

Lessons for My Son

Chapter 1

This is a work of fiction. All characters are well over 21. It is not based on real people, nor real events, but is a fantasy. Read it as such, and enjoy.

Dear Son,

I want to help you succeed in making love to your Mother. Yep. Pick your jaw up off the floor, and listen to me. It's something I think you want. It's something I think she wants, even if she has not fully admitted it to herself yet. Since I love you both, and I'm getting older and less able to give her what she needs, I'm looking to you to step up.

Now, I can't really walk up to you and say, "Hi, Son, How was the drive here? Oh, by the way, I want to help you seduce your Mother."

Oh, I suppose I could. I could say, "If you want to make love to your Mom, I can help you along the right path. If you're interested, then let's talk. If you're not interested, I'll never mention it again." But the risk in that is great, and as everything in life, it's all about risk versus gain. I could be misreading the situation. So if I said that to you and you went to your Mom with, "You'll not believe what he told me," then I'd be pretty well fucked. But, you're here at this website, and you clicked on this letter. I know you're interested.

I'm sure you're wondering, "What is the old fool up to this time?" I've given this a lot of thought, and there are several reasons I want you to make love to your Mother. First, I'm getting older (as if you have not noticed), and I can't give her the intense sex we used to have. I don't want her to resort to having an affair, because that would inevitably lead to a divorce or to her getting her heart broken when it ends. Second, I think you need it. You have been depressed, seemingly not interested in anything, and I think I know why. I think you want your mother, and that you think you can never have her in the way you desire. But you can. She needs it. She loves you deeply, and when you are distant, you hurt her.

Don't think that because I'm telling you this that we're having problems in our marriage. As far as I know, it's still as strong as ever. I love both of you, I see you struggling because I think you both want the same thing, and I want to help you be as happy as you can be. If nothing else, I want you to have a good, loving relationship with your Mother. If it blooms into something more, great. If it never gets that far, you'll still have a strong and loving relationship with the one person who loves you more than anyone else ever can. In fact, your growing relationship with your Mom will probably make our marriage stronger. She'll be more affectionate with me, just as a normal reaction, and we will be a stronger, better family unit.

Once you get started on the journey, I will never know how your relationship with your Mom has progressed. It will be a secret between only you two - a black box. I'll see the happiness in both of you, but will only be able to guess the reason. I've written this for

you and after you've read it, you'll be on your own. I'll sure have some delicious fantasies thinking about it, won't I?

Oh, I won't be totally in the dark. I'll see you quickly drop her hand when I walk into the room. I may see the two of you standing closely to each other, and move apart when I appear. Maybe I'll be lucky enough to see her kiss you. Maybe I'll walk into the room unexpectedly and you'll be sitting on the couch with her under a blanket. Mostly I'll know because she will have a constant smile on her face and you will walk with pride and confidence. I'll never comment on it or act like it's anything out of the ordinary, but I'll know something delicious is going on.

At the same time, once you're on this journey you can't be jealous of me with your Mom. She's my wife, and I love both of you more than you can know. She loves me, and I know she'll continue to show it. She and I will continue to make love occasionally. So, I'm making a deal with you. I'll never be jealous of the love you two share. You never be jealous of the love we have.

A word about terminology is appropriate, I think. I want you to make love to your Mom. The two of you will define what that means. Maybe "making love" between means just kissing. Maybe it means kissing and some touching. Maybe, if you're very lucky, it means oral sex. And maybe, if you are a god among men, it will mean intercourse. Whatever the two of you decide it means, though, I want you to know that you are making love to your Mother. To emphasize, "making love" does not have to mean intercourse. It is just what the words are - a tender and loving relationship between two adults.

So let's talk about expectations. You may, as I said, never get to the holy grail. On the other hand, you certainly might and I think you can. But let's be realistic. Your Mom is older than you and is not as focused on sex as when she was your age. She also has some built-in resistance to actually getting there with you. You are a strong young man, and you may want a physical affair with lots of sex and little emotion. What she wants is an emotional affair, with loving and caring. Can you be satisfied with sitting on the couch kissing, touching, and caressing a woman, without actually reaching home base? Maybe that would not satisfy you with your girlfriend, but with your Mother? Sounds pretty hot to me.

You are a man now. You're a college graduate, relatively worldly (not a virgin), and you can engage with your mom as adults. That's a key point. An adult taking advantage of a minor is wrong, wrong, wrong, and is totally unacceptable in any circumstance. I would never had had this conversation with you ten years ago. Your Mother would never have even thought about such a thing ten years ago, or even when you were 20. But today? You're a man. Your Mother is a woman. 'Nuff said.

Love. Respect. Trust. I'll repeat those words to you a hundred times, probably, but you have to incorporate those principles in every move you make, every step you take, and every word you speak when you are interacting with her. She's your Mother. You must love her. You must respect her. She has to know she can trust you absolutely. If you can do that, you can get where you want to go. If you can't do that, then don't bother.

This is not intended to be a step-by-step instruction manual. You can't go, "OK. Step one, part B," and make this work. It is intended to give you an idea of how to get where you want to go. Every person is unique, and every journey is unique. The key you should get out of this is to move gradually, slowly, and incrementally. Men throughout the history of humans have tried to get where you want to go and while some have succeeded, many have failed. Those who failed were too young. They acted precipitously, clumsily, and because of lust, not love.

You've dated. You know how it goes. So, why is setting your sights on your Mom any different than going after any woman? In a way, it's not. Your Mom is a woman. I don't believe in the common understanding of seduction, though. I don't think you can convince anyone to do something they don't want to do, so the idea of seduction as bending someone to your will doesn't apply. You can only, I think, convince someone to do something that they want to do. That's the difference between "seducing" your Mom and "seducing" any other woman. When you ask a woman on a date, then consciously or unconsciously she has already decided there is a possibility you will end up together. Things move pretty quickly, relatively speaking. With your Mom, that does not exist - yet - so you have to move very deliberately.

You have to understand that achieving this lofty goal, like everything in life, is a journey. Always remember this - the journey is more important, and really more pleasurable, than the destination. The journey is the goal. You may never reach the holy grail. But every step you take toward loving her in the way you want will be a big

step in enhancing your relationship. So what if you don't get to the final phase? Your goal in this, I hope, is to have a better loving relationship with your Mother. So, even if you never progress beyond the first steps, your relationship will be stronger.

Because, let's face it, if you get that far, you will not be having sex with your Mother. You will be making love to her. With her. That encompasses much more than simply coitus. You can have coitus on a casual date, when you care little for your partner. This is your Mother we're talking about. You will be making love to her, in everything you do. Smiling at her. Talking with her. Touching her. It's all the process of making love.

You know your Mother and if I were in your position, I'd say, "Are you crazy? Mom is a Puritan. She has never done anything wrong in her life. She'll never go for it." I tell you this - your Mother is a woman. She may be at a stage in her life where she thinks sex is not so important anymore as her body ages, but that is going to change with you. Always remember that she is your Mother and you love her as your Mother, but always remember that she is a woman and women have been having forbidden sex as long as there have been women. Your Mother will be no different. Don't allow yourself to be intimidated by the hurdle that she is your Mom. You must treat her like your Mother at some times, especially when there is anyone around to see you, but when you are alone you will treat her like the beautiful woman she is. She will respond.

You are starting with both an advantage and a disadvantage. Your advantage is that you are her son. You can walk up to her, put your

arm around her, kiss her on the cheek, and no one will think twice about it. On the other hand, you are her son. She has an automatic bias against the thought of making love with you. That's a hurdle you have to jump, but it's not an impossible one. Yes, you're her son, but you're also a man who thinks she is a beautiful and desirable woman.

Just a few words about the "incest" word and guilt. You're here, so I know you're interested, but you're going to have to help her through this. Without a label, we're talking about sex between two consenting adults. Put a label on it, and it's suddenly "wrong." So, remove society's arbitrary labels, and deal with it. No one is going to get hurt here and, in fact, both you and your Mom will heal previous hurts. You both have been hurt because you each have felt rejection from the other. We're also talking about an illicit love affair. Again, it's between two consenting adults, the one who could be hurt is the spouse and as you can tell, I'm okay with it.

While I'm at it, I should tell you that, contrary to what you might see in videos and read in stories, your Mother will never scream, "Give me your huge cock! Fuck your Mother!" That's just not her, for one thing, and for another, she's your Mother. She's afraid of losing your respect. She's afraid of you thinking she's not the paragon of virtue she wants you to think she is. If you want a re-creation of a porn video, go somewhere else.

She is a strong and dominant woman. She likes being in charge. But in this, she's not going to be in charge at first. You know where you want to go, you have a plan to get there, and you will be in charge.

Maybe at some point later she will take charge and, if that happens, you'll have a tiger by the tail. Just hang on and enjoy the ride. For right now, though, you're in control. Are you ready for that?

Tiny steps. To make this successful, you're going to have to commit to a very long process. It could take a year, or years, or forever. The journey is the goal, remember. Believe me, it will be worth it if you commit to the long haul, but don't think you can just grab her ass, let her see you masturbating, and think she's going to jump in bed with you. Just grabbing her and showing her your dick would not be very respectful, after all, would it? It's all going to be incremental, and the increments are going to be taken in small steps. At every point, you will be able to back off or even stop altogether, with no real risk and no real loss, and you'll keep your gain. But because the steps are incremental, you will always see progress and, as you go along, you will see success that you could not have achieved earlier. You will plant a seed, let it grow strong roots, and then plant another seed.

What do I mean about it being incremental? Well, at some point on this journey while I'm asleep in bed and you two are alone, you may find yourself on the couch with her making out like two horny teenagers. You may be thinking that you've reached the point where you can touch her breasts. It's a big step, but you may well be at that point and, if so, good luck. But as you consider, in the moment, whether the two of you are ready for that, consider this. You're on the couch making out with your Mother! If you had tried that six months before, you likely would have gotten slapped in the face. How did you get to this point? Tiny steps.

I should tell you why I think your Mother might be receptive to your attentions. Do you remember that trip we took? Do you remember how we all had to share a hotel room the first night? Your Mother was getting ready for bed and was standing at the sink wearing just panties and her tee shirt. I couldn't keep my eyes off her perfect ass, and I know you couldn't, either, even though you tried to look as if you didn't notice. Later in the trip, when she and I were alone, I told her about how turned on you were by her. She got angry with me. She said, "That's just creepy." While she seemed upset, something in me said she protested too much. Of course, I'm her husband and no matter what happens, she is never going to let me know what might be going on in her mind or between you two. She has to make me think the whole idea is repulsive to her, no matter what the truth is.

I thought about it. She seemed, to me, to be a little interested. Even if she were not ever going to act on it, what mother wouldn't like the idea that her son thought she was beautiful and sexy? I knew what she was thinking because I suggested she allow your desire for her to help the two of you get closer. I said, "Flirt with him. What's the harm?" Again she got angry, responding, "No way I'm going to flirt with him. That's sexual." Now I could be wrong, but I don't think harmless flirting has to be sexual. People flirt all the time and it doesn't lead to sex. But in her mind, thinking of you, she thought, "Sex." But how could I know, for sure?

Then it hit me. Her panties. If she was excited, her panties would show it. If she was not excited, there would be nothing there. The next day I looked in the dirty clothes pile, and your Mom's panties were soaked with her juice. She was turned on. I know your Mother, and I know how much juice she produces based on her level of

excitement. I have not been the cause of that much pussy juice for years. But regardless of whether she was really mad or not, the greatest gift I have given you is that I planted in her mind - if she didn't have it before - the idea that you are a man and that you want her as a woman. I planted in her mind the image of you making love to her.

It's not necessarily a negative thing that she got pissed off. After all, I told her that her son wanted to have sex with her. If she had never considered the possibility, of course she might get mad at it. But again, the very fact that she was talking about it, even if she was vehemently denying the possibility, meant that she was considering it. The brain is a funny thing. The more she tries, in her mind, to not think about you in that way, the more she has to think about you in that way. Saying to herself, "I will never do that" means that she has to visualize what "that" is. I can't tell you if, before I brought it up, she had ever thought or fantasized about making love with you. I suspect she had, just because research says that most mothers have had fantasies about their sons. But even if she had never thought it before, I guarantee she has thought about it now. I guarantee it is in her head and I'll bet she thinks about it every day. It's a matter of time until she dreams about it, if she hasn't already.

The last day of the trip, we again had to share a room, and she did the same thing - stood at the sink, in full view, wearing just her panties and tee shirt. It may be a small thing, but I think it's telling. Without being obvious, I watched her. If she were really bothered by the idea of your wanting her in a sexual way, would she not have kept her pants on and taken them off under the covers after the lights were out? But she didn't do that. In fact, she walked around the room

several times and even went to your side of the room to get something. At the foot of your bed, she turned around, faced you and made sure you got a full view of her pussy in her panties and her hard nipples in her tee shirt. There was no shyness there. I think she wanted to give you a treat, and I hope you saw the same thing. Maybe the panties she was wearing were no more revealing than a swimming suit, but they were her panties, and that's different. A woman may let people see her in her swimsuit, but she's not going to let just anyone see her in her panties. Even if we take a more innocent explanation that she might view you as not sexual because you're her son, in this case that doesn't wash. She knew better because I told her it seemed obvious to me that you wanted her.

As an added bonus, I will tell you that when she got in bed with me her nipples were as hard as little rocks, and she would not let me touch her pussy. I suspect it was because she was pretty wet. Then she laid on her side facing your bed, and I know what she was hoping to see. I think she was disappointed you did not have an obvious erection when you stripped down to your underwear and got into bed. But I understand. At that point you didn't know what was going on and you didn't want to embarrass yourself in front of her. From here on, you know what is going on, and things will be different.

The next morning, I hoped to check her panties again when you two were out of the room, and couldn't find them. When we got home, I checked all the dirty clothes, and those panties were not there. I had a delicious period in which I thought she had left her soiled panties with you when we dropped you off. "Jeez," I thought. "They may be much farther along than I know." But in the clean clothes after laundry, they appeared. I can only assume she hid them, knowing

they were extra juicy and that would be evidence of her excitement for you. I certainly had done nothing to excite her. Maybe I'm making a mountain out of a mole hill, but I think it does mean something. I think she wanted to turn you on.

I'm going to make another point about my suspicion that she hid her panties. You might think, "Wow, he can make a big deal out of nothing." In your journey, you are going to be super alert to her every word, every nuance, and every action. You are going to have to be so tuned to her that a sigh can speak volumes to you. So, in this case, here is my interpretation. I searched both the hotel room and the dirty clothes hamper when we got home, and I could not find those dirty panties. If she did hide them from me, then that is a very good sign for you. She is already starting to be careful that I not know what is going on. She has a secret, and it involves you. That's a major step, and a good one.

So, I do think you have possibilities you can explore. As I think about it, I can remember other times she has seemed to be teasing you, giving you signals. It may have been innocent (ha!), but don't you think it's time your Mom has to put up, or shut up? I can't say it enough, though - go slowly and carefully. Your Mother loves you, and you don't want to do anything to risk hurting her.

Oh. One more thing. Dill pickles. "What the hell," you're thinking. "Dill pickles?" I would like to know you have read this so the next time you see me, or the next time we talk, just randomly mention dill pickles. You can even just say, out of the blue, "I like dill pickles." Your mother won't have a clue and we'll all laugh at how random

that comment was. But I'll know what it really means. I'll know you want what I think you want, and what I want for you, and you're ready to get to work.

(I can't help but laugh here, imagining sons all over the world saying to their fathers, "You know, I like dill pickles.")

Chapter 2

So, you're still on board with this? You still want to make love to your Mother? You've had some time to ponder it, and I would imagine have had deep thoughts over it. Don't worry. You're going to make it and, even though it won't be easy and will have its ups and downs, I guarantee you that the journey will be well worth the work you're going to put into it. There are going to be times when you are discouraged at what you think is a lack of progress. There may be times when you get distracted, and put the whole thing on the shelf for awhile. There may be times when you get scared at what you are doing, and want to quit. There may be times when she blows up at you, and you're afraid. Stick with it. Always, always, keep your goal in mind. You are going to make love to your Mother. You may, as I have said, never reach the holy grail but, believe me, I think you will get very close and the journey will be mind-blowing. Tell me that's not going to be worth the effort.

Maybe one of the things that distracts you is another woman. You are going to date, aren't you? Don't worry about that, if you do. Your dating someone else will have no effect on your goal of loving your Mother. (But consider that phrase - we're already assuming you are "dating" your Mother. Is that not exciting?) She wants you to date others. She wants you to eventually find your soulmate, get married, and give her grandchildren. Now maybe you don't ever get married. She doesn't want to think that she is the reason for your not having happiness with someone else. If she were to think that, then that would be an unnecessary obstacle. We don't want unnecessary obstacles - you're going to have enough obstacles to get over, as it is.

OK, star pupil. We're ready for Lesson One. Got your pen and paper? Ready to take notes? This is a pretty short lesson, but it is probably the most powerful one we'll have. If you do this right, you will get things heading in the right direction and, from that point on, you'll just be enhancing the relationship that you will start today.

Attitude. Lesson One is attitude. I watch you as you interact with your Mother, and you have some changes to make. You are distant. You avoid her. When you talk with her, you are unanimated and speak in monosyllabic answers to her questions. You never engage with her on your own - every interaction is initiated by her. When you hug her, at her insistence, you are stiff and act like you hate it. She hugs you, and you stand a foot away and pat her back like you are either afraid to touch her or like you don't like her touch. You don't make eye contact with her.

So, this is going to be easy. Read the preceding paragraph again, and change all that behavior.

I could stop with that, but you know how I love to talk, so keep listening.

You come home only when we beg you, and you're not that far away. She thinks you are avoiding her, and maybe you are. Stop that. Come home when you can, because you have to be with her to make this work.

Become more animated with her. I know it's not your nature. I know you are naturally reserved and quiet. You're just going to have to put effort into this. When you walk into the room where she is, smile at her, make and maintain eye contact and act like you are happy to be with her. Make her feel that, to you, she is the only person in the room. Make her feel special. Again, just act like you're happy to be in her presence.

Talk with her. Have real conversations. Don't wait for her to have to initiate a conversation - you take the initiative. Ask her questions about her day. "Hi, Mom. How are you feeling? How was your day?" Listen to her when she answers, and keep that eye contact. Your words matter, but your eye contact will speak volumes. Make her feel special. Make her feel loved. When she asks you questions, talk. Don't give one word answers, but engage with her in real conversation. You're going to have to be able to converse with her as an adult, talking, not stammering like a teen-ager. At some point she is going to voice a powerful obstacle to where you want to go and if you are not able to converse with her on an equal basis, you'll go no farther.

You know how she likes to talk. Be prepared to listen, pay attention, and be interested. Be prepared, also, for her to attempt to control your life. You know how she always tries to control everything, and I know it has bothered you for a long time. She controls me because I allow it, because I love her. You're going to have to allow the same. I suspect that trying to escape from her control is one reason why you are so distant with her now. But that was before. What do you care if she tries to control your life, if you are going to eventually get where you want to be? At some point, believe me, you are going to

be in control, and she will be putty in your hands. So just go with it. Make her happy, make her know you love her and appreciate her love, and you will benefit in the end - and if that means giving her some control, then let it be. Keep your eye on the prize, be patient with her, and visualize the look in her eyes the first time you two share an intimate moment. Yep. It will all be worth it.

When you're around her, watch her. Focus on her. When she stands up and walks away, watch her. Eyes on her, always. Be discrete when I'm around, but when I'm not around, eyes on. Believe me, women can tell when a man is interested, and a big part of it is that he watches her like a hawk. Ask any woman how she knew that a man was interested in her, and one of the first answers will be, "He couldn't take his eyes off me."

When you're home and I'm not around, be with her. Be in the same room. Don't be playing a video game or reading. Concentrate on her. You can't make any progress if you are ignoring her, but if you focus your attentions the sky is the limit. You don't want to follow her to the point that you're a pest, but be near her.

When you're not home, call her occasionally. Call sometimes at night when I'm there to talk with you, too, but call her at other times during the day when I won't be with her. The first time you call her during the day, she will freak out because she'll think something's wrong. "Nope," you tell her. "I just missed you and wanted to hear your voice." You have no idea how powerful that will be. Text her during the day, just to check in and find out how her day is going. You want

to get her to eagerly anticipate hearing from you every day and you do that by letting her hear from you every day.

Texting, as you well know, is a powerful communications tool. If you call, it goes on for awhile. But texting can allow you to think about what you want to say and frame it exactly as you want it to be received. The message can be innocuous, but the fact that you texted is a message in itself. I think your goal should be a minimum of a morning text and an evening text. "How are you? Sleep okay?" "How was your day?"

Texting, never sexting unless she initiates it, and she won't. Your Mom is not like that, and think of the risk. What you say verbally is between you two. What you text can be between you two and the world.

Now why, do you think, am I suggesting you call and text her occasionally when I'm not there? Everything you do in this journey has a purpose, and the purpose of talking when I'm not around is to establish that you and she have a connection that does not include me. Calling and texting when I'm not there does that, it makes her feel special to you, it makes the point that things are now different between you and her, and it will begin to inject a sense of secrecy in your relationship.

Tell her you love her. Try it. "I love you, Mom." Don't wait for her to say, "I love you," and then you respond woodenly, "Love you, too." No. You say it first, and say it with meaning. "I love you, Mom."

Ask her opinion. Ask her if she likes the shirt you're wearing. Ask if she likes you better with short hair or long hair. Ask if she likes you better with a beard or without. That tells her that you care about what she thinks and that her opinion of your physical appearance is important to you.

Ask her help in things. Ask her to help you prepare a budget. That will require lots of time together alone, sitting side by side as she works you through it. You can touch her arm and leg to emphasize points. When she's done, give her a big full-body hug and kiss her.

Bring her gifts. Nothing big, just small I-Was-Thinking-Of-You gifts. The gift doesn't matter. What matters is that it signals that you were thinking of her. Tell her that you were out somewhere, saw the gift, and thought of her. Let her know that she's in your thoughts every minute.

So far, so good. That's pretty easy, isn't it? The more you do it, the easier it will be and, before you know it, you two will be chatting away. Don't worry if you feel awkward at first. You're making the gesture, and that will mean more than any clever conversation you might have. You want her to become addicted to your texts and calls and, believe me, it won't take long.

At some point, either now or in the next step, she is going to say, "I don't know what is going on with you, but I love this change in you." She may even ask directly, "What is going on with you? Where is this

coming from?" Your response is important. You can't stammer and get all hesitant. Remember, you are showing her that you are a new man - a man in control. Tell her these words, exactly: "I have realized what I really want, and I've started the journey to get there." If you're with her when this happens, look her directly in the eyes when you say it. Don't worry if I'm there at the time. Focus on her. She won't know what you mean, and may ask more questions. "What do you mean? What do you want? What is going on?" Just tell her, "I'm not ready to talk about it yet." If you're feeling particularly bold at the time, you can say, "...but you'll be the first to know when I am."

You will have added an air of mystery. You will have piqued her curiosity. She will be dying to know what you are talking about. Down the road - way down the road - when you show her what you really want, it will be particularly powerful because you have laid this foundation. She may suspect already what you are talking about, but because you don't bring it up, she won't, either.

The beauty of this step is that you have done nothing you need to worry about. There can be no adverse reaction. You can't get in trouble with it. You are just engaging with your Mother, showing her that she is important to you, and that is all. You can quit now, and you'll still be a winner. You'll be making love, in a sense. You will have taken a step to make your relationship with Mom more loving, and closer. Giant oak trees come from small acorns.

So how long should this take you? Forever, my Son. Getting better communication with your Mother, making closer contact, and establishing your connection will be a lifetime job and an enjoyable

one. Everything else will be based on what you do here, so why cut corners and try to rush the job? You can start it with a phone call or a text, but you have to constantly reinforce it. I can't give you a time schedule, but you want to dramatically change how you relate to your Mother and you want to cement it as a part of her life. You want her to become addicted to your attention. Everything is cumulative, remember, so you're always doing this even when you are incorporating something else into your relationship.

But you don't want to quit now, do you? You want to know what the next step is. You can read ahead so you have the whole picture in mind, but please don't rush it. Take your time. Remember the journey. The more time you invest in your foundation, the stronger the building will be. Do not think you can read this, call your Mom a few times, move on to the next lesson, and the next, and the next, and achieve success. If you rush it, you will screw it up. You will scare her, and that can be the end of what you want. Take your time.

The key principles in what you want to communicate to your Mother are: Love. Respect. Trust.

You want your Mom to know you love her. Not only do you want her to know you love her, but that the love you share is special and is unlike any other kind of love. She knows, even when you have been such a snit, that you love her. But she's unsure of how much you love her and whether it's real love or that you love her because you have to. You have to show her that your love is real and that she will always have a special place in your heart. I have to tell you that you can't fake this. You either love her deeply, or you don't. If you

do, then show her you do. If you don't, then don't go any farther with this. You'll just make a disaster of it, and you'll hurt her.

Your Mom has to know you respect her, or this won't work. If, as you progress on this journey, she gets the idea in her head that you are just after a piece of tail, you're sunk. She won't like that a bit, and that's an understatement. She will be so pissed at you, that you'll take years to get back in her good graces. How do you avoid that? In two ways. First, you're not just after a piece of tail. You are taking your love for your Mother to a new and deeper level. You have to make her know that. Second, you show her respect. No matter how far you go on this journey, she will still be your Mother. You always must treat her with respect. However far you go with physical affection in private, you must never slip up and treat your Mother in public as anything different than your Mother, who you love. Never, ever, touch her inappropriately in public. Never. That will be a show stopper, for sure. When it's just you two, then the rules are different, but there has to be a clear line between public and private behavior. That's respect.

Trust. Think about what you're hoping will happen with your Mom. If you get that far, what do you think her number one fear will be? Yep. That someone might discover what you two are doing. Think of the ramifications. She would be ruined. You would be ruined. Everything would be ruined. If she decides to go farther with you, it will be because she trusts that you will always protect her, and will never say a word about it to any living human. She has to trust that you will keep her secret. Her second greatest fear will be that you will lose respect for her. Mothers are on pedestals. They are special. Your Mother, especially, is a paragon of virtue and has always

wanted to act that way so that you recognize that she does things right. Show that she can trust you to be a responsible adult, a respectful son, and a loving partner.

Chapter 3

The first step was attitude, and I hope you have put some effort into it. If you have, then you are miles forward in your journey.

The next step is closer physical affection.

Before you're ready to incorporate this, I hope you have really invested the time in step one, and that you are paying attention to your Mom. You can't rush this. Remember, employ small incremental steps, and be sure of a solid foundation before you begin to build on it. If you're not sure, wait. There is a little risk in this step - not much - but you don't want to take any chances of raising her defensive screens. You lose nothing by waiting, and putting more effort into good interaction with her. But, if you think you're ready...

I want you to hug her tight. No more of those foot-away-back-patting and awkward hugs. Arms around her waist. Bring her in to your body. Hug her tight. Don't worry if she feels something down there (ahem). She won't mention it, and you won't mention it. Don't grind into her, understand, just hug her tight. Full body contact. Don't hold it too long - it's just a hug, remember? You are transitioning from an innocent hug to a lover's hug, so tell her you love her.

That worked pretty well, didn't it? She liked it. You liked it. From now on, that is your baseline. A good, tight full-body lover's hug.

When I'm around, make it a little less, understand? When I'm not where I can see, make it closer and more intimate. You don't ever want to go back to those stiff, uncaring hugs, but you want the hugs I can see to be just a little less intense. Remember, you are trying to establish the idea that there is a difference in how you two interact when I'm there, and when I'm not. You want to establish and build on the idea that the two of you have a secret level in your relationship. Once you get her to understand that your close affection is something that I should not know about, you are a major step forward in reaching your goal.

With that intimate hug, you introduced closer intimate physical contact between the two of you. So, you want to build on that. When you're out shopping or just walking around, hold her hand. Don't make it a grab-her-hand-and-never-let-go thing. Just sometimes reach down and take her hand. That may not mean much to you, but it will speak volumes to her.

Don't be afraid of your dick. We'll talk more later about this, but I suspect whenever you're around her you will be, well, up and ready. Don't be afraid of that, or shy about it but, in fact, encourage it. Don't call attention to it, yet, but when you hug her, let her feel it. When you're around her, don't try to hide it or run to another room when it pops up. When you're with her and hard, keep eye contact and reach down to surreptitiously adjust it. Don't overdo this - do it rarely, but don't be afraid to do it if you have to. Her eyes will be on your eyes, but she'll know what you're doing. Believe me, she knows it's there and she's interested in it. I'll bet you catch her checking you out sometimes. If you don't make it an issue, she won't either, and

she'll be pretty flattered, curious, and turned on. You just want her to know that when she's around, your dick is hard.

Joke with her. Play with her. Have conversations with her. Make her know you enjoy being with her, and let her enjoy being with you. Have private jokes, just between the two of you. Maybe it's something like that slice of pizza you shared when you were shopping, and you agreed that I shouldn't know about it. You want to have secrets with her, harmless at first, but secrets.

When you're sitting on the couch watching television, sit beside her and sometimes take her hand. You don't want to be overly affectionate when I'm there, because you don't want to embarrass her or make her feel vulnerable in doing something I might see and misunderstand. But when I'm not there, and I promise I'll give you plenty of opportunities, be a little more affectionate. Keep it light. You don't want her to think there is anything behind it - you're just showing affection.

Maybe she'll want to stretch out, so give her some room and encourage her to put her legs across your lap. Again, don't be afraid of your dick. Rub her feet. Put a hand on her ankle, just holding her leg. Don't make a move up her leg yet; that will come later.

Go to movies with her. Movies are dark and allow a little secret hand holding. Reach across your body with your off-hand, and hold her upper arm as you're holding her hand. That's a little more advanced than just hand holding, and she will wonder if you're going to go for her breast. You won't, it's too early for that, but the image will be in

her head. Mentally, she'll be getting ready for it. She might even be a little disappointed you didn't, but don't rush. You'll get there. When you leave the movie, hold her hand as you walk to the car and, when no one else is around, put your arm around her. She's your girl.

Take her to lunch. Take her to dinner. You won't call it a date, but she'll know. It's time for you and her to bond together. When you're alone, if she makes a joke about it being a date, laugh and say, "God, I hope I get lucky!" You're laughing, but what did you just tell her? "I want to make love to you, Mom."

The first time you show her innocent physical affection, she's going to be somewhat shocked. She has wanted that from you, but until now there has not been a lot. This is your first testing point. If she accepts it with no comment, then you've put a new arrow in your quiver. If she makes a comment, like, "Where is this coming from?" then keep it light. Just say, "I just love you, Mom." She might take her hand away and say something like, "Well, I'm not your girlfriend." If she says that, then you might respond laughingly with, "Yeah, I wish." But keep it light. Laugh. Don't make it serious, because that could lead to a discussion you're not ready to have yet.

But don't give up if that happens. The next time you sit with her watching television or something else, do it again. Take her hand, squeeze it, and then let it go. At some point she will get comfortable with it, and it won't be long before she's reaching for your hand. Go no farther for a good while. Let this settle in. Let her get accustomed to it, addicted to it. There's nothing threatening there - just a son holding his Mom's hand.

When I'm not around, put a blanket over your laps, and hold her hand under it. That allows you to do it with some security in case I come wandering in, and it enhances the idea that there is something you are doing that is just between you two. If you really want to inject some excitement in the mix, do it when I'm in the room with you. Put the blanket over your laps and, when she puts her hand under it, reach for it. Believe it or not, that will be deliciously exciting for her. The other advantage of holding hands under the blanket is that it encourages her to feel comfortable enough to rest your hand on her leg, or her hand on yours. For God's sake, man, don't push it. If she rests your hand on her leg, just let it rest there. Don't grab her leg in an obviously sexual move. This is harmless and innocent, right? But you have your hand on your Mom's leg! Whether she admits it to herself or not yet, that is a lover's touch.

When both of you are comfortable with that, then at an appropriate time you might consider putting your arm around her and hugging her into you. Don't keep your arm around her. You don't want her to think you're making a move on her. Just reach over, hug her to you, and let it go. It's not threatening, but just a gesture of your affection for her. If she wants more, she'll take your hand and put your arm back around her.

When you've established a pattern of doing that, there will come a time when she snuggles into you, rests her head on your chest, and indicates she wants you to keep your arm around her. I don't know when that time will come. It could be the first time you put your arm around her and hug her to you or it might come after weeks of doing it, but it will come. When she does, reach over with your hand and

lovingly caress her hair. Just a gesture. A lover's gesture. Bend down and gently kiss her head. Pay attention to how her head is oriented. Is she watching the tv? Is she looking down? If she's looking down, she's checking out your erection. Progress!

Think about where you are now. You're sitting on the couch alone with your Mother, you're snuggling with her, and you have her aware of your hard dick. If you had tried that a couple of months ago when you started this journey, you'd have gotten nowhere and you would have scared her away. But you did your basic work, and look where it got you.

Touching. Touching is key to human interaction, and in a later lesson we'll go into it more. When you're just sitting around talking, at appropriate moments touch her arm when you're making a point. When she's sitting down showing you something and you're standing beside her, put your hand on her shoulder. You're touching, and you're showing affection. You're making love to her. It might not be appropriate if you're sitting in the food court talking, so do it when you're alone with her. Again, you're making the point that there are two different levels of your interaction - one for when you're in public or someone else is around, and one for when you're together alone.

Flirt with her when you're alone. I can't tell you how to flirt if you don't know, but just make jokes with her. Tell her she's beautiful. Tell her that what she's wearing really looks good on her. Tell her you like the way she wears her hair. You don't want to come across as creepy, but you're just telling her that in your eyes she's looking

pretty damned good. Your approval and appreciation of how she is looking is money in the bank for you. In your eyes, she is beautiful. And in your eyes, that is the truth. If it's not, then you're in this for the wrong reasons and you should just give up.

Be acutely receptive to, and aware of, her body language when she's around you, especially when you're alone.

What is she wearing? Is her blouse/shirt buttoned to the top, or does she have a few buttons undone? If she has some buttons undone, allow your eyes to briefly glance down to her breasts when you're talking. Don't leer and don't stare. Maybe it quick. I guarantee she will notice, she will appreciate the attention, and it will excite her.

Does her body language indicate a tense defensive posture, or an open posture? Arms folded over her chest? Or does she gesture freely with her hands and occasionally touch you? Is she talking nervously, chattering away more than usual? Don't over-analyze - she could be nervous because she's afraid of what you want, or she might be nervous because she's afraid of what she wants. It's just an indication that your presence is affecting her, and that she is thinking the same thing you're thinking.

Maintain eye contact with her, and see if she maintains it with you. Remember the old song, "You're just too good to be true. Can't take my eyes off of you." When you're talking to her, keep that constant eye contact. People who are attracted to each other tend to hold eye contact more than people who are not mutually attracted. When you're close to her, maybe in a restaurant or sitting at the kitchen

table, check out her pupils as you maintain eye contact with her. Are they dilated? That could mean she finds you attractive.

When you're listening to something she's saying and maintaining eye contact, think deeply erotic thoughts of her. When you consciously do that, don't make it a fleeting thought, but concentrate on it. Give it time to allow your body to react to your thoughts. Think of the first deep and real kiss she's going to give you. Think of sucking her breasts. Think of what it's going to be like the first time she intentionally touches your diamond hard dick. Go ahead, think of the first blowjob she's going to give you.

Why am I telling you this? Is it just to torture you? No. Research has shown that our unconscious mind can rapidly determine and assess micro expressions from someone we're talking with. If the two people are mutually attracted, one person's body language and micro cues can drive the other person's unconscious. Simply put, then, when you think passionate thoughts and cause your micro expressions (pupil dilation, nostril flaring, lip swelling, heavy breathing, flushed face, etc) to communicate passion, you will cause your Mom's unconscious mind to consider passion with you. Your micro expressions are saying, "I can picture you the first time you give me a blowjob, and I'm liking it." Mom's unconscious will process, "Wow. Those expressions are just like the expressions on someone's face when I'm giving him a good blowjob. Hmm. I wonder if my son wants me to give him a blowjob?" That's a little bit of an exaggeration, but not much, and is something you can work with.

In this lesson you've ramped it up a bit. You know what you want, and you're working toward it. Your Mom knows what you want, even if she isn't acknowledging it yet. I'd say everything is pretty much on track, so keep at it. Take your time. Enjoy the journey. Know that you can still press "Pause" and come back to the same place later, if you want.

But don't ever lower the level of affection or pull away from her. I don't care if you've found a girlfriend and changed your mind about what you want from Mom, or if you just want to quit altogether. You don't know what you're going to want in five more years, say, so keep the foundation strong and your options open. If you pull away or cool off, you run the risk of creating a jilted-lover-syndrome, in which she thinks you were toying with her and builds up resistance against it.

Nope. Loving affection is your baseline now. If you are constantly showing her affection, you can always move to the next step without any problems. Make sure you have your Mother absolutely addicted to your affection before you move to the next lesson, but when you're ready for it, click on.

Chapter 4

Adam came home the next Friday evening. I wasn't there when he got home and, by the time I did get there, Amanda (Mandey) told me he had already left to meet some of his friends. As usual, she was glad he had come home. "He seemed in much better spirits," she told me. "I hope he's coming out of this funk."

"I hope so, too," I said. "I don't like seeing him this way, but I don't know what to do to help him. He just needs more self-confidence, but he has to get it himself. I can't give it to him."

Amanda had a wistful look on her face. "Yeah, I know. He did seem a little more confident tonight, though."

I didn't think anything about her comment, until the next day. Adam normally slept until two or three in the afternoon when he visited. I always thought it was so he could limit his contact with us. You know. Visiting because he had to, but not really being there. I was surprised, then, when he came walking down the stairs at ten. I was sitting in the den, drinking coffee and reading newspapers on line, and Mandey was in her office in the back of the house.

"What, ho! Is the house on fire? What got you out of bed?"

"I dunno, Dad," he said. "But if I'm going to start this journey, I need to get an early start."

"What journey? You going to hike the Appalachian Trail or something?"

"No, Dad. But I just love dill pickles."

I spewed my coffee. I literally spewed my coffee. I wiped the screen of my laptop with my shirt sleeve, and grabbed a couple of paper napkins to blot the keyboard.

"Good Lord! Are you kidding me? How did you know it was me?"

He grinned sheepishly. "I didn't, but I thought it would be worth a chance. But now I know. I kind of figured it might be you, because I remember those nights in the hotels on our trip. You described them perfectly." He seemed a little embarrassed, maybe timid, but he cleared his throat and looked me in the eye. "Do you really think I..." He hesitated. "Do you really think I can?"

I just smiled at him. "Look," I said. "We can't beat around the bush on this. We need absolute trust with each other. I'm out on a limb here, and I have to know we're talking about the same thing. You're going to have to come out and say it, so I know what you think we're talking about. I'll start. I wrote something on the internet. If you read it, and you want to do it, then you're going to have to say it. What, specifically, are you talking about?"

He cleared his throat again. "Well. Here goes, and if I'm wrong, you can throw me out of the house, but only after I explain. Do you really think I can make love to Mom?"

I heaved a deep sigh of relief. He had read it. We were on the same sheet of music. "Yep, Adam. I think you can. I mean it about trust, though. If you ever say a word of this to your Mother, we will both be so screwed there's no getting out of it. She would think we conspired against her, she would think I corrupted you, and she would chuck us both out. Or worse. Promise me, no matter how this goes, you won't say a word about this."

"I promise, Dad. But we are kind of conspiring against her, aren't we?"

It was my turn to clear my throat and stammer a bit. He had asked a perfectly legitimate question, and on the face of it he seemed right. "Well, not really. I think we're just going to be helping her get what she really wants, which is a closer and more loving relationship with you. But to answer your first question, yeah, I think you can. I gotta tell you, I really think you can. You might not get to Valhalla. I can't promise you that, but I can promise you'll have the time of your life."

He had been standing in front of me. Our den was set up with sofas in an L shape, facing the television. He moved over to the adjoining sofa, and sat down.

"So tell me," I asked. "What did you do different when you got home, and how did she react?"

"Well. When I came in, I walked right up to her and gave her that hug you were talking about." He looked down. "I guess I was hard for the whole drive here, thinking about it, and I know she must have felt it when I hugged her. She didn't say anything about it, though, and just hugged me back. It seemed like we stood there for five minutes like that. Then I told her I loved her."

"How did she react? What did she say?"

Adam grinned. "She said she loved me, too, and then she hugged me again. I swear to God I think she pushed herself against me to feel it, but I'm not sure. But then she gave me a kiss on the lips. No tongue or anything, but I can't remember the last time she kissed me on the lips."

"Wow." I looked at him with admiration. "Son, you're off to a flying start. OK. I have some errands to run anyway, so I'll leave you two alone. After I'm gone, go in and tell her good morning, and give her a kiss on the lips. Ask her if she wants you to make her a cup of coffee. Act like it's no big deal, like you've been kissing her like that always." I could sense his excitement. "Damn," I thought to myself. "He's getting into this."

"You don't think that's pushing it too fast? You said tiny steps, remember?"

Ah, so he was a good student, after all. "Yeah, I did say tiny steps. But she started it. She lowered the bar a little bit, so there's nothing threatening about you reacting the same way. That's going to be your new baseline."

I went to the post office, the hardware store, and the grocery store, just to make sure Adam had ample time alone with Mandey. I wanted to make sure he had time, and I also wanted to emphasize to him through my actions that I was serious about this. I had written that I'd make sure he had plenty of time alone with her and that I'd not be jealous, so this was really a first test of whether I meant what I said.

At the grocery store I phoned Mandey to see if she needed anything. Her phone rang about five times before she answered, and she seemed a little out of breath. "Hello, Love," she answered.

"I'm at the grocery. Do we need anything that's not on the list?" I wanted her to know I would be awhile yet, as it was at least a 30 minute drive home from the store.

"Nope, can't think of anything."

"Adam still asleep?"

"Oh, no, he's up. I thought you might have seen him before you left. I almost passed out when he came into my office. When's the last time he got up before one in the afternoon when he's visiting us?"

"Oh. He okay?"

"Yeah. He just got up early, I guess."

"Is he there?"

"Uh, no." She sounded a little hesitant. "He must have gone down down to the basement."

"Well, I've got about 30 more minutes here, and then I'll head home. I guess about an hour." I'd make sure it took me at least an hour to get home, because I wanted to make sure she knew how much time they would have alone. I don't know why, but I thought maybe Mandey was getting into this faster than I thought she would.

When I did get home and carried the first load of groceries into the kitchen, Adam and his Mom were sitting on the bar stools at the counter. As I came in the back door, I could hear them laughing. I don't know when I last heard that joyous sound - the sound of Adam and Mandey laughing together - but I loved hearing it now.

"What are you guys up to? What trouble are you cooking up?" I sat the grocery bags on the counter.

"Oh, nothing," Mandey giggled. "Adam was just telling me about this funny thing that happened at work."

When I had come in, they had their barstools pulled close together, but Adam slid his a little away from his Mother when he saw me come in. "Yeah, Dad. I was telling Mom about how skanky our coffee pot is."

"Oh, I can imagine." I looked him in the eyes to make sure he knew what I was saying. "You want to go out with me to take the dogs on a walk? Your Mom still has the taxes to work on, so she'll have to stay here." I wanted Adam to know that he should go with me so we could talk more, and Mandey to know she was not really invited.

"Sure. Let me grab my coat."

When we got outside, I couldn't wait for an update. "So? How'd it go?"

"I did just what you said. I went into her office and right away kissed her on the lips. She was surprised I was up so early, and I told her I thought if I wanted to spend time with her I couldn't spend all day in bed. She blushed, I think, when I said that. She said she was liking this new me. I didn't know what to say, so I just bent down and

kissed her again, and then went into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. She came in and sat down beside me, and we started talking. She's really kind of fun, you know?"

I laughed. "You have no idea how much fun she can be, but I have a feeling you're going to find out."

He hesitated. "I was standing right next to her, rubbing the back of her neck, when you called. She told you I had gone downstairs, and then looked at me and winked. What do you think that was about?"

"What it means, Champ, is that she's already creating a secret relationship between the two of you. Why would she tell me that, if she didn't feel a little guilty about what the two of you were doing?"

Adam looked at me, and put his hand on my arm to stop our walk for a moment. "I do have some questions."

"Ok. Shoot. I guess you're allowed some questions."

"Well, Dad. I know what you wrote, but really, why are you doing this?"

At that question, I hesitated. I didn't know how much to reveal to him at this point, but it was a legitimate question. "You really want to know?"

"I think I should know, if I'm going to try it."

I looked at him. He was my son, and in that moment I loved him dearly. Maybe it was a small thing, but in that moment he seemed to be asserting himself in a way I had not seen before.

"I was in your position. I think almost every man wanted his Mother at one time or another, and I think almost every man harbors that desire, in some degree, as long as he lives. Freud said the Oedipus Complex should pass by the age of five or seven, or something like that, and I call bullshit. At seven I didn't know what sex was. But anyway, from the moment I learned what sex was, I wanted her. Even when I was in college I wanted to make love to your grandmother more than I ever wanted anything. I was always rubbing her butt. She knew what I wanted, and she never said anything about it to anyone. It was our secret. One night, when Dad was on a trip and everyone had gone to bed, I went into her room and knelt on the floor by her bed, just talking with her. I rested my right hand, on top of the covers, where I thought her pussy was and my left hand on her breast. I didn't move them. I just put my hands there."

Adam gave a half grin and said, "Grandma?"

"Oh, yeah," I quickly replied. "She was a hot woman, your grandma, rest her soul. But anyway, she was all covered up in bed and I had my hands in strategic spots, and she said to me, 'You know we can't

do what you want.' As I remember, and this was a long time ago, I just mumbled something like, 'I know,' and me and my hard dick shuffled out of her room. I didn't realize then that she was not saying, 'No,' but was really saying, 'Let's talk about this. Reassure me we can do it without anyone getting hurt.' Well, not long after that I found a girlfriend at school and my interest in Mom went into hibernation. Some years later I tried to rekindle it with her, and she would have none of it. I think I hurt her. I think she perceived it as me just trying to get a piece of tail, and she didn't know how deeply I loved her and wanted to make love with her. It affected our relationship until she died."

The emotion was heavy with me, but I looked in his eyes. "I don't want you to make that mistake with your Mother. I know it's weird, but I think in a way I can make it up to my Mom by helping you with yours."

I laughed then. "God knows it will be exciting."

"Ya think?" Adam laughed, too, and the tension passed.

"Thanks, Dad. I have one other question, though. You talked a little bit about incest in your letter, but how can you be sure this isn't going to screw us up psychologically?"

"I see you've been doing your homework. Read everything you can read on the web about incest, have you?"

"Uh, yeah."

"OK. Once you get past the erotica posts and the fictional part and get into the psychological studies, what do you find?"

He hesitated, and I could see that something was troubling him. "Seems like everybody who's done it ends up pretty much screwed up."

"Yeah, it does seem that way, but let's look at it. First, most of the studies I've read deal with underaged incest. As I told you, that's an abuse of power and is just wrong. It is child abuse. Since most of the cases the psychologists get are a result of child abuse, of course there are going to be damaged individuals. In fact, I have not seen a single psychological study that involves cases of consensual adult incest, have you?"

"No, I don't think so. They were all kids when it happened."

I knew this was bothering him, so I went on. This would be information he could use with Mandey, if it came to that. "But there's more. The psychologists mostly base their case studies on the people who have come to them. People with problems. I don't think anyone is going to walk into a psychologist's office and say, 'I'm having adult consensual sex with my Mother, and I'm pretty happy about it.'"

Adam laughed at the image of happy people making appointments with psychologists. "Yeah," he said, "I can't see a lot of people making appointments and spending money, just to explain how happy they are."

I continued. "But look at the numbers. One study I read said that an astounding 20 - 35% of college kids surveyed had a history of family sexual contact, with most of it between siblings. That didn't necessarily have to include actual intercourse, and I'm not surprised that the numbers are high. Kids play and experiment, even if it's just learning how to kiss. Mind-blowing to me, though, are the studies that reflect that one in 33 women, or 3% of the population, have had sexual contact of some sort with their son, and it cuts across all socio-economic strata. It may be just touching her butt, or full intercourse, but think about it. One in 33. That means you know someone who is doing it. That means, that right now in America, there are a million people, maybe, doing it right now. I'm not a demographer or statistician, so maybe I'm reading it wrong, but the fact is, it happens and it's happening right now. They claim Mother-Son incest is the most rare, but is that because it's really rare or because people don't report it, even in seemingly anonymous surveys? Right now, somewhere in America, a son is having sex with his Mother. If it's consensual and both parties are adults, where's the harm?"

I saw that my comment had gotten him. "I know someone who is doing it?"

"Sure. Chances are, I would say, you do. So, once you recognize that it is happening, the question is no longer, '...if someone I know is

doing it.' The question becomes, 'OK. Someone I know is doing it, so who could it be?' Maybe no one you know is doing it, but if you go by the numbers..." I let my comments trail off.

"Wow," he whispered. "I always wondered about Jim and his Mom. She always dotes on him and, hell, he's my age and he still lives at home. You think?"

"Could be. Watch their interactions, and see. But don't ever mention it to him. If they are doing it, it's their secret. You wouldn't want someone getting into your secret, would you?"

"No way. Us guys used to talk about MILFs and whose Mother we would do, but that was just guys talking. Teen-aged hormones, you know. Damn. I'm going to start looking at people differently, aren't I?"

"Oh, yeah. I'll tell you this, look at any middle-aged, or even older, woman and no matter what she looks like, there's a son who would love more than anything to get her in bed."

I looked at him. He was totally into this conversation, and I couldn't remember the last time he and I had shared such a deep conversation about anything. "But now let me ask you a question. Why have you been so distant with us for the past couple of years? You rarely come around. You avoid us. You never really sit down and talk with us."

The sadness that crossed his face told me, even before he spoke. "You just said it. I've wanted her for years. Hell, as long as I can remember. I knew it was wrong, though, and I guess I became distant as a sort of defense mechanism to keep from doing something stupid and because I felt guilty about it."

I had known already, I think. After all, I had done the same thing. "It is wrong, but not for the reasons you think. You want to have an affair with a married woman. That's wrong, isn't it? But affairs happen every day. Sometimes people get hurt, and sometimes they don't. That's what it's really all about, isn't it? We don't want anyone to get hurt. If you have that sort of relationship with your Mother, it makes both of you happy and no one gets hurt, then where's the harm? You're a man and she's a woman. As I said before, when it's two consenting adults, then incest is just a label."

I turned around. "We've been gone for awhile so we'd better head back. When we get there, I'll mess around in the garage for a bit, and you go kiss her again. Be happy, OK? You've got a plan, and you're going to make it happen. But one more thing. I think you're ready to start thinking about how to push the envelope a little bit. I'm not sure I'd be comfortable talking with you directly about that, so I'm going to write it for the group. OK? Besides, there may be others who are looking for a little coaching, and I don't want to leave them hanging."

He laughed. "I can't wait. Others may criticize your writing as being boring and slow, but right now you're my favorite author!"

The rest of the weekend passed pretty quickly and he was soon pulling out of the driveway to head to his own apartment. As he left, Mandey stood next to me, with her arm around me. I had not seen her so happy in a long time. "He seemed different, didn't he?," she said, wistfully. "Happier than I've seen him in awhile."

"Yep," I said. "It seems like he's finally getting focused about what he wants. I love seeing it."

Our sex life had gotten not stale, but predictable, over the years of our marriage, as it does with all marriages. That night, though, she was much more excited than I've seen her in a long time. She always loved breast play and my sucking her breasts, but this time she practically attacked me with them. She held her breast and pulled my head into it, then rubbed my head as I sucked as much of her breast into my mouth as I could. It was like a mother, giving her baby suckle.

What made me know what was going on in her head were the first words she said after we had finished and were laying back, snuggling together. "I may try to go visit Adam next weekend. I'm sure his apartment could use a good cleaning."

Chapter 5

When you've been doing this for a while, and you both feel comfortable with where it is going, you might be ready for something else, and this something else can be a pretty big step.

Don't even think of suggesting it until you have firmly established a baseline of sitting with her and occasionally cuddling.

Okay. Remember how you sometimes brush your fingers through her hair when you're cuddling? Well, women love to have their heads scratched. It does feel good - why do you think so many men fall asleep in the barber chair? So, do that more. Run your fingers through her hair, rubbing her scalp. Use your fingernails and lightly make long scratching rubs on her scalp. Don't make it the focus. Do it as if it's just something you're doing absentmindedly. If you're in the right moment and you have a firm foundation, she's liable to start purring like a cat.

If she says, "What the hell are you doing?", then you know you acted too soon. Immediately stop, act as if nothing happened, and back up a step. Don't be concerned if she acts a little cold with you for awhile. It's no big deal. It's not a show stopper. You just got a little ahead of yourself, and you need to spend more time establishing the basis of touching affection in your relationship. I should mention that recently I commented that she should teach you how to scratch her head. She said something like, "Oh, he'd never do that," and then kind of muttered, "Besides, that would be kind of creepy." I think that means a lot. First, it means that she never expects you to show her that kind of affection. But second, it means that she considers it a level of intimacy that might not be appropriate. So I'm telling you, if you get to where you can do this with her, it will mean a lot on several different levels.

If she does give you indications she likes it, then ask how you can do it better. You might even tell her that you want to be the best damned head scratcher in the world for her, and you can't do it if she doesn't give you instructions. What does this do for you? You're emphasizing that you want, more than anything, to please her. You're also indicating that you want her to teach you. There may come a time in the future where she's teaching you how to do other things that please her.

Make this a common pattern. Every time you sit with her and she's cuddling into you, rub her head. Make sure she likes it. Make sure she is comfortable enough with you that she wants you to do it. This will take time. Remember, this is not a horse race. This is a long journey, and you have all the time in the world. Spend time at it. Set a baseline.

Now the best position for a good head scratch is for her to rest her head in your lap so you can use both hands on her. She might suggest that, but chances are she will not. That is a pretty big step, isn't it? Having your Mom's head resting on your lap? (Stop. Close your eyes, and visualize that for a minute. Your Mother's head in your lap.) So, she might likely be very shy about bringing it up. If she doesn't suggest it, then you can prompt it by stopping rubbing her head - and you want to do this when she is clearly enjoying it in the moment. Tell her that the position cramps your hand, grab a pillow and put it on your lap, and she will get the idea. I think she'll plop her head right down on the pillow and you can give her the best head rub she's ever had.

If she does not go for it, or shows resistance, then that's okay. You'll get there. Don't make a big deal of it, but in the future just shorten the head scratching. Every time you quit - right when she's in the middle of enjoying it - say your hand is cramping. And occasionally put that pillow in your lap and suggest she just lay down for a minute so you can do it right. She'll get there.

When she does, concentrate on what you're doing. Your focus should be on her.

And look where you are. You have your Mom's head in your lap. The mental images that brings up are rather mind-blowing, aren't they? Did you think, in your wildest fantasies six months ago that you would be sitting there with your Mom's head in your lap?

You will be, I suspect, as hard as a diamond-cutting drill bit under that pillow. You could drive nails with that thing, you'll be so hard. Don't worry about it. That's what the pillow is for. You know it's there and, believe me, she will know it's there. You know what? Even with the pillow, she will be able to feel it. But the pillow allows both of you to act as if it's not there.

Your hard dick under that pillow will be the elephant in the room, so to speak. Neither of you will mention it. Neither of you will acknowledge it. But it's there, and you both know it. You can spend weeks or months at this step, and I suggest you do because it will be the most delicious part of your journey. It's the anticipation, isn't it? She will know what you want, you know very well what you want,

and if you spend enough good time nurturing your relationship with her, the question becomes not if, but when.

After a lot of times at this you might, one night, just not put the pillow in your lap when she wants her head scratched and see if she goes for it. She might just put her head right in your lap, or she might say, "Get the pillow, Buster." If she tells you to get the pillow, laugh, and say, "Well, it was worth a try." See how she reacts to that. If she laughs with you, then you're in, because essentially what you just said to her was that you wanted a blow job. Wow. That came out of the blue, didn't it? But I know your Mother, and I know that's how she will interpret it. You're in. It's just going to take time now, but you're in.

When she rests her head in your lap, even with the pillow, notice what she does with her hands. At first, she will put her hands on the sides or in front of the pillow. She might, after several sessions, put her hands on the pillow and rest her face on them. It's all about details, so let's look at this. She'll start by putting her hands on the pillow in a position that she rests her face on the palms of her hands, but that's a little bit awkward and unnatural. The natural and more comfortable position for her hands is to place them on the pillow, palms down, and rest her face on the backs of her hands. When she does this the first time, she'll carefully position her hands so they are to either side of your...well... your dick. Take your time. Do it enough times and, I promise you, her hands will be resting on the pillow, right over your dick. She will be acutely conscious of that, but you must make no overt gesture that you're even aware of it.

Give it enough time, and eventually she will either go for it without the pillow, or she'll put her hands under the pillow and rest her head directly on the pillow. The first couple of times, she'll likely again position her hands on either side of your dick, not touching it. But believe me, she'll know it's there and before you know it her hands will be resting on your dick. At that point, you're pretty well progressed and how you handle it will be up to you. Again, I tell you, remember: Love. Respect. Trust.

As you're rubbing her head, make it as loving as you possibly can. Sometime after you have her comfortable, try this: Pause your rubbing and gently grasp her head with your hands. Later in this phase, and I mean much later, when you do this you can gently press her head into your lap. Gently, dammit! What you're telling her is that your dick is there, her head is there, and you'd like her to put the two together. Let's just get it out in the open. When you do that, you're asking for a blowjob. Don't say anything, just let her process it in her head. I assure you, though, she knows as well as you what that gesture says.

Chapter 6

As we move into the more advanced lessons, I want to get you prepared for what may come. At some point, your Mom will confront you directly. She's no fool, and she'll know what's going on long before you think she suspects. It may be the first time you hug her tight, or it may be the first time you kiss her on the lips, or it may be the first time you rub her butt. I don't know when it will happen, but I assure you it will.

She's going to gently push you away, and say, "Remember, I'm your Mother." What she's saying is, "You're having sexual thoughts about me and doing sexual things with me, and it's not appropriate." If her push away is not gentle, then you went too fast and got ahead of yourself again. Back off, find a point in your relationship where she is not threatened, and start over.

You're going to have to be prepared for resistance. One reason that you introduce new things into your relationship in private, especially without me around, is that you want to be able to address her objections without an audience. You want this discussion to be personal and private. It's part of your new relationship.

When she throws up verbal resistance, kiss her on her forehead and say something like: "I know you're my Mother, and you know I love and respect you. I also know that you are a beautiful woman, and I cannot help seeing you like that. I'll do my best, and I'll never embarrass you in front of anyone else, but I'll always see you as the

most beautiful and desirable woman in my life." If you can get away with it, say that and let it go. Hopefully, she will not pursue it any farther, but if she does always couch your responses with the following in mind: she is beautiful, you love her, you respect her, and she can trust you. You'll do your best, but you're never going to stop seeing her as a beautiful, desirable woman.

She may get a little angry and say something about your not respecting her. You tell her "Of course I respect you. You're my Mother and I love you. I respect you by never touching you or loving you when anyone else can see." She's going to say something like, "But you shouldn't be doing it at all, whether anyone else can see or not." You might respond, "I love you. You're the most special woman in my life, and you always will be. I'll never do anything that might embarrass you in front of anyone else." See what you did? You answered her question, but you didn't say you wouldn't do it anymore and, in fact, you told her you are going to do it again.

You do not burst into tears, say you're sorry, and promise never to do it again. That's what a kid would do. You're a man, loving a woman. If she comes to me with it, which I don't think will happen, I'll talk her off the ledge. Of course, if this happens you will take a pause in your journey, and you will reinforce wherever you were. In other words, if she freaked because you touched her in an inappropriate way, then you keep on hugging her, kissing her, touching her, but just not in that way for awhile. The next time you do it, and there will be a next time, she'll be a little exasperated but she'll not be as mad. Why? Because she really liked it and because you've given her time to process it.

Look, she has to object at some point because she does not want you to think she is easy. She wants your respect, and she's afraid you are treating her like you might treat a "loose" woman. You're going to convince her otherwise, and that you are loving her as you are because you want her more than you've ever wanted anything. She is as scared by this as you are, and she is afraid of making a misstep that will affect your relationship. Go slow, and you will go far.

What if she bends over in front of you and catches you looking down her blouse? What if she turns around and catches you with a laser beam focus on her legs or ass? Her response will be very telling about how well you are doing in your journey. If she says nothing, that tells you a lot, doesn't it? If she gets angry, then key on what she says to you and remember the points above. If she mentions it in a kind of light-hearted way, like, "Eyes up here, Buster," then you respond with something like, "One word. Beautiful."

You might be standing somewhere, with no one around, with your arm around your Mother's waist. You might think it's the appropriate time, and you might move your hand down to cup her ass, just a little. What if she jerks away and says, "That is not very respectful. I'm your Mother, not your girlfriend." You can respond with something like, "I love you more than I will ever love any girlfriend, and of course I respect you. Do you think I would ever do something like that where anyone could see?"

As an aside, I will tell you the most beautiful words you can ever hear in a situation like that: "Don't let your Father see you doing

that." Whoa. Think about what those words mean. I hope you hear them someday.

She might pull out the trump card and say, "If you do that again, I'm going to tell your Father." For the love of heaven, DO NOT SAY, "Oh, okay. He's on board with it and even wrote me a letter about how to do it." Now I do not think she will tell me. If you have done it right and have established the foundation of a loving relationship with her, it is such a dramatic change to the way you used to be that she is not going to risk losing it. If she does, I'll cover you. You have to respond somehow, though. How about, "I have been very careful not to do or say anything in front of him that would hurt him. I know you love Dad, and I do, too. But I love you and I can't help it."

She could always bring out the ultimate female defensive/offensive move. She could start to cry. If she does that, give her your now-patented hug and tell her you love her. Tell her you respect her, and you always will. Don't promise to never do it again, because you are going to do it again. Just love her, and get her through this moment. Her tears are probably just a reaction to the extreme emotion she is experiencing, and not that she is deeply hurt. If you deeply hurt her, then you didn't spend enough prep time. Whatever it is, she will work through it. I guarantee you, she will be spending a lot of time thinking about it - and what is she thinking of? Making love with you.

I cannot give you a specific answer to every situation. What I can ask is that you have considered every possible objection she might make, and that you have some sort of answer that you have already thought

about. You don't want to fumble, appear unsure, and let her objection take root. You want to couch your response in such a way that her objection becomes a positive, not a negative. The fact that you are having to respond to her objections at all is, believe it or not, a good thing. She is acknowledging that she knows exactly what is going on. She is acknowledging that you, her son, are loving her as a man loves a woman. The more she objects, the more she is reinforcing in her head what is going on. And, she is not really objecting completely. Remember, you've gotten this far in building your relationship together. She's not saying, "No," but she's saying, "Help me understand that this is alright and we won't be hurt." You know your Mother, and you know you can't convince her to do anything she does not want to do. She can, though, convince herself.

These might be some other objections she will present, and I hope you can think of some more. Remember this, though. When she makes an objection to you, what she's really doing is opening a dialogue on the two of you making love together. I'd say when you reach this point, you've come a long way. She's not going to make an objection, hear your response, and then say, "OK, you've convinced me. Let's go." She'll take what you say and spend a day or two thinking about it. But she's thinking about it. She's thinking about making love with you. And, since she opened the dialogue, that afternoon or the next day you can come up behind her, hug her closely from behind, and say, "I love you, Mom. You will always be my special one."

"Stop it. You can't touch me like that."

"I can't help wanting to touch you, and you know it. I will promise to never do it in front of anyone else because I don't want to embarrass you. But remember how much I love you, and part of that is wanting to be closer with you. "

"I'm afraid. We might get caught."

"I'm glad you're afraid. We're going to have to be very careful and if you're afraid, you'll be careful."

"That would be incest. It's wrong."

"Running a red light is wrong. Adultery is illegal, and millions do it every day. We are both adults. What we have between us is a special kind of love, and there's nothing wrong with that as long as no one finds out. And we'll be careful. No one will ever know."

"I don't want to mess you up psychologically."

"Mess me up? Are you the crazy one? I have never felt more alive and more focused than when we are together."

"I couldn't do that to your Father."

"He can never know. All he will see is a son who loves his Mother, and that will make him happy. What we have between us when we are alone will always be just between us."

"I don't want to disappoint you."

"And I don't want to disappoint YOU. All I know is I love you in a way I never thought possible, and I know you love me. Let's just take this a step at a time, and see where it goes."

"Honey, you're still my little boy. I don't want you to focus so much on me. I want you to find a girl, fall in love, and give me grandchildren."

"I'm in love with you, Mother, and I always will be. I am sure that someday I will find a girl, get married, and give you grandchildren. But I will always love you in a way she can never have, and I will always want you. Let's just take this a step at a time."

"I love you, Son, but I'm your Mother, and we just can't do what you want."

First, gently kiss her, and whisper this in her ear: "What I want is to show you how much I love you, Mom. And we can do what we both want. We just have to be very careful, and we have to have rules."

And the rules that you explain to her are:

1. No one can ever know. This is our secret. We never do anything or say anything that might let anyone know. No one can ever know.
2. You are my Mother. I will always love you as my Mother, and I will always respect you completely. I will never do or say anything in public that would reflect disrespectfully on you.
3. You are my Mother. You will always look after me as your Son, and I will respect and obey you as I always have. This will not change the Mother-Son dynamic of our relationship.
4. When we are in public, I will always treat you as a good, loving Son should treat his Mother.
5. When we are alone and safe, I will love you as the beautiful woman you are, and I hope I can always show you that.

I will tell you, if you get to the point that you are explaining the rules, then you are there. You are in. You are where you never thought you could be. A year ago, you barely spoke to your Mother. Now you are explaining to her how you two can make love together. I'd call that progress.

Chapter 7

Touching

Today we're going to talk about kissing and touching, and moving to the next level. You have spent months making your relationship with your Mother closer and more loving. At this point, I would imagine you have her in the palm of your hand. She loves this closer relationship with you, and has come to crave it. I hope you love your new relationship because you love her. I will caution you again, if you do not sincerely love her, she will know it and you'll never get past square one. You are now going to take a risky step, though, and add overtly sexual components to the touching. She knows, I assure you, what is behind all your attention but up to now she's been able to deny it to herself. You are going to make her confront it and accept it.

I've told you all along to take things deliberately and slowly, building incrementally. While I still emphasize that, on the other hand I do not want you to be paralyzed by indecision. You can always talk yourself out of something risky. "The time's not right. I'll wait." But if you have invested the time and effort to get to this point, the timing might be right to take some risks. You'll know if it's time.

I can't tell you how to do it, because I'm out of the picture. I don't know how you are progressing, and I don't know the details of how you are loving her. I can only make some suggestions.

Make sure she sees you checking her out. When she bends over, check out her breasts. Let her see you staring at her butt. By this time she knows what you want, and chances are that she's giving you chances to look.

You have a pattern of giving her good kisses on her cheek. Not pecks, but slightly lingering and seemingly innocent kisses. When you're hugging her, bend down and instead of kissing her cheek, give her a light kiss on her neck, right where it joins her shoulder. That's an erogenous zone, and she might give a little shiver. Don't make a big deal of it - it's just a gentle little kiss.

When I first wrote this, I suggested at this point to start kissing her on her lips, but you're ahead of me, aren't you? No open mouth, just a peck on her lips. Make that your new standard when it's just you two. When you greet her, when you're saying goodbye, just a quick kiss on the lips. Gradually, start to make the kisses more lingering. Again, when I'm around, revert to the cheek kiss or a peck on the lips. You have a secret between you.

When you kiss her, start using your hands. You're hugging her, right? Move your hands up and gently cup her face with them. Occasionally hold the back of her head or neck when you kiss her. Holding her head like that when you kiss her is a powerful sexual signal. I'll leave you to figure out why.

When you're really ready for it, focus your kiss on her lower lip. Suck it gently. Don't do that with every kiss, but once in a while show her there is passion in there along with the love.

At some time, and you'll know when you're ready, extend that lingering close-mouthed kiss into a slightly open-mouthed one with a gentle tongue flick on her lips. You've done this before, so you know you don't want to attack her with a wide open mouth. No, you're just going to gently open your lips. My advice would be to not take further initiative after you've put this into the mix, but allow her to decide when she wants to respond and give you real open-mouth kisses. I will tell you, though, that the first real kiss like this you get from your Mom will be the most sensual, best kiss you will ever get. You will remember it the rest of your life.

When you're hugging her, touch the back of her neck. Just give it a caress and a little squeeze.

I'm not going to rush through this phase, but I won't dwell on it, either. Once you have gotten this far, I suspect things will start moving pretty fast. Either she will, or she won't. Once she has decided that's what she wants, stand back. She'll have it moving along. But look, even if you don't progress past where you are now, don't despair. You can always revisit it in a month, a year, or ten years. You're in, essentially.

What if you're standing somewhere, absolutely alone with no one else around, and you have your arm around her waist? Maybe you could just slide your hand down on her butt, give it a caress, and then return your arm around her waist. When you're giving her that big, loving hug, hold it and slide a hand down to her butt. Don't stand there hunching her, for God's sake, but just do it and return your

hand back where it was. You don't want to be threatening, but you do want to make a point.

If that is your first time with something like that, you have to be prepared for her to say something. She might say, "Watch it, Buster. I'm your Mother" and move your hand back to her waist. Keep your response light-hearted, because you don't want to have a serious discussion yet. "Hey. What can I do? You'll always be my Mother, and you'll always be my number one MILF." If she jumps back and screams, then you didn't learn the previous lesson about "slow and steady," and you'd better review your lesson material again. But think what you just told her. MILF has become an accepted term, harmless, but she knows what it means: Mom I'd Love to Fuck.

Key on the tone of her comment. No matter what she says or how she says it, you will have made real progress. You have made her acknowledge what you really want, and if she seems angry it just means that she is having to confront something she was not ready for yet. Back off a little, but keep touching her in a loving way. Later, maybe tomorrow or the next week, you'll do the same thing again. You want her to know that you desire her as a woman, and that's not going to stop. The next time you do it, though, be ready for a full-blown discussion. You caught her off-guard the first time, but she will have had time to formulate an answer for you at the next time.

Always be ready to say, "I can't help it. I love you, and I can't help it. I'll try, but I'll always want you, and I'll never embarrass you in public."

But if she says it in a joking or light-hearted way, know what that means. It means she knows what you're up to and while she may not be ready for it yet, she's not shutting you down. If she does that, slide your hand back down and give a little squeeze, then move it back up, saying "You know I can't help doing this." As I mentioned before, the sexiest words you can ever hear are, "Don't let your father see you doing that."

She may reach down and press your hand into her. She may, without comment, just move your hand back to her waist. I'd say each of those is a proceed-with-caution signal, but a clear invitation for you to keep it up.

Every woman has a phrase that she often uses during foreplay. She might say, "What are you doing," in a sexy way. She might say, "Why are you teasing me" in a sexy way. You'll recognize hers by the tone in which it's said.

What else can you do to inject a sexual notion into your interplay? Say one day as you admire how she's dressed, "God, you're hot!" She'll say, "You shouldn't say that to your Mother," and you say, "Yep, but I can say it to the sweetest MILF I've ever seen," and walk away. Keep it light. Keep it joking. Keep it as non-threatening as you can.

I am intentionally not going to address the back rub, because it has become a cliché. You read the news. Lately in the Me, Too movement, it seems that every lecher started by offering a back rub or just putting his hands on a woman without asking, acting like it's a back

rub. I don't want any woman to think you're a lecher, so you're not going to do that. She may ask you for one, though, and if she does, have at it. Just don't go too fast and grab at her breasts, which is the usual move that gets people in trouble. Be loving and respectful. Make no move that she has not invited in some way.

Once you reach the point where this much intimacy is in your relationship, you can gently expand your touching. You'll be on your own there, but just remember to take tiny steps and be alert to her reaction. But once you've done it, you established a new baseline and you can do it again. And again, and again, and...

Do you think you're ready for some breast play? That's a huge step, but you'll know you're ready when the kissing has become so passionate that there's no place else to go. You will be trembling with excitement, and so will she. You will touch tentatively at first, and she'll say something to you in her teasing voice. Tell her you love her breasts and have waited your whole life to get your hands on them. I've got even money that she responds with, "You loved those titties when you were a baby." I'm not even going to suggest what you might say or do in response.

I guess I don't have to tell you this, but if you're playing with her tits, it's going to be a matter of time before you have them out sucking on them. Make her take them out for you. Be patient. It will come, I promise you, because she hungers for you to suck them. In fact, she's aching for you to suck them. You know how you ache to have her touch your dick? Well, for her, you sucking on her tits is something she wants and needs more than anything. Enjoy the anticipation of

the moment. She wants you to do it, but make her take the lead. By the time she lifts up her sweater to give you access, she'll be climbing the wall wanting it. And, if you're sucking on her breasts, your hand on her pussy is a natural next move. Don't rush it - this will be a moment you'll always remember, so take your time and appreciate it.

Don't be afraid of your dick. She knows you have one and by this time, she knows it's always at the ready. Just don't make a big deal of it. When you hug her, don't keep your butt pulled back to keep your dick from touching her. Let her feel it. Don't stand there and grind her with it. Yet. But don't be afraid of her knowing your dick is hard when you are around her. Don't try to hide it, but don't flaunt it either. Don't make it a big deal. (Although she is probably hoping it is!) If she mentions it, go with the flow. If she jokes about it, joke right back. Tell her it's that way permanently because of her. She may act flustered when she notices it. Believe me, at that point she's interested. If she gets angry, really angry, tell her you have enough trouble controlling it when I'm around so I don't see it, and you can't help it when you're with her. She may act mad, but she'll be flattered.

I wasn't ready to talk about this, but I guess I brought it up (unintentional pun) so let's go ahead. If you've reached the point where you're having sexual caresses and you have your hand on her breasts, then she is dying to see your dick. Hell, she was dying to see it before this point, just for curiosity. Oh, sure, she's seen it before, and plenty. She changed your diapers, right? But she wonders what it's like now that you're a man. She has felt it as you hug her, she has noticed it when you're as hard as a rock when you're talking with

her, and she wonders what it will look like, how big it is, what it will feel like. What it will taste like.

She is dying to see it and touch it. She is dying to give you a blowjob, and she wants it to be the best blowjob you've ever had.

I know this is going to be tough for you. After I've got you focusing on what a great blowjob your Mother is going to give you, now I have to pull back on the reins.

Don't make the first move in anything related to your dick. You just have it ready and available (you did remember to bring it today, didn't you?) and let her make the first move. Make her take that step. If she wants to see it and touch it, make her go for it. You don't take her hand and put it on your dick or, for God's sake, whip it out for her. Make her do it. Wait her out. If you make her take that huge step, she can't hold it against you later. But the biggest reasons for making her take that huge step is the delicious anticipation of the moment and control. She's been teasing you for years. What I saw in the hotel rooms was just a small slice of what you have had to endure. As with her breasts, she'll be climbing the walls wanting it until she finally goes for it. Be patient. Be in control. The time will come.

I may as well tell you now, your Mom is a strong-willed person. ("Duh ,Dad. As if I didn't know that!") Once she reconciles, in her own mind, that fucking you, or sucking you, or jacking you off, or having you on her tits is what she wants, she will go for it. The first time she and I had sex, so many years ago, I thought I had tackled a mountain lion. I was just hanging on for dear life. She had those

beautiful little pear-sized tits in my face before I knew it. And blowjobs? Get ready, Son, because your Mom is a frickin' artist at blowjobs. She had natural talent before I came (Ha! See what I did there?), and I like to take some of the credit for training her to the current level of expertise.

Just like that first real kiss, you will never forget the first time your Mom puts her hand on your dick. It is a truly magical moment, and you will remember every detail. You'll be on the couch, kissing, and the heat will be on. You will be cupping her face with your hands as you kiss her. You start feeling her breasts up, and moaning as you do it. She'll be so hot she can't stand it. When she's ready, she'll put her hand on your thigh or your stomach. She'll let it rest there for a bit and then she'll reach over and put it right on your dick. She'll rub it. She'll give it gentle squeezes. Put your hand on top of hers, and press her hand into your dick. From that point, it's a matter of time before she takes it out. Maybe this time. Maybe next time. Maybe a month from now. When she realizes you're not going to do it for her, she'll do it herself. You will appreciate every aspect of that moment - the hesitation, the shyness, the gentle sound of your zipper opening, her gasp of delight when she reaches in, feels your flesh for the first time, and sees your dick, standing there proud and ready.

If she has taken your dick out, then we know what's going to happen eventually. She'll have her head down, looking at it, so just put your hand on the back of her neck or head and give a gentle pressure. She'll know what you want. It may not happen today, but it will happen, and you'll get the best blowjob in the universe.

At that point, you'd better reciprocate, and you'd better be good at it. If you think you might not be the best in the world, ask her what she likes. Ask her to teach you. How exciting will it be when your Mother teaches you how to eat her pussy? Again, though, don't just dive in there. Make her ask for it. At a minimum, ask her before you go down there. "Can I just kiss it?" Just so you know, she loves having her pussy eaten. I should let you find out for yourself, but here's a hint: she loves a little anal play while you're eating her.

OK. In this lesson we started by carefully adding a sexual component, and ended with a blowjob on the couch and your finger in your Mother's ass. You think that's going to happen in one weekend visit? Not likely, except in cheap novels and fantasy stories. This isn't a fantasy, though, is it? This is real. You're going to be where you want to be, if you take your time. Incorporating this lesson will/should take you weeks and maybe months. Be patient, don't push it, and go slowly with those baby steps. You've reached a point where she's not going to be satisfied with baby steps, as I said, and will start to take the lead. I would say that once you get her to give you that first real kiss, the snowball will start rolling downhill pretty fast.

Don't be discouraged if you hit roadblocks. This is a lot for both of you to process, and there are going to be lots of "two steps forward, one step back" involved. She is going to go through a time of guilt, and may tell you it has to stop altogether. She may set limits. "Okay, you can do this, and I'll do that, but we're not going to have sex." Again, just be patient. Keep loving her, keep wanting her, and she'll come around. You have time. Lots of it. So don't waste it by throwing a tantrum or pouting or getting your feelings hurt. What do you care

if you get there this year, next year, or ten years from now? You're going to get there if you are patient and persist, and the journey is the goal.

If she puts limits on you or if she pulls away from you, she will appreciate your patience in respecting her limits, while at the same time appreciating your persistence in continuing to go for it. Let's say you don't get past tongue-swapping kisses. Just for argument's sake, let's say you're stuck at that level for five years. That's still not a bad place to be, is it? At some time, though, the logjam will break and you'll find yourself looking in her eyes while she sucks your dick. Count on it.

Chapter 8

I suppose I should give you an update of what I have observed since we started this journey. This will be a short note, but I hope you appreciate the sense of excitement I have with what appears to be significant progress.

After our talk, Adam came home practically every weekend. Since home was about a three hour drive for him and surely he had his own social life there, his presence spoke volumes to me. It surely spoke volumes to his Mother, Mandey. He would leave directly from work and would usually arrive about 8:30 PM every Friday night. Before, when he would come home like that he would leave immediately to meet his friends. Now, he was a regular homebody.

Mandey anticipated his arrival with apparent great excitement. Usually our dress in the evenings was sweats and grubby home clothes, but every Friday Mandey would be dressed to kill and would have full makeup on. As we waited for Adam to arrive, Mandey couldn't stay still. She would be up every few minutes, checking the driveway. Her excitement was obvious to me. After all, I've known her for a lifetime, and could recognize the signs. Her face was flushed, she chattered non-stop, and simply couldn't be still. Her nipples were hard as rocks, and it seemed to me that she wore blouses that allowed the excited nipples to be obvious. I think my Mandey was in lust - at least, I hoped so.

One particular night stood out as a beacon of just how far Adam had progressed. Mandey was dressed in jeans and a soft cashmere sweater - the one with a deep vee cut that she liked. As soon as Adam arrived, Mandey jumped up to meet him at the back door, while I stayed in the den. I slipped quietly around the corner so I could observe how she greeted him. What I saw was the two of them locked in a tight embrace. Adam had his head bent to her shoulder, and he was whispering something in her ear. There was no space between them, and Mandey seemed to be purposely pushing into his dick. As I watched, his hand slid from her waist down to her butt, and he gave a gentle squeeze. Mandey giggled like a schoolgirl, and then he moved his hand back to her waist. She pushed her chest back from him, keeping her arms locked around his neck, and whispered, "You bad boy." She then leaned forward and gave him a lingering kiss.

I quickly returned to the den and resumed my previous seat on the couch. Adam and Mandey entered the den, showing no special emotion, and Adam came over to give me a hug. I patted him on the back, saying, "How's things going, Son?"

"Great!," he replied, "You have no idea."

Mandey went to the kitchen to get his supper on the table. We always ate well, but the Friday dinners had taken on a special quality so there would be a good meal for Adam when he arrived. On this evening, I pled tiredness, and announced that I would be going up early to read in bed. The two of them seemed joyous at the idea.

Our house was built in such a way, kind of an L-shape, so that from the bedroom window you could see into the downstairs den window. You couldn't get a complete view, but could see the sofa in front of the windows. I settled into bed with my book, waiting for them to finish Adam's meal and move to the den, but I couldn't concentrate on what I was reading. Based on what I had seen in the foyer when Adam arrived, I thought I might get a real treat tonight. After awhile I couldn't take it anymore, so I noisily went downstairs to the kitchen to get a drink water. They were standing at the sink, rinsing the dishes from supper. As I entered, I noted that they were not standing particularly close and the two of them seemed rather stiff, which made me wonder what they were up to before I entered. As I said, I made enough noise so they would know I was coming. They were just finishing the dishes, and as I made my way back upstairs I knew, or hoped, I was in for a show.

I stood back from the bedroom window so they couldn't see me if they happened to glance my way. The bedroom light was off anyway, and I had checked before to make sure that from the den window the view inside the darkened bedroom was practically non-existent.

I was not disappointed. They entered the den, lowered the lights, and then embraced before they sat down. The kiss they shared, it seemed to me, was more than a peck on the lips, but I couldn't see if there was any open-mouthed kissing going on. I could see that Adam's hands were on his Mom's ass, and they looked pretty busy. She made no move to stop him. They sat close together side by side on the sofa, and Mandey spread a blanket over their laps. I couldn't tell what was going on under the blanket, but my guess was they were holding

hands. At one point, Mandey laughed and kind of pushed him away, but he went right back.

I was entranced. I could not look away. I don't know how far along they were in their relationship, but that it was pretty far along seemed obvious. Certainly they were farther along than they had been three months ago.

Adam was sitting on Mandey's left side. He took his hand from under the blanket and put his right arm around her shoulders, hugging her to him. She snuggled right into his embrace, turning to her left, bending down, and resting her head into his chest. Adam pushed the blanket out of the way, reached to his left for a pillow, and put it on his lap. Mandey stretched out on the couch and rested her head on the pillow, laying on her left side so that she was facing toward the television. I couldn't see what was on the tv, and I suspect they had little idea either.

Adam started stroking Mandey's hair, running his fingers through it with scratching motions against her scalp. Having been there myself in previous moments, I knew she would be practically purring and sexual excitement was building within her. Mandey loved a good head scratch, and I knew how it turned her on. From the passion Adam seemed to be putting into it, I guessed he knew, also. Mandey's hands, I could see, were kind of clasped around the pillow. As Adam continued his ministrations to her scalp, I could see Mandey begin to squirm a bit.

My wonderings about how they had progressed were answered when Mandey slipped her right hand under the pillow. Adam didn't really react, so I guessed she had just put her hand on his thigh. They stayed that way for a bit, and then I saw Mandey move her hand under the pillow and Adam threw his head back, resting it on the back of the sofa. Did she just put her hand on his dick? I was a little surprised, and knocked my damned book off the bed onto the floor. You should have seen their reaction! Mandey sat up immediately, Adam moved away from her and put the pillow away, and they were the picture of innocence, just sitting there watching television.

When a few moments passed and it was obvious I was not coming downstairs, Mandey again laid her head over on Adam's chest, and this time he didn't put the pillow in his lap. Mandey straightened up, Adam turned to her, and they came together in what was obviously a lovers' kiss. Adam cupped her face in his hands, while hers were on his chest and stomach. The passion of the kiss was obvious, and Adam moved his right hand to hold the back of Mandey's head. After a bit they broke the kiss and seemed to be whispering something as their faces remained close. Adam kept his right hand on the back of Mandey's head, gently stroking it. I don't know what Adam was thinking in that moment, but I knew full well what images that evoked in Mandey's brain.

They kissed again, even more passionately this time, and Mandey again put her hands on Adam's chest and stomach. My eyes were glued on her hands. Her right hand started a slow movement down Adam's stomach, and then stopped at his belt buckle. They paused, again seeming to be whispering to each other, and then resumed their kiss. Mandey moved her right hand farther down, and then

rested it right on top of his bulging dick. She just let it rest there for awhile, but it wasn't long before she was stroking his dick and squeezing it through his pants.

While Mandey was doing that, Adam's right arm was around her, hugging her into his chest, while his right hand seemed to be cupping her breast. I changed my position so I could get a better view of what his right hand was doing, and his fingers, outside her sweater, were gently rubbing her nipple. I couldn't see it from there, but I knew those half inch long nipples were erect and ready. Mandey sat up then, looked Adam in the eyes, and reached down to the bottom of her sweater. She lifted it slowly, keeping her eyes locked to Adam's, and those beautiful breasts popped right out. The little vixen did not have a bra on! She was always the one who was very careful to always wear a bra when anyone else would be around, because she was always conscious of her nipples. I don't know how I had not noticed she didn't have a bra on that night, but there those tits were, proud and ready.

Adam said something, and then just stared at them. I remembered the first time I saw them, and I had the same reaction. Mandey was always self-conscious of her breasts because she thought they were too small, but I didn't feel that way and I guessed, at that moment, that was not the thought on Adam's mind, either. He reached over with his left hand, and cupped her right breast. He took the nipple in his fingers, gently squeezing it. He said something to her and she laughed softly, telling him something that made him laugh also. He looked at her face, and then quickly lowered his face to her breasts.

Adam wasted no time. He took her left breast into his mouth, sucking gently at first and then increasing the passion as he sucked more fiercely. He sucked practically the entire breast into his mouth, and I could see from the movements that his tongue was frantically working the nipple as he sucked. Mandey clutched at his head with her right hand, while she cradled her breast as she fed it to him. She threw her head back, resting it on the back of the couch, and I had a moment's fear that she might see me watching them. Her eyes were squeezed tightly shut, though, and as I watched I could see that familiar shudder pass through her body. She tightened up, gave a strong shudder, and then relaxed. My Mandey, my straight-laced and always right Mandey, had just had an orgasm while her son sucked her breasts. I have to admit, I was a little jealous at that point. I had never made her come by sucking her breasts, and I had spent a lot of time devoted to them.

Adam continued sucking, moving from one tit to the other, while his hands kneaded them. She held his head into her breasts, in a loving embrace while she gently stroked his head.

After awhile, Adam released her breasts and straightened up. She turned toward him, her sweater still bunched above her breasts, and looked directly into his eyes while she moved her right hand back toward his dick. She paused at his belt buckle and then, without, taking her eyes from his, undid the buckle and unbuttoned his pants. She slowly undid the zipper, and reached into his underwear. I didn't know if they had done this before, but it seemed to me from her hesitation that this was the first time.

She held his dick with her right hand and, with her left, moved his jockey shorts and pants down his legs so his dick was free. She swapped hands on his dick, now holding it with her left hand and cradling his balls with her right. She looked down and focused on looking at his dick. If this was the first time she had seen it in this state, I imagine she was pretty impressed. I was. I was no size monster and had no way to compare us directly, but it looked pretty big to me.

She returned her right hand to his dick and gave him a couple of gentle pumps. Adam was out of it. His head alternated between being thrown back on the couch, and looking down at her. She slowly started moving her head down, and then shifted her body so she could get better access to him. Adam's right hand was working her breast. Mandey paused just as she got her face to his dick, clearly getting a good look at it, and then she gave the head a gentle kiss. She opened her mouth, and slowly took him in. Her right hand supported her on the couch, while she used her left hand to pump him as she sucked. I could see that Adam was intent on watching her - watching his Mother give him their first blowjob - and he seemed fixated on watching her left hand as she held his dick. I could imagine he loved seeing her wedding ring on his dick, because I know I would have in that moment.

It didn't take long, as I didn't think it would, and Adam said something to her and arched his back. His hands had moved from her breasts, and he was clutching her head into him, making hunching movements as he fucked her mouth. He stiffened, held her head into him, and shuddered. Mandey continued her movements with her left hand while she sucked him dry. She straighten up then,

took the bottom of her sweater in her hand, and made an exaggerated blotting move on her lips with her sweater. Both of them laughed, and then she kissed him deeply, letting him taste his own come in his Mother's mouth. Would it be petty if I pointed out that with me, Mandey was not usually a swallower but would spit it onto my stomach?

They straightened up, Mandey pulled her sweater down, and then with their heads together seemed to be having a whispered conversation. For my part, I was practically as exhausted as I imagine Adam was. I collapsed on the bed and masturbated as I imagined my own Mother doing the same for me. I don't know how many times I have said to myself, "Dammit, I know I could have. Why did I give up?" I now knew Adam wasn't going to give up, and I knew he would never forget this moment.

I fell asleep, and somewhere around one in the morning Mandey crawled into bed with me. She snuggled into me and I turned to kiss her. She responded with a deep kiss, and trembled as I held her breast. I could only imagine how exciting it must have been for her - deeply kissing her husband just after having their Son's dick erupting in her mouth.

The next morning, everything seemed normal, or at least the new normal for us where a son actually talks with his parents. Mandey made breakfast and we sat together to eat. The conversation was focused on the weather, with a winter storm expected that evening. Mandey and Adam talked with each other as if nothing had

happened the previous night, but I could see the lingering gazes between them.

As we were finishing breakfast Mandey said, "Adam says his apartment is its usual man mess, and would like us to come today to help him give it a scrub." Adam said nothing. I don't know if they had planned his or not, but it seemed to me like it took him by surprise. After she said it, Mandey looked at me with anticipation.

"Mandey! You know how I'm looking forward to watching the game this afternoon. Can't you guys do it without me? I'm no good at cleaning, anyway, and will just be in the way."

She visibly sighed with relief. "Well, I guess we can. Are you sure you don't want to go?"

Adam said, "Yeah, Dad. You can scrub the toilets."

"Nope. I'll just stay here. But Mandey, watch the weather and if it looks like the roads will be bad, you might just have to stay until they clear tomorrow. Adam, don't let her be stupid. Make her stay if the weather sets in."

Mandey laughed. "No way I'm staying there unless a blizzard sets in, but we'll see. If the roads are bad, I'll stay over if I have to."

Chapter 9

Hi. Adam here. Or, as I like to say when I meet a woman, "Madam, I'm Adam." Dad's writing got me started on the road to, well, sleep with my Mom and his advice along the way helped me get where I am today. I hope others have read it, and are following my progress. I'll tell you this: if you do what Dad advised me to do, you can get where you want to be. To give you further encouragement, I thought I should write something to tell you how it went. Since it's kind of tough talking with Dad face to face about this, (Say, Dad, I fucked your wife!) I hope I can give him a picture of how it went by writing it in this forum. Dad agreed to let me use his account to post it.

I'll sum it up in a few words. Any son can seduce his Mother.

Any son can seduce his Mother. I should say it a thousand times, because it's true. I don't care how strict and straight-laced she is. If you put the effort into it, you will get there. Believe me. My Mom, Mandey, was always so proper that I thought she had sex only two times - one for me, and one for my sister. She wouldn't tolerate an off-color joke. She dressed conservatively. She never tolerated anything even slightly out of line.

I don't want to sound disrespectful here because I love her deeply, and I don't want to take away the suspense of what I'm writing, but that strict and proper Mother is now sucking my dick whenever we can get away together. There. That's your pep talk.

I'm not a great writer and I'm in a bit of a hurry to get this done on Dad's computer while he and Mom are shopping. It's going to seem like I went from, "Hi, Mom, how's your day?" to sucking her tits in a week or two. It wasn't like that. It took time. It seems like a blur to me, though. To me it does seem like things just flowed seamlessly, although I know they must not have. I'm going to give you some of my more vivid memories, just to illustrate how it went.

Yes, I was distant, both with Mom and Dad. From an early age I was fixated on my Mother. My buddies and I used to talk about which Mothers we'd like to fuck, and I never understood why my Mom was not top of the list. She was always top of my list. She's always been pretty enough, kind of tall and a killer pretty face, but maybe they were put off by her hair that she let gray naturally. I thought it was beautiful. I thought, and still think, she's beautiful. I guess, though, what really put them off was her attitude. She was always friendly enough with my friends, but everyone knew Mom was a stickler for following the rules and something of a Puritan. Kind of no nonsense if you know what I mean. Other Moms would flirt with us, but never my Mom. We would dare each other to touch one of our Mom's butts, and we'd do it, and get a gentle scolding from whichever Mom it was. But never my Mom. Too dangerous with her.

I think she was always self-conscious about her body. I was lucky enough to have seen her partially nude on several occasions as she bustled about in the morning to get ready for work, and I was impressed. Sure, she didn't have the tits that Jim's Mom had, but they were perky and fine, in my eyes. She has always fought what she thinks is a weight problem, but I don't see it. She has a butt to kill for,

curvy and solid, and I even think her little chubby belly is hot. But then, she's my Mom. Of course I think she's beautiful and sexy. As Dad said, "No matter what a woman looks like, there's a son who thinks she's beautiful and wants nothing more than to get her in bed." That may be true, but my Mom has always been a beauty.

But anyway, I was distant because I was afraid. I was afraid I would do something or say something that would reveal my feelings for her, and everything would come crashing down around me. After I read Dad's first letter and talked with him, I knew what I wanted was possible. It was such a relief that he was behind me. I think what keeps a lot of sons from going after what they want is fear of the old man. What if she tells him? What if he explodes? In hindsight, I think that is not a valid fear. I think there are few Mothers who would rat their sons out to the father, even if the son steps over the line. She's not going to want to tear the family apart and, as I found, the emotion of learning your son wants you in that way is powerfully exciting for a woman. No, I can't see it. So, if you're looking for my advice, I tell you to just go for it. Be aware of how she is reacting and back off if she gets really mad, but go for it and do it gradually. Even if she does tell your dad, and I don't think she will, he's been there himself with his own Mother, and he'll understand.

So I made an effort to be more talkative with Mom and to break the icy state I had created between us. I spent more time with her, talked with her, and tried to be the son she should have had all along. With that, I made a point of being more physically affectionate. I hugged her, I kissed her, I touched her hair.

The first time she kissed me on the lips, I was blown away. I had Dad's plan in mind and was going to take those tiny steps, then right out of nowhere she kissed me on the lips. From that point on, I kissed her as often as I could. She never said or did anything that would cause me to back off from that and when we were alone and I'd kiss her, she'd call me her "Mad Kisser." Now here, I kind of strayed from Dad's guidance. I figured that she was reacting so positively to my attention and, after all, she had started the whole kissing on the lips thing, that I could push the envelope a little faster. The worst she could do would be to say "No," and I knew I had time on my side. If I pushed it and she said "No," then I'd just back off a little bit and come back at it the next time. Besides, she had this way of coming in to kiss me with her lips slightly open. I thought she wanted more.

So, one Friday when I got home (and I was coming home pretty much every weekend now), she met me at the foyer when I came in. This was pretty early on, but I can't remember exactly when. Anyway, Dad was outside and I had already said hello to him. When I walked in, Mom met me, we hugged, and kissed. I took her face in my hands, looked her in the eyes, and went in for a different kiss. I slightly opened my lips and kissed her bottom lip. She didn't pull back, so I continued with a little tongue action, focusing on that lower lip. Damned if she didn't open her lips more, and I tentatively went for it with my tongue. I was more nervous than the first time I ever kissed a girl like that! She still didn't pull away, though, and we stood there and kissed for quite a while. We didn't get all passionate about it, but it was definitely not the kiss you would expect between a Mother and Son. We heard Dad coming in and she quickly pulled back, but she continued to look at me without saying anything. That was the best and most exciting kiss I will ever have. Sometimes at

work I'll space out, and usually the reason is that I'm remembering that kiss.

From then on, when we were alone, I would kiss her like that. The kisses began to get more passionate with time and then, one day, she pulled the rug out from under me. She said, "Honey, I love how you are now, but we're getting a little out of line, aren't we? Maybe we'd better cool this off."

I was crushed, but I didn't show it. Luckily, Dad had prepared me for this eventuality, and I told her, "I can't cool it when I'm with you. You're the most beautiful woman in my life. Just know I'll never embarrass you in public - this is between us."

She said, "Well, just try, and don't ever let your father see you kissing me like that." Funny enough, I kept kissing her in that way and she never again told me to stop. I guess she just had to put up some resistance for her own pride, if nothing else.

One Sunday before I left to go back to my apartment, we were in the back of the house alone. Dad was upstairs, I guess. I'm not sure where he was, but Mom and I were alone and I was kissing the hell out of her. She had kind of melted into my body as we kissed, and I was holding her face and stroking her hair. I moved my hands down to her waist, held her tight, and then moved my left hand down to her butt. I pulled her into me. I think she had been feeling my dick before that as we hugged and kissed, but this time there was no doubt. I didn't over do it, but then moved my hand back to her waist. When we finished the kiss, she pulled back and said in this flirting

little voice, "You bad boy. I'm your Mother. You shouldn't do that with your Mother."

I laughed. "You're my Mother, but you're also the hottest woman I know. How can I keep my hands off you?"

She shook her head, acting like she was exasperated with me. "Well, don't ever let anyone see you touch me like that."

I could not wait to get home that night and masturbate as I thought about that moment. She didn't tell me not to do it. She told me not to let anyone see me do it. She was really telling me I could do it! From that time on, if we were alone my hands were on her ass. She would playfully slap me away and wouldn't act like she was enjoying it, but she let me keep on doing it.

Now I don't want you to misunderstand. All this happened over months. As I remember, Dad and I had our first conversation in about April, and the first time I put my hand on her ass (God, how I remember it!) was in winter weather. So, it must have been at least seven or eight months. I didn't, and you shouldn't, rush this. Make it like mold growing on the shower curtain. One day it's not there, and seems like the next time you look, it's covered in mold. So, I just moved slowly but surely, and before I knew it, I had practically free access to her butt.

I wooed her the best I could do. I was never a great romantic guy, but I was looking at this like the experience of a lifetime. Imagine

how you would be if someone told you, "You are going to have access to (movie star of your dreams) for one year. See if you can seduce her." That's how I looked at it. I had the time, I had the access, and I had the already strong Mother-Son Love bond to work with. When I was home, I'd take her out to lunch. When I was not home, I texted her several times a day. I'd call her at work, occasionally, just to talk. The first time I called her at work, she freaked. "What's wrong? Are you okay?" I had never called her at work before and, until I started this, I would rarely call at home. They always had to call me. Anyway, I told her I was thinking about her and just wanted to hear her voice. I'll swear, I think she cried a little bit. That was the icebreaker, though, and I kept constant contact with her. Just us. I'd still call home sometimes when I could talk with Dad, too, but Mom and I had this secret little communications channel between us. I started calling her "Babe" and she'd call me "Sweetheart." One time when I called, when she knew it was me she said, "I wondered when my lover was going to call." I don't think she ever told Dad that she and I were talking or texting every day.

I think I really made points when she had the flu. Dad was away on a trip, and she sounded miserable. She didn't even go to work that day, and she never misses work. So, I took a couple of days off and went home to take care of her. I made her soup (it sucked), I doted on her, brought her tissues, and went to the pharmacy to buy her cold medicine. I babied her. She was hurting, and didn't even care how she looked. She'd walk downstairs in just her panties and tee shirt and, even though I wanted to grab and kiss her, I didn't. I was a perfect gentleman, and the son I'm sure every woman wants. She protested that I was using my vacation time to take care of her, and I said something like, "Hey, you're my Babe. How can I not take care of you?" Sick as she was, that got a laugh.

Once we went to a movie she wanted to see. It had already been running for awhile, so the theater had hardly anyone in it and we were seated behind everyone. When the movie started, we held hands. Nothing special, but I reached down and took her hand and rested it on my leg. As we held hands, I gently rubbed the back of her hand with my thumb, and sometimes she'd do the same to me. I loved it. She was on my left side, and I reached across with my right hand and held her right arm, right at the bicep. I massaged it, rubbed it a little, and I think she expected me to go for her breast. All I would have had to do was stretch my fingers out a little bit. I didn't, though. We held hands as we left the theater and once we almost got to the car, since it was dark and we had parked pretty far out where there were no other cars, I put my arm around her. She hugged my arm, kind of rubbing her breasts against it, and I slid my hand down to her butt. "Oh, behave yourself," she said in her flirting voice. "You never get enough of that, do you?"

When we got to the car and were settled in, I reached over and took her face in my hands to kiss her. We had a pretty passionate time. Well, "passionate" really doesn't describe it. We were like teen-agers, making out in Dad's car. During one kiss, she took my hand from her face and placed it right on her breast. I almost choked. I think she had been expecting me to go for it for awhile, and got tired of waiting. She said, "I know you've been wanting to do that." I kept my hand outside her blouse, but I worked that tit, kissing her the whole time. She was hot. I think I could have gotten her undressed right then, but I didn't push it. One step at a time.

The next weekend, or maybe the one after that, she and I were eating the dinner she had saved for me, and Dad said he was tired and was going up to bed to read. Now, again, I don't want you to think this went fast. It didn't. I put time - months - into getting where I was at this moment. Tiny steps. Sure, some of the steps went pretty fast, but I was careful never to get ahead of myself. Anyway, when Dad said that I looked at Mom and, without Dad seeing, she kind of raised her eyebrows and smiled at me. Oh, boy!

That went pretty much as Dad described it, and that night is burned indelibly in my memory. I remember what she said, "Honey, this is moving pretty fast and I don't think I can give you what you want. What if someone ever found out?"

I kissed her. "First, no one will ever find out. This is our secret. It will always be our secret. I love you, and I want to continue to love you. We can, we just have to be very careful and there have to be rules. You are my Mother, and I will always love and respect you. I will never embarrass you in public, and will always treat you with respect. But when we're alone, I will love you as a woman like you deserve to be loved."

She sighed, and kissed me again. "Don't you ever, ever tell anyone. If you do, then it's all over, Buster."

As we kissed on the couch, I rubbed her hair as she liked. She suggested it would be better if she laid her head in my lap, and I eagerly agreed. I got a pillow, put it in my lap, and she laid down on her left side, resting her head on the pillow. I gave her the best head

rub I could, concentrating on my emotions and passion into my fingers as I massaged her scalp. She sighed contentedly, practically purring. After awhile of doing that, I kind of held her head with both hands and gave just a gentle push down. I did it so gently that I thought maybe she wouldn't notice, but she laughed and raised her head up to look me in the eyes. In her teasing voice she said, "Oh, you bad boy. What are you doing?" I was just trying to formulate an answer to that obviously loaded question when we heard a thump from upstairs. Mom bolted up from my lap, scooted away from me, and we both sat there staring at the television. I have to admit, I had forgotten the thing was on, and neither of us had any idea what we were watching so intently.

When Dad didn't appear, she looked at me and again put her head on my chest. We kissed a bit, and I whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. And she was. She started rubbing my stomach with her right hand, and then slowly lowered it to my lap. Again, I put both hands on her head and gave a gentle push.

When she first put her hand on my dick, I thought I would explode. Kissing her the way we did was what got the ball rolling, getting my hands on her tits and butt was the next major step, and her putting her hand on my dick was the final dropping of the curtain. There was no pretense left. We had a sexual relationship, and she knew it and wanted it. She was in charge, though. I figured since we both knew where it was going, she should be able to set the pace.

When she slowly pulled her sweater up and let me see those beautiful breasts, I was shocked. I figured it would happen at some point, but wow. I was dumbstruck. I don't know what I said, but it must have been that they were beautiful. I think I said I had been waiting my whole life to see them like that and she gave a sexy little laugh. "You loved them when you were a baby," she whispered.

"Oh, I must have, because I love them now." They were just the right size to fit in your hand, and the pink nipples were standing hard. I tentatively reached out and held one, running my thumb across the nipple. She shuddered, and put her hand on my head, guiding it to her breast. She cradled her left breast in her hand, pushing my head into it. I teased her nipple with my lips, opened my mouth, and sucked as much of that tit into my mouth as I could. I sucked like a starving man, all the while rubbing her nipple with my tongue. I have never been turned on so much as I was when I first got my mouth on them, or should I say, when I got back to them after decades. I'll swear, I think she had an orgasm while I was sucking them. I'm pretty certain she did.

After awhile she pulled my head off her breasts - I had been alternating between them - and raised me up. She looked in my eyes and reached over to put her hand on my stomach. Slowly moving it down, all the while keeping her eyes on mine, she undid my belt buckle and unzipped my pants. I think she expected me to take it out for her. I didn't. In my previous relationships with girlfriends, at that point I would have showed her my dick and expected her to go for it. But I remembered what Dad said, and I was not going to do it for her. I knew she wanted it and when she wanted it badly enough, she would do it for herself. Sure enough, she did. She looked at me and

took it in her hand. When she first looked down at it, she whispered, "Oh, my boy has grown up. Baby, that's a beautiful one." I guess one dick is as good as another, but when your Mother tells you that your hard dick is beautiful...well... there are few better things you can ever hear.

I'm not going to go into graphic detail, but she gave me the best blowjob I ever had, and I doubt I'll ever get a better one. Hell, I know I'll never get a better one. That beautiful face. My Mother's face. On my dick. I tried not to come too fast, but I just couldn't help it. I couldn't help it. I blew like Mount St. Helens. When she kissed me after swallowing my come, it sprang up again, as hard as a rock. I got a couple of blowjobs from her that night, and each one got better.

Since she had done that, as we kissed I slid my hand down to her pussy. I didn't go gradually. I should have, just to make the anticipation better for her, but I didn't. I put my hand right on it, and she arched her back up to press against my hand. I tried to get my hand into her pants so I could really get at it, and she wouldn't let me. She told me, "Honey, I think we've done enough for tonight. I don't want our first time to be rushed. If I let you undo my pants, I won't be able to stop. Just wait and I promise you'll get there when the time is right." Again, words I will remember until I die.

The next morning, I was completely floored when she told Dad they should go with me to the apartment and help me clean it. There was a time before I started working on Mom that my apartment was pretty much a disaster, but I had started keeping it cleaner and really didn't need their help. I was not about to say that, though. I held my

breath until Dad said he really didn't want to go, and it was all I could do from shouting, "Yes!" when he suggested Mom should stay over if the roads were bad.

She followed me down in her car, and before I knew it we were pulling into my parking lot. We walked into my apartment and, without saying a word, as soon as the door closed behind us I took her in my arms and kissed her. My hands were all over her - butt, breasts, and pussy - and she kissed me with a passion I had only dreamed of. She pulled away, looked at my apartment, and said, "Work first, then we'll play." No matter what we had done, she was still my Mother and I think she wanted to make that point. That was fine with me, so we got to work and, about five in the afternoon we had it spic and span.

We ordered pizza in and watched a little television, but there was an awkwardness between us. I think we both knew what was coming, and I think we both were overwhelmed by what we were going to do. Finally, she said, "Honey, neither one of us is really watching this. I'll call your father and tell him the roads are icing, and then let's go to bed." She called Dad while we sat on my couch and her conversation was as loving with him as ever - they have always been affectionate with each other - but all the while her hand was on my dick and I was playing with her tits. Picture that. My sweet Mother, talking to Dad on the phone and telling him she loved him, while she had my hard dick in her hand.

I guess that was an important thing for my understanding. No matter what she and I did, I knew she would continue to love Dad. That's

the way it's supposed to be, and really, that was what I wanted. I didn't want to hurt their marriage. They're my parents. But it showed me that what Mom and I had between us was ours, and what she and Dad had between them was theirs. It also made me think, though. Mom is so good at this, and she's making so sure Dad has no idea what is going on, what else has she done in her life that she hid from everyone? Maybe my Mom has not always been the saint she has wanted us to think!

We went into my bedroom, and I was a little torn about what I should do. Should I undress her? Should I undress first? Should I put clean boxers on? Should I shower? All my questions were answered when she, rather matter-of-factly, started undressing. Before I knew it, she was standing before me, naked and beautiful, with a sweet smile on her lips. I stared. She did an exaggerated model's pose, and we both laughed. My God, she was beautiful! She said, "Are you going to make me stand here naked while you have all your clothes on? That's a little awkward." If there were a contest for how quickly you could get undressed, I would have set the world record.

She walked over to me, put her arms around my neck, and kissed me. Our two bodies pressed together, unencumbered by clothes for the first time, flesh on flesh. I'm taller than her, so my dick was pressed against that soft little belly. We fell on the bed, kissing, and then I rolled her over onto her back. I kissed down her neck to those perfect little tits, and gave them an even better workout than the night before. She held my head to them, cooing and moaning, and then I started working my way down her body, kissing as I went. She was trembling like she was freezing to death. She knew what was

coming, and she kept her hands on the back of my head, gently pushing me down.

I'm not the best pussy eater in the world, I guess, but I ate that pussy like I was a man possessed. I licked. I sucked. I slurped. I put my right forefinger into her pussy, curving my finger up so I could hit her G-spot, and she moaned softly. When I stretched my middle finger down to touch her little brown bud, she bucked into my face like a bronco. I didn't push my finger into her ass, but rubbed and teased, and she loved it. I raised my head up, looked at her, and she said, "Good Lord. Where did you learn to do that so well? Who's been teaching my baby?"

I told her I still had a lot to learn, and would get better if she would teach me. She moved her hands to my back, and gave a pulling motion to tell me that foreplay was over and it was time. Before I could reach down to do it, she took me in her left hand to guide me in her. I twisted so I could watch, and almost blew my load when I saw her wedding ring on the hand holding my dick. I don't know why that turned me on so much, but it did. I eased into her, looking in her eyes the whole time, and she squeezed her eyes shut and whimpered as I hit bottom. "Honey, you're big, I'm not able anymore to take it like I used to, so give me a little time to get used to it." I tried to hold still, but my body had taken over and I couldn't help giving little humping motions with my hips. After a bit she gave a little nod with her head, and I got to work.

If there's a position we didn't try that night, I don't know it. After awhile she was getting a little sore, so we stopped. Mom turned on

her side away from me, I spooned her from behind, and slid back into her. She shook her head No, and I told her, "I just want to be in you while we go to sleep," and she said she'd like that, too. She explained that menopause had changed her body so she couldn't be as vigorous as she once was, but I couldn't tell it. Frankly, I don't think I would have been able to handle her if she were more vigorous.

We lay there, recovering and loving. I asked her if she was okay. "I've never been better," she said. "My baby is where he belongs." I hugged her, told her I loved her, and made her promise we would always have each other. She said, "Adam, you are a great lover and I'm a lucky Mother. We'll have it as long as you want it."

I don't remember all of our pillow talk that first night. I do remember that I asked when she knew what I was after. She told me that she had always known that I had a thing for her and she suspected what I wanted from the start. She described a long period of agonizing she had gone through. She said she couldn't remember exactly when she decided to make love with me, and I remember exactly what she said then. She said, "I didn't want to do it. I thought it was perverted and it would hurt you. But then I realized. If he needed my kidney, I'd give it to him. If he needed both my kidneys, I would give them to him. I would give my life for him. And I won't give him what he really needs and wants?"

And we do continue to have each other in our special way. Sure, it hasn't been that long, but we have the loving relationship I always wanted. We're careful. When I'm at home and Dad is there, we only

kiss and hug. When he's not there and she's sure we're safely alone for awhile, sometimes we make love. The first few weeks were pretty intense, and for a couple of weekends in a row she had to come help me clean. I guess Dad must have thought my apartment was a pigpen, but he was true to his word and never complained when she came to spend the night with me. Now she does it every couple of weeks, and while that isn't enough for me, I'm thankful every time.

That's my story. If you're reading this and you're thinking about the same thing with your Mother, I'll tell you. There's nothing like it. Every time I touch her, it's like the first time and I get the same thrill. I know, in time, our lovemaking will lose its current intensity, but it will always be special. If you want your Mom as I wanted mine, then what are you waiting for? You're not going to get an engraved invitation, but you'll never know unless you try.

Her biggest worry, from the start, was that I would get locked onto her and wouldn't find anyone else. After our first night together, the next morning she brought it up and made me promise I would continue to date and find someone. She said she wanted grandchildren and she wanted me to have the kind of love she and Dad have.

I agreed, of course, but for the first few months with her I had no intentions, ever, of having anyone but Mom. It seemed like that was the most common subject of our talks together. One time I flatly told her that I might start dating, but only if she promised that even if I got married and gave her twenty grandkids, she and I would continue to have the love we shared now. She said, "Oh, Honey. I'll

be a little old lady soon enough, but whenever you want me, I'm yours."

After about four months and the intensity of our loving having lessened a bit, I realized that she was right. One night, while she was staying over at my apartment, I told her that I had met someone. I watched her closely to see if that was what she really wanted, or if it was an act for my benefit. If I had seen the least sign of hurt or displeasure, that would have been it and I would have applied for monkhood, except for her. But all I saw was happiness, and our lovemaking that night was as hot as it was the first time. That was the first time she let me into her butt, and I think it was being saved as a special reward. I know it was pretty damned spectacular. I know you want to hear all the details about our first anal sex but you're just going to have to let your imagination rule. Some things have to remain private.

I was afraid when I took Laura home the first time to meet them, but everything went great. Later, Mom told me she really liked Laura, and I think she was telling the truth. Laura may not be the one for me but there is someone out there, I'm sure, and someday I will get married. It doesn't matter. My Mom will always be the most beautiful woman in my life, and she will always be my Mother and my lover. What more could a boy ask?

Chapter 10

Well, it's been almost a year since Adam got to the holy grail. There is no doubt that he did get there. I mean, you and I both read what he wrote. Were you as proud of him as I was when I read that? We're all much closer, but he and his Mother are particularly close. Sometimes she can't keep her hands off him; even if I'm there she is always touching and caressing him, although in a seemingly innocent and motherly way. She has never let on to me that anything is going on between them and frankly, I've been amazed at how well she keeps the secret. If I knew nothing about what Adam and she were doing, there isn't anything about her behavior that would arouse my suspicion. It makes me wonder how innocent my Mandey has been all these years. I mean, if she can keep this secret so well, have there been other secrets that I never suspected?

Our lovemaking has had no real change. We're both older, have been married a pretty long time, and we can go months without making love together. That's pretty much the way it was, anyway, so I've seen no change. When we do, she is still loving and giving, and nothing she says or does would make me think she's getting it anywhere else. There have been a few things that I've noticed, though. After years of loving a woman you pretty well know every trick in her repertoire, and Mandey has introduced a few new ones. I thought I had trained her to give the best blowjob in the world, but lately she's introduced a few subtly new techniques that make it even better. I always wanted to fuck her sexy butt, but she never would. We're taking it slow because she says she's never done it before and she's afraid it will hurt, but I'm almost there now. I don't look a gift horse in the mouth, so to speak.

She tells me that menopause has taken away her desire and I'm always sympathetic with her, even though I know different. But I think she may be telling the truth, and that says a lot about women. Maybe her desire isn't there the way it used to be, but her love still is. She knows that at my age, I don't need it as much. She knows that at his age, Adam does need it more often. She gives me what I need, and she gives Adam what he needs.

Adam has blossomed. Before, he lacked ambition and seemed forever depressed. Now, he has plans to go back to graduate school. He walks and talks as a man with confidence. He's happy. He's talking about moving back in with us while he attends the local university and Mandey and I both look forward to it, although for different reasons, I'm sure. He has started dating a pretty young thing who, surprise, looks a lot like his Mother did at that age. When he first brought her to meet us, I feared Mandey would meet her at the door, hissing and with her claws out. There was none of that. Mandey could not have been happier that he was dating, it would seem, and she and Laura get along like best friends.

A funny thing happened last weekend that prompted me to write this epilogue to Adam's journey. Maybe it means nothing, but I wonder. Adam's younger sister, Katy, had been in Europe on a year's fellowship while all this was going on. Last weekend she returned home, and on Saturday night we had a joyous family party to welcome her home. The house was crowded with family and close friends, and it was like a madhouse. I will note, however, that there was a time when I saw Mandey and Adam slip into the garage

together, and they were there for a good while before they appeared again. Ah. Love is grand.

But that's not what happened that has made me write this. Sunday morning Mandey and I were sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee before anyone else got up. Katy came down in her panties and teeshirt, saying she couldn't sleep because of jet lag. She walked right up and kissed both me and her Mother right on the lips. We had not kissed her on the lips like forever, but there it was. Surprised, I said, "Where did that come from? I like it."

Katy looked me right in the eyes and said, "Oh, I've set some goals in my life."

"What goals? Looking for a job already? What are you thinking about?"

She looked me right in the eyes and then did the same with Mandey. "Nope. I'm not ready to talk about it yet but when I am, you two will be the first to know."