

Mom, That Was You?

Laura Lovecraft



Chapter 1

"Hey Viv," Carla answered the incoming call as she wearily eyed the line of dead stop traffic between her and the exit. "What's going on?"

"Wow, you sound exhausted!" Her best friend since junior year of high school replied. "Tell me you're not working tonight?"

"No, Tuesdays and Fridays are my nights off," she laughed. "Only the nine hours in the office today, I'm slacking."

"You need to slow down, girlfriend," Viv told her. "You really need those three nights on your feet selling make up at a damn mall kiosk?"

"I'm not having this conversation again. Henry stuck me with the house, Brandon's tuition and our joint credit cards he maxed before he vanished with that skank."

"Not just any skank, his friend's wife," Viv sighed. "I was never a huge fan of his, but Christ that was as sleazy as it gets. Cheated on you and fucked over one of his best friends."

"And bailed on Brandon, we've been over this a hundred times since he left last year."

"Sorry, I just get upset that you're killing yourself and that creep isn't doing a damn thing to help his son."

"He's in Florida where all the other deadbeat dregs run, he didn't fall off the Earth," Carla grunted. "Be better if he did that way I wouldn't be tempted to hunt him down."

"I'll help!" Viv laughed. "I'll hold the gun while you beat the crap out of him."

"Not worth it. At least he signed off on the house so its in my name and he can't touch it."

"So he could get out of having to pay part of the mortgage, and because he conned you into taking money out for him to start his own practice so you don't even have equity. You let him off too easy."

"I want nothing from him and that includes talking about him," she paused and added, "Again."

"Point taken, again," Viv responded. "I guess I'm just bitter for you and Brandon. He's a great kid, deserves a lot better."

"He has better, he has just me now which means its all about him not his middle-aged Peter Pan needy father who wanted everything to revolve around him."

"True, but it sucks he has to work while going to school now. He should be having fun with his friends. College only comes once." She giggled. "And we came a lot in college didn't we?"

"Probably more than I did during my marriage." Carla complained. "Brandon works because he wants to help. I keep telling him to quit, but he insists on making some money and buying things for the house. I gave up talking him out of it."

"Stubborn like his mom. Responsible, and doesn't want a free ride."

"More of a man than his dad ever was." Carla nodded as she spotted an opening in the next lane and shot into it.

"Kid takes better care of you than his father did, that's for sure."

"Yeah, he thinks he's the man of the house now," she cut back across two lanes earning some angry horn blaring but finally

able to take the exit. "I swear he does more housework than I do these days."

"Doesn't take much," Viv snickered.

"Thanks. Did you call for something other than dig up old wounds and insult me?"

"I did and was trying to get there when I joked about college. You get Robin's message on Facebook?"

"The 25th anniversary of Sis?"

"Yup, twenty-five years ago we founded our little off campus sorority, Sisters in Sin."

"Six out of eight of us still live here." She shrugged while taking a left off the exit. "Guess all our talk about getting out of Rhode Island was just talk."

"Robin wants us to get together to celebrate."

"I know, it was in the message, lunch at Twin Oaks on Sunday."

"You're going I hope."

"Supposed to work 12-5," Carla wasn't sure she was up to catching up with people she hadn't seen in person in a long time and having to rehash the crappy last year of her life for them.

"Oh, come on! We do this once every five years, take it off. Get that young ditz that works with you to cover it."

"I don't feel like talking about Henry."

"You're the fifth one out of the six of us to get divorced, and I never married. They've been there and it's the reason I never went there at all," she laughed. "Life is a series of men for me."

"Whatever."

"Besides," her tone grew sly, "Only thing we'll be talking about is the other event Robin has planned."

"What event? We going to do some female mid life crap and go see male strippers?"

"Seeing you're off tonight, how about I come by for some coffee later. I want to tell you in person."

"Oh, Jesus," Carla rolled her dark eyes. "Just tell me now."

"Nope, in person and seeing it's this Friday and this is your only other night off we need to talk tonight."

"I think from the tone I'm saying no without knowing."

"Carla, we've been best friends since we were sixteen. Have I ever steered you wrong?"

"You got us arrested once, almost expelled from High school and put on probation at URI."

"Good times!" Viv laughed. "Come on, Carla at least hear me out, please?"

"Fine, come by around seven. Can I at least get a hint?"

"All I'll say is out of all of us, you're the one who needs this the most." Viv giggled. "See you at seven!"

Chapter 2

"Don't tell me he did it without me!" Carla mumbled when she pulled up to the house and saw the garage door wide open and several trash bags in the driveway.

Sure enough, as soon as she parked, Brandon came out carrying a large cardboard box marked "Good will" and brought it to the old black Ford Ranger pick up he wouldn't part with even though it had high miles, had been dinged up in an accident, and she'd offered to help him get something newer.

"Honey, what are you doing?" she demanded as she exited her Black Rav 4. "I told you we'd do this together on the weekend!"

"Yeah, I know," Brandon dropped the box into the bed of the pickup with several others and closed the tailgate. "That's why I did it now."

"The why being you don't listen?" She followed him as he headed back into the garage, her heels clicking on the cement.

"The why being you're working the mall on Sunday and don't need to spend your one day off cleaning this out."

Brandon plucked a bottle of water out of the small cooler on the floor and chugged half of it.

"You only have one day off too between work and school. Why's it okay for you?"

"I'm younger," he gave her a wicked smirk. "Duh!"

"Watch it, smart ass!" Carla looked around the garage which had been a mess for

months and was now completely organized and even the floor swept.

"Yes, ma'am," he paused to finish the water. "You want me to mess it up again so you can say you cleaned it too?"

"I said watch it," Carla told him. "But thank you, Brandon. I appreciate it."

"I know you do, and I appreciate all you do." He tossed the bottle in the recycling.

"I'm sure Miss Givens across the street appreciates you out here in tight jeans and no shirt."

"It's hot as hell in here even with the door open, and I can't help it if the horny housewife across the street gets a free show." He made a show of flexing.

"Oh, please." Carla rolled her eyes, then laughed when Brandon broke into some awkward dance moves singing;

"Look at that body, look at that body, I'm sexy and I know it!"

"Oh my god, stop that!" she playfully whacked his arm, but couldn't stop smiling. "That's awful."

"Awfully true!" he gave her an exaggerated wink, "How you doin, hot stuff?"

"I'm doin' better now," she wiped at her eye. "You always know how to make me laugh."

"Yeah, but I was being serious. After all, I come from a modeling pedigree. It's in the blood!" He managed a straight face for a few seconds before breaking into a big smile.

"Okay, not really, but I like seeing you happy. You're way too serious these days."

"I can say that about you too," she replied while watching him grab the broom from where he'd leaned it against the work

bench and put it on the rack with the rake and other gardening tools.

Brandon may have been kidding about his looks, but that was because he was a grounded and humble kid. The reality was her son was a damn fine looking young man. His shock of thick short, naturally wavy black hair coupled with his father's odd shade of ice blue eyes, was a sexy combination.

His features were rugged, and he tended to have an intense look on his face even when he was relaxed. That look along with a carefully maintained scruff of growth on his face gave him a bad boy appeal.

Adding to that were the two large tattoos, one on each arm going from his shoulder to his elbow. Both were creepy demon things, and Carla wasn't a fan, but he loved horror and paid for them himself.

Brandon didn't smoke, or even drink, didn't party and had never been in any trouble so she figured if that was the worst

he did, it wasn't that big of a deal. In addition to the intense look and dark ink, her son's physique could gain the attention of any woman.

Years of playing football, hitting the gym and now his night job loading trucks at UPS had contributed to a thickly muscled upper body, and she was sure it wasn't just Lori Givens across the street who watched him when he jogged in just a pair of shorts in the summer.

All in all, Brandon wasn't just attractive, but had the kind of bad boy appeal women of all ages swooned for. It was an ironic look considering he was an absolute sweetheart with a goofy sense of humor, a generous heart, and a gentle nature.

He was a gentleman with the girls, and never got into any fights or trouble with other guys. Part of that might be his looks didn't make him a desirable target, but it was also the fact he'd always seemed mature beyond his years and took nothing anyone said to heart, a bit of an old soul as her mother would say.

Carla's eyes lowered to his jeans which to a mother's eyes were too tight, showing off his ass, and when he turned to face her, she couldn't help noticing the front was as well filled out as the back.

It wasn't a proper thought to have, but it was why she didn't care much for him dressing that way. It was also the thought of a woman because Carla was aware that if Brandon was any young man but her son, she'd be gawking as much as Milf wannabe Lori who had blatantly flirted with Brandon on several occasions.

If she had any doubt about her son's looks, last year when he attended her firms' annual picnic at Goddard Park with her put them to rest. Every woman from young interns around his age to women older than her had been looking him over, and several had remarked to her how attractive he was.

One young girl had done more than remark. Carla hadn't been able to spot him at the picnic area or beach for over an

hour and conspicuously absent was Cindy, the niece of one of her co-workers.

When Carla had teased him later about it, he'd said they'd gone swimming on the other side of the grounds. When she asked if that's all they did, he'd said of course, but couldn't look her in the eye and had blushed.

Carla hadn't been mad; he was 19 and a good looking happy go lucky kid enjoying life. As Viv had joked, Carla had her share of wild and sexy times in high school and college until she'd met Henry just after she graduated and settled down.

That was last year when Brandon went to school, was on the football team, hung with his friends and had a slew of girlfriends. He never saw more than one girl at a time but didn't last more than a couple of months with any of them.

Carla would have liked to see him get serious with someone, but the only thing she pushed on him was never cheat on or

use a girl, if you're dating that's it, and if you want more, then break it off.

Good thing he'd listened to her and not gone by his father's example of carrying on a two year affair with a friend's wife before leaving one night with his computer, clothes and a few personal effects and leaving her a note about how he couldn't live a lie anymore and fled the state with a woman who was as big of a sleazy immoral disgusting piece of shit as he was.

The year since then had caused a big, and understandable, change in Brandon. He quit football so he could work, both were things she'd been adamant he didn't do, but he was hellbent on picking up his father's slack and helping her pay the bills she'd been stuck with.

The only time he spent with friends was online playing games after work, and she hadn't seen him with a girl in months. His grades were still excellent, probably because she'd warned him if they dipped she'd quit his damn job for him.

Between studying, working, and doing far more than his share around the house, Brandon had no life when he should be having the time of his life. The only times she saw him act the way he just had, clowning around, and laughing, were around her to keep her from being "Mama misery".

He called her that when she sank into her bitter moods over Henry and what he'd stuck her with and how he'd left without even a face to face goodbye, slinking out while she was at an overnight conference in New York and Brandon had an out of state football game.

"Hey, over there!" Carla blinked, then flinched when Brandon waved his hand in front of her face. "You having a senior moment?"

"You're not going to live to be a senior you keep going with the old jokes." Carla quipped. "I was just thinking you should be out with your friends, not cleaning the garage."

"I had a good time," he gestured to the pickup. "All those boxes are the shit dickhead left behind. Good to finally get rid of it."

"I'm supposed to tell you not to call your father a dickhead, but..." she gave him a tight smile. "Can't always do what we're supposed to."

"True, and I'm not the only one who needs to do things with friends, you know."

"Viv is coming over later, and I might go out to lunch with her and a few friends Sunday, so there."

"Touché," he nodded. "What about another kind of friend?"

"I told you that's not up for discussion. I'm not ready."

"It's been a year."

"I know, and..."

"And for two years before that, dickhead was boning his slut and barely paying attention to you."

"Brandon, enough!" she snapped. "I know, I was there and don't need to be reminded."

"Sorry," he lowered his head. "I just get mad because he's living it up and you're working and moping a year later."

She put her arm around his bare shoulders. "I'm mad for you too. You should be playing ball and chasing girls. You need that other kind of friend too."

"Hey, I spend every Friday night with a smoking hot cougar!"

"Jeez, and here I am in heels and not my boots." Carla waved him off.

"Seriously, Mom, you were a damn model in your twenties, and you could still do it now if you wanted to. You are way too young and too hot to be alone."

"I'm hot?" she frowned. "Not sure I like you saying that." Then again, hadn't she just been thinking that about him, and only in the purely clinical sense of him being attractive?

"Then find someone else to tell you you're beautiful."

"Wow, now I'm hot and beautiful! Okay, you don't have to flatter me. I'll head in and get dinner started."

"Done," he told her.

"Done? You made dinner?"

"Damn straight I did. I went right into the..." he lowered his voice. "Deli at Dave's and bought the premade lasagna you like. But! I, with my own two hands, went into the house and put it into the oven and set the timer about five minutes before you came home.

He pulled his phone from his hip. "It'll be done in twenty minutes."

"You're awesome, you know that?" she kissed his cheek.

"Got an awesome mom." He grinned. "Hot and gorgeous too."

"Gorgeous." She raised her eyebrows,

"Hey, only a beautiful woman could make a guy as fine as me."

"Get your ass in the house and shower, you're all sweaty and dirty, and make it quick before I eat all the lasagna."

"I threw some of those Pillsbury rolls in there too."

"Have I told you, you're the best son ever?"

"Yes, but keep doing it, I have low self esteem."

"I can tell, mister sexy and he knows it."

"And you're miss sexy who needs to know it."

"Shower," she shooed him away with her fingers.

"I'm going," he picked up the remote closing the garage door, and Carla followed him through the side door that led into the breezeway, then into the kitchen.

"What's with the compliments today?" she asked before he left the room to go upstairs.

"I don't know, I just want you to know that you have a lot to offer someone."

"I feel like there's more to that."

"Because last week made a year and you haven't even been on a damn date. You need to have some fun mom, and I mean that kind of fun."

"Overstepping the bounds there, mister," she warned him.

"You're 45 not 65, and if you don't want dating or drama then just you know, hook up."

"Brandon! I'm your mother."

"You're also a woman, and deserve to be taken care of, and that includes the bedroom."

"Seriously, you're pushing the boundaries of a mom son conversation."

"And it's been way more than a year. God knows that selfish tool wasn't taking care of you."

Carla blinked in surprise at not just the conversation, but the heat in his tone. She'd just been thinking how good natured and laid back he was but had forgotten that his demeanor changed entirely when discussing his father.

"That's not your business, Brandon. I know you're an adult, but what I do in the bedroom is..."

"Or didn't do," he put his hands out. "Look, I heard you griping to Viv on the phone a couple times. Telling her how dad didn't want it and how you were using toys."

"Whoa!" Carla raised her voice. "This stops now, young man!"

He paused and seemed to realize what he was saying. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't talk like that. I just want you to get out there and live, Mom. Meet a nice guy or find a mister right now and just have a good time. I just want you to be happy."

"I appreciate that, but a woman my age, let alone a mom, just doesn't go on Tinder and hook up."

"Why?"

"Huh?" The way he asked had caught her off guard.

"You're single, and I'm twenty, I'm a grown ass man, not like I'm six and need mommy to tuck me in."

"You think a lot different than most kids your age, I'll give you that." She gave him a weak attempt at a smile. "You going to set up a tinder profile for me?"

"Nah, I was wrong about that." He winked. "Maybe more like silver singles, you know for all the old people."

"Shower!" she snapped, pointing upstairs, then swinging at his arm.

With a laugh he dodged her hand and ran out of the room.

Carla sniffed, then hurried over and opened the oven. The rolls were golden brown, cooked well before the lasagna, something Brandon hadn't thought of. With a smile she grabbed a potholder and pulled out the pan.

After covering it with a cloth placemat to keep them warm, Carla left the kitchen and went down the hall into her bedroom. The room had once been the guest bedroom, but after Henry left and she discovered she'd been his sloppy seconds for two years and had slept next to a cheating lying dog, she didn't want to be there anymore.

The room was decent sized, big enough for her to have room for a new queen-sized bed, her grandmother's bureau, and armoire, and had a walk in closet that had formerly been full of Henry's golf clubs, skis and fishing gear, proving she was the hobby he'd been least interested in the last few years.

He'd had the nerve to call her and ask her if he could send one of his friends by to pick it up, but by then Brandon, in a move she loved him for, had taken pictures of everything and sold it all on Craig's list.

Carla closed the door behind her and slipped off her heels. She sat on the edge of the bed and stared down at her red toes, and the silver ring that adorned each middle toe.

She leaned over, slipping them off and unhooked the silver anklet from her left leg. Her regular mani-pedi's and the accessories were her way of trying to feel sexy even though as Brandon had pointed out, and Vivian, and most anyone else she was close to in her life, there had been no sex to be had in far too long.

Being involved in fashion since her first local modeling jobs in college, Carla had always adhered to the motto look good feel good. She supposed she was better at looking good these days than feeling good.

Not that she was in anyway a narcissist-a common trait in many in the industry-but Carla did consider herself an attractive woman who for the most part had stayed in shape and 'held up' well over the years as Henry had so eloquently put it.

Issue was you could look good on the outside, but still be a hot mess on the inside. For years she'd both felt and looked good as she'd gone from modeling and a make up artist to more behind the scenes work as an agent and set designer, putting her education to use as much as her looks and body.

But even before Henry left, she'd felt her marriage slipping away. She would have never thought he'd have an affair, but his interest in her in and out of the bedroom had been waning, and like many women, she'd wondered if it were her.

She hadn't been happy long before he ran off, but after that she'd slid into full blown depression. On the surface, and to Brandon especially, it was masked as anger and bitterness.

He was a smart kid and knew she was also betrayed and hurt, but she never showed that side to him. Carla had never once let him see her cry, something she still did almost a year later, and more out of feeling bad for herself than missing Henry.

She also felt inadequate and still wondered if she lacked something that drove her husband of 22 years to another woman. Logic told her no. Carla was attractive, downright hot when they'd first met, and she was on the catwalk in several major shows on the East Coast.

In addition to her looks, she was ambitious and intelligent, never giving in to the temptation to quit school and model full time, she'd earned her degree in Fashion communications and promotion.

During the three years off she'd taken to stay home with Brandon, she'd taken several writing courses when the agency she'd worked for, RI Dolls, had launched a syndicated magazine where she still worked today, editing and on occasions filling in for the hair and make-up artists and once in awhile getting behind the camera, she'd learned the job in and out and made good money while doing so.

Brandon got his personality from her. In an industry full of cattiness, diva and mean girl cliques, Carla never got caught up in drama. She was laid back, quick with a joke and a smile, and didn't have a mean vindictive bone in her body.

Until Henry had put one there, by putting his bone in another woman.

No, she knew in her mind it wasn't her. Looks, career, sweet, loyal wife, good mom, and for as long as he was interested, a wildcat in bed. But somewhere along the line Henry had chosen working more hours and spending more time on the road then at home.

She often wondered now if he'd cheated on her then with hookers or one-night stands, because that was when things started to cool off between them. They'd been going through the motions even when he stopped traveling and was building his own firm.

This right here was part of the problem, a year later her heart still ached, her self confidence still shattered, and her mind unwilling to simply let it the fuck go. But it was hard to not think of it when even her solid income wasn't enough to cover everything she was stuck with, and she had to take a part time job as a "make up consultant" in a damn mall.

But she'd do what she needed to, and once Brandon was done with school in two years she could drop it, so it was for now, but sometimes for now seemed like an eternity.

"One day at a time," she told her reflection when she stood up and waked over to her bureau. "Or whatever bullshit lie you need to tell yourself."

Carla reached up and unpinned her hair. Giving her head a shake, she sent her long raven dark hair cascading down her back and shoulders and flying about her face. Her dark brown eyes were normally soft but tended to smolder when either her anger or lust was up, meaning it had only been a look she managed when pissed off the last few years.

Her bedroom eyes as several people in the industry had referred to them in combination with her full sensual lips were a seductive combination. Carla's high cheek bones that she accentuated with just a touch of blush gave her a classic beauty, especially when her face was framed with her ebony hair. There were a few strands of gray mixed in with the ebony these days, but screw it, she wasn't going to color it, she'd age naturally.

She'd be more concerned when her face showed signs of getting older, but other than a couple of small 'laugh lines' around her eyes, her features were still smooth, and she felt she could pass for a several years younger than her actual age.

Carla unbuttoned her gray blouse revealing the back lace Victoria Secret bra beneath it. Back to trying to feel sexy. She unhooked the bra and slid the straps down her arms.

She paused for a moment, then playfully whipped the bra off as if she were revealing her breasts to a lover. Instead, she was just showing them to herself. A complete waste considering her breasts were her best feature other than her face.

Things of wonder in her younger years, they were still damn impressive. Large, round, all natural breasts featuring surprisingly small rose shaded nipples that had a cute upturn to them, as if they were looking back at the countless eyes that were always, even these days, staring down at her chest if she wore anything that wasn't exceedingly loose fitting.

Despite their size, her breasts had so far resisted the pull of gravity and were still resting high and proud, or as much as real breasts her size could. They seemed even bigger in comparison to her otherwise slender form.

Carla's waist was only slightly thicker than it had been before Brandon had come along, and her legs, which she revealed by unhooking her long gray skirt and letting it slide to the floor, were long and shapely.

Her thighs were still tight and supple, and her hips had just enough curve to accentuate her narrow waist and give her a nice shape. Carla turned around to grab a pair of shorts from the top of the pile of laundry she hadn't put away yet.

Looking over her shoulder, she took in her ass in her black thong. Like the rest of her body other than her breasts, it was small, perfectly shaped, and still firm. At least all the years of jogging and Yoga had paid off.

Then again, when you were the only one admiring your own body, did it really matter? Now that she was home, she slipped the thong off, and pulled a pair of plain pink cotton panties from her drawer.

As she pulled them on she noted the impeccably landscaped strip of jet black pubic hair over her rosy slit. Carla equated her well maintained and groomed appearance to people mowing the lawn of an otherwise neglected property.

But whose fault was it, she was neglected? Brandon was right, and her thoughts had been exactly what he'd said, she had too much to offer to be single. She'd make a great partner to someone who treated her well and was pent up enough to go full blown porn star on someone in a one-night stand at this point.

But she refused to go out to meet someone, scoffed at dating sites and had politely declined the several men who had approached her when she was out or at networking functions.

No, she might have been a victim of Henry's infidelity and the shock of his sudden departure in the first few months, but right now her loneliness and sexual frustration were all on her.

Carla pulled on the loose-fitting shorts and slipped a simple sports bra on to give her boobs a break from underwire while Brandon was still home. Pulling on an old AC DC T-shirt she looked at her reflection one last time.

"Looking hot, girlfriend," she smiled wryly at her boring mom hanging around the house ensemble.

Speaking of girlfriends, she wondered what Viv wanted to talk to her about. If she wanted to do it in person, it must be something crazy she figured Carla would need to be talked into.

Who knows? Whatever it is, maybe she'd do it. Her life could use a little crazy these days.

Chapter 3

"Okay, so now that we've made some small talk, what's this big event you want to talk me into?" Carla asked Viv over her glass of wine as they sat out on the deck watching the sun sink below the horizon.

Viv, gave her head a toss, flipping her long curly blond hair over her shoulder, then paused to take several long swallows, draining her glass.

"That good, huh?" Carla laughed and leaning over, picked up the bottle and poured her some more.

"Just getting relaxed so I don't want to smack you when you argue with me about not doing this."

"Premedicating?" Carla sighed. "Let's hear it."

"Okay," Viv sat back in her chair, cradling the glass in her lap.
"We have our 25th anniversary coming up, right?"

"Right,"

"Back when we founded our sorority, what did we do for our initiation?"

Carla's eyes narrowed. "We did that sex game, what did Robin call it, "Who is it?"

"Who goes there," Viv corrected her. "It was hot as fuck, no?"

"You're not telling me you want to do that now? At our age?"

"That's exactly what I'm telling you!"

"As the kids say, hell to the no!" Carla cut her off. "Are you fucking crazy?"

"Why is it crazy?"

"Because it is! We're not horny wild little coeds anymore, we're adults."

"Only as young as you feel," Viv smiled. "And if you let me explain, you'll see we'll be feeling young, all right."

"No way," she finished her glass of wine and set it on the glass tabletop. "Count me out."

"Knew you'd pull this shit," Viv grumbled.

"What shit? That I'm a 45 year old professional woman and single mother, and I don't want to relive something I did when I was young and stupid."

"What was so stupid about it? It was hot fun, and you know it!" Viv pointed to her. "We were roommates and when we got back to the dorm you couldn't stop talking about how hot it was! You got that kid to come three times in that damned hour! Told me how you swallowed his..."

"I was there." Carla told her. "And please keep your voice down, Brandon's home and he eavesdrops."

"Oh," Viv lowered her voice. "How do you know that?"

"He said something today that he heard me tell you when you were over here before."

"Hope it wasn't bad."

"It was about me telling you how I had no sex life even before Henry left."

"Why the hell was he talking about that?"

"Same reason you bring up my lack of a sex or social life, he thinks I should be putting myself out there," she shook her head. "Pretty bad when my son is telling me to go for a one-night hook up because I need it."

"And here we are discussing this, that's serendipity!" Viv laughed.

"This is bullshit, pure and simple."

"Before I present my case as to why you're going to do this, will you do me a favor?"

"Do me one and stop acting like I'm open to changing my mind."

"Carla, when the hell did you become such an old lady?"

"I'm not an old lady, I'm just..." her shoulders slumped, and she sat back in the chair. "Kind of lost and pathetic, butthurt over Henry and feeling bad for myself."

"And that's why you need something completely wild and out of character, at least your character now, back then we were all gung-ho for this."

"Back then, key words."

"You're going to hear me out." Viv was no longer asking. "The first thing I want you to do is..." she paused. "Hey, Brandon!"

"Hi, Viv, how are you?" Brandon spoke from behind Carla.

"I'm fine," Viv beamed at him. "And let me say that slogan what can brown do for you, is running through my mind right now."

Carla rolled her eyes when Brandon came over to the table dressed in his UPS uniform of a pair of brown shorts and a short sleeved button down shirt that stretched across his shoulders and hugged his arms.

"Heh, right," Brandon nodded awkwardly.

Viv had enjoyed teasing him since he'd gotten older and Carla, knowing her best friend would never do anything inappropriate, always got a kick out of it.

"All those jokes about packages and deliveries in the rear," Viv gave a wistful sigh and picked up her wine.

"Yeah, so I'm off to work!" Brandon, now blushing, leaned over and kissed Carla on the forehead. "See you in the morning."

"How cute!" Viv clapped. "Do I get a kiss too?"

"Um..."

"Or better yet, do I get to see you in the morning?" Viv emitted a perfect tiger growl, her tongue rolling the R's.

"Settle down, Miss Robinson," Carla told her.

"Just playing, but hey!" Viv snapped her fingers. "Brandon, you know how you and your mom have those sad little Friday date nights where you order take out and watch movies instead of doing silly things like dating?"

"That was harsh," Brandon grunted. "But what about it?"

"I'm trying to talk your mom into doing something fun with the girls this Friday. She hasn't gotten there yet, but I know she's going to mention she'd feel bad if she weren't parked on the couch doing Netflix and chill, so what do you say? You care if mom goes out like a big girl?"

"Hell no, go have fun." Brandon told her.

"Yeah, but Friday night's the only night we really spend any time together and..."

"I was going to tell you, Rob called and invited me to hang out with a few other guys from the team, figured you wouldn't care if I went."

"Oh." Figures this would be the first Friday in months he had plans.

"See, one excuse down," Viv smirked.

"Go have fun, Mom." He waved as he walked past Viv. "You too."

"Oh, I will, its getting your old maid mother to loosen up."

"Get her drunk, just make sure she gets home okay." Brandon waved once more as he disappeared around the corner of the house.

"I like that boy! A few drinks will help you relax when you..."

"I'm not doing it!"

"We were interrupted by your disturbingly sexy son," Viv sucked on her lower lip. "That boy is lucky he's yours or I'd ride him until he begged for mercy."

"To think you never married."

"That's why I've had more fun than the rest of you combined. Now where were we?"

"I was telling you no."

"Right, the favor. I want you to sit back, close your eyes and think about that night."

"What happened then isn't now."

"Just do it, okay Miss pole up her ass? Just take yourself back to when you knew what fun was."

Carla rolled her eyes, but after finishing off her glass in three long swallows, sat back in the chair and closed her eyes as Viv had asked and let her mind drift back to that night.

"Who goes there?" was a sex game Robin had heard about somewhere, or seen in a movie, and had decided it would make a perfect initiation for their new sisterhood, S.I.S, which was an acronym for sisters in sin, 8 hot sexy coeds who enjoyed every bit of being young, sexy, and adventurous.

Robin had spoken to the head of a fraternity and arranged to have their pledges brought into it as an initiation of their own.

At a cheap motel in Johnston, they rented eight rooms. Before the rest of the girls showed up, Robin and the head of the Frat had removed all the lightbulbs from the lamps, taped over the light switches and drawn the thick black blinds across the windows.

At 9pm, the girls arrived, using their keys to get in. They then stripped naked in the pitch back room and lay on the bed. At 9:15 the young men arrived, slipping into the room and after getting naked, finding their way to the bed.

From there the rules were simple. Not one word was to be uttered, and both parties were to perform oral sex on each other as well as have sex in multiple positions and both had to come at least once.

Carla had to confess the memory was a good one. She'd lay there filled with nervous excitement, wondering what the guy would be like and would she not be able to say anything?

When her lover entered and fell onto the bed because he'd walked into it, driving his shoulder into her head, it hadn't exactly been what she'd been hoping for. But once they became situated and his hands found her body, it was amazing.

To this day, Carla had no idea who she'd slept with, and it was a shame because she spent weeks thinking about him and wishing she could have more of the snake that bit her.

Unable to see, her other senses became more acute, the smell of his cologne, focusing on the barely audible moans and sighs he made, and especially her sense of touch as she explored his body in the dark.

He was lean, but hard muscled, and she'd released a soft gasp when she'd found the hard, and exceptionally large muscle between his legs.

She'd stroked it while he fondled her breasts, his fingers on her nipples. His lips found them, and she had to struggle not

to moan. He'd caught her by surprise when he kissed his way up her chest, then neck, finding his way to her lips.

They kissed with a passion she'd never experienced, both excited by the fact they were touching and being touched by a stranger. Carla had made the first full blown sexual move when she pushed him onto his back and slid down his body, using her hand to guide him to her mouth.

She'd sucked him deep, then moved her head as fast as she could, working him hard and fast with her eager lips and tongue. His hand slid along her body and between her thighs.

She'd moaned around him when his fingers slipped inside her. She swore she'd never been so wet! His thumb found her clit, and her thighs closed, pinning his hand there.

Carla couldn't remember ever having been so aroused and even though he'd only been stroking her clit for a minute her legs were already straightening, her toes curling and her body

tensing in anticipation of what had to be the quickest orgasm she'd ever experienced.

Apparently it was the same for him as a low groan escaped him and he tried to push on her head, warning her he was going to come. It wasn't needed, as that made her take him deep and shake her head rapidly.

When he exploded in her mouth, her body followed suit and she released a series of high-pitched gargling sounds as she tried to hold back her squeals while taking his huge load down her throat, swallowing every drop he gave her.

He'd immediately rolled her onto her back and slid down the bed, his tongue finding her clit. He licked and sucked her with the same urgency she'd blown him and within minutes she came a second time.

Unable to hold it back, she'd thrown her head back and wailed as she came with her thighs wrapped around his head and her fingers tugging on her nipples. While her cunt had still been

quivering from the power of her second orgasm in five minutes, he slid up the bed, and entered her in one hard thrust.

He'd fucked her hard and deep on her back, then she'd pushed him back with her feet until he lay back for her and she climbed on, riding him. Carla had gotten her feet flat on the bed, so she was squatting over him and bracing her hands on his chest, drive up and down, fucking him hard enough to make the bed rock and squeal in protest.

He'd grabbed her hips and flipped her off him, rolling on top of her and taking her doggy. The last couple minutes had been him squeezing her hips hard enough that he left bruises while fucking her so hard the cheap bed had broken, causing them to slide backwards down the mattress where they finished with her ass in his lap bouncing on his cock with her back against his chest.

He'd pushed her up and off him, pitching her back onto the angled mattress and sprayed her ass with his come, moaning as he jerked off over her. He'd gotten some between the

cheeks of her ass, and Carla had felt a delicious shudder flow through her as it oozed down between the lips of her pussy.

They'd remained still, breathing hard into the darkness, his hand resting lightly on her back. They'd both jumped at a knock on the door as someone from the fraternity went along the row of rooms banging to let them know there were five minutes left.

The last act was to exchange medallions. Robin had purchased the silver dollar size medallions from a store that sold trophies and other awards.

She had them engraved, the boys with the name of their fraternity on one side, and brothers for life on the other. Also etched beneath the frat name was the date and room number they'd be entering.

The girls featured "Sisters in Sin" on the front and "Friends for Life" on the back with the same date and corresponding room

number. Robin had pierced them to be able to slip them through the cheap stainless steel necklaces she'd bought.

The boys entered wearing the SIS medallions and would exchange them for their frat medallion the girls wore as proof they'd complete their 'challenge.' Thinking about it for the first time in years, Carla remembered she still had the medallion taped to the back page of her senior yearbook packed away in her closet.

"Wow, you're really thinking about it!" Viv's laugh caused her to open her eyes. "Your face is getting red; you need a minute?"

Carla gave her a rueful smile, "Been so long since I had anything, even a memory can get me worked up I guess."

Viv didn't need to know that beneath her loose shirt her nipples were erect and there was pleasant, and sadly all too unfamiliar of late, tingling sensation between her thighs.

"It's one hell of a memory," Viv sighed wistfully. "God, whoever that boy was fucked me senseless."

"Guess so, because you still are," Carla grinned.

"I didn't swallow his damn load though."

"Guess I suck better dick than you."

"Or my boy had actual stamina and wanted to get to fucking after a couple minutes warm up."

"You still have the coin?" Carla asked.

"I do, and I'll add the one Friday night to it, we're doing the same thing."

"You're doing the same thing, I'm out."

"Come on!"

"Its ridiculous!" Carla waved her hand. "And why now? A last gasp midlife?"

"Seriously?" Viv leaned forward. "Because with Henry leaving you, and Deb's husband passing away three years ago, this is the first five-year anniversary that we're all single. We can all do this together."

"Brenda's married." Carla pointed out.

"True, but she's a hot wife, so it doesn't matter."

"A what?"

"She likes to fuck other men and her husband gets off on it. Sometimes its in front of him, other times she hooks up with guys when she travels for work and tells him about it."

"I never knew that."

"You only follow her on Facebook, she doesn't advertise it there," Viv smirked. "Her husband's excited about this. Be sitting there with his dick in his hand waiting for her to come home and tell him how she got fucked by some anonymous kid half her age."

"Wait," Carla put her finger up. "What do you mean half her age?"

"Oh, right. We hadn't gotten that far because you're being a prig. Robin thought it would be fun to really turn back the clock. We may be older, but the boys will be the same age."

"What? How?"

"Robin works for URI and her and some of the faculty who are alumni talk about the wild frat and sorority hazings and initiations they were part of."

"I'm not following."

"One of the men she works with was talking about some gloryhole thing they did back in his day, where sorority girls had to suck off frat boys to get into their sisterhood. She brought up 'who goes there', and one thing led to another."

"He decided to make a deal with her. He'd arrange to have six young men from a fraternity be the cock donors for our reenactment in exchange for Robin finding a sorority willing to send some girls to a gloryhole where he and a few of his old frat buddies will be. Trading dirty traditions."

"You're going to suck cock through a wall?"

"Are you listening? Robin is going to find current coeds to do that."

"Disgusting. I mean they get nothing out of that at all. Our game the girls and the guys got off."

"Save the feminist rant, I have no control over these things, and for the record? Some girls get off on doing sleazy things." She stared at Carla pointedly. "Or did you forget the night we all got drunk, went into a theater, and picked guys to sit next to, then jerked them off right there."

She laughed. "Your guy was with his damn girl! You were stroking him under the jacket he had in his lap!"

"Okay, point taken, sleazy had its moments back then."

"It can still have its moments! Although I like to think of this as sexy and erotic over sleazy."

"Sex with a stranger less than half our age in the dark isn't sleazy?"

"Semantics," Viv sighed. "Carla, give me a reason besides sleazy and you're a dud that you don't want to do this."

"Its wrong," she replied simply.

"Are you married?"

"You know I'm not."

"Seeing anyone?"

"No," Carla rolled her eyes.

"Then who the hell are you hurting?"

"I have a son the age of the kid you expect me to spread my legs for."

"But that boy isn't your son!"

"He's someone's. You don't have kids. If you did would you want your son to..."

"Have a goddamn kinky good time fucking a woman who the only thing he knows about is she's a milf? I wouldn't care."

"You don't understand."

"You're someone's daughter, we're all someone's daughter. Those boys who fucked us had parents. Did any of us run to mom and dad and ask permission? Carla, we were all young dumb and wanting to cum! It was fun! No one got hurt, no one was forced to do it. We all had a great time!"

"True," Carla gave her a slow nod.

"This is the same thing. Six women in their forties getting some hard young eager cock, and the boys knowing they're going to get the ride of a lifetime from a woman that's far more experienced than those giggly coeds they're hooking up with."

"Assuming they want to be with an older woman."

"Milf porn is all the rage, Carla! Who do you think watches it? If you got dressed up to get messed up and went to a club with guys Brandon's age, they'd be falling all over you!"

"Okay, fine, they want to get mauled by a cougar. It's just...."
She trailed off.

"See? You're running out of excuses! Brandon will never know, and you just said he even told you to go get laid!"

"Not like that."

"Does it matter?" Viv frowned in thought, then slapped the table excitedly. "Think about it like this. You want to have sex, don't you?"

"It would be nice."

"What's stopping you?"

"I guess because I don't want to deal with drama or getting hurt again."

"And you could date someone for a bit, get to the point you're ready to put out and...they suck in bed! Waited all that time, invested time in them and two pump chump!"

"Crude, but yeah, it's been a long time since I've gotten it good. I don't need to be disappointed."

"Which leaves a stand, and that guy could suck too. Think you're there for him, or just be lousy in general."

"That's a gamble."

"Other thing is what if you did a stand and you want to move on, but you were so damn good they keep coming around? You fuck some guy, he shows up here, causes trouble, Brandon beats his ass."

"Taking this a little far, but I get it, and have thought about it. A stand can be as much trouble as dating."

"It's a crapshoot. I've had boyfriends that have lasted a year or two, but for the most part I've been single. I have had a lot of bad sex, trust me."

"Okay, where is this going?"

"Where its going is this is a damn sex game. These are young eager excited boys who are going to want to make a good impression on their mystery milf." She smiled. "Even if the kid goes off quick, he's frigging 20! He can be ready again in a few minutes!"

"Look, Viv, it's not just them, it's me."

"You mean as in a little gun shy because it's been awhile? Like riding a bike girl, you don't forget how to fuck."

"Maybe I'm not that good at it. Maybe the guy I'd date, or the one nighter would be the one disappointed."

"Are you kidding me?" Viv looked genuinely surprised "Carla, look at you! You're a stunning sexy as fuck woman! Shit, you were featured in your own magazine two years ago in a make up ad!"

"I guess I look okay, but sometimes I wonder."

"Wonder what?" Viv's eyes narrowed.

"The last few years weren't exactly sizzling between Henry and I. Then he started having an affair. Maybe I wasn't doing what I needed to."

"You fucking stop there!" Viv hissed so intently Carla flinched. "You did nothing wrong. That man was a cheating fucking dog, and the reason things were dull was because he was one of those pricks who thought he deserved more, that and you were out of his fucking league since day one and he needed to feel superior and not inadequate."

"That woman he ran off with was a stay at home mom and housewife her whole life. Mousy, under the thumb, perfect for someone like Henry because she needed attention and to be taken care of. Weak men need weak women and you, girl, are one of the strongest women I know."

"Thank you," Carla said softly, and reaching out took Viv's hand. "I mean it."

"I mean it too! He held you back, not the other way around. Guy's like him, they locker room talk about wanting the hot girl, the freak, the porn star, but they get it? They can't handle it, he made you feel bad to mask his insecurities."

"I think so, but sometimes I can't help feel it's me, and I'm not exactly confident these days."

"Then this is perfect for you," Viv squeezed her hand. "I want you to think about it. You think you're rusty? Maybe not the wildcat you used to be? You're afraid of feeling like a fool? Then have to worry if whoever the guy is starts saying nasty shit on social media about the dead fuck he picked up?"

"I...wasn't thinking that last part," she grunted. "Thanks for adding to the list."

"Friday night? That's your back in the saddle. Its pitch black, he won't see you, doesn't know you, and no worry about what happens next. No pressure at all, in fact, the way this is set up, he's there to please you. He needs that medallion to avoid hazing or whatever punishment he'd get for not making an alumnus happy."

Carla was silent as Viv spoke, for the first time allowing herself to hear her argument.

"And never rule out young alpha ego. These kids are going to want us to moan and squeal and come for them. They want to show the hot milf they can handle the ride. They're there to deliver, Carla. We're the beneficiaries of youth and enthusiasm."

She nodded slightly, and encouraged, Viv pressed on.

"If you're nervous in the beginning, you let him do the work. I think you'll relax and give as good as you get. If for some

reason you don't? Not like he can say anything. There is no pressure on you to perform."

"I don't know, Viv," she repeated, but even to her own ears she sounded as if she were wavering and could tell by the look in her eyes, Viv sensed it.

"And let me tell you, this kid has to let his fingers do the walking and there is no way in hell you can think you don't have a body to die for." She laughed and cupped her smallish tits. "Girl, I would give anything for a rack like that. That boy is going to feel those tits and its going to be lust at first touch!"

"You think?" she felt a smile playing about her lips.

"But wait, there's more." Viv's smile turned nasty. "The Coup De Grace. Revenge."

"How is it revenge?"

"Henry leaves you for woman who is less attractive, no career, not much of anything except being easily controllable. He's eating vanilla every day for the rest of his life and here you are playing a kinky sex game and getting pounded by a hot college boy."

"Hmm," Carla liked the sound of that.

"That kid will fuck you like that loser never could. He made you feel like you were boring. Like you're not attractive? Then prove him wrong! Do something wild and fuck this boy's goddamn brains out and leave him knowing what its like to fuck a real woman!"

"You think I can be that good?"

"Honey, the fact you're asking that question should tell you how bad you need this! This is getting all that damn poison out of your system! The end of the old bullshit he still has you clinging to and the start of a new and exciting life." She

clapped her hands. "The French call an orgasm the little death, for you it will be a goddamn rebirth!"

She put her hands out to her. "What do you say, sister? You ready to turn back the clock and get some cock?"

"Oh, you should have quit while you were ahead, that was awful," Carla grimaced, but a smile quickly followed.

"Not quitting until you agree to give some head."

"Even worse." She cringed.

"I'll go all night until I get a damn yes." She sighed and gave her a soft smile. "Carla, as your best friend, I'm telling you that you need this for a lot of reasons."

Carla took a breath then nodded.

"Okay."

"That's my girl!" Viv reached into her purse and handed her an envelope.

She opened it to see a necklace with a blue medallion.

"Yup," Viv laughed. "Going all in on nostalgia, except that's an actual sterling silver chain because I can afford them now, and the medallion you're getting back has 25th anniversary etched into it."

Carla lifted the chain, staring at the medallion. "Room 6, that was my room then too."

"Same motel!" Viv grinned. "Can't believe that dump is still around. This is going to be so much fun!"

"You're right," she nodded as she read the name of the fraternity on the medallion; 'Alpha Tau Omega' ATO, even

the same fraternity was participating. "Totally anonymous. What can go wrong?"

Chapter 4

Carla picked up the fifth of Jack Daniels from the scarred surface of the cheap nightstand, pouring it into the glass.

"Bottom's up," she took several long pulls from the bottle. "Whew!" she exhaled as the straight bourbon burned its way down her throat. The hot trail went straight down into her already roiling stomach.

Years ago, she'd been nervous, but also excited. Tonight, all she felt was nerves. What was she doing here? How had she let Viv talk her into this? Yes, she'd made some good points, but in the end Carla could solve all her hang-ups by being an adult and getting back into the dating game.

This was a cheap out, a childish way to get something she wanted with no repercussions. Yes, attractive because of that, the no pressure angle had been what had gotten her to agree to this.

But she wasn't a child, nor was she a horny and adventurous coed. She was a middle aged woman and a mother of a boy the age of the one who would be sneaking in here to have sex with her.

Carla looked at her watch. 8:50. Light's out would be in five minutes, after that her mystery lover would enter. For the tenth time in the 20 minutes since she'd been in the room she thought about calling Viv and telling her to cancel the kid with her room key.

Yes, that would be awful to do to him. His friends got laid, and he didn't. Worse, he'd probably have to go through some hazing instead getting an easy ride into his frat by getting an easy ride from a woman looking for the ultimate no strings attached sex.

But she kept sitting there as if she were waiting until it was too late, and she'd have to go through with it. It might already be. Their instructions were to shut their cells off and put them in their purse under the bed which helped her resist the urge to make that call.

They didn't have to worry about Cellphones twenty five years ago, she thought wryly. Carla looked around the small minimally-and cheaply furnished-room. She couldn't believe Robin had even gotten the same rooms from back then.

Judging by how soft and lumpy the mattress was, Carla wouldn't be surprised if this had been the same one from back then. As last time, the lightbulbs had been removed, switches taped, and the only light currently in the room was from a small battery powered touch lamp on the nightstand.

She took a few more swallows, this time directly from the bottle, and put it down. Her face was flushed, and she had a buzz going. Whether or not it was enough to relax her to the

point she could get something out of this other than regret would remain to be seen.

She flinched when there was a knock on the door, and Georgia, Robin's best friend in college, and who she claimed could be completely trusted about tonight's event, popped her head in.

"Hey, almost showtime!" she chirped as she quickly closed the door behind her and came over to the bed. "Gotta check and make sure your phone is off and away."

"In my purse under the bed," she pointed.

"You look nervous," Georgia gave her a reassuring smile. "No reason, hon. He has no idea who you are, just lay back and let it happen." She sighed and held up her left hand, flashing an impressive diamond ring nestled behind a white gold band. "I wasn't married, I'd be all in on this!"

"Seems like I'm the only one not excited."

"No, couple other women are a little nervous. Not everyone's Viv and Brenda. I swear those two are wilder than when they were young. Brenda's married and her damn husband is thrilled she's doing it."

"Best of both worlds' there," Carla forced a laugh that clearly showed her nerves.

"Look, even Robin's a little nervous and this was her idea. Just think of it as an experience, some hot dirty little secret you'll have."

Carla nodded as Georgia picked up the small lamp.

"Going to take this with me," she told her. "You're the last room. Boys will be here in five minutes." She laughed. "Like I told the rest of the girls, get some for me and the rest of us settled down women, okay?"

"Okay."

Carla stared down at her feet which were clad in a pair of plain red sandals. They matched her simple red sundress, after all, no need to dress up when you were already going to be naked, and they couldn't see you.

Yet for some reason she'd not only put on make-up but heavier than usual, at least for these days, but how she wore it years ago when she'd go to clubs or parties. All the turn back the clock talk had affected her more than she thought, she supposed.

"Have fun!" Georgia walked out of the room and the second she closed the door the room plunged into darkness.

Like last time it wasn't just dark, it was pitch black. The small window that faced the parking lot not only had the blinds

down, but a piece of thick cardboard behind it so the light from the parking lot couldn't shine through.

The only other window was a small one in the bathroom that faced the back lot where the boys were told to park when they arrived. This window had cardboard over it as well, but from the outside so no one could try to peek out and see their mystery lover leaving.

Carla took a deep breath and kicked her sandals off.

She carefully reached out, sliding her hand along the nightstand until she found the bottle. She took a long pull that left her throat burning and her head spinning. Putting it down, she rose from the bed and stripped her dress off.

Carla dropped the dress next to the bed, then reached back and removed her bra. Her heart was already racing and her stomach in a knot. She slipped her fingers into the plain red panties she'd worn and doing it before she could lose her nerve, shoved them down.

She slipped them from her feet, pushing them over to where she'd dropped the dress. Carla sat on the bed, then lifting the top sheet, slid under it. She lay there taking slow deep breaths to remain calm and try to slow her rapid heartbeat.

Even in total darkness, she felt self-conscious being naked. Not that he could see her, and Carla wasn't so insecure that she didn't know she had a decent body, it was more about feeling vulnerable.

The knock would come any minute now. She'd reached the point of no return and now knowing beyond a doubt this was going to happen left her with a feeling closer to dread than feeling sexy.

She was too damn old for this! She had a solid professional career, a great son she was proud of, a nice home. Was she so hard up for sex that in a weak moment she'd let Viv talk her into...?

She jumped at the sound of a sharp rap on the door and released a startled gasp as she swore her heart had skipped a beat. The door opened just enough for a shadowy figure to slip in.

Carla closed her eyes, she could do this, or more accurately she could let him do this. She sensed movement and heard the unmistakable sound of a zipper being pulled down.

Poor kid, he was going to end up with the dearest fuck out of the six women. She nervously fingered the medallion where it rested below her neck, her fingers trembling. She could hear him sliding his clothes off, and he seemed closer.

Carla bit back another gasp when she felt weight on the foot of the bed. She couldn't avoid jerking her leg when he touched her foot through the sheet. Shit, she was already embarrassing herself.

His hand slid up her leg, still staying on top of the sheet. His weight shifted and she felt him against her leg as he moved

higher up on the bed. The room was so dark she couldn't even see his hand and released a shaky breath when it touched her stomach.

His other hand touched her bare shoulder, and she tensed when he lightly caressed her upper arm. His touch was gentle, and she was surprised to feel a slight tremble in his fingers.

The fact he was nervous soothed her a little. She tried to put herself in his place. Yes, he'd be excited, he was a young man getting sex, and from what he knew was an older woman.

But he had to make her happy and had probably never done anything like this before. His fingers slid along her shoulder and across her upper chest. Come on, move, don't lay here like a damn stiff! She berated herself, nerves were one thing, she felt goddamned paralyzed.

His fingers reached her neck and touched her cheek. Carla felt his weight shift and sensed him closer. She caught the scent of his cologne, Cool Water. Great, Brandon wore that, another

little thing to make this awkward. His fingers slid down her face and brushed her lips, lingering there. She forced herself to kiss them, then parted her lips and flicked her tongue across them.

The hand that was on her stomach slid higher and her breath hissed between her teeth when he encountered her breast. He gave it a gentle squeeze, and she swore she heard a soft breath escape him, a small sound of appreciation as he fondled her large breast.

His fingers encountered her nipple and she sucked on her lip to hold back a moan when it immediately stiffened. Damn, it had been a long time since someone touched her.

He touched her lips once more, then she flinched back into the pillow when suddenly his lips found hers. Not directly, his kiss caught one side of her mouth and part of her cheek.

He quickly eased his lips to the left, so they were now pressed to hers, and he kissed her softly as his fingers now traced

circles around her nipple through the sheet. Carla was caught off guard by the kiss. The second he encountered her breast, she'd expected the sheet to be pulled off and him trying to find her nipple with his mouth rather than her lips.

His other hand went down her neck and she groaned into his lips when he found her other nipple. He kept his hands over the sheet, while kissing her more firmly.

The pleasure her nipples were experiencing caused her to finally move, lifting her hands from her sides and placing them over his. She pushed them harder into her breasts while arching her back and responding to his kiss more eagerly.

His hands were large, and she could feel the restrained strength in them when he switched from toying with her nipples to squeezing her breasts. Carla slid her hands up his forearms and felt the first tingle of excitement between her thighs when she felt how thickly muscled they were.

Her hands continued upward to discover a pair of upper arms that were well developed and had her heart pounding for a reason other than nerves. Damn, he was put together, she thought when she kept exploring and ran her hands up across a pair of broad shoulders.

Trying to ride the wave of newly awakened excitement, Carla parted her lips and plunged her tongue into his mouth. He reacted with a soft moan and his tongue swiftly sliding over hers.

His hands left her breasts, and she released a sharp breath into their kiss when he whipped the sheet down with an aggressiveness that belied his thus far slow approach, but turned her previous tingle into a sudden wave of heat.

His hands were quickly back on her breasts, and she moaned into their ever-deepening kiss when he fondled her now bare flesh. She arched her back when his fingers once again found her nipples, and this time with nothing between them.

His lips left hers and kissed his way down the left side of her face until they fastened to the soft skin of her neck. Carla's breathing turned hot and heavy as he licked and sucked her tender neck while his fingers teased her aching nipples.

Her hands roamed up and down his arms, over his shoulders, then down his powerful back. She dug them in hard when she felt him kick the sheet off her lower legs, leaving her body completely uncovered.

The bed shifted when he swung his leg between hers and she couldn't hold back a low groan when something hard, slid over her lower thigh. He was taking his time, his lips sliding to the other side of her neck as he nuzzled her long hair out of her way.

Carla lifted her right leg, wrapping it around him, her thigh pressing into his side and her foot sliding along his lower back. He moved his leg up and she whimpered when his knee pushed into her hot, and suddenly wet slit.

His lips, still moving with what she now felt was teasing slowness, were now on the top of her chest and working down towards her breast. As if her body was responding without her conscious consent, her hips rocked, pushing her hot wet flesh into his knee.

Carla gripped his shoulders and to mixed emotions of shame and excitement, pushed, urging him to get to her breasts. He obliged, sliding his tongue down between her tits in a long wet lick.

His knee moved from her pussy as he slid further down the bed, and she held back a groan of frustration. The frustration was quickly erased when his lips slid over the curve of her left breast.

She tensed, waiting for him to find her nipple and when he took it between his lips and sucked gently, Carla's eyes rolled back, and she squirmed beneath him. Her right hand worked up his back until her fingers were in his short thick hair.

She shamelessly shoved her breast into his face while pushing down on his head. He didn't seem to mind as he eagerly sucked and licked her nipple while still toying with the other.

Carla struggled not to say anything as her nipples received the attention they'd been in sore need of for well over a year. Meanwhile, his cock, which she was beginning to envision as being as impressive as the rest of him, rested along her leg.

It felt long, hot, and there was a noticeable sticky spot higher on her leg. That spot was being smeared along her leg just above her knee as his hips were now rocking. He was breathing hard around her nipple, and he swung his other leg over so he was now kneeling fully between her legs. Carla wrapped both legs around his hips, letting them slide down over his ass.

When he switched to licking her other nipple, she worked her hand down between them until her fingers glided over the tip of his cock. He grunted and his hips thrust, pushing his head past her fingers into the palm of her questing hand.

She wrapped her fingers around him, and they both emitted quiet sounds of pleasure. Carla had long fingers and they could barely meet around him, and she couldn't believe how hard he was.

Hard and throbbing in her grip. Hard and dripping, and most importantly, hard for her. She pumped him as much as she could in their position and his hips moved in time with her hand, sliding it through her fingers.

Having his cock in her hand sent her already rapidly fading inhibitions packing. She pushed his head from her breast and sat up, forcing him to sit back on his knees. She pumped his cock harder, and with her hand still in his hair, drew his face to hers.

They had another awkward miss where their noses bumped and he slipped and snickered before finding her face, taking it in his hands and planting a delightfully aggressive kiss on her.

Their lips parted and their tongues waged war as he fondled her breasts, while she stroked his cock, his very long cock. Her free hand went to his chest, caressing it and wishing the light was on so she could see this goddamn physical specimen she was minutes from fucking.

Because there was already no doubt in her mind she was going to. Goddamn Viv had been right, a few minutes in and she was not only into it but taking control. As their kiss continued, she rose, getting her long legs folded under her until she was kneeling.

Carla broke the kiss and pushed on his chest, getting him to lean back. She crawled back on her knees to put more room between them, then released his cock and grabbed his wrists, removing his hands from her breasts.

Carla then bent over, lowering her head. Finding his cock in the dark, she gripped it tightly and guided it to her lips. She flicked her tongue rapidly over his head, getting it sticky with

his pre-cum, then parted her lips and eased him into her mouth. He moaned in his throat as she stopped when she had just the tip in her mouth.

Carla swirled her tongue around it, loving how he squirmed as she teased his sensitive head. She gave a sudden hard suck that caused his breath to expel in a loud gasp and filled her mouth with salty pre cum.

She eased him a little deeper and shook her head, working his tip around her wet mouth. She kept him gripped tightly in her right hand while her left rested on his hard flat stomach to keep her balance.

Carla planned to tease him for a couple minutes, licking, slowly sucking, making him squirm in anticipation, Instead, the size of his cock and having it in her mouth, her tongue already slick with precum, overwhelmed her.

Opening wide, she took as much of his length as she could. He made a noise between a groan and gasp when she did it, then another when she rapidly bobbed her head.

She wasn't teasing or playing, she was sucking hardcore with the enthusiasm and eagerness born of not having her mouth stuffed in far too long. She used her hand, two fingers around his shaft, stroking as she blew him.

His hands were on her, one in her hair, the other on her back, as she sucked him with an energy that bordered on desperate. She opened wider and angled her head, making his fingers tighten in her hair when she managed to get him deeper.

Carla gagged but held him deep in her throat until the feeling passed, then eased her lips further down his shaft. Her lips encountered his pubic mound, and she felt a surge of pride she hadn't lost her ability to deep throat every cock she'd ever sucked.

His hand left her hair, and both slid down her back as she held him buried in her throat, her tongue slipping out to lick his balls, a trick she hadn't used in far too long. A shudder went through his body when she did it, and his breath hissed above her.

But despite the pleasure she was giving him, his hands continued to move, caressing her smooth back, and making their way down to her ass. She grunted around his cock when his large hands each covered one of the cheeks of her ass and gave them a hard squeeze.

Carla resumed bobbing her head, slurping her way to his tip before driving back down the length of his shaft. Now used to him, it was easier to take him most of the way and she moaned at the sensation of her mouth and throat being repeatedly filled with thick hard, and sinfully young cock.

His hands gripped her ass and squeezed again. She moaned at the size and strength in those hands, and again wished she could see this magnificent stud. Her eyes went wide, and she

gasped around him when he spread her cheeks wide open and slid finger through her wet slit.

Her hips jerked and when he boldly introduced a finger inside her wet cunt, she would have broken the rules and cried out in pleasure if her mouth hadn't been full. The fingers of his other hand slid down the inside of her spread cheek and this time it was her clit he met.

Carla whimpered as she struggled to bob her head and continue to please him as he fingered her while stroking her throbbing clit. She moved her hips, working clit into his hands while taking him deep once more.

She shook her head, getting a moan from him, but his fingers kept moving. He surprised her once more by easing a second long thick finger into her needy cunt. This time she lost the battle and letting his cock fall from her mouth released a long shuddering moan.

She gripped his pulsing cock, rubbing it along her cheek to make him feel good while he worked her cunt with a confidence that belied his age. He moved his fingers within her, thrusting in and out, but also moving side to side.

His fingertips worked her clit in slow delicious circles that had her hips rocking and her thighs trembling. Carla turned her head, sliding his sticky tip across her face to nuzzle her other cheek into it.

His cock seemed to the length of her face and the feeling of his hard hot flesh along her face had her breathing hard and heavy. She pumped him in her hand as she was breathing to hard in addition to whimpering from the way he skillfully played her long-neglected cunt to suck on him.

His fingers moved faster on her clit and thrust deeper into her already quivering pussy. Carla bit on her lower lip to avoid making too much noise. She lost the battle when she released a startled "Oh!" when she felt him press his thumb against her rosebud.

He pushed harder and paused as if looking for permission. Carla hadn't had anything in her ass in years, since early in her marriage when sex was still exciting. As the expression went, go big or go home.

As a signal she pushed her ass back into his hands, and he didn't hesitate to push his thump deep into her tight ass. Knowing it was coming, Carla took him back into her mouth just in time that her squeal was muffled by his cock.

Even though he hadn't been playing with her for more than a couple of minutes, it had been so long since she'd had any attention she could already feel her body tensing. The prospect of her first non self-induced orgasm in far too long not only sent a surge of excitement through her, but the desire to return the favor to her amazingly attentive lover.

She bobbed her head rapidly along the full length of his cock, the speed of her sucking increasing the closer her body edged towards her impending explosion. Carla braced her other

hand on his stomach, so she was no longer jerking him, but just using her mouth.

Above her, his breathing grew heavy, and his stomach tightened. But he continued to expertly work her sopping slit. His fingers were buried deep in her pussy, shaking back and forth hard enough to make a moist slapping sound and his thumb was deep in her tight asshole.

His fingers worked in harder faster circles on her swollen pink button, and Carla increased her sucking as her own pleasure continued to escalate. His stomach heaved beneath her hands, and she heard him battling his own desire to be much louder.

Carla envisioned their position, him on his knees, her on hers, but bent over, using him to hold herself up. His cock buried in her mouth as he had her cheeks spread, his fingers inside her holes while he worked her clit.

Her heavy tits swayed beneath her as she rocked back into his fingers then forward, taking his dick down her throat. Her

fingers curled, her long nails digging hard into his stomach and making him groan.

Carla pounded her head up and down, sucking his amazing cock with a manic energy that bordered on violent. Tears spilled down her cheeks as his cock plunging down her throat caused her eyes to water.

She became aware of the loud sloppy gurgling and gagging sounds emanating from her as she sucked her mysterious lover like a wannabe porn star. His cock twitched in her mouth and his hands pressed harder into the cheeks of her ass.

His fingers went deeper inside her, and when he curled them, she felt his thumb press into them through the thin wall of skin between her ass and pussy. Carla whimpered around his cock which was now being shoved into her descending mouth as his hips thrust excitedly.

He curled his fingers again and Carla went over the edge. A long-muffled squeal sounded from her throat as her hips went wild, bucking and gyrating in a tight circle. Her pussy convulsed, and both her holes contracted around his fingers.

Carla slowed her sucking as she emitted a series of high-pitched yips and sloppy wet sounds through the sides of her mouth. Above her he slipped, releasing a barely audible single word she couldn't make out over the blood rushing through her ears and her own sounds of ecstasy.

She bucked and writhed, sliding her legs closed to tighten herself even more around his still moving fingers. His hips thrust, but in a jerky desperate rhythm, and Carla focused through the powerful orgasm and pushed herself to resume sucking him.

She went at his cock as if it were a competition, gagging violently as she deep throated him each time. With a low groan, her lover shoved his cock deep into her descending mouth and erupted.

Carla's eyes went wide in the darkness as her mouth was flooded with several rapid fire bursts of thick salty cum. Some of it squirted down her throat, while more sprayed from the sides of her mouth as she struggled to suck, swallow, and cry out from the still flowing waves of orgasm crashing through her.

She kept sucking, noisily slurping up cum that had spilled from her mouth and swallowing it. Her orgasm fading, Carla kept working him, slobbering, and drooling on his cock as more cum oozed from between her lips only for her to suck it back into her mouth.

He eased his fingers from inside her, and grabbed her hair as she kept sucking, working for every drop, draining his balls into her willing mouth. When even a hard suck on his tip failed to produce anything more than a couple of sticky drops, she released him with a rather nasty wet sucking sound.

The orgasm had fired her up and the door containing years of pent-up lust swung open and overwhelmed her. Carla gripped his still hard cock and squeezed it, making him whimper softly.

She put her hand on his chest and shoved hard. He made a surprised sound as he went backwards but caught himself. Not to be denied, Carla leaned into him, pressing her body against his and caught by surprise, he fell over on to his back.

There was a moment of awkward, and unsexy, clumsiness as he struggled to straighten his legs from under him as Carla tried to climb on top of him. But she won out, swinging her long leg over him, until she had him straddled.

Still gripping his cock, she worked his dripping tip along her inner thigh and then through her moist lips. When his head reached its hot wet destination. She eased him in the first couple of inches, then let her weight go.

Carla couldn't hold back a loud yelp as his long thick cock entered her, spreading her lonely pussy around his girth. Her slip up was lost during his as he also made a loud sound as his secret Milf lover was now riding him.

He moaned and made desperate whimpering sounds beneath her as she worked his still sensitive head around in her tight wet cunt. She moved her hips in slow circles, getting used to his size.

His hands found her hips, gripping them as she rode him faster and more confidently. He'd just come and was still hard enough for her to fuck him and keep him that way! Thank you, Viv!

Carla leaned over, bracing her hands on his chest and went wild, bouncing on his cock, her still quivering and sopping pussy now growing accustomed to his size. Beneath her he continued to squirm and whimper as she had her way with his helpless cock, the head of which was probably a raw nerve this soon after coming.

But his hands worked from her hips up her sides, and onto her breasts. He gave them a hard squeeze before his fingers found her nipples. Carla moaned and found herself struggling not to laugh.

Not a laugh as in something was funny, but just in pure joy. Just came, and with the taste of a young man's cum still in her mouth riding his cock like the wild cat she had been back in college.

Viv had been so right; she had turned back the clock and then some because at her age now Carla knew how special this was. Back then, and like all young women and men, she'd expected sex to always be that good.

Life had taught her that wasn't the case, and she was so glad she'd agreed to this. This memory was one she was going to savor for a long time, but for right now there was a young hard body and tireless cock she planned to savor the fuck out of.

Apparently her lover felt the same. His hands went from her breasts to her shoulders and tugged her towards him. Carla let herself go until her breasts were pressing into his chest and sought his lips in the dark.

She caught his scruffy chin first, but her next attempt hit the mark, and she kissed him hard, her tongue immediately plunging into his mouth. His hands went around her waist, and his weight shifted beneath her.

Carla felt his thighs rise between hers as he bent his legs, bracing his feet on the mattress. His arms tightened around her, pinning her to his chest and with no warning he tore into her, his hips thrusting hard and fast.

She yipped into his mouth as he pounded her now prone pussy hard and fast while holding her against him. His cock was now as hard as it had been in her mouth, and he was fucking her with enough force to rock the bed.

She lost the ability to focus on kissing him, and nuzzled her face into his neck, trying to keep the loud cries that wanted to escape her lips down to minimum. It wasn't easy, God, he was fucking her so hard!

His arms slid higher until they were under her, and she released a sudden gasp when he twisted to her right, turning them over. Carla's left shoulder pressed into the lumpy mattress, but her right encountered nothing and a moment later she felt herself falling.

She cried out when she landed on the floor, and she heard him grunt in pain when he hit it with her. Fortunately, his full weight didn't land on her, and after a moment of pain in her shoulder and ass, she was okay and this time a giggle slipped out.

He didn't respond, and she wondered if he were reigning it in because of the rules, or maybe he was embarrassed. The way his hands quickly found her breasts, and his mouth fastened

to her left nipple told her it was the latter and he was quickly trying to make up for it.

As he sucked on her nipple, he positioned his legs between hers, his cock pushed into her stomach, then lowered until his head contacted her swollen clit. She gasped at the contact, thrusting her hips, and pushing the head of his cock through her lips.

Another thrust and she'd slipped his tip back inside her. He drove forward, his full length entering her wet twat in one deliciously long smooth motion. He switched to sucking her other nipple while he gave her several long slow thrusts that had her eyes rolling back and her legs wrapping around his hips.

His mouth left her breast and he pushed himself up between her legs. Grabbing her knees, he pushed her legs so they were bent back and placed her feet on his muscular chest.

He squeezed her knees then tore into her. Carla clapped her hand over her mouth as she was unable to contain her yelps as he hammered into her with long powerful thrusts that ended with his balls slapping against her ass.

She gripped his right arm with her free hand, again digging her nails into him as he fucked her right there on the damn floor. The hard floor was covered with cheap thin commercial carpeting and somewhere in the back of her head she knew she was going to be feeling this tomorrow.

But right now, all she was feeling was young inexhaustible cock. Her pussy was beginning to get sore from just a few minutes of him fucking her showed how long it had been since she'd gotten it good.

As the saying went, that was a good pain, and she would deem every ache and pain she'd experience tomorrow as its own badge of honor. He shifted his grip, his hands moving down her calves to grip her ankles.

He yanked her legs up and outward and tore into her even harder. She howled into her hand as he spread her legs and plundered her now wide open and helpless pussy. He was squeezing her ankles hard, and she made a mental note to add bruises to her list of sex inflicted issues she'd experience tomorrow.

Her breasts bounced wildly as he took her. Those two words were perfect as she wasn't participating at all, he was simply using her however he wanted at this point.

And she was loving every minute of it.

She heard his breathing getting louder and his thrusts shorter and more violent. He seemed like he was getting close after fucking her senseless the last few minutes, and she was already planning to give him a few minutes breather then using her mouth to see if she could get round three out of him.

He withdrew his cock and she thought he was going to cum, and eagerly awaited the hot load she expected to be sprayed on her stomach or thighs. Even better, she felt his lips on her stomach, then lower.

Carla caught herself just before she moaned "yes!" when his lips and tongue teased their way down to her mound. He kissed the small patch of dark hair between her thighs, and she wriggled in anticipation when he took a few seconds to kiss and gently suck on each of her inner thighs.

When his lips found her once again throbbing clit, her hips jerked, and she sucked on her lower lip to not cry out the way she wanted to. She imagined him stretched out on the floor between her legs, and wished she could see those powerful shoulders, broad strong back, and fine ass as he lay there with his pretty face between her legs.

He had to be good looking, no one with a body that fine and a cock that amazing could be anything but attractive. Carla

sighed into her hand when he traced a slow wet circle around her clit, then gasped when he gave it a hard suck.

As he did when she was blowing him, he wasn't shy about sliding two fingers into her, except this time after being pounded by his cock her pussy more easily accommodated them.

He pushed them deep until she could feel his knuckles press into her soft moist flesh while his tongue danced over her clit. For the next few minutes, he took his time between her thighs and the only sound in the room was her soft sighs and whimpers as he worked her clit with his talented tongue.

Whoever this kid was, he was exhibiting a patience far beyond his years. Not just patience, but skill. His tongue was never still, flicking up and down, side to side, and going around in deliciously slow wet circles.

He mixed in several hard sucks, then would switch to gently sucking on her aching button. On those occasions he'd slowly

pump his fingers in time with his sucking. Carla lay there in total darkness, on the floor in a cheap dive motel, getting eaten like she'd only dreamed about for far too long.

Life was damned good right now.

She lifted her legs, sliding the soft soles of her feet long his sides before resting them on his back. When he introduced a finger into her ass, her initial gasp of surprise and brief yip of pain turned into a low moan as he worked it in and out, sliding along the fingers in her, at this point, sloppy cunt.

Add bold to the patient and skilled. She wondered if he did this with girls his age or figured since she was older she'd be more receptive to it. Carla hadn't had her ass played with in years and forgotten how good it felt.

The way this kid was going if he tried to fuck her in the ass she'd let him. The thought of going that far, letting a stranger half her age have her ass caused her hips to thrust into his

face, and she found her nipples in the dark, rolling her them between her fingers.

He was sucking her in a steady rhythm, his three fingers buried deep within her as she moved her hips in a circular motion, grinding into his face and working her clit into his lips and tongue.

Her toes curled into his back, and she squeezed and tugged on her nipples, stretching them to the point it bordered on painful. Her thighs trembled and her back arched, pushing her clit harder into his mouth.

She jumped and felt him do the same when a loud double knock sounded on the door. The signal there was only fifteen minutes left. Had it already been forty five minutes?

The saying time flies when you're having fun had never been so true.

Between her legs, her lover stopped toying with her and went in for the kill. He sucked her clit hard and fast, his lips smacking into her wet flesh. His fingers curled inside her and he shook them side to side.

She was so wet it she could hear the sloppy slapping sounds his fingers made, and she thrust her hips faster into his fingers and mouth. They both moved with an urgency born of knowing their time was growing short and they needed to fuck again.

He added a third finger to her cunt, stretching her wide, then eased them and the one in her ass out. He jammed them back in roughly while sucking her clit, and after giving her nipples a violent twist, Carla exploded.

She let loose with a loud wail of pleasure before she managed to clap her hand over her mouth. Her hips went wild as she moved her legs up his back and crossed them at her ankles, pinning his face to her convulsing pussy.

Her holes contracted around his fingers, and he curled the three in her pussy, sending another electric shock of pleasure through her. She continued to twist her left nipple as she squealed into her hand while her second orgasm crashed through her.

He continued to lick and suck her clit as best he could while she bucked into his face. She swore this orgasm was more powerful than the first as her back arched higher and her delighted pussy clenched repeatedly around his fingers.

When the last tremors flowed through her, she let her legs drop to his sides as her body relaxed, leaving her laying there breathing hard and feeling as limp as a rag doll. He slid up between her legs and with no hesitation, plowed into her still quivering pussy.

He gave her several long hard thrusts that felt even better after another orgasm, and she would have loved to remain where she was, flat on her back and just letting him have her.

But time was running out, and she needed to be on her hands and knees getting fucked from behind by this incredible young stud. She lifted her right leg, putting her foot on his chest and pushing him back.

His cock slipped from inside her and she felt her sticky juices flowing out with it and down her thighs. Christ, she'd never been this wet! She rolled over onto her hands and knees, wincing at the hard floor beneath the thin carpet.

She thought about getting back on the bed, but there was a definite dirty thrill in remaining on the floor. His hand touched the top of her ass and she felt him ease up behind her.

Both his hands gripped her slender hips, and he pushed the head of his cock through her slick lips. He eased into her, and his first thrusts were long and slow. She rocked back, slamming her pussy into his cock, and giving him the hint of how she wanted it.

He was quick to oblige, and she almost fell forward when his next thrust was hard enough to border on brutal. Carla lowered the upper half of her body, so her cheek was on the thin carpet.

She slid her arms out and encountered the nightstand. She gripped the leg of it, squeezing as he fucked her with a ferocity she'd thought only existed in porn. Not just porn, but rough porn because Jesus, he was putting it to her!

Carla felt something soft next to her arm and grabbing it, realized it was her dress. She pulled it to her face and yelped and howled into it as he squeezed her hips so hard it hurt and pounded her already sore cunt.

But she was rocking back into him and wiggling her hips, urging him on, and trying to drive him even deeper. His balls slapped her clit and at this point her mouth was open in a continuous O, barking her yelps and squeals into the dress.

His hands slid down her thighs then along her calves. He gripped her ankles and lifted her feet so she was now completely on her knees, her lower legs held up as if she were a wheelbarrow.

It put more pressure on her knees as he hammered into her hard enough to keep pushing her forward. But the pain was easily ignored as he was giving her the fucking of a lifetime.

Carla couldn't remember being fucked like this even back in her wild coed days. He was obviously big and strong, and he was using the full power of his body on hers. He was breathing like a bull behind her, but still giving it to her hard and fast.

He pulled back on her ankles and she cried out when her knees were dragged across the carpet. She flopped flat onto her stomach; her legs stretched out behind her. He put his hands on her shoulders and resumed his relentless assault on her aching cunt.

Carla wailed into the dress as he was slamming into her at an even deeper angle. More so, with her flat on the unforgiving floor, there was no rocking forward or any give at all, she was forced to take the full force of his plunging cock.

This erased any doubt in her mind that this was the hardest fuck she'd ever endured. What it did have her questioning was this kid's age. How did a twenty year old have this much skill and confidence?

He took his time in pleasing her at some points but was now using her like she was some drunk slut he'd scored at a bar. She was being ridden hard and left to be put away wet, exhausted, aching, but so fucking satisfied!

His right hand left her shoulder long enough to brush her long hair from her back and neck before he gripped her once more. He surprised her with a soft kiss between her shoulder blades that was an incongruous move compared to the hardcore pounding he was doling out to her.

He kissed his way up her back, then along the exposed side of her neck. His breathing was loud and hot in her ear and each breath ended in a slight whimper. He was getting close, but there was nothing she could do to help.

Carla was flat out on the floor, pinned beneath him and just accepting the violent fucking he was giving to her. At this point her body was limp and her loud cries had devolved into barely audible yips and whimpers.

Even if she wanted to say something at this point she doubted she could utter anything coherent. She was being fucked goddamn senseless! He gave her a few more pumps, his strong hands painfully squeezing her shoulders and his weight pressing her tits into the floor.

Her weak sounds erupted back into a series of loud squeals as the next several thrusts could only be described as vicious. He yanked his cock from within her and his hands left her shoulders.

He moaned above her, and Carla sighed as much in relief as pleasure when she felt his hot sticky cum on her now sweaty body. He must have been leaning over because he was painting her upper and middle back, one spurt hitting her in the back of her neck, another on her left shoulder.

Considering it was his second time, his load was huge, and she wished she could see it. Watch him jack off on her big tits as she held them up for him. But she couldn't deny how sexy it was to feel his hot cum splattering and dripping down her back.

He finished and she heard the bed squeak as he sat on the edge of it. She lay there breathing hard and feeling as if she could spend the rest of the night passed out on the floor, fucked into a damn sex coma.

His hand gripped her arm and slid down to find her hand. He tugged on it, and with a reluctant groan she gathered her legs beneath her and rose to her knees. He continued to hold her

hand, and a moment later she felt something press into her palm.

The medallion.

Carla carefully put it on her leg so she wouldn't misplace it and groaned as even reaching behind her neck to slide her hair to the side and fumble with the clasp took more effort than it should have, and her sore shoulders reminded her of how hard he'd been holding her down.

She managed to unclasp the chain and fumbled for his hand. He touched hers, she dangled the medallion, and it was gently eased from her hand. His other hand found her cheek and she was surprised when he placed a soft kiss on her cheek.

Carla's other hand had found his thigh and sliding to the side encountered his deflated, still dripping cock. Even soft it was impressive, and gripping it, she leaned over and kissed the oozing tip, then took it into her mouth, sucking gently on it.

He groaned and her eyes widened when after a few seconds of sucking it began to stiffen in her mouth. Carla wasn't sure she could handle another round, but also knew if his cock rose fully to the occasion she wouldn't be able to say no.

The decision was taken from them when another double knock came, and Georgia's voice called out. "Game's over! Please get dressed and be out back in five minutes."

She sensed him standing in front of her and taking her upper arms he helped her to her feet. He caught her with another soft kiss, then gently eased her around until the bed hit the back of her legs.

He gave her a gentle nudge and she sat down. She was dying to say something. Thank him, tell him he was amazing. Who was she kidding? Ask him his goddamn name.

Rules be damned if there was a light in the room she'd turn it on. Exactly why the rule existed, she supposed. She sat there in silence, her cunt and body aching, but in a pleasant way, the same way one felt after a good hard workout.

Except this workout came with two orgasms, a load down her throat and the fucking of a lifetime. Carla idly fingered the medallion as she heard him fumbling around for his clothes.

She heard him slipping them on and once again caught the sound of his zipper, but this time the noise brought a sense of disappointment. Carla remained silent as she was supposed to, while becoming acutely aware of his cum sliding down her back to the curve of her ass.

His footsteps sounded on the floor and the door opened enough for him to slide out into the dark parking lot.

"Damn," she sighed.

The rules were to give the boys at least a half hour to leave the motel lot, but if the women wanted to, they could spend the night and Georgia would bring the light and bulbs back in. Carla had no desire to do that so avoided laying back on the bed or she'd probably pass out and sleep like the very satisfied.

She rose to her feet and winced at the stinging sensation in her knees. Looked like it was slacks at work and pajamas around the house for a few days as scrapes on the knees were pretty telling of a wild time.

Maybe not to everyone, not all people had dirty minds, but when men saw that on a woman its where their minds went, and in this case for good reason. His cum slid down her ass, some down the backs of her thighs and a shiver went through her.

She'd kill the time by taking a quick shower, let the hot water soothe her aching arms and back, then get dressed and leave. She carefully found her way across the room to the door which she could dimly make out as a slightly lighter rectangle of black.

Carla entered the room and fumbled on the wall for a switch hoping they'd left at least one bulb in there. What if someone needed to use the damn bathroom? To her relief one of the three small bulbs flickered to life over the medicine cabinet.

It was dim, leaving most of the room in darkness, but enough for her to find the shower and be able to get into it without tripping. Carla turned the knob for the hot water, leaving her hand under the stream as she waited for it to heat up.

A flash of light caught the corner of her eye and she looked to her left. The cardboard on the outside of the window had fallen, leaving the right corner of the window uncovered.

They must not have taped it securely enough. Carla cocked her head when she heard voices and remembered the bathroom faced the back lot. It's not like she'd be able to guess who was with her if she saw anyone, but she'd get a glimpse of one or more of them and have some fun wondering if they were her lover, or who had been with which of her friends.

"Behave," she whispered, her voice barely carrying over the running water.

Right, like playing a sex game in the dark where she'd been fucked by a boy her son's age was behaving. Carla shut the water off and flipped the switch, plunging the room back into darkness.

She made her way to the window and peeked around the cardboard. She saw two young men standing there talking excitedly. One was tall and on the thinner side, that wasn't who had been with her.

The other was shorter, and wearing a baseball cap, but his plain black t-shirt stretched over a pair of broad shoulders and hugged an impressive set of biceps; him? Carla heard another voice to her right and peered over that way, two more boys were talking, one leaning against the back of an old pickup.

An old black Ford Ranger.

"Oh, my god," her stomach twisted into a tight knot as she made out the large dent in the left rear panel over the tire. The dent that had been made when someone ran a stop sign and clipped the back end of it last year.

If there was any doubt, the tall ruggedly built young man leaning against it dressed in jeans and a gray tank top that showed off a heavily tattooed upper arm turned to look over at the other boys, giving her a clear view of his face.

Carla snapped her head away from the window so fast she staggered back and would have fallen had her hip not painfully struck the edge of the sink.

It was Brandon!

Chapter Five

"One out of six, one out of six," Carla repeated the litany as she drove down 95 towards home. "Just under 17%," she nodded nervously as she tried to reason with her racing mind.

Right, one in six, not great odds if it was in the perspective of chances to win something. But when that percentage was used in wondering if it was your son who'd just fucked your brains out, they were not soothing in the least.

She squirmed in her seat, grimacing as her dress peeled away from the sticky cum still on her back.

One in six chance it was her son's cum.

"Oh, god, please," she whispered, wiping at her eyes as they filled for the dozenth time since she'd left the motel.

After knowing without a doubt it was Brandon, Carla skipped the shower, skipped even wiping herself off, left the bathroom and all but threw herself on the floor, searching for her clothes.

Her heart pounding, and her stomach slowly turning, she had to fight off waves of nausea as she found her dress and pulled it on, bra and panties be damned, some perv cleaning guy could have them as a souvenir. As soon as she located her shoes, she slipped them on and fumbled under the bed for her purse where she paused long enough to drop the medallion into it and turn on her phone.

She left the room just in time to run into Georgia who was bringing her back the lamp and a small box of lightbulbs. She asked Carla if everything was okay, and in a flash of inspiration driven by desperation, she said she'd turned her phone back on to see a text from Brandon that something was wrong at home.

A perfect lie, one that gave her an excuse to leave looking flustered after what was supposed to be a hot time, and putting him at home, not at the motel. Not that anyone would think he was there, but God, what if someone ended up seeing his pickup?

The boys were told not to stick around beyond a few minutes which was why the women were supposed to wait a half hour before leaving. She only saw him because of the tape giving way on a corner of the cardboard, so no one should have seen him, but her fevered mind kept playing worst case scenario.

Viv was probably the only one that would recognize his truck, or Brandon himself, not Carla hung out much with the other women, but she did post a lot of picks of her son on her Facebook page.

One thing at a time. Everything else was nothing compared to the possibility she'd fucked her son. Why had she looked out the damn window? If she hadn't, she'd be dwelling in

blissful ignorance and savoring some of the best sex of her life.

She'd be at the bar with the rest of the girls bragging about how good she'd gotten it, how good of a lover he'd been...but no, now she was racing home sick to her stomach and wondering what she should do.

Carla knew she should have said no. No had been the right response to Viv all along, but she'd let herself get talked into it. Viv played on everything from her needing it to it getting her back in the saddle to a form of revenge sex, she'd caved, and this is the price she paid for the lapse in judgment.

As she drove, she tried in vain not to let the details keep playing in her mind in a disturbing loop. If that was Brandon.... she'd blown him, swallowed his damn load. His fingers had been inside her, worse, he'd had a finger in her ass!

He'd fucked her hard and rough and in several positions, she'd cum in his face! His goddamn cum was all over her back and ass and, God, she could still taste him in her mouth!

"Stop, stop, please stop!" she begged herself aloud.

What now? He had no idea she was there, the women parked along the side of the motel in spots reserved by Robin that were usually staff only. But if he'd driven around the wrong way, he might have seen it.

No, she'd been out of the room within five minutes of seeing him, he'd probably still been in the back bragging to his friends about the wild milf he'd fucked the shit out of. The milf that had a one in six shot of being his mother.

"Okay," she took a deep breath. "Slow the roll."

Carla forced herself to think rationally about what had the potential to be one of life's crueler jokes. First, anyone else

realizing they were both there. Despite her panic, those odds were a lot better than 17%.

The boys had to be gone before the women were allowed to leave their rooms. Her car was out of site of the back lot and now that she managed to think clearly, she recalled there was a fence on that side of the building so they couldn't drive out that way.

She'd covered her ass with her lie about there being an issue at home. Explained her leaving in a hurry and looking upset. Viv would most likely call her shortly, and she'd make something up, and make it something Brandon overreacted to so she wouldn't have to create an emergency that Viv could mention to him down the line.

That left the biggest issue.

Was it him?

She could prove it, but to do it, she'd need the medallion he was given. If the room number didn't match, he'd been with one of her friends. Awkward, but far better than the alternative.

It would also be an issue just by her demanding the medallion and thereby admitting she was one of the women and her son knowing she'd done something that damned sleazy.

If he knew the other five guys, and he most likely did, he would have the disturbing knowledge one of his friends had fucked his mother. But as embarrassing and unnerving as her confronting him could be, if it wasn't him, it was far better than the alternative.

The alternative being if the room number matched. Then they'd know they'd slept with each other. Then what? How could they look at each other? Worse, how would they feel?

They had always been close, but since his father had run off, they'd grown much closer. Brandon was more than her son,

he was more like a friend, someone she confided in, enjoyed spending time with, and neither had anyone in their life romantically in close to a year.

Brandon saw himself as a surrogate man of the house, trying to take care of the chores, help with the bills, and spent time with her so she wouldn't be lonely. His constant joking was for her benefit because he was worried she'd get depressed, and he continued to try and convince her to go have some fun.

Well, tonight she'd had some fun, and look where they were.

No, not they, she. If there was any silver lining it was that Brandon was oblivious. He had no idea she was there; no idea she knew he was there. Carla could keep this to herself, not burden him with any of it, especially if it were worst case scenario.

But could she live without knowing? The expression careful what you wish for was ringing loud in her mind. That and

ignorance is bliss, and she was aware of what curiosity did to the cat.

Yet could she keep going with the odds being against it? Spend who knows how long looking at him and wondering? But if she pushed and it was him?

Damned if she did, damned if she didn't, except one way damned only her. She'd be doing the right thing for Brandon by letting this go and hoping once some time would pass she'd put it behind her.

Carla tapped the call button on the steering wheel. In just the few minutes since she'd seen him, her stomach was on fire, she kept fighting against the urge to throw up, her head was pounding, and she was shaking.

Sure, she could go home, shower, take something to help her sleep and hope she'd be better in the morning, but she had a feeling that wouldn't be the case. Maybe she could turn it around on him.

"Yeah," she nodded to herself as the idea played out.

She'd need to come up with a reason for seeing him at that motel. Then ask him what he was doing there. Corner him into admitting it, then try and question him, pick something out they'd done and see if he could describe it.

If he did, she'd know, but he still wouldn't.

Them falling off the bed, she could try to guide him to that. That would be more dishonest than not telling him, she'd be trying to make him feel bad over something he'd done, but she could play concerned mom.

"Honey, don't you know you shouldn't play games like that, I mean, what if you ended up fucking your mom?"

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" she slammed the heel of her palm into the steering wheel.

But this is what she'd do to herself unless she found out for sure. One in six, one in six. Carla swallowed hard and made her decision. She'd confront him, but own up to being there herself, she wouldn't make him feel guilty or wrong for being exactly where she was.

She would do what she had raised him to do. Own your shit and face your problems head on. Running or playing the blame game never worked out in the end.

Before she could change her mind, she spoke.

"Siri, call Brandon's cell,"

"Calling Brandon cell," the voice replied, and her grip tightened on the wheel as the phone rang. Who was to say he'd answer? Probably somewhere swapping sex stories with his friends. "God, this woman could suck cock! Deep throated me and swallowed every drop!"

"Hey, ma!" he answered on the third ring. "Everything okay?"

He was worried about her. Did she really need to do this?

Yes.

"Honey, where are you?"

"I'm hanging out with a few guys from the team."

"Sounds like you're driving." She could hear the loud exhaust over the phone.

"Uh, yeah, we met at Bill's house now we're heading out to shoot some pool."

"I need you home, now."

"Shit," he replied softly. "Mom, you okay?"

"No," she answered honestly. "I need to see you right away."

"Be there in fifteen."

"Thank you, honey," No hesitation at all, damn he was a good kid.

"Whatever you need, I'm here to make sure you get it."

"That's the problem." she thought bitterly.

Chapter Six

Carla walked into the house, planning on hurrying into her room to change before Brandon got home. Change and take a minute in the bathroom to at least wipe off the sticky mess her dress had smeared into her back in the car.

Her phone rang, and worrying it was him, she answered without looking.

"Yeah?"

"Hey!" It was Viv. "What happened? Georgia said you flew out of there like a bat out of hell!"

"Uh, yeah, no big deal, Brandon had a problem here, but he made it sound worse than it was."

"Must have made it sound bad, Georgia said you were white as a ghost and looked like you'd been crying." Viv paused. "Or were your eyes watering from something more fun?" she laughed. "You always said there wasn't a cock you couldn't deep throat."

"Got me," she said weakly.

"Well, if everything is cool at home, come on back and hang out with us, we're heading down to Billy's Frosted Mug to swap the dirty details."

"I think I'll just stay here."

"Why?"

"Because I'm home and kind of tired."

"Okay, what's wrong? You were never a good liar, and you sound like you're a nervous wreck. Something go wrong tonight?"

There's a one in six chance it went very wrong!

"No, I mean," she took a breath. Viv was her best friend and just showed she knew her too well to be able to keep denying anything was wrong.

"You mean what?" Viv sighed. "Something went wrong. Did you freeze up, was he an asshole?"

"Okay, this stays between us, right?"

"I'm insulted you would even think you had to say that." Viv sounded put off.

"Sorry, just on edge." Come on, the best lies were always ones mixed with some truth.

"Do you want me to come over? I'll call the girls and tell them I'll be late or catch them another time."

"No!" she said and probably too quickly. "Enjoy the rest of the night."

"Then tell me what happened."

"It went well, in fact I was thinking more than once how right you were and how I needed it."

"That would be great, except I hear a but coming."

"No but as far as it being a hot time. The but was when he left I went into the bathroom and the cardboard over the window had slid down on one side. I know I wasn't supposed to, but I peeked outside."

"Let me guess, you think you saw someone you know?"

Pretty sure I know my son

"I saw a car that belongs to one of Brandon's friends from school."

"Oh, well, he couldn't see you, so he doesn't know, and it doesn't mean he was with you anyway, there's a one in..."

"I know!" she snapped. "I've been telling myself that all the way home."

"So you lied."

"Huh?" Carla felt her stomach tighten.

"There was no home emergency, that's why you left."

"Got me," she tried to keep the relief out of her voice. "I just didn't want to say anything to Georgia."

"I get it, she blabs, but you could have trusted me from the start."

"You're right, just embarrassed. I wanted to get out of there quick because this kid's been here a few times and probably knows my car. That's why I looked rattled."

"I think you're overreacting, but" she laughed. "Is he hot?"

"He's hot alright," Carla muttered while thinking of Brandon. "Good looking kid."

"Then see it as an extra layer of dirty secret, even though it most likely wasn't him."

"Always the optimist."

"And somehow you even managed to find a way to put a damper on tonight. Carla, I love you, but you can fuck up a wet dream."

"Thanks," she jumped when she heard a car door outside. "I have to go, Brandon's coming home. Don't need him overhearing anything."

"Okay, I'm calling tomorrow morning and you best be ready to tell me all the juicy details and I'll tell you mine."

"Deal."

She ended the call without saying goodbye and shut the phone off. She heard Brandon entering the house and quickly sat down on the couch so he wouldn't see what she imagined would be a visible stain on the back of her dress.

A stain he may have been responsible for.

"Mom!" He burst in the room and came hurrying over. Before she could get a word out, he leaned over and gave her a hug. "You okay? What's wrong?"

She returned the hug tightly, her emotions and mind racing. If the worst had happened, who knew if she'd ever get this kind of hug from him again? But even as she gratefully held onto him, a feeling of dread came over her when she caught the scent of his cologne.

Cool Water. Doesn't mean it was him, she tried to tell herself, that brand was a top seller for young men his age, at least according to an article her magazine had put out last year.

He eased back from her but kept his hands on her shoulders. He looked down at her, and his eyes widened.

"Holy shit! What happened to you?"

"What?" The look of concern in his face had her confused.

"Your hairs a mess, got make up down your face and that means you've been crying and..." he stepped back from her and looked her up and down. "You're..." he hesitated a couple seconds. "Not wearing a bra and look at your knees!"

She looked down to see each knee featured a large patch of red raw skin. Carpet burn.

"Who did this to you?" he demanded.

The question caught her off guard.

"No one did."

"Mom," he spoke slowly, and she could hear the effort he was making to do so. "You said you were going out; you call me upset and you look like someone got rough with you."

"No, Brandon," Damn, why did the kid have to be so sharp?
"Its..."

"Who did this?" he shouted suddenly, his eyes darkening and the veins standing out in his neck. "You tell me who hurt you and I'll break his fucking arms!"

"Honey, easy!" she put her hands up and saw they were shaking, and as much from him as the situation she was previously upset over.

He was always so easy going, but the look on his face was one of naked rage and he'd clenched his fists making the muscles in his forearms stand out. As she stared at she noticed red, crescent shaped marks just under his elbow. Marks from someone digging their nails into him.

"You can tell me, Mom. I won't get caught."

"No one hurt me!" she shouted to stop him from ranting. "I promise, that's not why I called you."

"You sure?" He looked at her dubiously. "You sounded really shaken up and you look," his eyes darted to her knees again and he frowned. "Oh," he whispered softly.

"Oh, what?"

"I get it, you went out and had some fun. But what went wrong?"

"I need you to sit down." She pointed to the other side of the couch. "We need to talk about something."

"I don't need the details," he kept looking at her knees and she imagined him trying to come to grips with the fact his mother had fucked someone hard enough to get rug burn.

"Where were you tonight?"

"Told you, some of the guys from the team were going out and invited me along."

Carla looked at him and thought of how close they were, how much he meant to her and how much she'd come to need him over the last year. The way he'd rushed home, ran over to comfort her, then went into an uncharacteristic fit of anger at the thought someone might have hurt her.

Her eyes dipped to his bare arms in the gray tank top, she noticed several scratches on the top of his shoulder. He wasn't the only one who was rough in the heat of the moment.

No, she didn't know for sure it was her. Viv had long nails, so did Robin and...Viv, what if he had been with her best friend? Better than being with her, that was for sure.

"Mom?"

"Why are you lying to me?" Hypocrite, you lied to him about where you were going.

"Huh?"

"You were at the Skyview Motel in Johnston."

Brandon's eyes widened and he opened his mouth to say something, then closed it.

"Well?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said so softly she could barely hear him.

"Your truck was there. God knows there can't be another 15 year old beat up eyesore like that in the area."

"Whoever told you they saw me there was wrong."

"The one thing I've always asked is for you to never lie to me. What were you doing there?"

"Mom, I'm telling you that whoever saw..."

"I saw you there!" Carla's voice rose in frustration, most of which was currently aimed at herself.

She was beating around the bush because she knew damn well he was there, and why, but couldn't seem to be able to just get to the point.

"You did?" His look of dismay wasn't an act. "What were you doing, following me?"

Carla looked down at the floor between her feet. The can of worms was opening before her eyes. As she'd done earlier in the motel, she'd led herself to the point of no return.

"I was there too," she couldn't bring herself to look at him when she added. "For the same reason."

"Reason," Brandon blinked and shook his head as if he couldn't believe what he heard. "No, you're messing with me."

"I wish I was, and I hope I didn't."

His ice blue eyes narrowed, and he stared at her intently for a few seconds before he waved his hand dismissively.

"Really, Mom? Not enough you caught me, but you're going to try to punk me on top of it?"

"If punking means yanking your chain, I'm not."

"Right," he rolled his eyes. "But fine, I was there with some guys from the team, and we were there for a frat pledge thing."

"You're not in a frat, or is that a lie too?"

"No, but the other guys are all members. They were short a guy for this and because they're all on the team they brought me in because they felt bad I had to quit and figured I could use some fun."

"Exactly why Viv talked me into going."

"Okay, can we stop with the jokes? You found out what I was doing, and now you're stringing it out to screw with me because you're pissed." He sighed. "I don't blame you; it was kind of sleazy and I shouldn't have lied, but,"

He trailed off when Carla reached into her purse and pulled the chain from her purse and dangled the pink medallion in front of him.

"No," he shook his head again, but this time his face paled and he swallowed nervously. "You...where did you get that?"

"My mystery boy gave it to me." Carla put it on the couch between them. "You're looking at one of the founding members of the Sisters in Sin."

"This has to be a joke," Brandon whispered as much to himself as to her.

"Same motel and I swear it's even seedier now than it was then. Viv and another friend thought seeing it was the 25th anniversary of that night and we're all single why not do something wild and relive that night, except we're older, but the boys are the same age."

"You were one of the women in the room." Brandon had a stunned look on his face as it dawned on him she wasn't 'punking him'. "You had sex with a kid my age you don't know."

"I did."

"Mom!" he exclaimed it so forcefully, he caught her by surprise. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Me?" She'd asked herself that question leading up to tonight and many times since, but the way he said it had her feeling defensive. "You did it too!"

"I'm twenty! I'm a kid having some fun, and fun is what you've been riding me to have, especially that kind of fun."

Carla mentally winced at his use of the term riding him because it may have happened literally, but when she replied she continued to justify herself to him.

"And I'm a single woman who you've been telling to go have some fun, and even if it was just a mister right now one nighter."

"Yeah, but that?" His expression now was one of being appalled. "Come on, Mom, you could go anywhere and meet someone."

"I don't have to explain myself to you, Brandon. But if you really need to know? I don't feel very confident, and don't want to embarrass myself or create drama, so this way there was no pressure. Good enough for you?"

She crossed her arms and gave her head a defiant toss.

"Hope so, because its going to have to be."

"Not confident? Jesus, Mom, look at you."

"Don't say anything about how I look," she swallowed nervously. "Please."

He looked confused but nodded.

"Okay, so..." he sighed. "Looks like we took each other's advice, but maybe not in the smartest way."

Again, she was surprised by his maturity. Their conversations and rare arguments always left her feeling like she was speaking with a peer and not her son, this was no exception. As awkward of a situation as you could imagine, and he was being calm and levelheaded.

But also didn't seem to realize what said situation could mean.

"Viv was there too?" he asked.

"Yes," Carla, stalling again before she went all in, added. "She's always flirting with you, and I know you think she's attractive. Maybe you just unknowingly fulfilled a fantasy."

"No," he shrugged. "Wasn't her."

"How would you know?"

"Not to be crude, but Viv's kind of you know," he tapped his chest. "Small up top. The woman I was with had some big..."

He trailed off, and at first Carla thought it was because he felt he was being inappropriate, then she saw his eyes drop to her chest. Her more than ample chest.

"Brandon, I think you're missing the point of why I'm upset other than us being mutually disappointed in each other."

He stared at her, and she wondered if it really wasn't dawning on him because he looked somewhat confused. But as she remained silent, trying not to come out and say it, his eyes narrowed.

He then lowered his gaze once more to her chest, then back down to her knees, and she saw him swallow hard, and visibly pale.

"Jesus Christ," his voice trembled. "You don't think we..." he shook his head. "I can't even say it."

"That's why I was so upset when I called you. The back window was uncovered, and I saw you out in the lot. My stomach hasn't stopped turning since."

She'd remained calm while she'd been playing cat and mouse with the real issue, but now that he'd realized how potentially bad this was, her emotions were coming back to the surface.

"My god, Brandon, what if we did? The things I did and maybe you did to me!"

"Oh, shit," he took a deep breath, but his eyes remained on her knees. "Um, let's think about this."

"I've been thinking about it, including not telling you so you wouldn't worry, but I'm sorry, honey, I need to know!"

"Do we?" he asked softly. "I know you always say to meet problems head on, but we might be better off not knowing."

"Now that you think it's possible, you won't think about it?"

"I don't know."

"You can look at me and not wonder if that was me that did whatever dirty things were done to you tonight?"

"Maybe, I mean it was dark, so I don't have a visual anyway."

"You will now."

"I don't think I could picture you doing things like that, let alone to me."

"You couldn't before now. Its natural, Brandon."

"You telling me if you don't know you'll look at me and think of me like that? Like see me in your head doing it?"

"I don't know," her eyes dropped to his lap.

His ripped jeans were even tighter than the ones he had on in the garage, and she couldn't help staring at his crotch. What if that was the cock she'd had in her mouth, inside her?

She became acutely aware of the dress sticking to her lower back and ass. It could be his cum. A rapid fire kaleidoscope of unwanted images flooded her distraught mind. Her on top, him spreading her legs wide open like a goddamn whore, him pounding her into the floor as she lay stretched flat out and helpless.

His lips on her, his tongue in her mouth, his tongue in her cunt!

"If we find out for sure, there's no way we wouldn't be able to." She could hear the tension in his voice, but to his credit, he seemed more rational than she did right now.

"You think we should leave this open to doubt?" she asked.

"In this case it might be worth playing what if for a while. I mean, we'll eventually get over it as time goes on, but knowing for sure? Might not be a good idea."

"Honey?" she asked quietly.

"What is it, Mom?"

"Would you still love me if we find out we did?"

"Of course, I will!" he slid across the couch and not only put his arm around her shoulders but took her right hand in his. "I'll always love you, Mom!"

"But I did," her throat tightened. "I was so...dirty!"

"Well, it was supposed to be that way," Brandon squeezed her shoulder and the strength in his hand reminded her of her lover. Everything was going to do that, and she knew it. "It wasn't set up to be romantic, if it was we'd have had candlelight."

"I can't believe you can joke," she eased from him so she could turn on the couch to face him.

"I do it when I'm stressed," he admitted. "But why would I not love you if it ended up being us together?"

"Because it's unnatural and disgusting and wrong! I'm your mother!"

"If, and that's an if, it was us, its not like we knew. I didn't say I think this is my mom, but hey, why not?"

"I know, but we still did it."

"Maybe did it, and by accident," he tried to reassure her.

"Spilling something is an accident, blowing your son is unnatural."

"No need to be crude," he tried to smile, but it faded. "You think you need to know, don't you?"

"I need to."

"Would you think less of me?"

"No! If anything, this is my fault, I had no right being there!"

"You gave me the reasons you were, and you're right on every one of them, and honestly? I wasn't wrong for being there either. Just a case of who could see something like this coming."

He laughed softly. "Jeez, I know they say RI is a small state, but come on."

Carla looked at the medallion still cradled in her hand.

"If these match, it was us. Where is yours?"

"In my pocket." He lowered his head and his voice. "But there's no point, I already know."

"What? How? Did you see something? Was I too loud?"

The questions came rapid fire in an increasingly high pitched nervous voice she'd never heard come out of her before. Then again, she'd never committed incest with her son before.

"The woman I was with had long hair, big on top, was wearing Coco Chanel, which is what you're wearing, and," he pointed to her knee, his finger trembling. "We ended up on the floor, and it was pretty, uh...rough."

"Oh my god," For the first time she felt her eyes well up.

"Its okay," he squeezed her hand. "We'll get past it, we won't talk about it and like they say, time heals all wounds, right?"

"But this is..."

"Most important, no one else knows, this is between us and we're not telling, right?" he laughed, and she could hear his own nerves in it.

"I need to be sure," Carla whispered even though she now already knew. "Please let me see it."

Brandon released her hand and stood to be able to fish into the pocket of the tight jeans. His crotch was now in her face, and she immediately felt her face flush as she looked away, remembering what she'd done to him.

He held his hand out to her, the medallion in his palm, and she choked back a sob.

Room #6

Chapter Seven

Carla slowly opened her eyes and found herself staring up at the bathroom ceiling. She'd fallen asleep soaking in the tub. Not exactly uncommon for her after some of the long days she'd worked, but she was amazed she'd been able to fall asleep at all.

Maybe it was a case of her mind mercifully deciding to shut itself down before she went into yet another crying jag, and mentally berating herself for deciding to go through with something that had become the biggest mistake of her life.

After she'd seen Brandon's medallion, she'd burst into tears, and he'd held her while she sobbed into his chest. The fact he was the son who was comforting his mother who was acting like a teenage drama queen served to make things worse.

He didn't say anything, just held her while stroking her hair. It was a sweet gesture, but one that had her thinking of his

hand gripping her hair when she went down on him, or when they kissed.

She had her hand on his arm and recalled thinking how damn fine her mystery lover was, what an incredible hard body he had. These images and thoughts made her cry harder, was it always going to be this way?

And what was he thinking? How would he see her from now on? How could he ever again see her as 'mom' after she'd ridden him like a drunken slut or desperate milf auditioning for damn porn shoot?

If there was a silver lining, it was that she wasn't allowed to talk. In her prime, and back when she could get into sex, Carla was very verbal. She wasn't just loud, but loved to talk nasty, and it would have been even worse if she'd said the things to Brandon she would have loved to have said when she didn't know who he was.

But that was little consolation, which is what she offered her son. She didn't exactly handle things in a parental way, breaking down into a hot mess when she should have been trying to comfort him.

He didn't seem anywhere near as upset as her, but when she pulled her face from his now tear-and worse-soaked shirt, he had a stunned look on his face, like a deer in headlights who had no idea what to do.

Realizing she'd dropped the ball, Carla tried to say something, but all that came out was a bunch of stammering nonsense. Brandon had kissed the top of her head, and suggested she go lie down, and they could talk in the morning after she got some sleep and felt a little better.

He was such a good boy. Even those words gave her a shudder, thinking of the porns she'd seen where an older woman, sometimes playing a stepmom, sometimes just being the hot experienced cougar would tell her young partner what a good boy he was.

And boy was the wrong word. Brandon was a man and he had proved that in every sense of the word in the motel. So far Carla had managed to force her mind away from just how hard she'd come and how much she'd enjoyed him and was even trying for more right up to the last second.

She'd mumbled something pathetic about him being right but saying if he needed to talk feel free to wake her up no matter what time it was. That was a reflex statement because she couldn't see herself being any more equipped to handle this in a few hours than she was now.

Brandon had kissed her on the cheek and Carla could smell herself on his face. She had to walk away at that point before she broke into another crying jag. She held off until she entered the bathroom, then the thought that his fingers would smell like her as well caused her to break down again.

She sat on the edge of the tub, crying into a towel so he wouldn't hear her if he walked by the bathroom or knocked

to check on her. Carla pulled herself together enough to fill the tub and removed her dress.

The way the dress peeled away from her sticky lower back and ass, almost got her going again, but by then she was pretty much cried out and only a soft frustrated whimper escaped her.

Once she'd settled into the warm soapy water to try and at least physically soak her unintentional sin away, Carla was surprised to feel drowsy, and after putting her hair up, rested her head on the spa pillow Brandon had bought her for Christmas last year because he was always afraid her head was going to slip under the water when she fell asleep in the tub.

Little things like that made him wonderful. He was far more thoughtful than most kids his age, and going by her friends and co-workers complaints, much more than their sons.

He always had been, but the last few months he'd been more concerned and helpful than usual, trying to compensate for

Henry leaving, she supposed, even though her ex hadn't been thoughtful in years.

Brandon had noticed that before, and especially once Henry left, and had mentioned multiple times he was trying to take care of her in every way until she found someone else who 'deserved her' which Carla always thought was a sweet remark.

A thought that had once crossed her mind, which now had taken on the ultimate in irony, was Brandon took care of her in every way but in the bedroom, the one thing that kept him from literally being the man of the house and in her life.

He'd unwittingly proven tonight he could even do that because he'd given it to her better than...

"What kind of bullshit is that?" she spoke as she sat up in the tub.

She'd just had a traumatic experience, had been emotional ever since, and just woke up groggy and with a headache that reminded her she'd had a fair amount to drink before the real issue of the evening started.

But being a half-asleep hot mess couldn't explain that last thought. Granted, when she didn't know it was her son she'd been thinking that, but now that she knew, there should be no positive thoughts on what they'd done.

Carla reached over the side of the tub and picked up her cell to check the time. She was surprised to see it was 3:30 in the morning. It had been 11:30 when she'd gotten into bath.

She lifted her foot from the no longer soapy water, using her now pruney toes to lift the lever to drain the tub.

"Ugh," she grunted when she saw the five small round bruises around her ankle before she quickly dipped it back under the water.

Carla forced herself to stand and winced as every ache and pain she expected from her taboo encounter hit her.

Her knees stung and were red and raw, her legs were sore from being bent back and stretched into positions she hadn't been in for some time. Carla's shoulders felt the worst, aching from Brandon's strong hands and leaning his weight on her when he had her prone on the floor.

Was he that rough with his girlfriends?

There was a dull ache between her thighs from the pounding he'd given her, and even her ass hurt from his finger being the first thing in there in well over a decade. All these pains and marks would be something to enjoy and brag about if she'd received them from anyone else.

Carla drew the curtain closed and turned on the shower. She unpinned her hair and shook it out, then stood under the hot

water to soak it. As she grabbed the shampoo, she stepped forward, letting the stream of water hit her shoulders to try to ease the ache in them.

She lathered up her hair, then grabbed her blueberry scented body wash. She washed herself slowly and mechanically, using the familiar and mundane movements to help keep her calm.

After she washed her hair and rinsed off, she got out of the shower and dried off. Donning her long blue terry cloth "mom robe" as Brandon called it, she left the bathroom.

She walked down the hall towards her bedroom with a surreal feeling, as if she'd just woken up, but everything tonight had been a dream. She hadn't gone to the motel, hadn't had sex with her son, this was just a regular Friday night she'd spent watching TV with Brandon.

But she knew it wasn't and her stiff sore knees were a reminder.

"Hey, Carla, how'd you scrape you knees? You fall?"

"Nah, rug burn from getting it doggy on the floor."

"Good for you!"

"Not really, it was my son fucking me."

She realized this was still only hours old, and raw, but Carla wondered how long every thought was going to lead back to what happened. Not just for her, but what was Brandon thinking?

Carla stopped at his bedroom when she noticed a faint light under his door. She listened and could hear the TV going. Was he still up? If he was, was she ready to talk to him? The answer was no, but she was his mother and if this mess was keeping him up, she'd do what she could to make him feel better.

She eased the door open and saw the TV was on, but Brandon was on his bed, lying on his stomach, his head facing away from the TV. Carla quietly entered the room and picking the remote up from next to him, shut the TV off.

She put it down on his nightstand, while she stared down at her sleeping son. He was only in his boxers and sprawled out across the bed. Carla found herself taking in his powerful back and shoulders, frowning at the small scratch marks on his right shoulder blade.

Her eyes wandered down his muscular arms, then down his back to linger on his ass in the tight black boxers. Fucked by a boy this fine and he was her son. If that wasn't life's biggest joke, what was?

Carla's gaze continued to roam over him, now focusing on his right hand where it rested along his side. Even back in her teens when she'd started having sex, Carla had a thing for hands. Big strong rough hands that could grab and squeeze

you, that could pin you down, and display the type of strength that made her weak.

Brandon had big hands, and she'd just learned firsthand how strong they were, how strong he was. She blinked when she realized she was looking at him as a man and not her son. Regardless of what had happened, he was the latter, and she had no business looking at him as anything else.

Yet her eyes remained on him as more unwanted flashes of the motel ran through her mind. She found herself envisioning his hands on her body, her body on his, riding him as he whimpered because he'd just cum and she was forcing him to give her more.

Thought about him between her legs, holding them open, then stretched out over her, his hands on her arms, pinning her to the floor. Carla took a step back when she noticed her breathing had grown heavier, and her face growing hot.

What the hell was this? She turned and quickly made her way out of the room, trying to rationalize her mind going down a path that was as wrong as wrong was. She told herself the whole thing had her rattled and she wasn't thinking straight.

She gently closed the door behind her and went into her room trying to ignore the fact her nipples were erect, and her face wasn't the only part of her that had grown warm.

Chapter Eight

Carla opened her eyes to the smell of coffee and bacon and rolled over to see the clock on her nightstand.

10:15am.

She'd gone out like a light again. Emotions must really take their toll because she couldn't remember the last time she'd

slept past nine, never mind ten. She sat up and rubbed at her temples, she felt like something was wrong.

Well, wrong in addition to the ultimate wrong of last night, anyway.

"Shit!" she exclaimed.

She was supposed to work the kiosk today. It opened at noon, but she was due there at 11 to inventory the makeup before the shift and put the samples out. Carla kicked off the covers and got out of bed.

In addition to sleeping so late it wasn't like her not to set the alarm on her phone and the regular clock as she always did because she hated being late. She stretched, grunting as last night's aches and pains let her know they hadn't gone anywhere.

Carla donned an old Bruins jersey Brandon was going to toss out last year, but she was a fan, and it was oversized enough on her to make a good nightshirt or something to bum around the house in.

She wore nothing beneath it and went to grab her robe. After last night she didn't feel right walking around anything but fully dressed or sufficiently covered in front of her son.

As she reached for the robe, her eyes searched for her cell. She swore she plugged it in to charge and put it next to the clock like she always did. Where was it?

She jumped at a knock on her door, and just as she turned, Brandon was already popping his head into the room.

"Hey, rise and shine, breakfast is ready!"

"Since when do you come in here without me telling you to?" Carla demanded. "I might have been getting dressed!"

"Sorry, you usually get dressed in the bathroom after you shower, and not like you sleep in the nude." He gestured to her and laughed. "I mean, not that you don't rock that Bergeron jersey, but it's not exactly revealing."

"Just don't do it again," she replied irritably.

"Someone's cranky," he didn't seem affected by her tone. "Did you get too much sleep?"

"Yes, because I need to be at the mall by 11. Have you seen my phone? I swear I brought it in here."

"I have it." he reached into the pocket of his jeans and held it up.

"What did I do, leave it in the bathroom last night?"

"Um, no," Brandon ran his hand through his hair. "I came in here a couple hours ago and took it."

"You did what?"

"I was worried about you and checked in you. You were out like a light at 8:30 and I figured after last night you needed the rest, so I shut the alarm clock off and took the phone."

"Brandon you had no right doing that! Now I need to rush to get to work!"

"You don't have to go to work today."

"What do you mean? I work Saturday."

He repeated the hand through the hair, his tell that he was nervous.

"Try not to be mad, okay?" he put his hands up defensively.
"But I figured last night was tough, and you should try and take it easy today."

"What did you do?"

"I called Marissa and told her you weren't feeling well and asked if she could take your shift today."

"You.... did...what?" She spoke slowly so she wouldn't go off on him.

"She said it was no problem because she could use some extra money, and hopes you feel better."

"What the hell is wrong with you?" This time she lost the battle. "You went into my phone to get her number, then called from it and lied, because you decided I shouldn't work today?"

"Well," he gave her his best aw shucks grin. "I made breakfast."

"Brandon," she took a deep breath. He meant well, figured he was helping her, when reality was she wouldn't have minded something to take her mind off last night for a few hours.

"Brewed you a cup of Earl Gray too," he added hopefully.

"Okay," she nodded. "You did it for the right reasons, so I won't say anything more than never do it again, deal?"

"Deal! Let's eat!"

He vanished from the doorway and Carla followed him, not bothering with the robe, his crack about the baggy jersey told her she didn't have to worry she was showing anything that he'd up to this point only felt.

She followed him down the hall and into the dining room where he'd set the table and put out plates of scrambled eggs,

bacon, and a few slices of toast. He had the coffee carafe on there as well, but next to her plate was a steaming mug of tea.

"Wow, look at this!" Carla whistled. "Have I told you that you're going to make a lucky woman very happy someday?"

"Hoping I'm doing that right now." He sat across from her and lifting the platter, pushed some eggs onto her plate.

"I am lucky to have a son like you," she said quietly. "Not sure what I did to deserve this."

"Guess you were pretty good last night," he winked, and she dropped the fork she'd just picked up.

"A joke? You're joking about that? Are you crazy?"

"Easy, mom," he remained calm as he plucked several pieces of bacon to put on his plate. "Better to laugh than cry, no?"

"I did plenty of crying last night and there's nothing funny about this."

"Okay, sorry, please eat."

Carla picked up the fork. Despite him just upsetting her, the smell of food reminded her she hadn't eaten since yesterday at lunch as she was already so nervous about last night she'd skipped dinner.

She took a bite of eggs, then two more in rapid succession, and after barely chewing, grabbed a slice of toast and took a huge bite from it.

"Either I'm a better cook than I think or you're starving."

"Right on both. Breakfast you can make, but anything dinner related its takeout time." She took a sip of tea. "This is good too."

"I aim to please." He quickly put his hand up. "Not a joke about last night, promise!"

The way he did it, and the wide eyed mock serious look he gave her, made her laugh. Maybe things could be okay between them.

"Settle down smartass," she told him, then concentrated on eating.

Brandon did the same and there were a few minutes of silence as they ate. She noticed he ate as ravenously as she did and couldn't help smiling when he would take some eggs, put them on a piece of toast and roll it up before eating it.

He'd been doing it since he was a little kid and she always found it endearing. Carla kept trying to remain positive, this could have been breakfast on any given weekend for them, like nothing had happened.

Except the stinging in her knees and the visible scratches on his forearms and top of his left shoulder were a reminder something had. Carla could also feel him staring at her whenever her attention was on her plate.

Whenever she would glance up, he would look away so quickly he gave away the fact he was staring. Carla could only imagine what he was thinking. Just as she'd looked at him and couldn't avoid the visual of them together, it would be the same for him.

Wondering what her breasts looked like, imagining her lips on him, her in the various positions they'd been in. It was disturbing, but she couldn't blame him. At least he didn't seem to be as distraught as she was.

Or maybe it hadn't hit him yet? Maybe it wasn't as bad for him as he wasn't the parent? Possibly a version of the double standard anything a guy did seemed fine, but women were seen, and often saw themselves to have a higher standard?

"Honey, this was delicious," Carla told him as she dabbed at her chin with a napkin. "Thank you, so much."

"You're welcome." Brandon had also finished and after taking a second to stack all the empty plates, pushed them to the side and poured himself another cup of coffee which he drank black, a trait he'd inherited from his father.

"Sorry about doing that to you with work. I knew it was wrong, but just thought it would be better for us."

"Its okay, but what do you mean better for us?"

"I'm going in at 8 tonight to unload the trailers coming from out of state, so I figured you having the day off would give us time to talk."

"You really want to talk about it?" she sipped at the last of her tea, her cautiously optimistic mood fading.

"I think we need to, don't you?"

"This soon after?"

"Why put it off?" he sipped his coffee, then sat back in his chair, his arms up with his hands behind his head.

Carla was struck by how relaxed he looked, in fact so far this morning he hadn't seemed upset at all other than being nervous about telling her he'd called her out of work.

"You're taking this better than I am," she voiced her last thought.

"At first I was pretty shaken up, but I did a lot of thinking last night and this morning, and I don't know, maybe it wasn't such a bad thing."

"Excuse me?" Carla tapped her ear. "I don't think I heard that right. How is this not a bad thing?"

"Because the more I thought about it, the more I saw how it could work for us."

"Brandon, are you smoking something behind my back?"

"Course not, but I get it, you think I should be disgusted and upset like you."

"In a way I'm glad you're not distraught over it, but honestly, Brandon, I think you're taking it a little too lightly."

"Maybe you're taking it too seriously." he replied.

"It's pretty damn serious, I'm your mother."

"We didn't know that at the time, and if the lights were on and I walked in the room you know we would have never done it."

"But we did."

"And we can't take it back." Brandon pointed out. "What's done is done. We can either be crazed about it or make it into something positive."

"Positive?" Carla rose from the table. "Brandon, I think we should wait to talk. I don't think the enormity of this has hit you yet."

"It has, just not in the way it hit you." He lowered his arms. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to go watch some TV, try to take my mind off this."

She left the room but heard him following her.

"Mom, we weren't done. You always make me stay and finish a conversation."

"I'm the parent, I make the rules," she told him as she entered the living room and flopped down on the couch.

"That's fair," he muttered.

"As life proved last night, it's rarely fair." She reached for the remote, but he snatched it up before she could take it. "Give me that!"

"No, we talk about this now." He sat next to her on the couch. "Please?"

"We're not talking until you get what this means," Carla insisted.

"Then tell me what you think it means," Brandon said with no trace of sarcasm. "Tell me what's so wrong with what happened."

"I had sex with my son."

"Didn't know it was me."

"Now I do. It wasn't just sex; it was your middle aged mother playing a kinky sex game. It wasn't romantic, it wasn't sweet, it was...just fucking and I was an out of control wildcat the second you started touching me. It was embarrassing on top of being wrong in every other way possible."

"You're embarrassed you got into it?" he grinned. "Guys pay escorts for the Porn Star Experience. Did you know that?"

"I'm disturbed you do."

"Couple girls at school are escorts, they were telling some stories about it at a party."

"To drum up business?" she rolled her eyes.

"No, they only go with older guys who can afford them." Brandon laughed.

"Stop making light of this."

"My bad, keep talking about why you're upset."

"We didn't know who we were, but now that I do? I can't stop picturing it. Seeing you do those things to me and what I was doing to you, and its sick to have that in my head, and I can't see how you're not doing the same thing."

"Yeah, I have been." He admitted. "When I came in to steal your phone I was looking at you while you were asleep and...well, I had those thoughts."

"See?" Carla gestured with her hand but skipped mentioning she'd done the same thing to him last night when she'd gone into his room. But she wasn't getting off that easy.

"You look at me when you came in and shut my TV off?"

"Honey, there's times I wish you weren't as sharp as you are," she sighed. But she'd be damned if she'd tell him she had a disturbing reaction when she did.

"When I was looking at you that's when I started seeing it in a different way, a better way."

"You keep saying things like that, so why don't we switch, and you tell me what was so damn positive about this."

"After you went to take a bath and I had time to really think about it one of the first things that hit me was, damn that was my mother."

"That's the problem." Carla sighed.

"I mean in an exciting way. That was my mother that acted like that. I've been with a few girls, but none of them were that aggressive or wild. The way you..."

"Stop!" Carla put her hand up. "I know what we did and how we did it."

"Telling you what I thought and how it made me feel. I don't really know why but thinking about my mother being that," he paused as he searched for the word. "Sexual! Getting to experience you as a woman, the one part of you I never knew, but now I do."

"You're not supposed to know me in the carnal sense, no family member is supposed to know another like that."

"Well, now we do, and I couldn't get it out of my head, but I found it exciting."

"Oh, my god." Carla slumped back into the couch. "I can't believe I'm hearing this."

"You know you're a beautiful woman, and I know that too. It's obvious, just look at you."

"Flattery is not saving you from this."

"I don't need to be saved from anything, its how I feel, and like I always tell you, you have to know you're attractive."

"I'm okay for my age."

"For any age, you're gorgeous, and now that we're already having a weird conversation? I've always known you have a hell of a body."

"Brandon!"

"Come on, Mom. I'm your son, but I'm a guy too, and you're a woman. I'm not saying I ever thought about you in a dirty way, but I can't help noticing how good you look." He shrugged. "Heard enough about it from friends from middle school up to now, any guy from URI who's met you, tells me you're a damned Milf."

"Classy."

"We're college guys, only class we know are the ones we need to pass." He laughed at his own joke, but when she shook her head, he stopped.

"Can we be honest here?"

"You're being pretty damned honest already," she mumbled.

"Can you be honest?" he corrected himself.

"I always try to be, especially since you've gotten older. So go ahead, not like this can get anymore awkward."

"You ever look at me as a man?"

"Really, Brandon?"

"Really, Mom," he tapped his chest. "Jokes aside, I'm not stuck on myself, but I know I look pretty good. Enough girls tell me that. But 'really' isn't an answer."

"Fine," she told him. "Yes, I can see that you're a good-looking young man who's in is good shape."

"And after we found out, you didn't think of me a little different? Think wow that was my son that gave it to me like that?"

"Brandon, this is...", before she could catch herself, she blurted out the question that had been nagging at her. "Are you always that rough with the girls?"

"Oh," he looked away. "Not really, I know I'm really strong, so I try to go easy with them."

"Last night wasn't easy." Carla pointed to her knees, then leaned over to point at the bruises around both ankles which were much more prominent this morning. "I ache like I spent a few hours at the gym."

"Yeah, sorry," his face turned red, and he remained looking away from her as he spoke. "I figured an older woman would be able to handle it, probably really enjoy it. Guess it was a chance to cut loose."

"Lucky me."

"You weren't easy either." He pointed to the crescent shaped gouges on his forearms. "And you just hopped on and made me keep going after...you know."

It was her turn to blush.

"I needed it, been a long time and even before your dad left because there wasn't much the last couple years and even before that we'd gotten in a boring rut."

"That's why you were there last night," Brandon commented. "Gave you the chance to cut loose like I did."

"Not just rough, but damn bold," Carla scowled. "Where you put your finger? Twice?"

"Not like I could ask, and you didn't seem to mind."

"Ugh," Carla scrunched her face up. "This is the worst conversation I think I've ever had."

"Girls my age don't care much for that, so it was like being rougher, figured an older woman doesn't have the hang ups," he grinned. "You didn't mind anything we did."

"Because..."

"I know, you didn't know. Now we do, and I'm just going to come out and say that I decided instead of being grossed out, I think it's kind of hot."

"Hot?" Carla asked incredulously. "What's wrong with you?"

"Couldn't fall asleep for awhile last night, and before I put the TV on, I was on my laptop, and I looked up mother son sex."

"Oh, for Christ's sake," Carla put her head in her hands.

"I was looking for an actual article or something, but all that came up was porn sites."

"Tell me you didn't watch that shit."

"Couple short clips, they were kind of stupid, but the point is there's tons of it! Lot of dirty stories came up and I found out stepmom and mom are number one searches, then milf is next," he whistled. "Its all about your mom or another person's mom I guess."

"There a point here?"

"Point is they don't waste time making videos for things no one watches. If mom stuff is that big it means a lot of people think about it, so they watch the movies."

"Or they just think older women are hot."

"But the title the video is about a mom." He pressed. "That's the fantasy they must have."

"Fine, maybe some kids have or had a misplaced crush on their mother, and they watch these things as a harmless way to get it out of their system. They wouldn't do it in real life."

"Because they think their mom would smack them or send them to therapy."

"Where they'd belong."

"Women probably watch them too."

"Hon, I suppose I could allow my mind to consider a young man getting some confused feelings about his mother. In no way can I see a mother getting that urge for her own son. We're here to raise and love and nurture you, not hurt you."

"I wasn't hurting last night," he started to smile, but stopped. "Right, no jokes."

"Maybe I should be glad you don't seem traumatized, but you're making me nervous because you're making it sound like a turn on."

"I think it is," he said quietly.

"You didn't just say that," Carla groaned.

"Mom, you're beautiful, sexy, shit, you're a goddamn ex-model! You were hot as fuck last night! You're like the total package!"

"I'm your goddamn mother!" she shouted at him.

"Total package," he smirked then yelped when she punched him in the arm.

"Stop it!"

"No, I'm telling you how I feel. I couldn't stop staring at you at breakfast. Even just awake, no makeup, hair a mess wearing my old jersey you look good! I wondered what it would be like to sleep with you, wake up with you, be..."

"Brandon, you don't stop you are going to get sent to fucking therapy!"

He sighed, and his brow furrowed in thought. He nodded, then continued.

"I get it, I'm being kind of graphic and focusing on sex and attraction."

"You are not attracted to me," she waved her hand at him.
"You're confused because you experienced that part of me, and you wouldn't have had we known better."

"I don't think so, I think it just added to something I'd been thinking about. That's why I don't mind it happened, it gave me a chance I would have never had."

"I don't know if I want to hear anymore."

"Please, Mom, I need to say this." His voice softened and he reached out and put his hand over hers. "Please let me tell you."

"Okay, I'll listen, let you get it out of your system."

"Those movies, most were short and all about sex, but I found a couple that were over an hour and had a story to them."

"Incest porn with depth, how charming," Carla rolled her eyes.

"I only read the description and watched a few minutes, then looked at the comments," he explained. "Enough to get the gist, and they kind of hit home."

"I'll bet."

"Not the sex, there wasn't any at the start, it was just about the mother and son and their life."

"Point, please. I'm not going to sit here and listen to porn that you think has a message to it other than sticking your mom is hot."

"Wrong, there was something to it that meant something to me."

"Go ahead," she rolled her hand. "I'll hear you out, but anything inspired by porn has a strike against it already."

"The movies had single moms, one the dad died, one he ran off, and mom was heartbroken, and money was tight, and the son did everything he could to help, worked, chores, most of all spent time with his mom, trying to take care of her."

"Okay, I see the similarities," she begrudgingly admitted.

"Son became the man of the house, and you've said that's what I'm trying to be."

"I'm still with you," she added. "For now."

"They spend a lot of time together, get closer, and the son? All he wants is for mom to meet a guy who will treat her the way she deserves, take care of her in every way. Cause thing is, the one thing the son could never be to her is a lover, right?"

"Unless you play 'Who Goes There'," Carla complained. "But that's the point you should have gotten, not supposed to sleep with mom."

"But they kept getting closer and..." he saw the skeptical look on her face. "I won't bore you with the whole story, but something happens, and they end up sleeping together, and

the mom realizes they can be everything to each other, and he's the man who will treat her right."

"Brandon, that's absurd. It's pandering to a crowd who has taboo fantasies, and its their version of a happily ever after. It's also the ultimate for that kink, mom and son living a forbidden love. Still about getting their rocks off, just tugging on the heart strings instead of just between their legs."

"But that could happen, and I know that because it's happened for us."

"Us?" she raised her eyebrows.

"Look how much closer we are. We're a team, we keep up the house, I help with bills, and we're like best friends. We talk about everything, we hang out, most important we love each other."

"There's different kinds of love, honey, and most people would think we're kind of pathetic. Viv tells me that all the time, both of us need to find someone in our lives."

"Why, when that someone is us?"

He looked so serious she was struck speechless. Did he really think they were some type of weird couple? How had last night's fiasco turned into him thinking there was something between them other than a night of lust that only happened by accident?

"We've both been telling each other to get out there again, even if it's just a hookup, right?" he continued into her stunned silence.

"Yes and look what happened."

"Exactly!" he pounded his fist into his palm excitedly. "Look what happened, we ended up with each other! Think about what the odds are that would happen!"

"One in six."

"One in six at the motel, but the odds we would both be part of it? That the frat would be one brother short and ask me and I'd get your room?"

"Life has a lousy sense of humor."

"Nope, it was meant to be!"

"Do you hear yourself? Meant to be? What do you think, we're star-crossed lovers?"

"We were almost there anyway," Brandon spread his arms out. "Can't you see that now? The way we kept getting closer. How

we were sharing our lives the way married people do, but there was that one thing that kept it from being complete?"

"With good reason, and its still keeping us that way with good reason."

"No, we had sex last night, the lines crossed! Now we can think about it just being us from now on."

"Honey," she shook her head, unable to believe how excited he sounded. "You're missing something. We didn't know it was us. So last night doesn't count."

"Sex in the dark isn't sex?"

"Last night was anonymous sex, which turned out to not be anonymous, but at the time, it was, understand?"

"Okay."

"That means it wasn't the same as me saying, Brandon, honey, I love you, come to bed with me. Or you coming to me and saying you wanted me. See the difference?"

His eyes narrowed.

"I think so."

"We didn't fall into bed together out of desire or love, we got shoved together by circumstance. I'm sure in those movies one professed their love, and it went from there, right?"

"Yeah, but..." he ran both hands through his hair as he tried to work around the blow she'd just dealt to his take on their reality.

"No buts, Brandon. I love you, and yes we're closer than most mothers and sons are. We are very much in this life together

and are each other's everything in a way, but not that way, can never be that way."

"It can," he doggedly stayed on his point. "It couldn't before because we would never even let ourselves think of the other like that. But last night made it so we are thinking like that and since we did do it, even without knowing, it counts and that means if we wanted to now there's no more inhibitions, we've been there."

Carla rubbed at her temples. She should have stayed in bed; no, she should be at work right now focusing on blending make up and giving beauty tips. But she needed to keep going, Brandon was confused, and she couldn't blame him.

Last night had affected her in what she felt was a normal way, for him it triggered some type of misconstrued feelings he had for her, or thought he had. Watching sick taboo sex videos right afterwards didn't help.

"Let me see if I understand," she began, choosing her words carefully. "Are you telling me last night put all this in your head? That sex was the only thing keeping us from being a couple?"

"No, I had those thoughts before last night."

"Because...." She stopped and blinked in surprise. "What?"

"Not all the time, but sometimes I'd think that all I wanted was for you to be happy with someone, and you're happy with me, and I want to take care of you, and who would ever want to see you get everything you deserve more than me?"

"It doesn't work like that."

"You want honesty? Part of why I did last night was because I caught myself looking at you in ways I shouldn't a couple times. Last time you were in your bikini sunning on the deck I had this thought of touching your warm skin, and kissing

your back and," he released a deep breath. "I felt like a loser thinking like that so when the guys asked me about the motel, I was like 'Brandon, you need to get some'."

He gestured to her.

"And ended up with you, anyway. I think, no, I know, that's a sign."

"I can't believe you thought about me," she said softly. "Did I do something wrong? Do I show too much, did I somehow lead you on?"

"You didn't do anything except for being an incredible woman, the best, most beautiful woman I know," he swallowed hard, and she could see the emotion in his face.

"Honey," she said softly. "I thank you for saying that, but it's still misguided feelings."

"I want you to know I never thought anything nasty about you."

"Bet you do now," she grunted.

"No, know what I think? That since I knew it was you I wish last night had been different. I had no idea that was my chance with you, and it was so rough and raunchy."

"You seem to like it that way."

"You did too, but because we thought we were just getting what we needed from someone meaningless."

"Exactly what we both needed."

"At the time. Thing is now I feel bad about how it happened. If I had a chance with you, it was going to be different. I wanted to make it special, make you feel special."

"Special?"

"Mom, like I started to say, I never thought about us in a nasty way. I didn't picture it being like last night. I thought about kissing you nice and easy, and all over. Kissing your shoulders, and your back, your neck like last night except keeping it slow.

"I wanted to love you. I wanted to appreciate you, all of you. Not just your body, but you. I wanted to make you feel like a woman who's loved and adored, hell, worshipped!"

"Worshipped?" She couldn't help repeating it, he was going all in on this.

"When I thought about it, I saw it as having one chance to show you how a man can make a woman feel loved and desired and not in a lusty way, but a loving way."

His voice was getting tight, and she saw he was getting emotional, even his eyes were tearing up.

"And last night? It was hardcore, and sure it was great then, but soon as I knew it was you, I felt like I blew it. I would have never wanted to be that way."

"You're serious," she took his hand. "Honey, you're crying."

"Because I guess even though it wasn't the way I wanted it I still thought it could be a good thing. It gave me this chance to tell you how I'd thought about you, but always felt it was wrong and how could I bring it up?"

"I can see why you couldn't."

"Now I can, but I feel like it's already ruined because you only get that one chance at a first time. All I wanted to do was show you how it was never you with dad and that any man would be happy to have someone like you, but no one could be

better to you than me because no one appreciates you more than me,"

"Brandon," Carla wiped at her own suddenly moist eyes. "Honey, you really are an old soul. Most men of any age couldn't say something like that. You're an amazing young man," she put her finger up. "No, forget young, you're an amazing man."

"And you're an amazing woman. Imagine how amazing we could be together."

"What you just said was so beautiful," Carla's voice trembled. "Any woman would long to hear something like that, and with that kind of passion, but this can't be us, honey. It can't be."

Brandon slid over so he was close enough their knees were touching.

"Mom, will you do something for me?"

"After that I feel like there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you," she looked away. "As long as it's not sexual."

"Just one thing," he took her hands in his, and she could feel his fingers trembling. "I want to kiss you."

"Brandon," she went to pull her hands away, but he gripped them more firmly and the strength in his large hands sent an unwanted shiver through her. "We can't."

"One kiss, and compared to what we did last night is it that bad?"

"I couldn't help what happened last night and look what it's done to you. I don't need to encourage feelings you only think you have, and I know I don't."

"You'd have them if you'd let yourself," Brandon explained. "You're being a good mom, trying to do the right thing and say no, but maybe for us the right thing is yes."

"There is no us, honey, not in that way."

"Then prove it," Brandon challenged her. "Let me kiss you, and after I do if you can honestly tell me you didn't feel anything other than how wrong this is, then I guess you're right and I'm confused."

"But if you feel something, then I want you to admit it, and we go from there." He squeezed her hands. "Deal?"

Carla paused before replying. She shouldn't let him, but he'd made a point; if her only reaction was humoring him, it might be the reality check he needed. They were dressed and their hands weren't wandering, it would just be a kiss. A short one because as soon as he could sense how stiff and unresponsive she was, he'd stop.

He might be upset, even heartbroken in the moment, but he'd get over it, and then they could try to move on from this mess.

"Okay, a kiss," she removed her hand from his and put a finger up in warning. "Just one, and you stop when I ask you to."

"So much for spontaneous," Brandon mumbled, but gently took her face in his hands.

Carla's met his gaze and he frowned.

"Can you at least look like you're giving this a chance?"

"Sorry," Carla said sincerely, even if she thought this was insane, it meant a lot to him, and she knew there wasn't anything he wouldn't do for her.

She tilted her head, closed her eyes, and parted her lips, doing her best to relax as she waited for him.

"Damn," he whispered. "You're so beautiful, mom."

The way he said it, so heartfelt and she could pick up a tremor in his voice as if he were emotional just from looking at her. Women longed to have a man look and speak to them that way.

"Find you a man that looks at you the way Brandon looks at his mom."

The sick joke flashed through her mind, then Brandon kissed her. His lips barely grazed hers at first, more a caress than a kiss. His mouth slid softly across hers, then around, teasing, while exploring the outline of her full sensual lips.

Carla was again unprepared for how slow and patient he was. Even last night before she'd lost control, when it was them

initially kissing in the dark he'd exhibited a restraint beyond his years.

Brandon eased his lips back, then kissed her again, this time more firmly. His mouth worked against hers, his ever-present scruff a scratchy contrast to the softness of his lips. His fingers trembled on her face when she returned the kiss, pushing her lips into his.

She told herself she was doing it not to hurt him. She'd let him have a moment to enjoy what he wanted before easing back. After all, what was a simple kiss? On the lips...from her son?

Brandon's hands left her face to rest on her shoulders, and his kiss grew more passionate. He moaned softly in his throat as his lips parted, now engulfing hers. Carla slowed down but kept her mouth in contact with his.

His tongue darted out, flicking playfully across her upper lip, and sending an unexpected shiver through her. His arms went around her shoulders, and he drew her into his embrace.

As if she were watching herself in a dream, she allowed him to hold her, and her hands were now on his arms just below his sleeves. Brandon caused her to gasp when he kissed her hard while his hand ran up through her long hair.

Carla squeezed his biceps, unable to help admiring how hard his muscles were. Her lips were now moving more aggressively, dancing across his, and seeking to surround them with her own and take control of the kiss.

Brandon's fingers ran through her hair while his other hand cradled the back of her head, holding her still as their kiss deepened. His tongue flashed out again, but this time Carla parted her lips and met it with her own.

Brandon's arms tensed and he emitted a soft whimper as her tongue danced over his before she caught it between her lips and sucked gently on it, as her heart raced, and her face grew hot.

Her hands ran under his sleeves, sliding over his upper arms and across the back of his shoulders in the loose shirt. Their tongues were now waging war between their lips as their kiss grew in intensity.

Somewhere in the back of her mind she yelled 'what are you doing?' this wasn't what she'd expected to happen, and certainly not what she should be allowing. But there was something in the way he touched her, the passion in his kiss, the way his hands trembled, but at the same time she could feel the strength in them, the strength that had driven her wild last night.

He was leaning into her, easing her back until her head was now resting on the arm of the couch. His hand strayed from her hair and down her arm. He continued down her side and she groaned when he reached the bottom of the jersey, and his hand touched her bare leg.

His other hand left her hair, and this time she gasped in surprise when he grabbed her leg behind her knee and lifted

it from the floor. He put her leg on the couch and slid closer, so he was now between her legs.

His lips left hers, and her eyes rolled back when they fastened to her neck. Brandon kissed her as his hands went between them. He grabbed his shirt and leaning back, stripped it off.

"What are you doing?" she asked breathlessly, but even as she did, her eyes were glued to his powerful upper body. Son or not, God, he was fine!

His answer was to lean in and kiss her, this time forcefully, his tongue driving into her mouth. Carla moaned, but in pleasure rather than the protest she was supposed to be expressing.

Her hands were back on his now bare body, roaming over his shoulders and his broad back. Brandon's lips found her neck and his hands dropped between them again. This time she felt him lifting her shirt and a wave of heat flowed through her as he pushed it towards her hips.

Stop this, stop him!

"Brandon," she whispered. "We can't do this."

He ignored her, his lips now kissing her upper chest just above the jersey. His hand caressed her outer thigh, then slid higher up her inner thigh, going between her...

"I said stop!" Feeling his hand that close to her disturbingly warm pussy snapped her out of what seemed like a lust inspired paralysis.

Carla shoved him hard in the chest, not only causing him to sit up, but almost lose his balance and fall backwards.

"What's the matter? What did I do?" He looked genuinely confused.

"You said a kiss! You took your shirt off and were pushing mine up!"

"And you let me."

"You were going to touch..." she took a breath to try and calm herself down. "What made you think you could touch me?"

"Because you were letting me?" he remained confused, and she wanted to smack herself because she didn't have much of an argument.

"I was trying to see if you'd know to stop on your own." She sounded lame as fuck, but she needed to stop this.

"You're lying," he told her with no hesitation. "You felt that kiss," he spoke softly into her neck. "You felt me, you felt us!"

"Honey, please," she swung her legs off the couch and pushed the jersey down as far as she could. "You felt that."

"Bullshit!" For the first time he was getting frustrated. "You were sighing and kissing me back! Your hands were all over me!"

"I made a mistake," Damn straight she had, at least that was the truth. "I felt bad and wanted you to enjoy it for a couple minutes. I was hoping you'd come to your senses."

"No," he shook his head vehemently. "You felt it, and now you're lying, to me and yourself."

"Brandon, please let this go. I'm sorry if I gave you false hope."

"Its not that, you're taking hope away from yourself! Mom, you wanted me, I could feel it!"

"You're twenty, how do you know what you feel?"

"That...was low," Brandon's expression reflected the hurt in his words. "You don't think I know what love is because I'm young?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it that way. This isn't a typical situation, Brandon. You're not torn over feelings for some girl, but me. You're confused, baby."

"No, you won't let yourself see clearly," he stubbornly stuck to his guns.

"Brandon, you and I are close, very close, and we've become more than a mother and son to each other. You're right about all that."

"But?" he asked skeptically as he remained kneeling on the couch. She wished he'd put a shirt on, his body was distracting her...but why? He was her goddamn kid!

"Last night was something we should never be to each other, and you said it, being with me in that way, a way you were never supposed to be, opened all this up. You can say it's about love, but thing is, honey? This is driven by lust, you got a taste of something you shouldn't, and forbidden fruit is called that for a reason."

"You're not even making any sense," he waved his hand at her. "Saying the same thing over and over, convincing yourself, not me."

"I don't need convincing this is wrong."

"Right, you need convincing its not and you just got that. You were into it, Mom. That was no act!" his lips turned down in a scowl. "Or am I too young to know when a woman is faking too."

"Last thing I want is to fight with you, and I shouldn't have made that remark, but I'm a lot older than you, Brandon, and sad to say I have more than my share of experience faking

interest to not hurt a man's feelings, like your father's back when I thought he was trying."

"So good at faking you can make your nipples pop?"

"What?" Carla blinked at rude comment.

"I felt them through the shirt, poking into me. Or you blaming friction?"

"Easy, Brandon, I'm your mother."

"And the reason you freaked was because I was about to find out you were excited somewhere else.

"I told you to..."

"And when I did!" he spoke loudly over her. "You would have had no excuse, and I would have known you were lying. Not

like I don't already, but that would have been hard to cover up."

"Okay, this is over for now." Carla rose from the sofa and turned her back to leave the room. "You're getting angry, and this is something that needs to be discussed in an adult manner."

"Then stop lying!" His voice was close behind her; he was following her out of the room.

"We're done, Brandon," she strode faster down the hall until she reached her room. "We'll talk tomorrow after both of us have some time and can get a good night's rest."

"Just like that? I tell you how much this meant to me, and you're walking away?"

"Until tomorrow y...hey!" she'd went to close the door, but he caught the edge of it with his hand. "I'm not playing, Brandon, get out! I'm not in the mood to deal with this right now."

"Tough." She tried to pull the door closed, but he pushed against it, and even with one hand and what didn't seem like a lot of effort he forced it open. "Last night made us equals in this mess, you're not the boss."

"Oh? I'm no longer the parent because we fucked?" Carla took a step back because fact was the look of anger on his face and the way his large frame loomed in the doorway made her uncomfortable...uncomfortably warm.

"Because it happened to both of us the same, and my feelings are no less than yours."

"Not true. You're the child here, and for you it was a fucked up accident. I'm your mother! You know what its like to think I did all that with my son? My baby?"

"I'm your baby?" His voice and eyes softened at the comment.

"Of course, you are! You'll always be my baby, and no matter how much of a man you are, it's my job to try and protect you, and last night I hurt you! I hurt us!" her voice rose with her own anger.

"Not on purpose," he seemed to be the one trying to soothe her now. "Not your fault."

"It's not that easy for me! When you're in charge of a damn business, let alone a child, everything is your fault whether it is or not! We said it last night, it was okay for you to be there, you're an adventurous college boy enjoying life.

"I'm a goddamn middle aged woman and a mother of a boy the age I went to fuck. I should have never been there! This is on me more than it is you, Brandon, and I have to live with that."

"But it could be a good thing, that's what you're not seeing!"
He came into the room, and she took a couple of steps back.
He cocked his head and whispered. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No," she shook her head. "I'm just scared for us, and well...you do look crazy on the rare occasions you get mad."

"Mom, I'd never hurt you." He slowly reached out and she remained still when he put his hand on her shoulder. "You have to know that."

"I do, Brandon, we're all fucked up right now, and that's the truth. Maybe talking this soon wasn't a good idea."

"But we started and it's not fair you won't finish, especially when you're lying to me." He took a calming breath. "I deserve better than you lying and walking away."

"What do you want from me?" Carla shouted at him. "What do you deserve here you're not getting? I let you tell me your porn inspired fairy tails and I let you kiss me, and I let you..."

"You didn't let me! You wanted it!" He yelled back at her. "That's what I deserve! The truth about why you're mad! If you still think this shit is wrong, that's one thing, but I deserve to hear how you really feel about it."

"That's it?" She threw her hands in the air and laughed harshly. "That's all? You just want your mother to tell you she got wet when you shoved your tongue down her throat?"

"You don't have to say it like that."

"Sorry, I checked the parent's handbook and didn't find the chapter that dealt with having to live with the fact you sucked your son off and rode him like he was a fucking mechanical bull at a bar!"

"That's why we need to do this together, and it's not all your decision."

"Oh, we did it together alright!" She pointed to her legs. "I haven't had rugburn from fucking since before you were born. Go big or go home, right, baby? Going to bang your son, do it right!"

"You're mad at you, not me," he said quietly.

"Damn straight I am! But you needed me to scream at you to get it. Couldn't leave me be and let me think, had to make it worse with your X-rated Romeo and Mommiet taboo movie talk. None of the idiots in those movies have fucking kids, and I doubt the directors do either!"

"But everything is based on..."

"Serial killer movies are based on real cases; can we go around killing people because we watch them?"

"Mom," he sighed. "Okay, you win. I'll leave you alone and find something to do until I go to work. We'll talk tomorrow."

"No," she caught his hand as he went to turn away. "I'll give you what you deserve, how's that? You deserved to hear I'm angry at me and not you, but not just because of last night, but because of just now, know why?"

She plowed on without waiting for him to ask.

"Because you're right! I felt something when you kissed me. I...responded to your lips and the way you touched me, even the way you spoke and looked at me. I've never had a man look at me with so much love in his eyes, few women are lucky enough to have ever have."

"Just now was my fault too. I couldn't help the first screw up, but I doubled down on this one. I should have said no to you. No kissing me, no touching, no encouraging your ideas.

"But no!" She flayed her arms dramatically. "Carla knows what she's doing! Carla knows she has no issues other than mistaken identity. You want to kiss me? Go for it, get it out of your system, I'm your mom, I'll tell you it meant nothing because it should have meant nothing!"

She turned and walked over to her bed and sat down on the foot of it.

"But it did mean something, I did feel it. It felt good, you felt good, and I wanted to feel good! I don't know why you felt so good, you shouldn't!"

"There might be a reason, I..."

"Brandon, what you deserved?" She cut him off. "Was a good mother who would have felt nothing when you touched me and could have ended this!"

Overwhelmed by emotion, and her failure, she burst into tears, putting her head in her hands and sobbing.

"You deserve a parent who does what's right for you, not one who found herself thinking of her son being her damn lover, and this time when it was you right in front of me and no mistake to blame it on!"

"I'm sorry, honey," she moaned into her hands. "I'm sorry I started this, and made it worse and tried to blame you, and those movies. It's all my fault for making all of that seem real!"

"I don't know what's wrong with me, Brandon!"

She felt his weight settle on the bed next to her and his arm go around her quaking shoulders. "You shouldn't feel that good to me," she whimpered. "God, I'm an awful mother."

"If you were awful you wouldn't be crying, and we wouldn't have fought because you wouldn't have cared."

"Don't let me off the hook. No mom should see their child like that, let alone want them."

"Not your fault, it's..." he trailed off and remained silent, his arm around her.

"It's what?" she asked, trying to stop sniffing like a child.

"Never mind, we'll talk another time."

"Go ahead, Brandon, if you have an idea I'll hear it."

"Okay, well I remembered something this morning. Remember Julie? I was seeing for a few months last year?"

"Yeah, she was a couple years older than you, a senior?"

"Right, and a psych major. Sometimes she'd talk about weird stuff she read about, and one time she was going on about sexual psychology and how she had to do a study on family stuff."

"Incest?"

"Not always directly, even things like mommy and daddy issues. But she did have to research some cases, and there was one down in Jersey where a daughter was reunited with her father after 15 years. She ended up falling in love with him."

"Not seeing what that has to do with us."

"There was a similar one with a mother and son, same thing, years apart, but one more where it started when the son was still there, they got a little close, then a little too close. The case mentioned they had a lot of regret and went to therapy because they couldn't stop thinking of each other."

"That's close to home, I guess."

"Turns out there's this thing called GSA, and what happened made me think of it, so I looked it up."

"What is it?" She wiped her nose with the sleeve of the Jersey and shrugged when Brandon made a face. "Pardon my manners. I'm too drained to get the tissues," she sighed. "Or maybe I'm trying to be as unsexy as possible."

"No jokes," he said, with a sly wink that managed to coax a small smile from her.

"Right, no jokes."

"Genetic sexual attraction. Damn article is full of big words, and I wanted to be an architect and know fuck all about shrink stuff, but the gist is that if in the case of long separation or some type of traumatic, or like in our case, a strange sexual

incident, whatever is ingrained in us naturally to not want family spins the other way."

"Leads to unnatural attraction?" Carla asked thoughtfully, at least this sounded concrete, better than talking about porn clips.

"Opens it up I guess, and its not just the lust you'd have for another person, it's a lot stronger, hard to resist." He nodded in agreement with his words. "Think that could be us."

"If it is then I'm right and this isn't normal or what you really want, our wires are crossed."

"But I told you I'd had some thoughts before, and if we're both dealing with it, then what's the problem? We're both wanting the same thing."

"It's in a psych book as a condition, Brandon."

"No, just something that can happen, but it stressed it was about physical desire. I love you, mom. You even said you could feel how much I do. The lust is different, its part of it, but I want you more than I want you, if that makes sense."

"None of this does."

"So let's roll with it. Why fight something we both want?"

"Brandon, what if we did something? Let's say here and now I just lay back on the bed and give you that chance you keep talking about. What happens tomorrow?"

"We do it again?"

"Don't be funny. What happens if it's another wake up call, and more guilt, another fight. If we keep pushing we make things worse, but if we do what we should, which is be a mother and son, and not try to be taboo lovers? Nothing bad can happen."

"Except we both miss out on the person who could love us more than anyone."

"Don't get mad, but you're young, Brandon. At twenty you think you've met the love of your life and it's me?"

"I know it is, no woman can compare to you in anyway." He gently tapped the top of her chest. "You're as beautiful here, as you are here." He touched her face, and she resisted the urge to lean into his touch.

"Honey, you should look into writing romance novels, you are the smoothest talker I've ever heard. You could melt any woman's heart."

"Except the one woman's heart that I want." He squeezed her shoulder and rose from the bed. "I'm sorry we fought, and that I pushed this into being worse." He kissed the top of her head.

"It's not all your fault mom, we're a package deal. We got into it; we'll get ourselves out of it."

"Thank you," she took his hand and pressed it briefly to her lips. "I don't know how a hot mess like me raised a man like you."

"Maybe so the hot mess would have someone to take care of her," he gave her a sad smile. "Even if it's not in the way I'd like. I'm here for you, not me."

He released a long breath. "I think I'm going to lie back down, didn't sleep a lot and wow, this emotional shit can take it out of you."

"Yeah," she nodded as she watched him head for the doorway. "Get some rest," she gave a halfhearted smile. "Sweet dreams, Brandon."

"You are my sweet dream, mom."

"You always said that when you were little."

He stopped in the doorway and spoke without looking at her.
"Yeah, never knew what it would end up meaning. Might have to change it to bittersweet dream."

She heard his voice catch and caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror over her bureau and saw the tears on his cheeks.

"Oh, baby," she moaned softly, her heart breaking for him, for them. "Please come back."

"I'm okay," he said, but his voice told her he was far from it.
"Besides, why? What are we going to do?"

Good question, what would they do? What was she supposed to do? She broke his heart denying him but risked destroying their relationship if she caved to his...no, be honest, their

current desires. Carla rubbed at her temples, picturing her son's tear-streaked face.

She recalled the rest of their nighttime tradition. After he endearingly told her she was his sweet dream, Carla would tell him to always hold onto his dreams so he could make them come true.

But what if there was a dream he couldn't make possible? A dream that hinged on the feelings of another person? Then that dream would turn into a crushing defeat. Unless the other person was someone who could make that dream a reality. Not just someone who could, but who's job it was to do everything in their power to make that dream come true?

Someone like his mother?

Before she could change her mind, she spoke in a rush.

"You're going to come show me how much you love me."

Chapter Nine

Brandon stiffened, but remained where he was, his hand on the doorframe.

"You just said you didn't want that."

"I don't know what I want, or even what's right anymore. But you know what you want and if that's me, then you can have me, honey."

He slowly turned, and she used the look of hope in his eyes as motivation to, no matter what, stick with her decision to take a mother doing anything for her son to the extreme.

"You mean it?"

"You said you wanted to show me how much you love me. Here's your chance." She rose from the bed and laughed

nervously. "Not exactly looking hot in your old jersey, no makeup, my hair a mess and eyes all red from crying." Carla put her arms out. "But I'm all yours."

Brandon approached her cautiously as if he thought it was too good to be true and expected her to change her mind. But when he reached her, he said quietly.

"Mom, you could never be anything but beautiful to me."

"Save the smooth talk, mister, I already said I'd put out," she could hear the nerves in her voice.

"No jokes," he whispered, and before she could reply put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her.

This time Carla didn't fight her body's immediate response and allowed her lips to engage his. Brandon's lips worked firmly into hers as his hands slid under her arms so he could put his around her.

She surrendered into his embrace, leaning into him as their kiss grew more passionate. Her hands were around his neck, drawing him further into her admittedly willing mouth.

Just like on the couch, she was amazed, and somewhat uneasy, with how strongly her body reacted to his touch. Her nipples had stiffened and not only was there a warm wet heat building between her thighs, but her hips were moving, gently rocking into his.

Brandon's hands went down her back and she groaned when they slid over her ass. Her firm cheeks fit perfectly in his large palms, and she moaned loudly into his mouth when he gave her a hard squeeze.

His hands moved lower, and her breath caught when he lifted the jersey several inches. The soft material tickled the curve of her ass and Carla's heart raced at the idea he was going to pull it up.

He'd expect her to lift her arms, let him remove it. She'd be naked in front of him, and this time knowing it was her son whose hands and lips were about to be all over her bare flesh.

That image set off another wave of conflicted feelings. The proper unease of whether she was doing the right thing. The knowing it was wrong and there wasn't a person she knew who would tell her otherwise.

But also, this was an act of love. Her son was conflicted, convinced he'd been falling in love with her and last night pushing those emotions over the edge by breaking the ice of the ultimate taboo.

Brandon was in emotional turmoil, and in pain, his heart swelling when he thought there was a chance, then breaking when her doing the acceptable right thing took it away from him.

Right or wrong, Carla was doing what was instilled in her as a mother, she was helping him, making him feel better. Giving him her body as a sacrifice to show her love for him.

There was no telling where things would go after this. Would it satisfy him? Make him realize this wasn't right? Or create a worse situation in that he'd want her even more and because she did this once, open the door for it to be expected from now on?

All this ran through her mind in a few seconds, and even as it did, they continued to kiss, their tongues probing each other's mouths. Unlike her mind, her body was fully convinced.

Her hard nipples ached where they pressed into his chest through the jersey. Her swollen clit throbbed over her warm wet pussy, and his incredible kissing had her weak kneed in his embrace.

The jersey moved higher, sliding up over her ass, then her hips. Somewhere among the swirling confusion of her

thoughts, another one arose. This time he'd be able to see her, and in addition to the obvious reaction a son shouldn't see his mother naked, was her hoping he'd like what he saw, after all, last night had been in the dark.

Carla wasn't sure what was worse, that she wanted him to find her attractive, or that the insecurities she'd instilled in herself over the last couple of years were even plaguing her when she was allowing her son to have his way with her.

Her mind stopped its spinning when she realized Brandon hadn't lifted the jersey any higher. She felt his body tense against hers and his kiss shifted from deep and passionate to hesitant.

His tongue eased from her mouth and his lips barely responded to hers. Carla thought it was her, maybe she'd been so caught up in her feelings she hadn't been responding, and he was doubting her willingness to go through with it.

She kissed him harder, her lips pursuing his, and pushed her tongue back into his mouth. Bringing her hands from his

shoulders, she eased them between their bodies. Grabbing his jeans, she unsnapped them, and with her lips still on his, pulled them apart, causing them to unzip.

Her fingers slipped into his boxers with a boldness that should have appalled her, but lust and instincts were taking over, and it would make this easier if she let them.

"Stop," Brandon dropped his arms from around her and took a step back.

"Why?" Carla blinked in confusion. "Am I being too pushy?"

"No," he shook his head.

"Did you change your mind? You don't really want me?" If that were the case it was a massive win and the end to this madness. Yet, why did she feel a wave of disappointment washing over her?

"No, I mean, yes I want you." He ran his fingers through his hair. "But I...it's just..."

"Just what?" Carla asked.

"Not sure you really want to."

"If I didn't want to, I wouldn't, honey." He gave her a slight nod, but his eyes were avoiding hers. "There's something else, what is it?"

"I'm nervous," he admitted. "I want this so bad. I want to show you how good we can be."

"I'm right here, show me."

"I can't." he lowered his head. "I know you're what I want, I know we can have this, but now we're right here and I can't do it."

"Felt like you wanted to," she put her hand lightly on his crotch.

Which was no longer hard.

"Yeah, but now I'm...I mean what if I'm no good, what if I don't make you happy? What if I let you down?"

He stopped when she put a finger to his lips.

"You, my baby, have never let me down. You will never let me down, okay? You're nervous because this is a big step, and one people would tell us we shouldn't take, but I trust you, Brandon. I'm trusting you're feelings more than my own because you have never once disappointed or hurt me."

"I never would, but this is such a big deal. Last night we didn't know."

"If it makes you feel better? I'm worried too. I was just thinking I hope you like what you see, and I'm not the letdown. I'm a middle aged woman, Brandon, and you're..." she gestured to him. "One hell of a young man. You have nothing to worry about, trust me."

"You think I wouldn't find you sexy?" Brandon's eyes widened. "Mom, that's crazy! You're..."

"Know what, honey?" Carla took a deep breath and gathered the jersey in her hands. "Let's stop talking and find out."

Before she could change her mind, she peeled the jersey up over her head and tossed it to the side. She stood there completely naked in front of her son, and for a split second her stomach tightened, wondering how he'd react.

But the look of desire that instantly crossed his face and filled his eyes as he whispered. "Oh, my god, Mom, look at you." Sent a shiver through her.

"Yeah?" She surprised herself when a sultry smile spread across her lips. "Mom's not too bad?"

His eyes dropped to her breasts.

"They're amazing, you're amazing!"

"Then why aren't you touching me?"

Carla grabbed his wrists and put his hands on her breasts.

"They're all yours, baby. I'm all yours." She slipped her arms back around his neck and kissed him.

Brandon returned the kiss, but still seemed hesitant. But when his palms slid over her nipples and she released a low moan in her throat, his lips pressed harder to hers. He fondled her

breasts and she pushed hard against him, grinding her hips into his.

His cock pushed into her stomach, and she could feel him getting harder as he played with her tits. His fingers captured her nipples and when he rolled them gently between them, she whimpered and drove her tongue hard into his mouth.

Her hands went back to boxers, her fingers expertly slipping into the slit and encircling his thickening shaft. Brandon moaned into her mouth, and his hands left her breasts.

She groaned and her pussy gushed when his arms went around her, and he crushed her too him. The power in his embrace and the way her soft breasts pressed into his hard body had her hips rocking harder.

Moments ago, she'd had her chance to stop this; she could have let him back down, leave it that she would have, but he changed his mind. But she knew that would lead to more

frustration that it would haunt him that in his mind he failed his opportunity to consummate what he felt was their love.

That was her justifying her own actions because the moment her jersey came off, her inhibitions were stripped away with it. The look of longing on his face as he took in his mother's fully nude body.

The mixture of stunned, followed by lustful, mixed with loving had overwhelmed her and cast all momentary doubts aside. Where her mind had been confused, her body was now fully committed to giving her son what he wanted.

Just her son?

Brandon's hands roamed down through her hair and over her smooth back, his palms gliding over her soft skin. He broke their kiss and when he buried his face in her neck, she cried out;

"Yes! Just like that, honey, show me!"

His hands went down her body and this time it was her bare ass he grabbed and squeezed. Carla let her head fall back, moaning as he sucked hard on her neck while fondling her ass.

He spread her cheeks wide, his fingers sliding inside them and when he met her slick wet flesh, she pushed against his body, arching her ass up and back into his probing fingers.

Brandon was sucking hard enough on her neck that she knew he'd leave a mark, but she didn't care, she'd spent years worrying about being a professional woman, a good woman, who unfortunately met a man who equated good with boring.

Now she felt carefree, wanton, and lusty. Naked in her son's embrace, his fingertips teasing the edges of her pussy while he licked and sucked her neck with a passion she hadn't experienced...since he'd done it to her last night.

But now he knew who was in his arms, and he wanted her even more! His lips left a wet trail around her neck and down her throat. She ground her hips in hard circles, pushing into his crotch, then back into his fingers as he now kissed the top of her chest.

Carla let her weight go, leaning back into his arms. Her head fell back, her long hair flowing behind her as his lips and tongue worked down between the tops of her breasts.

Her fingers were still in his boxers, lightly caressing his cock as best she could at the awkward angle. Brandon's hips were now moving, thrusting into her fingers, yearning for more contact.

Contact she needed to feel as well, but his lips were inches from her nipple, and Carla wanted them there so badly she arched her back, struggling to get her swollen pink nub into his mouth.

"Yours," she moaned. "I want them to be yours, I want all of me to be yours!"

Somewhere in her mind she wondered where all this was coming from. Did she mean it, was she caught up in the heat of the moment? Or did she really want to be his? His mother, his best friend, now his woman? Could it even be?

Brandon's tongue flicked over her nipple, sending an electric shock of pleasure through her. Her eyes rolled back, and she moaned loudly when after several quick flicks of his tongue, he took nipple between his lips and sucked on it.

"Oh, yes," she whimpered. "Just like that, show me how much you like mama's tits."

Those words should have never passed through her lips, let alone send another jolt of heat through her. Was she sinking so far into depravity that she was starting to sound like someone from one of those movies Brandon had watched last night?

The way he moaned around her nipple before sucking it harder showed her words had the same effect on him. He turned his head, opened wide and sucked not just her left nipple, but as much of her soft breast into his mouth as he could.

The eagerness with which he did it, caused her face to flush and her pussy to flow. She removed her hands from his boxers and grabbed his shoulders. Digging her nails into him, she pulled herself up, pushing his head back.

She kissed him again, her tongue plowing into his mouth with passionate abandon. Just as her lips connected with his, she caught a glimpse of them in the mirror. Her long slender body completely naked and folded into his much larger powerful form.

God, they looked good together! The way his muscles stood out, how her breasts pressed into him, and his large hands looked where they rested on her firm ass. She swirled her

tongue around his, then broke the kiss and pushed against him.

He let his arms drop from her, and grabbing his hand, Carla stepped back, leading him with her. When she felt the bed against her legs, she sat down, and placed her hands on his chest.

She sucked on her lower lip as she took in her long red nails on his bare chest. She teased them along his flesh then made him gasp when she caught his nipples and gave them a light pinch.

Carla leaned in and kissed his right nipple, then swirled her tongue around it. Brandon sighed as his hands found her breasts, fondling them while she tongued him.

She briefly sucked his nipple, before turning and giving the other some attention. Her nails teased down his chest and along his stomach, causing his skin to tense and break out in goosebumps.

Her heart raced as he teased her nipples with his fingers, and she ran her tongue down the middle of his chest to his naval. She grabbed the sides of his jeans and yanked them, and his boxers, down his hips.

His cock sprang free, and Carla's eyes widened as she got her first look at it. She could feel his size last night, the way her fingers barely reached around it, how he filled her mouth, then stretched her lonely cunt.

But seeing it in the light of day...damn, he was hung! Long, and thick; his head an angry purple and the thick veins standing out in his shaft. It was an incredible cock, a beautiful cock...her son's cock.

No, her cock, and she wanted it.

She gripped him in her hand and slowly pumped him. Brandon's breath hissed between his teeth above her, and his

hands tightened on her breasts. Carla licked her lips as she eyed the magnificent specimen in front of her.

She cupped his balls with her other hand, marveling at how big and heavy they were. Lowering her head, she flicked her tongue across his tip, then unable to hold back, took his head between her lips and sucked hard.

"Fuck," Brandon moaned as Carla's mouth filled with sticky salty precum.

Her eyes rolled back, and she opened wider, sliding her lips over his tip and down his shaft. Brandon's thighs trembled as his mother slowly took him deeper into her mouth, savoring every inch of his hard shaft as it slid between her soft full lips.

She gently rubbed his balls as she continued her descent down the impressive length of his cock. His hands shook in excitement on her breasts and his entire body tensed as she angled her head and pushed him further down her throat.

With an effort, she took his full length, releasing an explosive wet gagging sound, before getting the last inch between her lips.

"Oh, god," Brandon groaned. "Mom, that...oh!"

He gasped when she slurped her way to the tip of his cock, then proceeded to rapidly bob her head, taking most of his length with each sloppy wet suck. Drool flowed from the sides of her mouth as she repeatedly forced him deep enough to cause his head to hit the back of her throat.

Her eyes were already watering and her face red and hot from exertion as like last night, the thrill of having this monster cock in her mouth made it impossible to take her time.

Instead, she sucked him hard and fast to the point she was all but fucking her face with him as he stood there moaning

'mom' over and over. Each time he said it, it sent another thrill through her.

She used two fingers around his shaft to stroke him, her hand following the sloppy trail her mouth left behind. She rubbed his balls harder, and again like last night, she was sucking with one purpose in mind; to drain those huge balls down her throat.

"Stop." Brandon's hands went from her breasts to her shoulders.

"Hmm-mm!" she moaned around him, then noisily slurped up the drool that had just oozed down his shaft.

"Yes," he groaned, then took her head in his hands. "Please."

Carla reluctantly slid him from her lips and stared up at him, breathing hard.

"But I want it," she whispered.

"Jesus, you're so fucking hot," he sighed. "But no, not like this. Not this time."

He gripped her shoulders and tugged. Carla allowed him to pull her to her feet, wondering what he wanted. He kissed her, and the way he did it, so eagerly even with her lips and chin sticky from his precum, had her heart pounding.

"Slow," he said softly into her lips. "I don't want last night again."

Brandon turned her shoulders and she let him guide her, turning to the side so the bed was to her left. He kissed her, and with his lips on hers, he put one arm around her shoulders, then swept the other behind her knees.

She gasped, then giggled into his lips as he effortlessly lifted her in his strong arms. He continued to kiss her as he walked

around the bed and gently lowered her onto it. He straightened and walked back around to the foot of the bed.

Carla's heart pounded in anticipation as he shoved his jeans the rest of the way down and stepped out of them. He crawled up onto the bed, and with her nipples aching and her mouth and pussy watering, she watched him make his way to her.

His cock bobbed between his thick thighs, precum and his mother's drool oozing from it. Carla spread her legs and beckoned him with her finger while she sucked on her lower lip, her gaze lingering on his cock.

Brandon's gaze was locked between her thighs, and rather than the shame she supposed she should have felt, Carla experienced a feeling of wanton abandon as she lay legs spread before her son.

He slid up between her thighs and lowered his head. She whimpered when he gave each of her soft inner thighs a kiss.

She shamelessly thrust her hips, pushing her glistening slit up at his face, longing for him to taste her.

Brandon wavered, his lips parted and his mouth so close, she could feel his warm breath on her throbbing clit. He blinked and whispered, "Not like this," more to himself than to her, then lifted his head.

He slid all the way up over her, so his hands were on either side of her shoulders. He stared down at her, a nervous smile on his face, and remained where he was as if he'd frozen again.

"Down here," Carla raised her arms and slipped them around his neck, tugging him to her. "Come to mama."

He lowered himself, and as his lips met hers, his cock pressed into her stomach. They both moaned and he moved his hips. His tip left a sticky trail down her belly and through the thin strip of hair over her mound.

When he pushed between the thick pouting lips of her pussy, a shiver went through her and her arms tightened around him. Carla rocked her hips and sighed as his swollen head rubbed through wet slit.

She gasped when he met her clit, then whimpered when he pushed it down towards her aching hole. He released a soft whimper when his tip parted her lips and eased into her.

Carla resisted the urge to thrust upward and let him take the lead. It wasn't easy as Brandon inched his way in with a slowness that was maddening. Yet at the same time, as badly as she wanted him to plunge into her, the slow spreading of her pussy had a delicious sensation to it that had her entire body quivering in anticipation.

"I can't believe its happening," he groaned into her mouth.

"I always told you dreams come true," God, that was lame, but what did a woman say to her son as he sank his cock into her forbidden cunt?

"And you still are my sweetest dream," he whispered, then groaned as he pushed harder, easing the last few inches into her.

The corniness of their taboo version of a family channel exchange didn't prevent her from enjoying the incredible feeling of her cunt being completely full of her son's thick cock.

Brandon sighed and turned his head, nuzzling into her neck as he slowly moved his hips.

"Oh, honey," Carla murmured, her hands gripping his shoulders as he moved within her. "You feel so good!"

Brandon moaned in her ear then playfully flicked his tongue across it before sucking on her earlobe. He moved his hips more confidently, using long slow strokes that had Carla moaning in pleasure beneath him.

She found his rhythm and matched it, her hips gently rising to meet his slow thrusts. Carla wrapped her long legs around his hips, drawing him deeper into her taboo heat. Brandon breathed heavily into her neck as he alternately kissed and licked it.

Carla ran her hands over his shoulders, trailing her nails lightly over his broad back, then running the fingers of one hand through his short thick hair. She cradled the back of his head with her hand, holding him to her neck as she moaned above his head.

Her other hand explored his arms and back while she slid her legs along his, the soft soles of her feet gliding along the backs of his legs. Carla couldn't believe how good he felt.

She'd gone from thinking nothing about this could be right to being transported into a place of pure bliss. His lips and hot breath on her neck, his soft sighs and his young hard body entwined with hers.

Best of all that amazing young hard cock filling her long-neglected cunt. The idea that his could be hers anytime she wanted it crept into her mind. Her initial thought this was some type of one and done 'sacrifice' was already fading fast.

How could she not want this all the time? This beautiful sweet young man who loved her so much he teared up when he said it. Yet last night had fucked her with a strength and energy that bordered on brutal, leaving her scraped, bruised, aching, and more satisfied then she'd been in twenty years.

He was also her son.

Even that red flag thought did little to dampen her enjoyment of their taboo coupling. To the contrary, she'd reached a point she could admit who he was added to how amazing he felt.

He knew he shouldn't love her like this, that he shouldn't desire her. Yet his love for her transcended all the shoulds

society would throw at them. In that light didn't it make his love for her even more special?

Make her so special in his eyes, that he, unlike her, had no doubt whatsoever that he wanted her to be his in every way. And that's what she was. In this moment, with him making slow passionate love to her, Carla belonged to her son.

Brandon slid his arms under hers, one hand sliding up through her hair to cradle her head as he lifted his face and kissed her once more. He hugged her closer as they kissed, and Carla once again encircled his waist with her legs.

She was in sensory overload, experiencing so much at once, and all of it wonderful. The way his hard body felt between her soft thighs, her breasts and nipples crushed against his wide muscular chest.

Brandon's soft lips, and wet tongue caressing hers, and their soft sounds of pleasure being captured in each other's mouths. His strong back beneath her hand and his thick hair

between her fingers, she was simultaneously experiencing every nuance of their connection.

All the while he moved within her in that slow sensuous rhythm that demonstrated that uncanny patience he'd exhibited even last night before things had gotten wild between them.

At twenty, her son was making love to her, and making her feel like a woman in a way his father never had.

"I love you, Brandon," she whispered against his lips. "I love you so much."

He eased his face from hers so he could meet her gaze.

"You mean...really love me?"

"You're right," she said softly. "I can feel you, baby. I can feel us, and we feel so good!"

"Yes," a smile spread across his face, and he kissed her, this time harder than before.

Her words caused his hips to move faster, and his strokes become harder. Carla crossed her ankles behind his back, gripping him tighter as her own hips worked faster to stay in time with him.

"That's it," she stroked his hair and smiled. "Give it me, baby, let me feel how excited you are."

His thrusts remained delightfully long but were getting faster and harder. Carla groaned as her body responded to his increased rhythm. She moved her hips in a grinding motion, working his cock within her wet heat, and could feel her body tensing.

His cock was pushing down into her at just the right angle and now hard enough to cause her pussy to begin contracting each time he plunged deep into her. Carla gripped his hair tighter,

her nails digging into his back as the first stirrings of an orgasm grew deep within her.

"Oh, oh, yes," she moaned, pulling his face to her neck, and squirming beneath him.

"Just like that, Brandon! Don't stop, please don't stop!"

Brandon kissed her neck and finally showing signs of losing control, shifted to using shorter, but much harder strokes. Carla whimpered and moaned as her legs tightened around him, her thighs trembling against his sides.

"Don't stop," she moaned in his ear. "I want to come for you, honey. I want to come with you inside me! I want you to feel how much I love you!"

Brandon groaned and his body tensed as his cock pounded her harder in his excitement. His breathing was getting louder

and faster in her ear, and she could feel his cock twitching each time her pussy contracted around it.

"Just a little more," she breathed. "I want to show you how good you feel! I..." she gasped and her back arched, her stomach tightening and her pussy squeezing his cock as her body hovered on the edge.

"I love you, Carla," he breathed in her ear so softly she could barely hear him. "I love you so much."

The sound of her son using her name, and while in the throes of passion, sent her heart fluttering, and her body into ecstasy. With a loud wail, Carla's body exploded into a frenzy of orgasm fueled motion.

Her hips bucked wildly beneath him as her cunt convulsed around his thrusting cock. She released his hair and now gripped both his shoulders, her fingers digging hard into his flesh as she yelped and squealed, writhing in pleasure against her son's body.

"Oh, god," Brandon groaned.

"I want it!" she cried out, pinning him to her with her arms and legs. "Let me feel it, baby, let me feel all of it!"

Brandon whimpered in her ear and his cock erupted into her still quivering cunt.

"Ohh, yesss," Carla purred as her son sent several long warm spurts of cum deep inside her.

"All of it," she whispered, contracting her pussy around his cock, milking it as he continued to fuck her with short desperate strokes.

His orgasm prolonged hers. The ultimate taboo of her son filling her twitching cunt added an even deeper layer of pleasure, and she wiggled beneath him, her pussy greedily

gripping his cock as she did everything she could to help him drain his balls into his mother.

"Every drop," she whispered. "Give mama every drop, baby."

Brandon gave her several more pumps, before he moaned and remained still, breathing hard in her ear, his body slumping into hers. Carla emitted a soft whimper as the last tremors of her orgasm flowed through her and she squeezed the last drops from his still twitching cock.

"Yeah, there you go," she gently stroked his hair. "That's my baby, you stay right there and let me hold you."

She kissed the side of his head and felt a strange mixture of emotions. She felt the maternal love of a mother as she cradled her son against her. Yet at the same time she experienced the love and affection of a satisfied lover.

Most of all, lying there with her legs still wrapped around her son and his cock still hard and oozing inside her, Carla felt loved. Loved and desired, two things she hadn't felt in far too long.

"Mom?"

"What is it, baby?"

Brandon slid his arms from beneath her and pushed on the bed. Carla reluctantly let her legs fall from his waist, and dropped her arms by her side, letting him roll onto his side.

Resting on one elbow, he stared down at her.

"Was that real?"

"You think I faked that?" Carla asked. "I'd need an Oscar for that kind of acting."

"No jokes," he gave her a nervous smile. "I mean what you said. That you felt us."

"I did." She nodded. "I still don't know how this happened or why I felt it so strongly, but you were right, Brandon. I felt it. Not just how much you loved me, but how I love you just as much."

"In that way?" he asked hopefully.

"In every way," she said softly. "I'm not sure what happens next, but what I do know? Is you and I, like we are right now, are a big part of what's next."

"I like that." He gave her a quick kiss. "So, um, can I call you Carla? I mean would you be less funny with that than mom?"

"You can call me anything you want, as long as it's followed by I love you." She told him.

"Oh, that was smooth!" he beamed at her. "Guess I get that Hallmark shit from you."

"Just because you gave me the best orgasm I've had since..." she winked. "Last night doesn't mean you can make fun of me being corny."

"Yes, mom." He laughed and rolled onto his back. "Damn, I'm tired. I think I'll go back to my room and sleep a couple hours before I have to go to work."

He went to sit up, but she rolled onto her side and draped her leg over his, keeping him on the bed.

"First off, you're not going anywhere. You think you can make me feel that good, then go to your room?" She leaned over and kissed his cheek. "Honey, this is your bed from now on, you got that?"

"I...wow," he shook his head. "That sounds amazing. I wanted to stay but wasn't sure you'd be okay with it."

"Brandon, we just had sex and you came inside me. Add that to last night's fuckfest and I'm pretty sure I'll be okay with anything you want to do."

"Well, when you put it like that!" He put his arms behind his head and made a show of pushing his head back into the pillow to get comfortable. "You said first off, is there something else?"

"You are not going to work tonight."

"What?"

"You're calling out."

"But Mom, we need the..." He stopped when she shook her head.

"Brandon? You don't love a woman like that and get up and go to work. At least not when it's the first damn night."

"Oh, uh, yeah, sorry," he gave her a sheepish grin.

"Never mind we're not the average couple. This is life changing, and I don't think that's being dramatic."

"No, it is," his hand found hers. "For the better, right?"

"Why would you even ask that?"

"The same reason you seem to think you're not a smoking hot woman."

"Touché" she whistled. "Looks like we'll be good for each other, then, no?"

"I hope so." He put his hand over his mouth to stifle a yawn.

"Go to sleep, baby," she kissed him softly on the lips. "I'm pretty tired too."

"I feel bad, this was such a big deal, and we have things to talk about. Maybe I'll make us coffee."

"Brandon," she smiled up at him. "We almost blew this twice because we kept talking and arguing. How about this time we listen to our bodies, and go to sleep?"

Her smile widened to the point her cheeks were beginning to ache, 45 and smiling like a lovestruck teen...and she loved it. "Together for the first time."

"That's what I'm talking about!" he exclaimed and slid his arm out and around her shoulders, drawing her to his side.

"Honey, you know how I always tell you that you're going to make a woman very happy someday?"

"What about it?"

"I'm that woman, and today is that day."

"Cheesy," he grinned. But I like it," he squeezed her shoulder. "Like being in bed with you too, just hope you can keep down the snoring."

"No jokes," she sighed as she nestled her head into his chest.

"I'm not joking. I can hear you when I walk by your room at night and..."

"Sweet dreams, baby," Carla cut him off, but with that goofy smile still on her face.

A smile she knew she'd be getting used to.

Author's Note: Hope you enjoyed the story. The 'Who goes there' anonymous sex game' is a personal fav of mine, and if you like it too, check out my story 'Shhh". This is a contest entry so your votes and comments are appreciated. If you'd like to further support me, take a look under my author name on the last page of the story for another way to do so. I also have an announcement on my Literotica home page. As always, thank you for reading.