

LATE NIGHT WITH MOM AT THE MALL

Author's Note: This story is a continuation of the series that began with “*Late Night on The Loveseat with Mom.*” You do not have to read that story, or its sequel “*Late Night Under the Stars with Mom*” to read this story, but it will help you understand the background to this story if you do.

The heatwave returned near the end of summer. The days had cooled for a while, giving everyone in the city a brief respite from constant sweating, but now, at the end of August, steady, continuous 100-plus degree temperatures enveloped the city again, bringing misery to its residents. Maddy punched the air conditioner button in her car. It was after 8 o'clock, and it was getting dark, but outside the car, the air felt like the inside of a sauna.

Maddy sat in the passenger seat next to her son Kyle, who drove. She wasn't sure why he drove. It was her car, not Kyle's, but he'd asked to drive in a tone she hadn't wanted to refuse, for reasons she could not understand. They drove to the mall to do some shopping before he went back to college. They'd intended to do their shopping earlier in the day, but other commitments had gotten in the way, and they were late. They'd have to hurry to get the shopping done before the mall closed. In addition to helping Kyle get his back-to-college shopping done, Maddy wanted to buy a bra-and-panty set for herself.

Maddy glanced at Kyle and shook her head with a smile. He wore what he always wore: flip-flops, baggy shorts, and a t-shirt with the name of a rap group Maddy had never heard of. The muscles in Kyle's arms stretched the sleeves of his shirt.

"I don't know why you even bother getting new clothes for school. You'll just wear the same thing. It never looks any different."

Kyle shrugged. "It'll get colder eventually. I need to get some long pants and a long-sleeve shirt and a hoodie."

They drove the rest of the way to the mall in silence.

Maddy's thoughts stewed over what had happened between Kyle and herself several weeks earlier. They'd had sex -- first, on the loveseat, in front of the TV, and only a few feet from her drunken and inattentive husband Carl. Later, they'd had sex on the back lawn, during a meteor shower, after Carl had gone to sleep.

They'd had no sexual contact in the few weeks since then. Kyle had wanted it. In the days after their two trysts, he had pawed at Maddy like a mad dog. But she had kept him off her.

It wasn't because she hadn't felt what Kyle had felt. She'd loved the feeling of him inside her. She'd loved the way he looked at her -- with lust and longing she couldn't recall seeing from her husband for years. She'd loved the feeling of her body surrendering to her son's desire.

But Maddy was Kyle's mom, and as his mom, she had a duty to do what was right. She was married, and he was still in college, with his whole life ahead of him. It had taken the greatest act of will of her life, but she resisted Kyle's pleas and told him they couldn't do it anymore.

Now, driving to the mall, Maddy realized she only had to get through a few more days until Kyle returned to his college. No doubt, when he did, he'd be focused on the nubile girls in the dorms around him, not on his middle-aged mom back at home. Maddy was sure Kyle wouldn't be lusting after her anymore.

Then she'd have to figure out what to do about her marriage to Carl.

But she didn't have to think about that now. For the time being, she just had to focus on helping her son get ready to go back to college. That's what a good mother was supposed to do, right?

She glanced at Kyle in the driver's seat and smiled. Kyle was only 19 but his face was chiseled like a man's -- the way her husband's face used to be, years ago. Kyle smiled back, but his glance went from her face to her thighs. Maddy wore a short cotton sundress, because of the heat, and it exposed a lot of leg.

Kyle's glance left her conflicted. Part of her wished he'd stop looking at her like that -- like a dog in heat. Sons shouldn't look at their mothers that way.

Part of her, however, liked knowing that her son wanted to fuck her until she was raw. He'd fucked her raw before, and it had been one of the greatest sensations of her life. But the duties of motherhood must prevail over the desires of the flesh. That meant no more fucking her son. She had to help him buy clothes and see him back to college. She had to put aside her selfish carnal needs.

The parking lot at the mall was surprisingly crowded when they arrived, considering the lateness of the hour. Apparently, others were doing last-minute, pre-school shopping as well. Kyle steered the car toward a multi-level parking structure to find a space. He circled up and around several times, until the car emerged on the top level of the garage, under a darkening twilight sky. Maddy approvingly observed her son's skill at driving. Kyle parked the car in a space

apart from the other cars. Kyle and Maddy left the car, and Maddy saw the night-time, lit-up panorama of the city all around her from the top floor of the garage. In its own neon way, it was beautiful.

Before they'd gone anywhere, and before Kyle had locked the car door, he turned to his mom with an intense gaze.

"Leave your panties in the car," he said.

"Kyle, I can't do that."

"Yes, you can."

Maddy shook her head. This wasn't going to be a typical visit to the mall with one's son.

"Why do you want me to do that?"

"I don't know, Mom. I just... I just want you naked under the dress. I want to know you're naked. Nobody will know but me."

"Kyle, we agreed this had to stop. This isn't the way for a mother and son to act."

"We didn't agree. You said it had to stop. Not me. It doesn't. I don't want it to. I never agreed."

Kyle drew closer to Maddy and encircled her waist with his hands. The hands felt strong and firm over the thin sundress fabric.

"Kyle, you shouldn't --"

He silenced her with a kiss on her lips. She kissed him back, and their lips locked for a second, until she pulled away.

"You like it too, Mom."

"I shouldn't."

"Shouldn't' has nothing to do with it," Kyle insisted.

Kyle's hands slid from Maddy's waist to her hips, and they kept moving down.

"Kyle, what are you doing?"

"I'm taking your panties off."

Before Maddy could protest further, Kyle's hands slid quickly under the little dress, which ended about two inches above Maddy's knees.

"Kyle, we're in public! Someone might see us."

"There's nobody around, and it's almost dark."

His fingers nimbly grabbed the stringy sides of Maddy's panties and yanked them down her legs. Maddy could have stopped him, but she didn't. Kyle had pulled her panties off before, and he knew what he was doing with a confidence that was unusual for a young man of 19. She kept her legs still, and together, until the panties were pooled at her ankles.

"I wish you hadn't done that."

"But I did. Now lift your feet."

Maddy complied. Kyle scooped up the tiny piece of fabric and ran his thumb over the gusset.

"Damp. You're turned on. Your head says 'no', but your body says 'yes.'"

Maddy said nothing, but she knew the look in her eye confirmed Kyle was right.

He tossed the panties onto her front seat.

"We better start shopping."

Kyle and Maddy left the car and walked briskly to the garage elevator. Maddy was unnerved by Kyle's forcefulness. He'd always been a polite, usually quiet, boy. But the events between them earlier in the summer seemed to have stirred something inside him, and made him bolder, and even after a few weeks of chastity it hadn't gone away. Maddy sensed an animal presence in her son. She felt his desire for her, like heat waves emanating from a radiator. It was

weird, but it was flattering. Walking closely to Kyle, Maddy was keenly aware of the thinness of the fabric of her dress and the absence of panties underneath it. Warm air swirled at the bare lips between her legs.

It was a relief to enter the mall and to feel the blast of cool, conditioned air and to leave the sauna-like atmosphere outdoors. The air caused Maddy's dress to ripple and she felt it kiss her skin. The coolness of the air in the mall on her pussy was a stark contrast with the warmth she'd felt moments before.

They decided to shop for Kyle first, because he'd be leaving for school soon. They walked swiftly to a big store where Kyle could buy everything he needed. It didn't take long. Kyle wasn't the kind to linger over clothes-shopping. He wasn't too particular about what he wore, and he made up his mind quickly. In no time they left the store with a large bag stuffed with new clothes for his return to college.

"Let's get some ice cream," Kyle said.

"We don't have time," Maddy said. "The mall's going to close soon."

"Come on. It'll be quick. I need something sweet."

Maddy wondered at how bossy Kyle had become with her. It bugged her, a little, but she found herself weirdly submissive and receptive to her son's recent demands. As much as she wanted not to, she couldn't help but think about how thrilling it had been when he'd pressed his body against hers and taken her. He was tall, and his body was lean and hard, the way her husband Carl's had been years ago.

Maddy didn't resist. They walked silently together to the food court in the center of the mall on the second floor to get ice cream.

Maddy ordered pistachio and Kyle ordered cookies and cream, in little cups with tiny plastic spoons. They sat at a small table in the middle of the plaza surrounded by the counters of different food vendors.

Not 30 seconds after they'd taken their seats, Maddy felt Kyle's firm, strong fingers on her bare right thigh. She wished she'd worn a longer dress. This one was less than knee-length, and its hem rose when she sat down. His fingers pulled at her thigh. They weren't hard, but they were insistent, and she felt her thigh swinging right, opening her legs, and making the little dress ride up even more. Maddy was keenly aware that she wore no panties, so with her legs

spread wide in the little dress she risked showing more in the food court than she wanted to.

"Kyle, what are you doing?" She challenged him, but her thigh didn't press back against his hand. She didn't resist having her legs spread open by her son.

Maddy looked around the food court. There were many tables in the plaza, but few people. Most were walking out of the mall because of the lateness of the hour. The only person that might see anything was a middle-aged man in chinos and a white buttoned-down shirt at a table in front of them perhaps thirty feet away, munching a hot dog. He was positioned perfectly to see up her skirt, but he was focused for the moment on his food and his phone, which he held in his hand in front of him.

"I just like feeling your leg, Mom," Kyle said. "I felt it before. You liked it then."

"Yes," said Maddy, "I did at the time, but I thought we decided it was wrong. And this is the wrong place to do this."

"So, are you saying if we were in private, you'd be OK with me doing this?"

Maddy sighed, exasperated. That wasn't what she meant, but her words betrayed her. And maybe Kyle was right. Maybe she wanted something she could not admit wanting.

Kyle's hand moved up Maddy's thigh, up and under the dress. Maddy wanted to move away, or she thought she did, but somehow, she couldn't or didn't. Kyle's hand was dangerously close to her uncovered pussy, and Maddy felt that tingle again. She had to get things under control. But it seemed impossible to do so with her horny and insistent son.

She didn't want to be the mom that couldn't say "no," but it seemed to her that that was exactly what she had become.

"That's not what I'm saying at all, and you know it. We shouldn't do this, here or anywhere. But especially here."

But she didn't move her legs. They remained open and available to the touch of Kyle's hand.

Kyle kept moving his hand up her thigh, and Maddy shivered at its progression along her skin, until she felt a determined finger touch

her pussy. The finger pressed forward, under her clitoris, into her wet depths. Maddy felt she should slap the hand away or clamp her legs shut or do something to prevent her son from fingering her in the public food court, but she didn't. She sat still and let Kyle's finger have its way. It pushed into her, tickling the insides of her pussy. Maddy had to stop herself from gasping. Her body shivered. She looked up, at the middle-aged man. He seemed focused on his phone, but if he looked up he would surely see what Kyle was doing to her. Maddy looked down, and her dress was bunched up and stretched between her legs so she knew the man could, if he looked up, see up her dress and could see what Kyle was doing to her. It was mortifying and wrong, but she couldn't stop her son from feeling her up.

She turned toward Kyle.

"Kyle, someone might see us. We can't do this here."

"Nobody is looking at us. They're focusing on their food."

Maddy could have moved, but she didn't. The risk of exposure was great, but the delicious feeling of his fingers on and in her was even better.

"You're mine, Mom."

"Kyle, I'm not 'yours.' I'm your mother."

Kyle leaned over to her, putting his lips to her ear.

"You're my mother. But you're not JUST my mother."

Maddy blushed. She didn't even know her son anymore. He was like a wild animal, and she had given her body to him before and didn't want to anymore, or her conscience didn't want to, but she couldn't help it. The touch of his hands on her body felt too good.

While Kyle fingered Maddy's pussy they both kept eating their ice cream. Maddy tried to play it cool and pretend it wasn't happening, but the pleasure between her legs and her fast-beating heart left no doubt it was happening. Maddy waited passively. She looked around in every direction, head rotating this way and that like a bird, nervous that someone might see her. When they finished scraping the last dregs of ice cream off the bottom of their cups, Kyle spoke.

"Let's go do some more shopping."

Kyle withdrew his finger from her wetness, and they stood up and threw away the spoons and cups, and they walked away from the food court to the third floor of the department store, to the women's lingerie section. Lingerie was tucked into the corner of the store, far from the escalator. The lingerie racks appeared to be deserted, save for a loan clerk, a young woman with long straight dark hair, standing, with a bored, blank expression, behind a counter.

Maddy entered the section and walked among the racks with bras and panties hanging everywhere, and it occurred to her that she'd never shopped for underwear with her son before. Shopping for lingerie wasn't something one usually did with one's son. But as Maddy walked among the rows and racks of panties and bras, she felt her son's heavy breathing behind her. She felt his presence. She turned around to see him close behind her, and his eyes were cast down, on her ass.

Maddy wondered what her husband Carl would like to see her wear. She could not remember the last time Carl had said anything nice about lingerie that she had worn. A husband was supposed to notice such things, but Carl did not. He was usually too distracted by a TV show, or he was too drunk. Perhaps with the right choice of lingerie she could catch his attention. She approached a rack and fingered a black, gauzy set of panties and bra.

"That's too big," Kyle said.

"What do you mean?" Maddy replied.

"The panties are too big for you. Try that one." Kyle pointed to a seafoam green pair on another rack. The fabric was almost see-through, and it was very skimpy. The panties were tiny, the back of them no more than a string. A matching green bra hung on the rack next to it.

"Kyle, be serious. I can't wear that."

"Of course, you can. Try them on."

Part of her wanted to push back, to tell her son to stop pressuring her, to cling to whatever modicum of discretion she had left. But that part gave way to another part: the part that wanted to give in, to surrender to her desire. Kyle was not just a son; he was a man, and he wanted her, and she wanted to be wanted. It had been so long since her husband had wanted her in this way.

"OK," she said, picking the green lingerie set off the rack.

Maddy walked toward the dressing room with the filmy green underwear in her hand.

She felt Kyle's presence behind her. She heard his heavy breathing. She knew, even without looking, that his eyes were on her body, checking her out, taking in every curve. She expected him to wait for her, when she entered the dressing area, but he followed her in. She turned around as she entered the dressing room.

"You can't come in," she said. "You have to wait."

"I want to be with you when you try it on," he said. He gestured to the empty space around them. "There's no one else here. No one will mind."

"Kyle --"

"Mom. I'm coming with you."

It seemed to her, with some vexation, that their rightful places were reversed, that he was telling HER what to do, and she did not know why. She was the mother, but he was the authority. He told her what to do, and she complied. It seemed to her, in some way, indistinct

but important, that she did not have to comply, but she did, nevertheless. Compliance with her son's requests seemed, now, more important than anything else.

"OK," she said.

She walked forward, into the store's dressing room. Stalls with closed doors lined each side of it. Maddy walked to the third one on the right, opened the door, and went inside. Kyle followed right after her. She felt his breath on her neck. He closed the door and she turned around, holding the tiny green things in her hand at her side.

"Try it on, Mom," Kyle said. He didn't ask.

"You have to turn around," Maddy said.

"No."

"Yes, Kyle." The contest of wills lay heavy in the air in the small dressing room.

"Mom, I've already seen you naked."

"You have. But not this time. You have to turn around, or I won't do this. We can leave now."

Maddy thought about her options. She couldn't make Kyle turn around. He was her son, but he was an adult, and the balance of their relationship had shifted, and she knew from the weight of his intense, steady gaze at her that no amount of pleading would make him turn around. So, her choices were either to do as her son wanted, or to leave the dressing room.

She chose to pull her dress off her body.

"Oh, all right," she said, resigned.

Kyle had seen her naked body before, twice. It couldn't hurt for him to see it one more time, could it? Maddy would try on the lingerie, get out of the dressing room as fast as possible, buy it, and she and Kyle would get on their way home.

But as she pulled the hem of the dress up and over her body, she knew that she exposed her pussy to Kyle, and then her breasts. Soon the dress was tossed to a small bench in the corner of the dressing

stall, and Maddy stood completely naked in front of her son. She looked him in the eyes, and she wondered what lay behind them. He had acted like a hungry, wild thing, but now, as she stared at him, he looked different. He was her son again, only recently become a man, no more than a year removed from childhood, and for a moment his face took on a look of innocence and wonder. Maddy was aware, keenly, that her naked body was exposed to him, and she wondered what she was doing. Was she a bad mother?

Maddy had little time to fret about these matters, because within a few seconds Kyle's eyes narrowed and his face shed its look of childish indecision. He was a man again, hard and hungry for her -- his mother. Maddy saw it all. And as much as her conscience nagged her about it, she wanted it too: her son's hunger, his longing for her, and the press of his body against her. He looked like a beast of prey about to pounce on her. She shivered, and she wasn't quite certain whether it was out of fear or desire.

She quickly pulled the tiny seafoam g-string and bra over her body. She posed before her son, nervously shifting her weight from one leg to the next.

"Mom, you look... amazing." She heard the shift in tone again--from hard, masculine desire to almost boyish wonder.

"Turn around, Mom."

Maddy pirouetted in a circle, slowly, several times, for her son.

He stopped her, firm but gentle hands on her shoulders, when her back was turned toward him. Maddy shivered again.

Hands trailed down her shoulders, down her back, over the clasp of the bra, and she thought he might snap it off. But the hands kept moving, until each one cupped an ass cheek, and squeezed.

Maddy moaned at the same time Kyle sighed. She put her hands against the wall and pushed her ass against his hands. It didn't matter anymore that it was her son. The sensuous massage by his fingers felt too good. They dug into her with ardor and strength. His fingers had been hardened after a summer job of manual labor, working for a construction firm.

Saying nothing, Kyle spun Maddy around until she faced him and looked up at his eyes, waiting for what was to come next.

His hands cupped her breasts, and he mashed them and kneaded them. He pinched her nipples under the transparent seafoam fabric.

One of the hands moved down, caressing her belly before settling over her mound, pushing against it. A finger pushed some of the fabric into her cleft.

"Kyle, I think I'm wet down there. You'll mess up the G-string if you do that."

"It's OK, Mom. You'll buy it."

Maddy said nothing.

Kyle's index finger pulled the insignificant gauzy triangle to the side, exposing her pussy. Maddy was right: it was wet. A bead of her dew had gathered where the folds met at the bottom. She saw Kyle looking intently at her down there and she was certain he could see, too. He touched his finger to the bead, then brought his finger to his mouth and sucked it clean.

Maddy felt Kyle's strong hands on her bare shoulders, guiding her, pressing her down. They led her to the little bench in the corner of the small dressing room. It was no more than a wooden triangle jutting from the corner of two of the dressing stall's walls. His hands pushed her down. Maddy's barely clad bottom hit the bench.

"Kyle," she said.

"Mom," he returned.

"I think I should get dressed and we should buy the lingerie and leave."

"Not yet, Mom."

Maddy didn't resist. Kyle's hands gripped her ankles and pushed her legs apart and up. Her feet were over her head. The G-string was still pulled to the side. Maddy knew that everything was exposed to her son: her pussy and her asshole. It was embarrassing... but it wasn't. If she was honest with herself, she liked the pressure of his gaze on the most intimate part of her body. From this angle, she couldn't quite tell, but she hoped that her lips were parted and that her ravenous son could see into her. She knew what he wanted to do with her. She knew, despite knowing that it was wrong, that she would let him do whatever he wanted to do. She'd surrendered to it. She wanted him to.

For a moment, he didn't do anything. His eyes were focused between Maddy's legs. His hands pressed gently, but firmly, against the bottoms of her thighs, keeping her legs apart and high in the air. Maddy felt exposed and vulnerable. But she didn't do anything other than stare at her son, his eyes, his face.

She wondered how long they could stay in the dressing room without drawing attention.

Kyle didn't seem to care about that.

His head moved forward, and his mouth descended on her pussy with force.

Maddy cried out "Oh!" loudly enough that she worried the store clerk might hear her.

She felt Kyle's insistent tongue on her and in her. Kyle wasn't a subtle or experienced lover, but what he lacked in technique he made up in enthusiasm. Besides, it was better than anything her husband Carl had given her in years, or maybe ever. Carl had been, even in his best years, a selfish lover, and now he was a mostly indifferent one. Maddy pushed her hips forward, against her son's

face, to increase the pressure. Waves of electricity hit her every time Kyle's tongue touched her clit. Her insides warmed.

Kyle pulled away without warning and Maddy felt strong hands under her bottom, lifting her. With almost no effort, Kyle stood up, and Maddy wasted no time wrapping her arms around his neck and her legs around his hips. Somehow, Kyle held her in one hand while the other hand unzipped his pants and pulled a hard cock out. Maddy felt the steely bulb of its tip against her skin, searching for the way into her for just a moment until she felt the full shaft of it fill her.

"Oh!" she cried again, involuntarily, louder than the last time.

"Kyle, we have to be quiet, or they'll hear us."

Kyle said nothing. He fucked Maddy in hard, deliberately paced strokes, filling her completely with each one until his cock had disappeared completely inside her. It was exquisite. Maddy felt wholly possessed, completely taken by her son.

He pushed her back against the wall, and the extra pressure enabled him to push harder into her. Kyle grunted and Maddy whimpered.

Somewhere inside, Maddy knew they'd been in the dressing room for a long time, and they should leave. She did not want to get caught by store security. But Kyle didn't seem to care. He was too busy fucking her and staring at the junction where his cock disappeared into the now-drenched depths of her pussy.

Maddy's worries gave way to pure animal sensation. She lost track of time.

"Everything OK in there? Need some help?"

It was the voice of a young woman--the store clerk they had seen, no doubt. Maddy almost screamed with surprise and fright.

She mustered a quavering voice.

"Yes! Fine." Kyle didn't stop fucking her, so she had to pause and catch her breath to be able to say more.

"I'm almost done. Out in a minute."

It had gone out of control. They couldn't do this. She would not risk getting arrested in the dressing room of a department store.

Maddy pushed firmly against Kyle, who resisted at first, continuing to push inside her, but he stopped and gave way when Maddy kept pushing.

He put her down.

"What's wrong?"

Maddy panted loudly before she could say anything.

"This is wrong, Kyle. It feels wonderful. Don't get me wrong. But we might get arrested. We have to go."

Kyle looked like he wanted to protest, but to her relief he didn't. He must have seen the determination on her face. Maddy quickly pulled off the bra and G-string and put her dress back on before he could change his mind. Kyle zipped up his pants, his face clouded with chagrin and obvious discomfort. Maddy suspected that he had come close to ejaculating in her, and that he was frustrated.

She opened the door to the dressing stall and stepped out, Kyle following close behind. She hoped they wouldn't see a security guard waiting for them. To her relief, she saw no one but the store clerk, standing still and silent and apparently reading something as she stood behind the counter. The clerk looked up at them for just a moment before going back to reading, her face betraying nothing.

Maddy began to calm down. Her racing heartbeat slowed.

She and Kyle approached the counter. The clerk quickly put a cell phone away. She obviously had been looking at something on it. The plastic name tag said "Victoria." She was pretty in a mousy way. She looked up at them.

"Ready?" she asked. Maddy wondered if there was an odd shape to the clerk's smile, as though she was suppressing something.

"Yes," Maddy said, trying to control the unevenness in her voice. I must get a grip, she thought.

Maddy placed the bra and G-string on the countertop and saw it right away: the tiny gusset of the G-string was noticeably darker where it had soaked up her juice. Maddy looked from the G-string to Victoria's face. The clerk obviously saw the dark spot too. Her brow

twitched. Maddy was mortified. But the clerk said nothing. After pausing, she rang it up, put the articles in a plastic bag, and when the transaction was done, she smiled faintly at Maddy as she handed her the receipt.

Then Victoria's mouth dropped open. She looked back and forth at Maddy's and Kyle's faces.

"Oh my God," she said to Kyle. "She's your mother. I can tell."

Maddy felt the floor giving way underneath her. She couldn't bear the thought that her crime had been exposed to the world. What would the clerk do?

Victoria leaned forward, in a conspiratorial manner.

"I know what you were doing in there. I heard you."

Maddy felt sure they were going to get arrested.

"Don't say anything. Please."

Victoria shook her head.

"Not a word," she said. She leaned further forward and lowered her voice even more, although there was nobody in sight. A clock on the wall showed it was time for the store to close, and most customers already had left.

"I think it's awesome."

She picked up her phone and poked and swiped at it, then turned it around so Maddy and Kyle could see the screen. It revealed a page from a website called Literotica. Maddy had never heard of it before. At the top of the screen was the title of a story, "Take Me, Daddy." The author was somebody named SimonDoom. Maddy had never heard of him, either.

"I've been fantasizing about this since my freshman year of college. You're so lucky."

Maddy had no idea what to say to that.

"Thank you for your help," was all she could manage.

She turned to go, and Kyle followed her.

The clerk Victoria called after them.

"If you ever want to come back, and... try on more things, feel free. I work Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights. It's often deserted near store closing time, so that's a good time to come. I could... help."

"Uh, thanks," Maddy said. She couldn't even begin to wrap her mind around what the clerk seemed to be proposing. Maybe Kyle should date Victoria instead. But no, that wouldn't work. Victoria wasn't Kyle's type. For good or ill, Maddy knew who Kyle's type was:

Herself.

They walked through the store. It was nearly deserted.

"The mall will be closed in two minutes," a voice boomed from some unknown place. "Please proceed to the exit doors."

They found the door to the garage and the elevator to the top level. Neither Maddy nor Kyle said anything. When the doors opened, the hot night air slapped at their faces. They stepped outside, and the sky was completely dark, although the city sparkled all around them in a grid of twinkly lights, and lamps on tall poles lit up patches of the parking lot in a chalky glow. Maddy noticed her car ahead, the only car remaining on this level. Everyone else had left. The lamp near her car evidently had burned out, so it was obscured in darkness.

Had she been by herself, Maddy would have felt nervous about walking through a parking lot in the dark to her car, but with her tall and strong son nearby, she felt no fear at all. He might have been her son, but he had the figure of a man. Her skin tingled to think about his masculine figure.

They reached the car, and she opened the doors with a click of her key fob, but as she gestured to open her front door, she noticed Kyle standing next to her rather than circling to the passenger side.

"Mom," he said.

"What?"

"I've got the worst case of blue balls. You can't imagine."

Maddy's head swirled. She kept giving in to Kyle's needs--and to her own, she had to admit--but she didn't want to legitimize the way they kept giving in to their needs. She wanted somehow to get through the next few days until Kyle left for school. Then, she hoped, he'd find a girlfriend, and that would be that.

But she knew Kyle wouldn't wait, and she wouldn't either.

"OK, we'll figure something out when we get home," she said.

Kyle shook his head.

"Dad's home. And he laid off the booze today. I think. We can't do it with Dad around. Not the way I want to do it with you. He'll know."

Kyle's words pierced Maddy. The power of his desire for her thrilled her even as it set off alarm bells.

"Well, what are we going to do, Kyle? Get a motel?"

He shook his head again.

"No," he said. "Right here."

"Kyle, come on. We're in public. We could get seen and arrested."

"No, we won't," he insisted. "There's nobody here. The whole level is deserted. The light's burned out and it's dark here. Nobody is going to see us. Mom, please. I want to fuck you right now. I need to fuck you right now. Please."

Maddy's conscience screamed "No!" But her desire screamed "Yes!" She looked into her son's face, and even in the dark she could see his lust and need for her. It was too much to resist. Desire won.

"OK," she said. She pulled the dress over her body and lay it on the roof of the car. She stood naked in front of Kyle except for her shoes.

Kyle took Maddy in his arms and he kissed her, and she kissed back, hard. There was no resisting her son. She wanted him, too. She craved his body and craved the sensation of being desired so utterly.

Kyle pulled away, took her hand, and led her to the edge of the parking lot in front of the car, where a horizontal steel rail, chest high, marked the boundary of the garage and the city below and beyond. Maddy knew what Kyle wanted and put her hands against the rail. She pushed her ass back and spread her legs apart and waited.

She didn't wait long. She heard the familiar unzipping and the sound of cloth being fumbled with, and then felt the insistent press of his penis against her, sliding between the crack between her cheeks, soon finding its way to her entrance and pressing inside.

Maddy felt the sweet, delicious sensation of her son fucking her, once again. This time she knew there would be no stopping him until he was done. She wanted to come too.

The railing of the top level of the garage consisted of layers of horizontal steel bars with significant gaps between them. Maddy knew her naked body was completely exposed to anyone outside the garage between those gaps. Maddy had never been an exhibitionist. She had never wanted to be an exhibitionist and never fantasized about it. She and Carl, when they had been young, had fooled around in cars and movie theaters, and he had fingered her on a beach once, but it was out of a spirit of youthful, lusty abandon rather than a desire to be seen. And that had been years ago. Approaching middle age, Maddy, though still youthful and attractive,

had grown more modest, and her often-drunk husband appeared to have no interest in her showing off.

But with Kyle, it was as though all barriers had been broken down. All that mattered was the fulfillment of their mutual need. It didn't matter where it arose. It scared Maddy, but it thrilled her too. As Kyle's cock thrust in and out of her, she tried to calculate how likely it was that someone would see them. The mall and its parking lot were mostly deserted. A few cars were parked here and there. She saw no one immediately nearby, although she saw figures entering cars here and there in the distance. Because she was in the darkness, she felt there was a good chance nobody would see them. But she knew, too, that it didn't matter. Kyle would fuck her to fruition, regardless. She knew he would, and she wanted him to, and she settled in for the ride.

What a ride it was. Kyle's strong hands grabbed her hips and his fingers dug into her skin. Maddy gave in completely. Her pussy was sopping by now, and the wet sound of every thrust was plainly audible over the low, constant hum of the city around them.

Kyle did something considerate, and it surprised her. He removed one hand from her hip and placed it over her pubic mound, applying pressure to her clitoris and moving his hand over it in irregular circles. Maddy gasped. The touch of his hand doubled her pleasure.

She knew immediately that there was no doubt she would come soon.

Her ample breasts flopped wildly as Kyle fucked her. Had anyone seen her from the empty parking lot below, she would have been quite a sight. But she saw no one.

And then she did.

A solitary figure, holding a bag, walked through the dark, empty lot from the store. It appeared to be a man. He was perhaps 200 yards away, headed toward a car that stood parked well apart from any other car. His path would bring him closer, less than 100 yards away. He was looking ahead, and Maddy was sure that, so far, he hadn't seen her.

She grew keenly aware of the frantic movements of her body under the steady, hard fucking Kyle was giving her, of the sounds her pussy made, of Kyle's sighs and moans, and of her own whimpering. She crossed her fingers while she held on to the railing, hoping the man wouldn't see her.

Kyle either had not seen the man or didn't care, because he kept fucking Maddy with deep thrusts.

Maddy tried to will herself to come soon, and she pushed back harder against her son. She tried to use the muscles of her pussy to clamp down on Kyle's cock and make him come faster too. As much as she craved the sensation of the vigorous fucking, and as much as she could have continued it indefinitely under different circumstances, she didn't want to push her luck with the exposure. She wanted to orgasm soon.

But ah! It felt so good. It was thrilling: the pure sensation of the sex, the knowledge that it was her son that was fucking her, and the risk of exposure. It was the naughtiest and greatest thrill she'd ever felt.

"Yes!" she said, trying to be quiet, but instantly realizing that she had said it more loudly than she intended.

Chagrined, she saw the figure of the man below, near his car now, stop. He stood under a lamp, so it was possible to see his face, a little. He looked around, and then he looked up.

There was no doubt about it now: he saw her.

"Kyle," Maddy said, her voice ragged and breathy. "There's a man down there. He can see us."

Kyle didn't stop with his thrusts.

"Is he a cop?"

"No. Looks.... " Pant. Pant. "Like a shopper...." Pant. Pant. "Going to his car."

"Good," Kyle said. "I'm not going to stop. He won't do anything. Let him enjoy the show."

Maddy knew better than to think Kyle would stop, and she didn't want him too, anyway. She was too close to orgasm. She felt it welling up inside. She was minutes away--maybe not even that. Ordinarily, the fright of public exposure would have shut down the possibility, but now, for some reason, it thrilled her, and aroused her even more.

The man below her stood perfectly still, under the dim light, watching Maddy being fucked. Maddy knew what a show she was

putting on. She didn't hold back. She'd be done soon--she knew that--and she'd let her audience enjoy the show while it lasted.

"Fuck yes!" she said, loud enough that she knew the voyeur could hear her. Maddy's body moved in a frenzy. Kyle rubbed her clit more furiously now. Its sensitivity to his touch tottered along a knife's edge between pain and pleasure. Maddy burned with the need to orgasm. Kyle's organ felt thicker, longer, and harder than ever before, stretching and filling her to a degree she could not remember ever feeling.

Even as her orgasm inexorably approached, Maddy wondered if she'd abandoned all her decency and responsibility as a mother. She was having sex with her son--in public! What kind of mother would do that? She imagined how her friends and family would judge her if they knew. Nobody could possibly accept her or understand what she had done if they knew.

But they couldn't understand how good it felt--how utterly wonderful she felt to surrender to her son's need, to be taken by him. No one could ever understand that. They must never know.

And if she could help it, nobody would ever know.

Nobody but a pretty, mousy store clerk named Victoria.

At last, the fucking reached its crescendo, and Maddy felt the wave of pleasure explode from some indefinable place deep inside her until it enveloped her entire body, rippling across her skin, making her shake and tremble.

"God, yes," she cried, at the top of her voice. She didn't care anymore whether anyone saw her.

Kyle shook too, and she knew he had come. His cock filled her as deeply as it could, and he stopped rocking and held it there, and Maddy knew his seed was filling her.

He removed his hand from her clitoris, but he didn't remove his cock from her pussy. He pulled out part of the way, but he pushed back in, slowly.

Maddy's pussy still pulsed and quivered from the orgasm, and it was so sensitive that it was almost painful to feel his cock, softening but still big, push inside her. But it was a delicious sort of pain, and she didn't pull away. She wanted her son to do whatever he desired to fulfill his need for her.

In another minute, his cock left her with an audible "plop," and Maddy felt something sticky trickling out of her, down her thigh.

The man below never stopped watching her. When Kyle pulled back and away, Maddy stood up and removed her hands from the rail. She stretched her body to full height, breasts out, legs still apart, pussy on display. She held out a hand and waved to the man below. He waved back. Then he turned and walked to his car.

Maddy reached for her dress on top of the car.

"No, Mom," Kyle said.

"What?"

"Leave your dress off. I'll drive again. Sit in the passenger seat, next to me, just like you are. Until we get home. You can put it back on when we get in the driveway. It's dark. Nobody will see you. Please?"

Maddy sighed and mused. The things we do for love of our sons.

She held the dress in her hand and entered the passenger side.

It was dark outside and dark inside, but Maddy scrunched down in the car seat, anyway. She didn't want anyone to see her. For reasons that weren't really reasons, she knew she was going to do as Kyle suggested and stay naked all the way home. The chances of a neighbor seeing her were slim. But there was some risk. Even so, she would take that risk to please her son.

"You know, Kyle," she said. "We can't keep doing this."

He glanced away from the road to her face, and then his eyes scanned her nude body.

"Why not?" he asked. "I enjoy it. You enjoy it. We both love each other."

"That's why we can't keep doing it. Because we love each other. It's not right. I know it feels good to you. I admit, it feels good to me too."

Maddy's pussy still pulsed from the orgasm as Kyle drove homeward.

"But you're headed back to college," she continued. "It's not healthy for you to be focused on your mother this way."

"Mom, let me worry about me. Worry about you. I think you like it. I love it. You know Dad's not going to make you happy. And I don't think you're the divorcing type. I can make you happy. I want to."

That was true. Kyle was right about that. Maddy had thought about divorce. But something held her back. She wasn't sure what--money, security, appearances, the vow she'd taken many years ago, when they were in the church and she imagined a life of bliss with her new husband. Despite her husband's inadequacies, she resisted leaving him.

"Oh, Kyle," she sighed.

The city passed by in a dark blur as Kyle drove them home. Maddy was lost in thought and almost stopped thinking about the fact that she was naked in the front seat.

She felt something between her legs, and it distracted her from her reverie.

She looked down. A small stream of Kyle's spunk had flowed out of her, puddling on the leather seat.

One more mess to clean up. It seemed like the messes were multiplying.

She sighed again.

The things we do for the love of our sons.