

# Love Letter

Panzerfeck

# The Letter

*Dear Mom;*

*I love you. I've always loved you, and I always will. You mean the world to me and I can't imagine life without you. This is hard for me to write, and as I do I struggle to think of anything other than what I'm thinking about you - and about me and you together - and what I feel for you, anxiety eats away at me as time crawls by so painfully slowly!*

*I love you as my mother, but that is only partly the reason my heart pounds brutally against my chest, as if to punish me for feeling the way I do. I love you as a woman, too, the way it seems that no man ever seemed to want to. Or maybe that should be; I wish I could love you like a woman wants to be loved. I dream about loving you, even though I know I shouldn't.*

*There was no other way to tell you. For years I've thought about you in this way, felt for you this way, and knew that I shouldn't. I hid it, I naturalised it, and hoped that it would go away. I never stopped loving you, just being me and letting us be the way we've always been. But it was a struggle. So I'm telling you now, because it's too much to bear alone.*

*I daydream about you and me in bed, making love. I think about us having sex a lot. It's a ridiculous thrill to imagine. I don't know where it all came from. I don't know if it's normal. Maybe you feel or think the same things sometimes. If you don't, then please never mention this. Act as though it never happened or I swear I'll die.*

*I'm just telling you because I feel I have to, and because I need to not go crazy over feelings that might be utterly stupid. But remember that I love you, mom. And please try not to murder me once you've read this. I might die from that too!*

*Love always;*

*Anthony*

# Chapter 1

'Oh, my heart,' Maddie muttered in the silence of their kitchen, the letter trembling in her hand, but she could not tear her eyes away; not for a minute. She remained glued to the spot, though her feet seemed unsure of the solid tile flooring beneath them. Still, despite her sudden faintness, for the impossibility of her shock, Maddie couldn't make this about her. She couldn't not love the boy, or care for his feelings.

'Bless him, what is he going through?' she asked the silence. It didn't answer, as expected, and so she counted on herself, to try to empathise with him. How could he want her like this - Maddie who had long ago gradually set aside the woman to become the mother, the lonely single mother whose life no man wanted part of?

How her own heart pounded from that day, and from the moment her eyes flitted over some of those words, and as her imagination fuelled by those words conjured up such images, until the time sleep finally took her much later that

night. She had to steady herself, all of her 5'8" against the counter-top where the boiling hot kettle steamed from its spout, and wait to catch her breath.

And the seed that had grown and flowered inside her then 17 year old son, was now planted within her too, because for how screwed up his mind must have been - how twisted his heart and how helter-skelter that damned anxiety of his, and his pure, unspoilt virgin heart - there was no denying his love, his passion, his raw need (like hers once), and his eloquent way with words. But it could never happen. These things could never be more than a boy's dream.

Yes, she understood that boys dreamed of these things. Boys, according to some, even grew to seek and to marry their mothers in some ways. A boy's mother was the first adult woman in his life, the first sexual creature. But that's where Maddie became confused, because Anthony had become in time the end of her sexuality. What did he really see in her that she couldn't see in herself?

It was a battle the night he came home, expecting who knew what, summoning the courage to act as both his mother and

his absent father. Something told Maddie deep down that she was going to end up being his personal doctor too, because this was going nowhere near any family therapist. She'd find another way.

Good lord, imagine dragging your own pubescent son to a doctor to talk about the wrongs of wanting to fuck his mother. Imagine the burning shame of a therapist trudging through your family secrets every week, talking about it non-stop. The thought was ten times more terrifying than the matter itself, so no, that wasn't going to happen.

But thank the heavens, he had taken it extremely well, because Anthony was his mother's son, and because even the part of him that was still Bill Calloway - magically disappearing insurance salesman extraordinaire - had achieved the impossible and grew to respect and be loyal to his mother.

In appearance he was more like Bill too, with his sandy brown hair and hazel eyes, as opposed to her paler skin and intense dark chocolate contrasts. Only their hands

appeared much the same as she reassuringly held his in hers, ever faithful and unconditional.

'Anthony, I do understand,' she remembered saying all those years ago, despite her confusion. 'I do understand. Girls go through something similar with their fathers sometimes, but there's a reason it isn't talked about.'

'I know, mom,' he said blankly, but not out of ignorance. Shame was not alone in him. He was exhausted with worry for what he had done, for what he was experiencing. She understood that much as clear as the day.

'I am so flattered that you love me and that you can tell me, and you're perfectly healthy in every way, I'm certain of that. But you'll make the right woman lucky when it's time. It's just that she can't be me...'

'I know.'

'I'm your mother, sweetheart,' she gently reasoned with a kind smile. 'Can I give you a hug?' Maddie asked then, before the silence between them chilled to a freeze.

And only for the briefest of moments did Anthony's eyes meet hers. He couldn't look at her, not right away. Still, his body language spoke good enough of his feelings, as he leaned hopelessly into his mother and dared to give as good as he got; squeezing her so hard.

Little did she imagine just how intensely Anthony felt that moment, and the boy was dying inside like neither of them could have believed. 'I'll give you this much, you do know how to write a beautiful love letter,' she whispered in his ear and was surprised to hear him laugh. It felt hot against the flesh of her shoulder, even through her blouse. And Anthony died a little more.

We'll be okay, she thought. We'll get through this. This wasn't the end of it, not so soon. You didn't just switch these things off, but they'd been through worse.

And that was Maddie and Anthony Stevens eight years ago.



## Chapter 2

Now Maddie was forty-six and Anthony twenty five. Things had smoothed over quite well, to the point where it was as normal and healthy a part of their life as anything else. When extraordinary becomes the norm, like Maddie bringing her one surviving son up alone, playing both mother and father and holding down the fort in the shadow of abandonment, extraordinary tests did not intimidate. They were signs of an extraordinary family, and that was the Stevens family through and through!

Now Anthony was a literary editor and ghost writer, popular amongst the west coast celebs despite his relative youth, and making more than just a living for himself. Any Z-lister and Twitter personality pitching an "autobiography", his name was making the rounds. He had struck lucky, making a few good contacts through his fiancée Debbie's father, who was himself a long-established literary agent. Sometimes it was all about whom you knew.

Sadly though, an unforeseen and unfortunate event, Debbie and Anthony weren't to be. They drifted apart almost as quickly as it came together. Maddie loved Debbie. She was so happy for the two of them, because of how happy they both seemed. In the end it was amicable and they parted ways for each other's sake, for their remaining youth. Still, Anthony was devastated.

'What are you going to do about living arrangements?' Maddie asked during the all-important phone call. She hated to press him, but he needed to know his options and she needed to know that he was in the right mind.

'Well we sold the apartment and split everything necessary. I've been staying in a rented apartment downtown, just getting on with it,' Anthony said, leaving no fat on his words.

'I hope it's not expensive,' Maddie hinted.

'I'm not sweating the rent. It's very basic.'

Maddie had a thought she wanted to put across to him. Absently she ran a fingernail gently across her bottom lip as she listened and waited for her turn. 'Why don't you come stay with me; keep the old lady some company? Surely you could do with not being miserable on your own right now.'

"You're not old", he might have said at one point. It wasn't that saying it never got old. Hitting a brick wall was got old. Her refusal to be anything but the old lady that she wasn't; that's what had gotten old.

'I don't know,' Anthony reacted without hesitation, but also notably without any real conviction. 'I've kind of appreciated being alone lately Maybe it's what I need.'

Maddie believed otherwise. 'Really?'

'Well, yeah, I've just wanted to be alone the past couple of months actually...'

Depression, Maddie thought instantly - suffering the inevitable from start to end, and taking it on himself like he always has. 'Come sleep over for the weekend at least. I'm lonely too and thinking about us.'

Thinking about us? Did she really say that? Anthony ran it by himself once again. What did she mean by "us"?

'Really?' he asked.

'Yeah,' Maddie murmured, like it was no big deal. But that was the appeal. It needed to be no big deal right now. You couldn't force any kind of positivity that wasn't really there, just do your best and then hope for the best. 'Grab some clothes, get in the car, bring your work with you if you really must - but just come spend some time with your mom!'

Anthony stalled. 'I don't know about my workload right now.'

'What have I just told you?' his mother pressed. 'Please, baby, I miss having you around. Surely you'd rather be here than there.'

## Chapter 3

A thousand memories and worries must have ran through Anthony's mind from the beginning of his drive to Kerns, Portland, but for the life of him he couldn't think why - didn't want to think why!

Music passed most of the six hour drive, if not the discomfort of his ass becoming fussily undecided whether to pain him half the way or to fall asleep altogether. So once every hour he'd pull over and stretch, maybe even grab a coffee. Anthony was drinking a lot of coffee lately, but not to stay awake. It seemed the only thing that motivated him, in large doses.

It was three quarters of the way back home, back to whence he came, that the mixed thoughts and feelings began to

swirl into place and to make sense to him. Why should he be nervous about going home to his mother?

Whether it was frowned upon or not, for a man down in the dumps to seek some comfort from family, didn't bother him. Maybe he was seeking something else, or even purposely to avoid something else, hence his slight apprehension.

There was that awkward little history, the dark times he went through, and now there was the disintegration of his love life which left him realising that he felt guilty for ever having left. Now that he floated about in life, with only a good job - a great job in fact - to anchor him down, Anthony knew only that he had no idea where he was headed, but that he didn't dare admit that he was both guilty and happy to be headed back to the safety of those old four walls.

He and his mother were frank with each other. They were as honest as any ordinary people could be with a little power of expression in one hand and a little trust in the other. Maybe he dreaded the honesty to come, but then maybe his undoing - if that was coming to him - would just

leave him to rebuild from the ground up. Maybe that was for the best...

Or maybe his anxiety just wouldn't shut up and let him coast into the next verse of this chapter of his life with only as many fucks as he had pots to piss in. Yeah, I'm afraid, he admitted to himself as he arrived in Kerns and more memories came flooding back.

'For one weekend only, Mr Bigshot is back to cry away his woes and accept defeat,' Anthony mumbled to himself as he pulled up at his mother's house. 'Step right up and observe his misery!'

## Chapter 4

'You got a smile for your mom?' Maddie asked nonchalantly as she left their embrace at the porch door. Anthony offered his best under the circumstances, a wan curl of the corners of his eyes and his lips, with which the fairness of his skin appeared almost sickly.

Of course, he was tired after his long drive. Maddie smoothed his shirt where her body had crumpled against his with one quick hand and returned the smile with the effort it was worth. She didn't want to fake it. You couldn't fake anything in the presence of depression on any level, and she had learned that the hard way. Empathy was easier when you knew from experience.

'Go shower and take a load off. You come see me when you've had a little rest,' she ordered and sent him upstairs. 'We'll order dinner this evening. I'm too beat myself to make the effort tonight.'

'It's good to see you, mom,' Anthony tried with a little gratitude. And he couldn't help notice that though she was still the same woman she had always been, that specifically she was still so young and healthy and in fantastic shape. 'I am happy to be here, even if I don't look it right now.'

'You don't need to look happy, Anthony,' she assured him. 'Just be here.' With that she left him to his own devices. Anthony headed up the stairs and into his old room and began to unpack.



He didn't know what to do or what to say. Little did he know that his mom downstairs was thinking the same thing. What was with the awkwardness? Had either of them missed something?

An hour later, the clock struck five. Showered and fresh, Anthony had taken his mother's advice and taken a little nap, which was nothing more than an excuse to lie on his bed and contemplate what the weekend held in store. It felt surprisingly good to be back in that faithful old bed, so much that any hopes of conjuring any useful thought soon disappeared.

Blissful dark soon captured his mind and whisked him off to where ruminating voices turned to daydreams, and where daydreams spoke solely for themselves. Even then, there seemed no time for them to grow committed to their own obscure cause.

'So when are you going to eat me out?' a voice asked from somewhere outside of the void. That startled Anthony, who suddenly awoke blurry eyed to find his cock was hard,

straining against the bath towel around his waist and threatening to unravel him.

'Huh?'

There was a knock on the bedroom door then. That was definitely real. Before he could respond, Maddie popped her head around the swinging door and asked, 'any thought as to what you want to eat out?'

'Err...'

'Oh I'm sorry, did I wake you?' Her eyes flitted down his body ever so quickly. There was no denying what caught her attention. Her plain expression, still captivating to him, didn't change in the slightest. But almost deliberately she didn't look away for one very long second. All Anthony seemed able to do was to lie there and to shrug in his dazed state.

'Yeah I guess I snuck off for a few minutes.'

Still Maddie let her gaze rest on her son's finely toned body for a moment before excusing herself with a smile. It must be nice to have a body like his around, she imagined as though she never did. Debbie must have been lost for ways to occupy herself these days. Without even thinking of what she was doing or how she might have appeared, Maddie turned and left.

What the hell am I playing at? That was the pop question. He's been here not much more than an hour and already you're acting like... like...

Maddie wrung the fingers of one hand with the other, took a deep breath, and headed into her own room where she began rooting around in her underwear drawer for no reason at all - if not only to occupy herself until those thoughts went away.

'Mom, are you okay?' Anthony's voice suddenly alerted her from the rear. He was only a few steps behind her, still clad only in that long towel.

'I'm okay. I'm sorry, Anthony,' she offered, now blushing at having been taken by surprise. 'It's just been so long since anybody else has been here. I'm surprised at myself. I seem to have forgotten how to be around people.'

'Jesus,' Anthony remarked. But he was genuinely concerned. 'What happened?'

'Nothing happened!'

'Are you sure?'

'Maybe I could say it another way,' Maddie supposed. Right now she might as well have been stark naked before her own son, because she had also forgotten how to feel around him too. She had forgotten also how to express her own feelings so openly. 'Literally, the problem is that a whole bunch of nothing has happened for a long time. I feel strange about myself sometimes. I feel stranger around people the longer I go without seeing them outside of work.'

'That's horrible,' was his initial response, as deadpan as it came across.

'It is what it is!'

'No, it isn't,' Anthony insisted. 'It's shitty. How long have you felt this way?'

'I haven't been carving notches,' she reacted proudly. 'I don't know. A few months?' It seemed longer, but why talk semantics about what she didn't really want to talk about? Maddie didn't want this to be about her, not now that her son needed her.

'Is there anything I can do?' Anthony asked, searching her eyes with his. Her mouth moved. Nothing came out. And that was when he reached out to her and wrapped his arms around her, her cheek coming to rest against his bare chest. 'Well shit, mom, we're gonna have to live it up this weekend!'

'Can we get drunk tonight?' Maddie asked, and was surprised at those words, but especially the childish tone attached to them. 'I just need you!'

## Chapter 5

Yes, they could get drunk, and yes there was a valiant effort on Anthony's part. Currently he had the liver of a foie gras goose, if he wasn't headed in that direction, and the booze didn't have the effect he'd needed it to after anaesthetising himself almost nightly against the pains of separation.

By 10pm it was sadly nearly all over. Maddie, now out of shape when it came to drinking anything, let alone wine, was in dangerous territory and trying to sober up before bedtime. Wine did funny things to her. If anything it acted like a truth serum, and made her want to talk about the things she often thought and felt, but kept to herself.

Maddie figured that she just needed to entertain, be it a person or a thought. And then sometimes she just yearned

to be entertained, because everyone deserved a pipe-dream at the least.

The time for much needed laughter was past. Good old alcohol, the social anaesthetic to every struggling schmuck from the gutter to the stars, had worked its magic, and they had talked of old memories of childhood, school, of Aunt Shonda's facial herpes, and Kanye's not-so-secret secret appreciation for having his salad tossed.

Somehow those two things crossed paths, and maybe because, god damn it, kissing Kim must have been like falling for an ebola monkey at a strip bar.

'Being around all these famous people doesn't seem to have affected you,' Maddie noted when the subject later moved to why he and Debbie drifted. 'What is that like?'

'They're not real,' Anthony said, happy to take a detour from the morbid talk. 'It's just fake personalities and publicity. They cater to what they think people love them for, which they also think is nothing but spending stupid amounts of money.'

'Well people are shallow,' Maddie pointed out.

'And so long as they have more money than brains, I have a career,' he smirked and toasted with a beer.

'It wasn't the sex, was it?' his mother asked out of the blue.

'Huh?'

'The sex wasn't bad!' she assumed.

Trying not to appear fazed, Anthony shook his head but struggled to answer. Again he was taken aback. 'No the sex was amazing. Lovemaking actually, mom; I'm a gentleman now don't you know.'

'Sex is sex. Sex is good for you. Sex is fun,' Maddie shot off, eyes peering into her drink and then surprisingly piercing her son's questioning gaze. That caused him to look away before he blushed. And now Maddie was thinking of other



things again, or maybe she hadn't stopped thinking of those things. She sighed. 'You don't make love all the time, you know?'

'You don't?' That truly puzzled him. Her eyes sparkled in that moment.

'You make love to consummate, but it isn't just love that you consummate.'

'I'm drunk and don't know what you mean,' Anthony admitted and welcomed the explanation. His mother grinned momentarily, met his eyes again, and then settled there as she carefully chose her words.

Under the circumstances, it also crossed Anthony's mind that if it wasn't for faithful old alcohol, he might not have been so comfortable having a 1 on 1 with his own mother on the subject of sex and what it meant to her.

'People make love for the first time to show each other how they feel,' she began. 'And they make love involuntarily,

controlled by their feelings rather than choosing to make them be known. Older couples also make love to make up for the absence of physical love. If you force it, if you pretend, then it's not lovemaking, because love is only as strong as it is fragile.'

'What about making love just for the sake of it?'

'Well in my experience, sometimes a girl just needs to be turned on and ruined, and you shouldn't keep her in suspense,' Maddie responded without really thinking about it. She really must have been too drunk to hear herself. 'So, how was the sex? I have to ask,' she grinned. 'Debbie never fooled me with her innocent looks!'

'We ruined each other a lot. But now that you make me look at it like that,' Anthony paused for thought, 'we probably tried too hard towards the end...'

'We always do in the end,' Maddie consoled. 'So enjoy what you have when you have it.'

'Well I'm not enjoying anything right now,' Anthony lamented.

'I haven't had the chance to enjoy any sex of any kind in a very long time,' Maddie chimed in on his misfortune. 'I suppose I'm too old now...'

'You're not.' Anthony's nostrils flared. A suppressed gasp exited his nostrils. 'Here you are telling me about the ins and outs of lovemaking and relationships, my mom, the sex therapist,' Anthony remarked, 'but you refuse to think a good thing about yourself.'

But then he was beginning to feel bold, seeing that she could be so open when it came to his life. 'So, you've not had any good sex lately, mom? When's the last time?'

'I almost did around the time you were seventeen, but I decided against it...'

That explanation lingered for some reason. 'Why?' Anthony demanded.

'Because it wasn't right.'

'Why wasn't it right?' Anthony demanded.

'The timing - we had other things that mattered more at the time.'

'Who was he?' Anthony demanded. She didn't play ball.

## Chapter 6

Midnight struck. Maddie and her son were both high and dry by that point. All the alcohol was gone, and they were beginning to sober up a little. For a long while they had fallen silent and just revelled quietly in each others' company.

Once in a while came a hug and a kiss, an "I love you", and "I'm glad you're here".

'Sleepy?' Anthony, who was quite awake, asked his mother.

'Not particularly,' she said quietly but then stood up. 'Wait here a moment,' she muttered almost to herself. 'I have something I want to share with you...'

Anthony hung in suspense, and in the still of her absence, still wondered why this place felt strange to him, as if he wasn't entirely here. He supposed that maybe he had moved on since. That was probably why.

When she returned, Anthony saw a sheet of old writing paper in her possession. Maddie looked at him with no particular expression and perched herself on the sofa beside him again, a little closer. She handed him the letter and then as soon as his eyes settled on the first two words, it all came rushing back...

"Dear mom..."

'I kept it all these years...'

'Ohhhh shit,' Anthony gasped and flushed a sudden radiant red deep in his cheeks. 'Mom, why?'

'Read it, please,' she pleaded calmly. 'I'd like you to read it and remember.'

Anthony read it; the love letter he'd once wrote to his mom, confessing not only his intensely deep feelings for her as his mother, but also his desire to make love with her. Harder and hotter, he blushed beside her. He'd have been lying, had Maddie asked, if he could bear to read every word. His mind froze two thirds the way through.

'Why did you keep this?' he asked, his tone and his expression both of incredulity. His eyes wide and searching met hers, calm and proud.

'Because it's the only love letter anyone ever wrote me,' she declared. 'Because I find it beautiful to this day; because it makes me think in ways I'd never thought before that day, even though it terrified me at first!'

'You didn't show this to anyone, did you?' Anthony panicked.

'No, it's still our secret. I had to keep it to myself. It was written for me, and me only.'

Anthony's heart hammered. So did hers. His eyes returned to the letter. "I daydream about you and me in bed, making love". He groaned then, not only for how tacky it now sounded in his mind, but also for the fact that it got a sudden rise from within the confines of his shorts.

'You were only young,' she said from his side, but right now she sounded distant. And he didn't hear what she was saying, only the suggestion of some sort of excuse, or platitude. 'You didn't understand what you were asking.'

'Well I'm sober now,' he quipped. His mom chuckled under her breath and ran her hand smoothly down his forearm until it reached his hand and safely took away the letter. She

set it on the arm of the sofa beside her and returned immediately to her son.

'So am I, mostly,' she said gazing. 'So tell me something - you never stopped feeling that way about me did you?'

Again Anthony blushed, but managed to control himself. If she was going to take him apart, now was as good a time as any. 'No.'

She only smiled at him, though blushing furiously all the while; a rarity considering the pure fairness of her skin. 'I know. I always knew. I've always thought about it.'

'Mom, please just say it.'

Maddie thought hard about it one last time. Now really was as good a time as any. Her smile beamed before easing off as she studied his radiance, his tired eyes; the pain in them. As good a time as any...



As good a time as any because her stomach would always wind up into knots at the thoughts she had. Talking about it now, having summoned up the courage, those knots were nothing compared to the lead weight in her stomach.

'You just weren't old enough, and that was why I did what I did - to do the right thing!' Maddie explained. Anthony just watched, perfectly still where he sat, and listened. Not for the first or second time, he wasn't sure of what he was hearing. 'If you were eighteen or older, I'd have probably let you...'

'Mom, are you saying this to make me feel less weird or...'

'No hopes of that happening, babe, but I just think you need to hear this before I'm sober enough to remember saying it, okay?'

'Okay,' Anthony agreed uncomfortably.

'You loved me so much and I understood how you felt, and what you were going through,' Maddie went on, opening

the emotional floodgate. Her heart now raced, her veins laced with fear and adrenaline, and yet it felt liberating. 'And in my mind, I wished I could let you have what you wanted, to make you as happy as I possibly could. And I even wondered what good it might do me. I had needs too!'

'I have no words,' Anthony responded dumbly, flipping the words from his mouth with a bone-dry tongue. Then his mother sighed, smiled tiredly, and cupped one smooth cheek in the palm of one hand.

'You don't need any. You do need sleep though, and so do I. I'm going to bed,' she finished and stood up to leave. 'Don't leave it too late...'

## Chapter 7

Sleep? Ha!

Who was sleeping off that red pill? Not Anthony. And for a while neither did his mother, who couldn't believe she'd

had the strength to exhume those old thoughts and feelings, for her own son to see.

When the initial shock was out of the way she found herself taken aback by the new thoughts and feelings creeping in, and the questions that swirled around in her mind. Was this some next step in her own evolution, or a step towards something else inevitable?

Anthony, heart thumping in the dark, and a weight in his gut no different from the one his mother felt, was hard as a rock. That was no surprise, considering what had been affirmed that night. What did surprise him was how he now scared himself, in his ruminations, out of touching himself; of seeking relief.

Honestly, he had no idea how he would sleep, or even find his way safely into the next day, and what the future would hold beyond then. He imagined her only playfully forgetting what she'd said, and teasing him towards the point of wanting to remind her in so many words...

"You're making a big deal", she might have said. "It can't have been anything if I don't remember what I said. Tell me, if you really must; what did I say?"

"You told me you'd have sex with me if I was old enough", he would remind her. But then; "Were you actually serious, mom?"

"Well..." a stealthily seductive smile would stretch her lips from their usual contemplative pout. "You certainly are old enough now..."

Go the fuck to sleep, Anthony commanded of himself, before he went out of his mind. His still-hard beating heart wouldn't let him, though, and neither would the part of him fuelled by the things he saw in his imagination; not just what he imagined hearing and saying.

# Chapter 8

'Sleep well?' came the voice from beyond the black. Anthony had a time of waking up, dragging himself up through that veil of deep sleep and into the sunlight blinding him even before he could will his eyes open.

He knew that he'd heard his mother speaking to him. He sensed her there. And again, yet again, he sensed the shameless glory he was sporting. He was almost too stiff to move, not that he wanted to start waving it around in front of her.

'Hmmm,' he groaned, 'not really...'

'Oh, I wonder why that was,' she said, unmoving and so making her place in the room hard to figure. Anthony opened his eyes cautiously to the sun-drenched scene and saw her milling about, looking out through the bedroom window.

You know why, surely, he wanted to say, but thought better of it. She had to know the effect last night's talk had on him. He just wondered if she was going to pretend after all not to recall any of it.

'What time is it?'

'Just gone eleven,' Maddie's smooth tones came back from a distance. She was in her own world, or caught up with whatever had her attention outside. 'I thought about waking you sooner but you weren't moving at all and I figured you must have needed it.'

Anthony turned and looked at her. From the corner of his eye as he lay in bed he had figured she was dressed down in one of her little white vests with the stringy little straps - which always accentuated both curves and tone. Maddie was in shape, but importantly she had shape.

He could see that now more than ever when he caught a close-up view of her standing there in her panties, a thin garment filled out by her considerable hips and pear-

shaped ass. Or what were those she was wearing? Naturally, he asked.

'These old things,' beginning her reply, led Anthony to disagree. They looked pretty new. They weren't the type of panties a sexless single mother wore, unless she was out to impress. 'These are called boy-shorts, honey,' she said with a pendulum swing of her hips.

'Black lace, and transparent,' Anthony mused, and hoped she caught onto his suggesting tone. When she turned to him, he caught a faint triangular patch of darkness at the V between her thighs. Anthony realised that he was looking right at her trimmed pubic patch, from not even a meter away.

'Does son approve?' she teased, hiding a smile. It seemed almost cruel.

'You'd only have to flash those and you'd get laid,' he said without really thinking about how it would sound, but still to his surprise.

'Aren't you bold, considering the drunk talk we had last night...'

'Oh you remembered?' Anthony asked, hoping that his erection would soon subside. He was getting tired of hiding himself, especially wondering whether she had already caught another eyeful while he was still sleeping. He had to wonder. Was this some game?

Maddie wanted to deny it, but at the same time she wanted to leave it out there. She smirked and cleared her throat, and then with a hint of resignation, 'I remember some. You might have to jog my memory, because wine mixes things up for me.'

He laughed it off, assured her, 'you behaved,' and sat up, running a hand through the scruff of messy short hair on top of his head.

'But did you?' she asked and the question hung in the air.



'I think I managed,' he offered.

'So, Debbie never wore anything like this for you?'

Again, caught off guard, Anthony searched for anything to fill the silence. He didn't find it in the V above his mother's thighs. He looked away before she caught him, but was too late. 'She knew how to wow, but...'

'But...'

Two can play this game, he thought. 'Well, let's face it, mom; a woman doesn't have to dress to be attractive if her man is already attracted to her, aaaand...'

He stalled, short for courage. 'And?' his mother asked.

'I just don't always see the point of dressing up to get naked,' Anthony surrendered. The mood was gone. He didn't want to tease or to be teased. Not thinking about Debbie!

'So are you saying that if my man saw me all gift-wrapped, he wouldn't want to undo me?'

'Shut up,' Anthony said, suddenly barking with laughter. His cheeks were bright red and he didn't know where to look. 'Get out, please, I want to get up and shower!'

That was more like it, Maddie thought to herself, just as caught up in the moment. His laughter was an immediate relief, and not just for the awkwardness. What else was so evident was his emotional pain. It was a relief to her that he could still cope healthily enough.

'Get out!' he commanded her again, but Maddie wasn't having any of it.

'What are you gonna do, spank your old mom?' she dared with a little wiggle of her tush.

'I'm naked under here,' Anthony blushed, pointing at the covers crumpled up in his lap.

'So what - you shower in a scuba suit?'

'Mom!'

'Go on, show me some ass, it's only fair,' she giggled.

'It's not my ass I'm hiding,' Anthony slipped, now getting to his feet with the bed sheet around his waist, trying to usher his mother through the bedroom door.

'Uh-huh,' Maddie voiced her doubtlessness, and before Anthony could react quickly enough, she had whipped the sheet away and bolted for the door, leaving him standing there defeated and buck naked.

And Maddie, who was now laughing her way from his bedroom to her, had made no mistake. He was still pretty hard under there, and he was pretty long too, and she was soon pretty moist as a result.

She could only begin to imagine the sex he and Debbie had, or used to. A confessed love-maker and ruiner, a romantic who seemed to care as much about feeling something as he did about the visual aspect of sex, and clearly gifted. Anthony was anything but average.

That girl must have ruined him a fair few times as well, to say the least. Thinking about it, in maybe a little too much graphic detail, Maddie told herself when the laughing subsided that she had to draw a line.

That thought went out the window when Anthony crept by the bedroom door, on his way to the bathroom, sporting a fuller and heavier looking erection. And in the flicker of a gaze, he saw that she saw it, and she saw that he saw her looking!

# Chapter 9

How do I tell her that I somehow know the game she's playing?

How do I tell her that she's teasing me and I know it?

How do I tell her that I know what she's thinking?

How do I tell her that I'm still thinking the same?

All these questions ran through Anthony's mind as he towelled off his hot, steaming flesh, beaded and glistening from his shower. Accepting himself as some despicable dog, he knew it was so hard to stop obsessing like he'd learned to all those years ago, and yet now he was at it again.

If the door was open right now, would she need an excuse to walk in and take another look? She seemed fixated from the moment he opened his eyes, and she wasn't acting herself.

My mom wants me and she knows it and she doesn't know how to handle it; that was the final thought that played on his mind, and for the rest of the day it played on loop while he noted all the signs.

He couldn't deny that he somewhat invited the increased closeness. He was smiling more, genuinely felt happier, and didn't need encouraging to play along with this strange chemistry now playing out between them.

There was the slightest of touching at every natural opportunity, and failing that; "give mom a hug!"

And despite the fact that Anthony did have work to get on with, and she would give him his space and time to do it, she was there every hour reminding him to take a break, with a scruff of the hair, a kiss on the cheek, or a hug out of the blue from behind.

# Chapter 10

At dinner that night she pulled off another surprise, though he supposed the conversation would arise soon enough. 'I want you to think about maybe moving back in until your situation gets better. Would you think about it?'

Anthony was once again at a loss. The fact was, though, and would likely always remain, that he enjoyed his independence, no matter in what capacity. Maddie spotted his reluctance before he even spoke. 'I don't know, mom. It's not that I wouldn't like to, but for a start it would be a little bit more difficult to travel more for work. But wouldn't I get in the way here?'

'I don't mean forever. I just mean while you're alone. You got no love on your own. It can be unhealthy when you're unhappy.' Maddie was toying with her food in a way that made it somehow look like work and that was where her concentration appeared to remain, so not to pressure her son. 'It'd be cheaper on living. You can be just as miserable

here but still have someone to pick up the slack on laundry and cooking...'

'You drive a hard bargain, lady,' Anthony mused.

So hard, Maddie thought, and then stifled a sudden laugh. Her son eyed her suspiciously. 'Just think about it. No pressure,' she concluded before she made the mistake of driving him away.

'So what do you want to do tonight?' Anthony asked first, to her surprise. And so it concluded, or you could say that it began, with a scenic evening drive some forty miles to Boring, Oregon.

Boring is what the kids might call it too, but behind the wheel Anthony was enjoying himself and able to ease his mind a while as his mother enjoyed the music, her favourite classic Fleetwood Mac songs, and the view - filled with quaint old houses and lush green.



'Do you know what Boring has going for it?' she asked on the way back as the dusk began to ease in. 'Nobody wants "boring". Nobody wants to be associated with "boring". They rave about the money and glamour, and Boring probably has it better than any of them.'

'What do you want, though, mom?' Anthony asked.

'Oh I don't know...'

'Lacy Knickers, Oregon?' That made her laugh.

'Please, I am Lacy Knickers, Oregon, in case you missed it.'

'I couldn't exactly miss you hanging around my bedroom in your tiny panties, mom,' he said with a smirk, and then cracking immediately beneath her testing glare, 'not that there was anything wrong with that...'

'It's just that you prefer no knickers,' she retorted wickedly. Anthony blushed, and didn't deny it.

'Seems you saw more than I did this morning,' Anthony recalled. Then it was Maddie's turn to blush, but it was more a hot flush, followed by a brief silence.

'Not that I'm complaining either...'

She's going to drive me mad, he thought, picking up the speed and winding back the homeward miles. Maybe it was that he was eager to not have to concentrate on the road anymore, but Anthony was looking forward to getting back to those home comforts, but it seemed to be that whatever seemed to be in the air between he and his mother also belonged there too. He was beginning to sense it tangibly now.

And soon Maddie came out with another pearl of the unexpected.

'Did you ever think about whether it would have been weird if we'd had sex?'

'No,' said an anxious Anthony. 'I'd never thought about it too hard.'

'I'm your mom, you're my son,' Maddie weighed up the reality, 'and you'd not let that bother you? You're really attracted to your mom that way?'

'I only cared about making you happy,' he replied.

'Me too,' she assured. 'You seem okay talking about it now,' she noted. Anthony nodded.

'You think a lot about it too,' he observed.

'I do, a lot,' she admitted. 'I'm quite comfortable with it all now really. Though I don't know what that means.'

'You are? Is that a good thing?' Anthony asked. There was a long pause...

'Judging by how wet it makes me?'

Of all the things Anthony's mom chose to share, there was no avoiding this. And there was no way he could have prepared for it either. One moment growing tired behind the wheel, now he was jolted suddenly alive, and bolt upright in his seat, his heart rapid-firing.

'How long 'til we get home?' Maddie asked her son as he gripped the steering wheel tight.

'About fifteen minutes...'

'When we get back, do you want to find out just how wet this is making me right now?'

One word escaped her son's lips then, one dry and breathless, 'yeah!'

Maddie nodded too, accepting what was now an unavoidable certainty. It had to happen. She couldn't take it anymore; neither of them could.

# Chapter 11

She never imagined it would come to this - never imagined she could let it, let alone to steer their relationship in this direction. Those fifteen minutes home were the most tense and surreal of her life, and the silence between them spoke louder than words. When they got home, though, she was far from changing her mind. She was on fire, burning from the pit of her belly like a furnace had been stoked.

And when she swung one leg out of the open car door, followed by the other, and walked toward the house, she could feel her extreme upper thighs slipping and sliding together, slick with arousal. There would be no resistance, not from her mind and not from her body.

Maddie made for the front door, careful to make sure that her son was close behind, and turned to smile as if to reassure him. It was okay, and it was going to be okay. She wanted this as much as he did, though more if that was now possible.

Fishing out her key and sliding it carefully into the lock, she took her sweet time, marvelling at just how strange it all seemed, and yet how casual. She felt his heat over her shoulder, Anthony's hot breath radiating down her neck, as he stood over her and composed himself in the silence.

'Are you hard?' she almost whispered, turning the key. Heavily he continued to breathe.

'Impossibly,' came the reserved reply. Maddie let out a little moan, barely audible enough for him to notice, but he did, and he couldn't believe his ears. Now they were indoors, with the door closed behind them and his mother turned on the light, to dispel the night's early shadows. Her eyes in the dim light of the hallway were no less intense as she studied the boy who had fallen so hopelessly for her all those years ago.

Now she was ready. Now it was right. Or maybe now she was just too horny fantasising about it that he was the only one who was going to sate her darkening lust.

'I can't stop thinking about riding you,' she gasped, making her way cautiously back to him at the foot of the stairs. Head tilted so she could retain eye-contact with Anthony, her hand went to the crotch of his pants where she could feel in the palm of her hand, the hot hard mound of his desire for her; the thing she was talking about riding.

Flinching at first, but only by physical reaction, Anthony couldn't believe that this was really happening. Now his own mother was rubbing her hand up and down his length through his pants, telling him these things all the while, and it was a wonder he hadn't burnt out on adrenaline already. He wanted her so badly, more so that he now knew the feeling was undeniably mutual, and yet he was afraid to touch her that way.

'I can't get it out of my mind,' she went on.

'Do you want it out of your mind so bad?'

'No,' she replied quickly enough. 'Do you want to do this in my bed?' Maddie asked. 'You really need to feel with this thing just how hot and wet your mother is.'

'Yes I do,' Anthony answered both, escorting her up the stairs. And Maddie wasted no time. Climbing each step she began loosening her clothes, as if casually headed for a quick shower. She could have done with one of those by that point - a cold, sobering shower - but what was coming to her would have her shivering and gasping all the same.

Behind her Anthony was somewhere between helping her out of her clothes and unfastening his own. A shoe audibly tumbled to the bottom of the stairs, followed by another, and by the time they'd crossed that next line, the threshold to her room and to her bed, both of them were in their undergarments and moving for each other.

'Give your mom a hug,' she beckoned, opening her arms to him, in nothing but those tantalising shorts and a matching bra. Anthony was already breathless with the excitement of it all, but managed to control his own deep trembling.

Realising the absurdity of her motherly command, as she meant to have sex with her son, not just to steal a casual gesture of love, Maddie saw his impressive erection



straining to be free of his shorts and mashed her pelvis into his as she melted into his heated body.

'Can I have a kiss too?' she asked as if it might have been too much. That humoured her too. As if a kiss would be out of the question when her soaking pussy was about to be invaded by that thick hard thing now pressing into her stomach.

Anthony was more than aware of her wetness now, his hand daring to roam from her bare hips down her abdomen and over the crotch of her lace-thin panties - hot and wet, just as the forecast predicted, and starving for adventure.

And of course, he didn't have a problem granting his mother a kiss, at first dutifully, then a little more lovingly, and again and again. Maddie licked her lips, breathed and nodded, and, 'let's not waste any more time, shall we?'

# Chapter 12

So damn long! So damn long starved of the real thing and now here she was, ready to swallow it whole with her dripping wet womanhood. And these intense feelings mingling with fear, excitement and apprehension - one more line to cross - the intensity of her arousal now wouldn't let her back out, away from what they were about to do!

Straddling her son's hips, Maddie reached around and tugged down the crotch of his shorts, letting his thick, hot hardness free and then yanking the crotch of her own panties aside to take him.

'I don't know how long this will last,' she moaned. 'It's been a very long time, but this needs to happen now. It just needs to happen, okay?'

Anthony nodded, eyes stricken with wonder and uncertainty, and wanted to tell her that he felt the same. For

what they were about to do, he wasn't so sure he could last five seconds.

'Slow,' he said, grabbing her by the waist as she took him in her comparatively small hand and lined him up with her prominent and fleshy glistening wet lips.

Eight inches he was, and standing perfectly straight at attention, with the foreskin slid back so that his glans stood exposed and so sensitive against the opening to his mother's pink love canal.

'Sensitive are we?' she teased as he flinched against her heat and let out a gasp.

'Just a little,' he laughed and she winked appreciatively.

'Baby makes two. It'll be okay,' she assured and gyrated in circles, her labia coaxing him wetly. And then, 'I'm going to take you in now, okay?'

Anthony could only nod, and stare wild-eyed as his mother's pussy sunk down over every rigid inch. Gripping her tight, he braced himself, feeling her yield with such ease.

'JEEEE-SUSS CHRIST!' Antony groaned as she plunged down and swallowed him whole. She was not wrong about just how wet she was. Despite her delicious tightness, Maddie might as well have melted right onto his rock hard cock before grinding to a halt and biting her lip.

'Mmhhhff,' she sighed.

'Are you okay, mom?' he asked.

And now in Maddie's mind another huge line had just been crossed and both terrified out of her mind and turned on beyond belief, she looked down on her son with disbelief. 'Are you?' he could only nod as his cock twitched strongly within her depths. With that, Maddie began to ride her son slowly, getting to grips with his length, wrapping her head around the situation still, and trying to recall those old

moves reserved for that special men in her life that never came to be.

'I told you I was wet, didn't I?' she asked as her sopping pussy squelched and squirted around his girth.

'I just can't believe any of this right now,' Anthony blurted, guiding her hip movements, otherwise helpless to do anything but let her slide up and down on his tool. All the while his mother rode a little faster, milking him, sucking the life out of him - twitching and pulsating with him!

Grabbing hold of the headboard to her bed, Maddie leaned into her son and began to grind harder, changing the angle to hit that deep little sweet spot. As if her insides weren't being churned up enough thinking about how wrong, how morally fucked, this whole situation was.

Now they were face to face, eye to eye and she was whispering in his ear about how his hands on her ass would really top the moment off. Anything she wished - Anthony cradled her with both hands and coaxed her every back and

forth motion, blissfully lost in their incestuous fucking and the feel of her soft body pressed up against his.

They were getting hotter and heavier, Maddie somehow still getting wetter - or was it that he was just taking a sustained soaking as she rained dripping lubrication all over the bed. Heavy breathing, mouths to ears, the mother/son dynamic became lost somewhere in the heat, and soon they were kissing tongue to tongue, groaning into each others' mouths.

And Maddie was coming so hard, and it was a long time coming, impaled on her son's cock and helpless to the feeling. She wondered then what it would feel like to be swimming by the back teeth with gallons of his seed, like a honeymoon bride.

'Is this what you wanted? Is this what you wanted?' she kept gasping uncontrollably into his ear. 'I wanted this too much,' she confessed, 'for years I wanted you in bed with me, the way you wrote to me; it feels so fucking good, doesn't it?'

'Mom, I'm going to come in you,' Anthony warned, having lost control of his feelings a long time ago. And he was surprised to hear his mother now laughing in his ear as she plunged mercilessly up and down his straining length.

'You calling me mom is fucking turning me on,' she said. 'Is that fucked up, all things considered?'

'I'm serious,' Anthony warned, but also began to laugh.

'Hold that thought,' a breathless Maddie paused and then finally retracted, shivering, from her son's soaking hard cock. Rolling over beside him, onto her back, Maddie lifted her legs into the air and almost tore off her panties, leaving herself wide open for the taking.

'Take your shorts off, lover,' she said with the beckoning curl of a finger, and Anthony was quick to please her, and then again as he positioned himself at the opening to her burning sex once again, ready to continue their lovemaking.

Now her son was nothing but bare flesh, hot to the touch, perspiring and so hard. Maddie's gut welled up at the promise of having him back inside her and it was then that she knew she was hooked.

'You know,' she considered, not that she had to try too hard, 'it would feel nice if you came inside me, if you really wanted to, that is?'

Anthony paused, stared at her uncertainly. But then he didn't need to be asked twice. With a guttural moan they were coupled together again, sliding and clicking, a mess of limbs. Now it was his ass in her hands and she couldn't have tried any harder to stuff him in deep, because now she just wanted to be ruined.

But her son was of another mind, and of course she knew why. His lifelong dream, his fantasy come true - and ultimately theirs shared - like in the love letter he wrote, now he was free to make love to her, his mother, and soon submitting, Maddie decided that the loving was good.



Caressing her slippery wet depths, again his lips touched hers, her hands in his hair, her tongue tantalised his. And as they moved effortlessly together, fizzling sensitively with the electrifying pleasure of heightened stimulation, she opened up further to him, her legs wrapping gently around him.

It felt right. To the both of them it felt natural as anything, and as their synchronised movements made a steady rhythm for their kissing, chemistry played its part and glued them hopelessly together in love.

That letter, she thought! I'm glad I kept it!

Again, parting her lips from his, Maddie moved her mouth to his ear and whispered one last thing Anthony would be left wondering from whence it came. She could never fail to catch him off guard, to take him by surprise and to leave him wondering, and speechless.

'Are you close to coming?' she asked.

'Very,' he gasped.

'Are you going to come inside me?'

'Yes,' he gasped. And he was close, so close that his balls were all but retreating; his cock rock hard, raw and straining.

'Are you going to slide deep into your mother's cervix and fill up my womb when you do?' she asked, bucking her hips to meet his ragged movements. She could feel him growing with every last thrust, stretching her wider. The temptation to let her climax loose was too much to bear.

But that wasn't it, not the thing that would leave him speechless, because he was getting harder, closer, deeper as the suggestion proposed. Anthony was now sliding home fit to burst inside his mother.

'If you stayed after all, and you continued to fuck your mother like you're doing now,' she moaned, 'I'm going to end up wanting your babies, you know.'

The bed ceased to rock, Anthony staring in disbelief, and though still buried deep inside her, he now lay perfectly still. Of all the things to hit him over the head with, why not a piano from a third storey window?

Maddie froze too, as if trapped in time - waiting for a reaction other than the dumbstruck look currently plastered across his flushed red face. He came fast and furious twenty seconds later, asking when she wanted him to move back in, and that was the beginning of Maddie's sex-life, and love affair, with her own son...

Funny what a young boy's foolish little love letter can do when a girl takes some time to think about it!

**THE END**