed? 'I remember you asking to get into the bed mostly,' I said soberly. That lit something behind his eyes, the dawn of realisation as he pieced it all together. Then with another weary sigh I asked for us to lay it to rest, at least for the time being.

'It's that magic fudge, you know, mum,' he concluded with a wink. 'It makes you do strange things.'

'No it's not,' I resigned with a tired smile.

'Then what is it?'

'Just eat your breakfast,' I said.

And who do you confess these things to in times of need if putting them to bed isn't quite enough to put them to sleep? Who do you tell, even carefully missing out the more suggestive and vivid details, and what would you hope to achieve? How would you tell them?

Let's see:

"So last night while I was half-baked, I made out with my son, who possibly caught me masturbating as he came into my room to reciprocate, and then slept with me - naked - as I touched myself. Then we woke up that morning in a tangled sweaty mess with my thigh brushing up against his absurdly tall and proud erection!"

No! How about-

"So I kissed my son more than I should have and longer than I should have. The physical contact, which I clearly

lack in my life, made me horny, so I touched myself in bed and he came to cuddle with me, naked!"

No! What about-

"So last night my son and I were a bit wasted and we kissed and cuddled and ended up in bed together and..."

There was no way to make it sound appropriate. But of course it was as much my fault and because I love him so much I forgave him and proved it with a motherly kiss on the lips after he finished breakfast and made his plans for the day. Nobody would know. They didn't need to know.

'I'm off to practice with the band then,' he said on his way out the door, lugging his massive guitar case out with him. 'I'll see you later.'

'Okay what time do you think you'll be back?' I asked, wanting to have something ready to eat when he got back.

'Probably about seven-ish,' he guessed soberly.

Good enough for me. 'Okay have fun! And stay hydrated!'

With Danny gone, I blasted through the rest of the ironing and then sat down to relax, wondering what to do with my day. I sat to read but as much as I was enjoying the peace and the heat of the day by the window, I just couldn't concentrate. My heart was still thumping like the back paws of a fleeing rabbit. I needed something to help me relax, anything.

'Hi Kelly, how are you today?' I spoke excitedly into the phone's receiver. 'Listen, I was just wondering, who's your fudge supplier?'

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So I spent the rest of that afternoon and early evening buzzing and giggling to myself in a quiet empty house. I felt naughty, like a truant schoolgirl (although yes it was Sunday), like a mischievous child left home alone too long.

I went from baking too many cookies and cupcakes to taking the laptop up to my bedroom and masturbating to MILF porn.

The orgasms were incredible. It took way too long to come. I was navigating RedTube with one wet sticky hand, reversing to my favourite parts, while my other hand went to town, building to the craziest sensations I've ever felt. God if only there was a man with the stamina and the know how to take a couple hours to get me there. The last thing I remember thinking to myself was that I needed to know how good stoned sex was. Not to forget the sleep afterwards...

And goddammit I fell asleep naked from the waist down, didn't I?

And I was awoken at half seven by my son wandering into my room and finding me all frigged out, wasn't I? I guess it was one of those; you just had to be there!

'Umm,' I stuttered, and there was no way to explain this.

'Honestly, what has gotten into you?' he begged. His tone was however somewhat considerate. Though if he really wanted to be considerate I'd imagine he'd have turned and left without saying a word.

'I'm sorry for my lack of privacy,' I remarked, lost in a sudden mood swing brought on by the grogginess. And what did he do? He laughed.

'You've never needed that much privacy, mum. You've never been THAT person,' he observed; then repeating, 'what has gotten into you?'

'I was horny, okay? Is that okay?'

'Mum needs to get laid,' he teased, laughing harder. I wanted to scream and laugh and hit him and jump him at the same time then. I just settled for the screaming...

'WILL YOU GET OUT OF MY ROOM AND LET ME COVER MYSELF UP?!'

'Okay but dibs on the first shower,' he said in all good nature before disappearing. I didn't even know how he managed to be so calm and casual around me anymore. He was right though. I did need to get laid, like he wouldn't believe.

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After dinner Danny wanted to watch a movie or two. There was a movie he thought we both might like, called Running Scared. Not the '80s one starring Billy Crystal but an earlier Paul Walker crime thriller. I was sold on Paul Walker whatever it was about. Danny had seen it before but wasn't letting on as to just how extreme this movie really was, so I had no idea what was coming!

And as was always the way during movie night, Danny stomped off to the kitchen and stuck his head in the fridge looking for snacks. I was sitting there watching the movie's opening scene - a pretty distressing car chase with what appeared to be a dead child in the passenger seat - when he reappeared with a familiar looking block of something wrapped in cling film.

'Mother,' he scolded, but apparently he was faking. 'How did this get in our fridge?'

'I bought it through Kelly,' I said sheepishly, biting my lip, eyes wide and frightful like a girl before the headmaster.

'Can I have some?' he asked.

I nodded easily. 'Bring me some too!'

Then the humour in his eyes turned to doubt. 'Are you going to pass out again?'

'Only if this film sucks,' I offered. It was just about good enough an excuse. He disappeared and then returned a minute later with hot tea and biscuits, and the suspect looking fudge with its little specks of green, sitting next to me on the recliner couch in front of the large flatscreen television.

The fudge was the first to go. As soon as I guiltily finished the second piece I was already well aware that I'd literally bitten off more than I could chew. 'It's a shame they couldn't disguise that strange taste,' I remarked on the weed's almost overpoweringly bitter aftertaste - like garden mint but lacking the freshness my tastebuds required afterwards.

'That's why I did tea and biscuits, mum,' Danny said. 'Sugar and swill to cleanse the palate.'

'Oh, lovely...'

I was feeling very relaxed already when THAT scene played. In the part of the movie establishing Paul Walker's onscreen wife they started messing around in the laundry room when, BAM!! from out of nowhere he actually pulled aside the crotch of her panties and went down on her with the filthiest look in his gorgeous eyes.

"Jesus fucking Christ," came to mind, as I had sputtered when faced with Danny's erection that same morning. Sarcastically, I didn't feel awkward at all. My heart

murmured and then dropped into my gut like a pebble skimming choppy waters before gradually failing and sinking to the lake bed.

'Was that real?' I had to ask.

'Do you mean did he really just go down on her, like unstimulated?' Danny asked.

'It looked real,' I insisted. 'Her reaction looked even more real...'

'Do you want me to go back?' he asked, picking up the remote.

What? Hell no! 'No, I think I saw enough the first time. Jesus fucking Christ, Danny, what have you got me watching?' I protested.

'Relax, it's over!'

Not that I minded. I had made a mental note to look that scene up again later that night, if what happened later hadn't happened at all.

We were halfway through the movie when it hit me. My eyes were burning and I just couldn't move, though the latter part was completely for the lack of trying. I was so relaxed that my body wouldn't respond. I turned to Danny, unable to even speak at that point, and when I caught his attention I just started to laugh.

'What have you gotten me into?' I begged and fell into hysterics. All the while he just looked at me, full of mirth and admiration for his hopeless mother.

'Do you feel good, mum?' he asked. I nodded and smiled, in my current state likely appearing as a very offensive Stephen Hawking impressionist. 'That's all I care about,' he said.

'Thank you but I think I can't move,' I giggled. 'I need the bathroom and to make another cup of tea. Would you like another?'

'I can do that,' he offered, going to get up.

'You can't pee for me, Danny!'

'Oh, that!'

And I don't know how the thought got in my head or what it was doing there (I'll give you a wink now and a big reveal in a paragraph or two), but it gave me the willpower to move myself. Grinning mischievously, I told him, 'you make the tea and I'll make the pee and I'll be back down shortly...'

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Screw the pyjamas, I thought. As comfortable as they were I was feeling a little more liberal and daring in my dazed, fuzzy state. Now standing in the full-body mirror of my bedroom, I was tying my little black satin kimono at the waist after having covered up my surprise.

God knew what I was doing. He didn't strike me down. Barefoot and all legs, I traipsed down the stairs and back into the living room, planting myself back in the recliner couch and raising the footrest to show off my shapely pins. All I heard was a deafening silence and then a loud gulp as Danny sipped his tea and swallowed hard.

Drawing a deep breath, I yawned and stretched as far as my fingers and toes could get away from each other and then faced him with a red-eyed smile and said, 'do you know what would make this even better?'

Danny just blinked. 'Kisses and cuddles with my favourite son,' I answered anyway and drew my arms out to him. Danny set his tea down carefully, no doubt uncertain of what to think by this point. But if he wasn't going to say no to his naked mother then he wasn't going to say no now. We ended up lying next to each other using the armrest on my side of the couch for a headrest.

I drew one arm around me and held his hand, noticing that he was twisting his hips towards me to make himself less... visible?

I smiled at him again and asked for a kiss, which he planted firmly on my lips and purred, 'now this is nice, isn't it?' before returning to the movie, now full of screaming, blood, bad language and violence - all good wholesome family fun, according to my wayward son. I asked him to turn down the volume then, so that we could talk, sneaking a hand down to the little velvet belt tying my kimono around my waist.

'I'm sorry about this morning, honey,' I said. 'It wasn't your fault what happened. I'm the luckiest lady in the world to have a boy like you around.' I reached up to kiss him again on the lips, feeling that same naughty buzz coursing through me from my heart to my thighs. 'You can still kiss me and cuddle up to me all you want!'

'I'm glad to hear it, mum,' Danny gushed, his red eyes full of love and emotion, and he pulled himself in closer, meeting me face to face so that our noses touched and our

eyes threatened to cross, the other effects of such close proximity. He kissed me again, and again, our lips smacking and fluttering against each other like butterflies.

I was also strongly aware of how his powerful arms felt, rubbing up against the satin kimono, which in turn rubbed up against what lay waiting for him underneath; which in turn hugged my body so sensually and made me feel so sexy.

I knew that my fingers had undone that wispy satin belt so easily, but I hadn't realised that his strong hugging arm had also slid my kimono open and given him a close up view of what lay hidden beneath. I was lost in the mist of my little stoner daze, responding only to his quickening shallow breathing.

'More please,' I urged, refusing to let go of a good thing. More kisses came and went with the pretence of innocence while self-restraint surrendered to mild amnesia. 'You love kissing your mommy's lips, don't you my love?' I asked.

'Mmhmm,' he hummed as my lips enveloped his playfully. 'I wish you hadn't gone to sleep so soon last night.'

And there it was. A little more truth than I got from him that morning. Here I was, wanting to give in to the effects of this wonderful little recreational herb, dressed to impress with nowhere else to go. So I went back to that night with a little lip-curling smile and begged the question. 'Well it's still early, why not come to bed with me tonight and make up for lost opportunities?'

'Really,' Danny said and swallowed another lump. This time it wasn't tea. I nodded, using one hand to pull my kimono open fully. 'Holy shhhh-

'My son deserves to be loved and I do love you more than you'll ever know,' I proclaimed following his eyes down to my heaving bust. My red velvet bustier teddy was having much more of an effect than I had anticipated. I was just hoping to come across as sultry and cute and adorable. I realised then that my son's heart was in his throat. Meanwhile his gun was sticking into in my hip.

The teddy hugged my figure like a second skin, that inimitable velvet touch smoothing my curves with shadowy tricks of lamplight. 'Touch it,' I insisted, taking a hand and running it gently up my tummy, stopping short of my bulging breasts. 'Feels good, doesn't it?'

Danny nodded, lost in his own daze now, his mouth hung wide open. His hand ran back down my stomach again, barely stopping short of my velvet clad crotch. God I wanted him to just go for it and abandon all hope because I had drawn the both of us into a daringly teasing game of wits.

'Can I take you to bed with me?'

'What for?' he croaked.

I hesitated. 'Kisses,' I whispered and met his lips again with a pouting smooch before getting up again and telling him to drink his tea and finish his film. I suddenly had to go and dry myself off.

I was out of control!

In my mind I had no doubt scared my son witless, making a blatant pass at him like that. I was acting like a brazen fool, still to this day clueless as to how to treat a man right. And now that man happened to be my own flesh and blood and I was high as a kite, coming onto him.

I was out of control and I loved it and I had lost all sense of responsibility!

He wasn't coming to my room. Of that I was absolutely sure, which was why I was now lying legs spread on top of the bed, the crotch of my velvet teddy pulled to one side as I masturbated with total abandon.

In the bathroom I had attempted to dry myself off, but to no avail. I wasn't helping matters by petting myself and causing more wetness. So I had turned on the cold water tap and splashed myself a few times to cool off. Instead I had

two fingers inside and I was sloshing away, my knees jerking and threatening to give out from under me.

So now I was lying there in bed, sloshing away and thinking of that particular movie scene I had witnessed earlier, only I had replaced Paul Walker - and his hot tongue - with my Danny, and from there the daydreams involved plenty other things to fantasise about.

'Oh fuck, Danny,' I cried, nearly jumping out of my skin. I had opened my eyes to see him standing there in the doorway. 'I'm sorry, I'm a terrible mother, I'm a bad person, I'm a monster, I'm...'

'Mum?'

'I'm sorry,' I persisted.

'Mum!'

'What?' I asked, covering my eyes to hide my shame.

'Don't stop!'

One hand barely covering my bald shaven pussy, one could not claim any sense of modesty. My fingers were soaked and glistening in the lamplight emanating from the bedside table. I held myself firm and looked to him in shock. 'What?'

'I can't take it anymore,' he said with needy eyes. 'You want me, don't you?'

'I can't help it, Danny,' I explained. 'It's all the damn kissing.'

'What's wrong with that?'

'Nothing, absolutely nothing,' I swore. 'I do want you.'

'I want you too,' he said and I swore I came right there, feeling the rush from my toes, through the depths of the canal that birthed him, and right up to the erogenous zone situated right behind my eyes.

Oh.

My.

Sweet.

Fucking.

Christ!

'Okay son,' I surrendered myself. I eased my legs open again and relaxed my guarding hand, staring deeply into his scared eyes with all the fear and excitement I had ever felt in my life, at least since the day he came into my life.

'Okay,' I said again and began to tease myself right in front of him. Pretty soon I was at it again, sloshing away, fingers deep and swaying hypnotically before him. Panting breathlessly I pointed out that he couldn't kiss me from across the other side of the room.

He undressed slowly then, right down to his straining white cotton shorts once again. My toes curled at the pure forbidden arousal I was experiencing, especially when I told him to take off his shorts. When he did I came again, because I knew that once he was in my bed again, he would be inside me before he left.

Danny climbed the bed, snuggling up beside me, and took me in his arms. With one hand roaming south of my velvet clad torso to where my own hand played, he leaned in and kissed me again, and in an instant we were transported to the previous night where our tongues had danced and swirled together. Now, though, he kissed me with all the unbridled passion of a man whose limits and morals had been totally abandoned, but still with the consideration of a true gentleman.

When his hand replaced mine to tease and tantalise my dripping sex, I melted. When he climbed down my body to pull the crotch of my teddy further aside so that he could make love to his mother's pussy, I poured into him. And

when he got me out of that one remaining garment of clothing to take my flesh to his, I realised...

No, it was not what I had ingested that made me this way. It had simply lowered my guard and removed my inhibitions. It was not the weed as he claimed that made me this way. It was the kissing...

It was all of those little kisses back and forth, the motherly ones, the friendly ones, the drunken ones and the passionate ones.

Kissing was the ultimate gateway drug. It was always going to lead to harder things!

12

He looked to me for assurance, nodding slightly while his eyes begged the question. Lying there I reached out to him with one hand and took hold of his, squeezing it with said assurance and nodding back. And I remained trapped there, in his eyes, now dark and intense but no less caring.

My son's long hard cock, straining and throbbing for his mother, melted effortlessly into me as I counted the inches sliding home into my boiling depths. A gasp of satisfaction, the end of so much anticipation, exited my mouth and earned me an open mouthed smile.

And I thought that he had travelled deep to the hilt at the end of that deliciously slow first stroke. But when he withdrew and sunk deep once again, I was delightfully proven wrong as he plunged deeper into me and then came to me so that I could clamp my willing thighs around his tight body.

'Oh,' he whispered in my ear as I kissed his neck and shoulders, wrapping my arms around him. I was now complete - losing myself in the most delicious sin, filled and being satisfied in the most amazing way. We fitted together perfectly. He reached sweet spots I never knew I had. I don't think I'd stopped coming from the very first moment he touched me, and yet...

'Oh, mum,' he whispered and I erupted, bucking into him wildly, lubricating him to the point that every time he retracted to plough back into me, I could hear myself squelch and squirt around his invading girth.

'Stop calling me mum or I swear I will pass out,' I threatened.

'What do you want me to call-

'Don't call me anything,' I growled. 'Just keep hitting that spot!'

'I know a better way,' Danny said with a lustful grin and exited me with a wet pop. I gasped, feeling him leave me wide open, but then he was grabbing my ankles and dragging me to the edge of the bed where he lined himself up again, rubbing his soaked glans against my burling clit and then melted back into me, spreading my labia so wide open.

I was up on my elbows watching the whole show. He must have been easily over eight inches long and with a decently fat girth. When I saw and felt him slide back home I cried out and felt my eyelids become suddenly droopy with the weight of an overwhelming feeling from deep within. He was causing me to come in ways I'd never experienced and still the delirious arousal of our consanguineous coupling would not subside.

'DANNYDANNYDANNYDANNYDANNY,' I cried. 'When I opened my eyes this morning and saw that thing standing so tall and proud I wanted to feel it, all of it...'

'It's all yours now,' he grunted, fucking the come right out of me. 'All yours...'

'We're going to hell, Danny,' I warned, knowing all too well. And I was rocking against him, meeting his thrusts. 'We've done it, now. There's no going back. Might as well make it worth every burning eternity!'

'It's okay, mum,' he said, sliding all the way in and then meeting me in a frenzied kiss before continuing to bump

against my cervix. 'They have all the best bands and hotels anyway!'

'Oh that's okay then...'

I was riding him in the middle of the bed some time later, my pussy swallowing his slick length with such ease while he nursed at my swollen breasts and guided my hips. We were both drenched in sweat and come, the room humid and pungent with our combined scents. I knew he was close because he was starting to strain and there was no denying the concentration in his eyes as he was trying to hold back, but we'd fucked each other raw already. Only then did the uncertainty hit me.

'I can't let you come in me,' I told him.

'How come,' he groaned as I teasingly sucked him in deep and grinded myself tight against him. He nearly lost it. I still actually wanted him to.

'I'll get pregnant,' I said. 'Would you really put us through that?'

'I'll never make you do what you don't want to do, mum,' he compromised.

'Besides, sex and sleep aren't a thing when you have a baby to raise. I should know,' I explained with a knowing wink. 'Can I swallow you?' I asked.

'Jesus fucking Christ, mum, yes,' he seethed from between gritted teeth. I loved to have this control over him, to finally have found a way to win an argument too, who knew. I carefully raised myself up, letting him withdraw from deep within me and felt him fall out, half spent.

Crawling down his sweaty body, I nestled up between his legs so that my breasts smooshed against his thighs and revelled in the reaction I got from him. Then I went to tasting myself on that wonderful cock of his, sucking and licking all of my pussy juices from his entire length as he gripped the bed sheets and voiced the excruciating intensity of his pleasure.

'Say you wanted to keep having sex with me, though. Maybe I should do something about it,' I suggested, smacking my lips before sucking lovingly on his swollen head and licking off the pre-come. 'Of course if I did, I'd be riding your day and night,' I added with a laugh before taking him into my throat.

That did it! Danny's toes curled back toward him, I felt his whole body thrum and then a sudden surge ran from the base of his straining cock, past my hand, and erupted from the head, shooting squirt after squirt of his sticky white semen into my mouth and down my throat. I could barely swallow fast and hard enough to keep up with him, especially since he took up so much room and actually prevented my gag reflex from doing what it was meant to.

When it was over, I looked up to my baby. Danny was all but passed out, breathing sharply and hanging half out of the bed with his mouth hung wide open. It was the first time I'd ever seen a man in my bed look literally blown away and I was proud of myself.

I pulled him up into the middle of the bed with what little strength I had and held him close, swallowing what remained of him and snuggling close. With a contented sigh I lost track of who and where I was and when. Blackness came and then morning next.

13

It was just before noon that I was coming back from the third appointment of the day. Even in the same old business dress I wore to meet my clients I felt like a totally different woman. I was seeing the world through completely different eyes and I was totally okay with that. I was just as okay with what happened.

It seemed that it needed to happen. I don't know where it came from, but it was clear that Danny had also harboured feelings and maybe fantasies for me for a long time. Quietly over coffee that morning, between the second and third job, I considered getting my tubes tied and it surprised me just how casually the thought had crossed my mind.

'No,' I thought. 'I'm still young and who knows what the future holds. I'll wait a while and think twice if need be.' It would have been better not to have gone through with it so hastily only then to think twice when it was too late. I didn't even know if a woman could get her tubes untied these days but I doubted it.

I opened the front door to the house and stepped inside, wandering through to the kitchen after dropping my case files on the hallway stand. There stood my boy, having just turned to face me. With the same adorable smile as always he perked up at the sight of me and said, 'hey mum.'

'Good morning son,' I said, wrapping my arms around his waist and stepping onto my tiptoes to reach his lips. One little kiss was all I needed. I held it there and then let go, gazing into his eyes. 'Love you,' I said.

'Love you too,' he concurred. With baited breaths, we both exhaled heavily and held hands.

Kissing really is a gateway drug. It does lead to harder things. Love being the greatest!

THE END