

# Making Changes

turniphead

*"If we don't change, we don't grow. If we don't grow, we aren't really living."*

*-Gail Sheehy*

## Introduction

I can say with complete honesty that what happened to me during the late spring and summer of 1984 wasn't planned at all. It just sort of...happened. Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't change a single thing about that summer - or the subsequent years since, but prior to that glorious summer I never even so much as thought about doing some of the things I did.

Who would?

When I look back with the perspective of time it is easy to see where my life suddenly diverged from the boring and monotonous existence I'd been marking time in, but the 'why' is a little harder to explain.

Depression, loneliness, poor self-worth, boredom - they were all a part of my life leading up to that special, magical June, but others, I'm sure, live lives of quiet desperation and do not strike out on paths usually left unexplored.

I did, and, with apologies to Robert Frost, that has made all the difference.

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My name is Mary Anne Swenson, and as 1983 wound down, I was a 44 year-old frumpy and rather plumpy married housewife and mother of six. My body looked like it had been wrapped in layers of uncooked bread dough. I was at least 60 pounds overweight, my hair was graying, and my pants whimpered plaintively whenever I pulled them on over my

bottom. I couldn't seem to get rid of the bags under my eyes, and my skin looked ashen and unhealthy.

I couldn't say I really blamed my hubby for straying; after all, I looked used up and spent.

That October, when I found the evidence of my husband's infidelity in the form of a motel receipt and condom wrappers in his pants pocket while doing the laundry, I wasn't terribly shocked. For many long minutes, though, I just looked at the items in my hands as my already somewhat shabby world began crumbling around me. My mind was blank and my hands trembled.

After 20 years, my neglectful and not so beloved hubby was dipping his pen in another inkwell. Things started to make sense; the late nights at the plant, unusual trips out of town, whispered phone calls. It would be some time before I would learn it was my best friend's inkwell he was dipping his pen into.

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I hadn't always been a frumpy and somewhat overweight housewife. At one point in the distant past, I had been actually somewhat willowy with a nice figure and a pretty face. But the years had piled on and, six children later, I looked more like Bella Abzug than Christie Brinkley.

I met Jeffrey Swenson at the peak of my attractiveness - just after finishing college and prior to getting pregnant with our first. He was sensitive and handsome and had character - so I thought - unlike so many of the other young men I'd dated in school. I was two months pregnant when we went to the local JP and hitched our lives together.

In later years, I'd occasionally have cause to wonder if I'd have married Jeffrey if I hadn't come up pregnant.

The first ten years were just okay. Nothing special. The babies came like clockwork and by the time our first decade together

came to a close, we had a half-dozen pooping, puking, crying little rug rats ranging from age nine to one.

During that ten year span I was anything but a good mother. Oh, I wasn't abusive or anything. I never yelled at my children or physically disciplined them in any way, excepting the time I found six year old Jeffrey Jr. playing with his father's loaded handgun.

JJ couldn't sit comfortably for a couple of days afterward. If the Division of Family and Youth Services had problems with it they could kiss my butt.

My main problem was that I was exhausted. I was drained mentally, physically, and spiritually. I was numb. Jeffrey was working long hours trying to get ahead at UEC, a medium-sized plant that manufactured small electronics like handheld calculators and alarm clocks and such. He brought home a decent pay-check, but his work left the raising of our brood to me. He rose fast up the corporate ladder, becoming an Assistant Vice President after just eight years, and he was

appointed Vice-President in charge of quality control after 14 years. Whatever else he was, Jeffrey apparently was a very astute businessman.

I do believe I would have not made it if things had continued on that way, but things started to ease up after the older children were able to pitch in and help with their younger siblings. Ten year-old Julie and nine year-old JJ were godsend. Julie loved playing house and JJ just loved being of help. Before and after school and during vacations, they both picked up the slack for me by changing diapers, feeding the babies, giving them baths and the like.

Their help helped me keep my sanity through the next ten years.

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Jeffrey wanted more kids, but without his knowledge or blessing I had the doctor perform a tubal ligation after our sixth was born. Jeffrey never knew.

My children were all mostly beautiful and healthy, but Jeffrey wasn't the one who had to spend nine months nauseous and sick all the time. Jeffrey never had to try to pass what seemed like a Volkswagen from his vagina. Despite going through it six times, I never liked being pregnant and each pregnancy seemed worse than the one before.

And despite what my best friend Cathy would say about childbirth being special, magical and glorious, it wasn't; at least for me. It was always painful and arduous. No matter what my OB/GYN put me on, I was miserable. I absolutely hated being pregnant.

No, if Jeffrey wanted more children, he was going to have to adopt or do it on his own.

And it wasn't as though he was really trying anymore, anyway. Once every other week or so, if I was lucky, Jeffrey would mount me in a desultory fashion and mechanically thrust himself into me a few times before getting himself off. There

were many periods where I went without for months at a time.

Not that our 'love-making' did anything for me anyway.

I had once enjoyed sex and all its myriad pieces and parts. As a young woman in college I had enjoyed many lovers - some very good; others, not so much. Some were inventive and energetic and creative; some boring and tiresome.

Jeffrey was borderline boring in bed. I was pretty sure I loved him, but in bed he always left me wanting more.

And then I found the proof of Jeffrey's alley-cattin' around. Apparently, I left him wanting more as well.

## **Chapter 1**

Putting the Trojan wrappers and the receipt in a safe place, I wandered aimlessly through the house until I found myself in my bedroom. Without thinking about it, I stripped off my clothing and ran a hot bath. As I waited for the tub to fill, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I shuddered at the image.

Rolls of fat covered my belly and thighs. My boobs were heavy and pendulous, sagging quite a bit, and my butt looked like so much unbaked bread dough. I had a double chin and my face looked swollen. My arms and legs were flabby and had no muscle tone.

"How the hell did I get in this condition?" I silently wondered.

Stepping into the bath I answered my own question. "Apathy."

My diet sucked, I knew. Too much fast food and pizza. Too many bowls of ice cream and too many bags of potato chips. A crappy diet coupled with a lack of exercise had packed on the pounds. Obesity had snuck up on me a pound at a time.

No wonder Jeffrey was grazing in another pasture. I idly watched my boobs floating heavy in the soapy water and grimaced at the several tiny blue veins that extended out from around my areoles. My nipples were nearly a half an inch long and were as thick as my thumb. I wept quietly until the bath water was tepid and, standing up, I rinsed myself off under the shower as the tub drained.

I decided then and there I was going to do something to change my life around and win Jeffrey back.

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The low point of my life was when I discovered my husband's lover was my friend Cathy, but in October of '83, I was many months away from knowing who he was screwing. I didn't know then that my life could sink even lower than it was at that point.

I quickly dressed and brushed my hair and almost skipped down the stairs to the dining room. I found a pad of paper and pencil and sat down at the table and began listing everything I could think of that could help me lose weight. Obviously, eat less and healthier and exercise more topped the list, but when I started to get into the minutiae of how and what to do, my list became pedantic and kind of pointless. Everything fell under the big umbrella of eat less and healthier and exercise more.

Walking, jogging, running. Eat more fruits and vegetables. Skip the Big Macs. Salads. Sit-ups and push-ups. Stretching. No more pizza. Broil fish instead of frying it. No more deep fried foods. Swimming. Skin chicken before baking.

I realized it was going to take time to drop the weight. It had taken years for me to gain it; it was probably going to take years to lose it.

There is seldom one more zealous than a new convert and I was starting to get excited. .

Grabbing my car keys, I drove down to JC Penney's and bought a half dozen pairs of sweat pants and sweat shirts along with a handful of sports bras. I picked up a pair of running shoes at a discount shoe store.

By the time my purchases were stowed in the trunk of my Chevy, I was starting to get hungry. I drove past the Burger King and pulled in to the Safeway and went shopping for what I felt was healthy food.

I was starving by the time I got home with bags of apples and oranges and cucumbers and celery and lettuce and spinach. I had tomatoes and carrots and water cress. I purchased boxes of Wheat Thins and Saltines instead of bags of Ruffles and Doritos. I bought cans of soup and whole grain breads. Skim milk replaced whole. There wasn't a box of cookies or bag of candy among my purchases.

Although my lunch of salad tasted okay, it sure didn't fill me up. But I resisted the urge to have another. Instead, I changed into my sweats and running shoes and went out for a walk.

I walked for several miles before turning around and heading home. I think I bit off more than I could chew that first day, because by the time I headed for home, my thighs and knees were complaining and I could feel a blister on my left heel. My head hurt and I was soaked with perspiration.

I must have looked a sight, because more than once, cars filled with high school boys honked and the boys yelled, "Moo." or, the more creative, "Look at that fat ass, it looks like two boar hogs fightin' in a tow sack!"

When I arrived back home, although I was drained, I was proud of myself. My legs hurt, but it wasn't a bad feeling. I showered and started getting dinner ready before the kids got home from school.

My brood complained mildly about the new menu and the lack of junk food, but they all seemed to understand my need to eat healthier.

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Over the next several months I followed my plan religiously and the pounds came off. I walked or ran - if you could call what I did running - every day and watched what I ate. I did sit-ups until I was ready to puke each night and push-ups until I was ready to pass out. I even stopped having my glass of wine before bed.

The kids noticed; Jeffrey did not.

Julie, on spring break from her freshman year at Stanford, whistled long and low when she saw me at the airport when I picked her up. "God, mom, you look so good. What have you been doing?"

I just smiled proudly and blushed as I hugged her. "Just getting more exercise, honey."

"Whatever you're doing, it's working. You look great." She said as she returned my hug.

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By the end of May, I had dropped from 193 down to 144 pounds. I still had a ways to go, but I looked and felt better than I had in years.

I was forced to dig out some of my old clothes from the attic as my more recent wardrobe no longer fit. I went to a spa and relearned how to take better care of my skin and I dyed my hair from the graying brownish mess of a mop to a more natural dark auburn with gold highlights.

JJ and Jayne commented; Jeffrey did not.

It was all for naught.

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On May 30, the day after JJ graduated from high school, Jeffrey told me he was leaving and filing for divorce. He was in love with someone else and had fallen out of love with me a long time ago.

"Who is she?" I managed to sob through my tears.

He stood on the other side of the table where I sat slumped in defeat. "I suppose you're going to find out anyway. It's Cathy."

"Cathy!" My eyes popped open. "Not Cathy Sanders? Please tell me it's not Cathy Sanders!"

He didn't say anything. He just looked uncomfortable as he nodded.

My best friend's betrayal hurt worse than my hubby's. His I was already aware of; hers was new.

"I'll make sure the kids...and you...are well taken care of, Mary." The bastard even managed to sound magnanimous as he said the words.

"Get out." I hissed softly. I was done crying in front of Jeffrey.

"What...uh...um...I need to get my things...clothes." He stammered. I guess the look on my face gave him pause.

"Get the fuck out of this house this fucking instant you cheating asshole!" I suddenly screamed and threw a steak knife at him.

He recoiled in time. The knife missed his head by inches and stuck in the wall beneath a bad painting of a bowl of fruit.

"Mary!"

I don't think he expected my assault. I had been passive and yielding the entire time we'd been together. "Get out of this fucking house before I kill you, you sack of shit!" I screamed. "You can pick up your shit tomorrow! It'll be on the front lawn by noon, you fucking turd!"

I reached for another knife from the oak block and just like that, he was gone.

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Slumping into my chair, I hugged my arms and sat there rocking slowly as my tears began anew. I knew of Jeffrey's cheating, of course, but I always thought I could win him back. I'd make myself more appealing, groom myself better, and he'd come back to me. Just like that.

Cathy! "You bitch!" I thought inanely, "What the fuck!" I was better looking than Cathy was, even if I said so myself,

especially after I began dropping the weight and taking care of myself. She wasn't exactly slender, either, and probably weighed a bit more than I did on that late spring morning. She was pretty enough, I supposed, in a prosaic sort of way, but she wasn't that good looking.

Then JJ walked into the kitchen.

## Chapter 2

I forgot he was upstairs in his room. My other children were in school with three more days before summer recess.

"Are you okay, mom?" He was a smart young man, but the question was stupid, given that my eyes were probably bloodshot, my cheeks were flushed and wet with tears, and snot covered my upper lip.

I just shook my head and cried harder.

To his credit, he didn't try to make everything better. He just walked up to me, bent down at the waist and held me as I cried. I leaned against him and wrapped my arms around his hips as my sobbing turned to great, wracking brays of pain. I have no idea how long I cried as he held me in his arms.

Eventually my tears did stop. JJ straightened up and disentangled himself from my arms and brought a chair next to mine and sat with me. He found a box of Kleenex and waited patiently as I dried my tears and tried to collect myself.

I looked at JJ and tried to smile. I didn't quite make it. He took my hand in both his and just held it as he waited for me to tell him what was wrong.

"Your father left me this m...morning." I managed to mutter. More tears.

"What?!" He ejaculated, his eyes blazing. "Mom!"

"H...He has a...a...g...girlfriend and he says he doesn't love me anymore..." My eyes hurt.

"That son of a bitch..." JJ whispered softly, as if talking to himself.

"You shouldn't t...talk about your asshole f...father like that, JJ."  
I laughed weakly.

JJ threw his head back and hooted. Merriment danced in his eyes even as he tried to work out in his own mind his father's leaving.

"Do you think that he'd be willing, you know, to go to counseling or something...to try to save your marriage?" He asked. He was trying to be adult about things.

I shook my head. "I doubt it very much, honey. He says he's in l...love with your Aunt Cathy. I d...do know h...he's been screwing her for months, at least."

"Aunt Cathy!" He blurted, suddenly animated. "What the fuck? Aunt Cathy!"

He pushed away from the table and rose to his feet. He paced back and forth from one end of the kitchen to the other, occasionally pausing as if the enormity of his father's indiscretion with a close friend of the family were more than he could handle.

"What the hell..." JJ talked to himself quietly, glancing in my direction frequently. "Asshole's crazy..."

JJ finally returned to his chair and took my hand again. "What are you going to do, mom?"

Tears fell again. "I don't know. I suppose I need to get an attorney."

He plucked a tissue from the box and gently dried my cheeks. He nodded and said, "You're going to be alright. I'll see to that. We all will. I don't want you worrying about anything. Me and Jesse and Jordan, can take care of Jayne and Jeanette. We'll all take care of everything around the house so you don't have to."

I retrieved my hand from his and reached out to wrap my arms around his neck. For the longest time I just held him in my grief and the holding seemed to help.

He was always a thoughtful child, but he seemed so mature and in control as he led me from the table and guided me to my bedroom.

"Just try to get some rest, mom." He kissed my forehead. "I'll take care of the kids."

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I didn't leave my room for two days. I slept. I cried. I swore. I slept some more. I pitched Jeffrey's clothes out of the window onto the front lawn by noon the next day as I promised. I flushed my wedding band down the toilet. JJ brought me food, but I couldn't eat. I had no appetite. I just drank water and lay on my bed feeling sorry for myself.

I tried to piece together Cathy and Jeffrey. Cathy worked at the same company as Jeffrey and I supposed that their working in such close proximity had been the catalyst of their affair, but I still couldn't accept what she'd done. I wondered how long they had been diddling each other.

In the end, I pulled myself together and decided life was going to go on whether I was a part of it or not. Later that Friday evening, I showered and felt better about things in general. I donned a pair of cotton briefs and as I pulled on a bra, I realized that I needed to get the next size down; the D cup was

just too big. My plain granny panties, similarly, were baggy and didn't fit very well.

Pulling on my robe and cinching it, I left my room and wandered down the hall past the room 16 year-old Jesse and 14 year-old Jordan shared. It was quiet, although I could see a bluish light from their television set beneath the door. Across the hall, Jayne's and Jeanette's room was quiet as well. At the head of the stairs, I paused outside JJ's room. I could hear Tom Petty in the background.

I reached out and lightly knocked on his door.

"It's open." JJ called out quietly.

I opened his door and entered, closing it behind me. JJ was standing by his desk examining an 8-track tape. He was wearing gym shorts with a matching tank top, and with his tawny skin in the dim light the white fabric initially seemed to be floating in mid air.

"How are you, mom?" He asked, walking towards me.

The only light in the room was from his small bedside lamp.

"Better, honey." I smiled, "Much better, thank you so much."

"You're welcome." He said simply. "The kids are all worried about you. I almost had to fight Jesse to keep him from bothering you last night."

"Honey, you should have let them see me," I said kindly, "I am their mother, after all, and they need me. But thank you just the same."

He nodded. "Dad came by yesterday to get some things from the garage. He was pretty pissed about his clothes being out on the lawn, especially since one of his dress shoes landed in a pile of Randy poop."

I giggled and it wasn't forced. Mr. Marks was a 92 year old man who lived next door. A few years before Randall Marks had, in an advancing state of dementia, taken to wandering around in the buff and pooping wherever and whenever the urge struck him, which oftentimes was in his neighbor's yards. Our lawn was a frequent target. Randall had been a good neighbor for many years and most of his neighbors dearly cared for him. Plus it helped that his daughter, Lucy, was gracious enough to clean up his messes. Apparently Lucy had missed one of his lawn mines.

JJ asked me then, "What are you going to do, Mom?"

I smiled softly. "I retained a family law attorney this morning. She's supposed to be very good. A shark. I meet with her next Wednesday. Beyond that, I need to go to the bank and take out what I can if your asshole father hasn't beaten me to it."

"He is such a jerk." JJ reached out his hand and touched the side of my arm. "I can't understand what he sees in

Aun...Cathy. You are at least five points better looking than she is."

"Thank you, JJ," I responded, "But Cathy is a very attractive woman. The bitch."

"Oh please! You make her look like freakin' Tip O'Neill." JJ laughed. "You've got her beat in nearly every category."

"You sure know how to make a rejected old lady feel better, that's for sure." I slipped my arms around his narrow waist and hugged him.

"You're hardly old, lady." His muscular arms tightened around me as he returned the hug. "You're what, 29? 30?"

I giggled again. Whatever else he was, JJ made me feel good about myself. And as I held him, I became aware of his sheer physical presence. His lean, hard body. His scent was clean and warm. I could feel his heartbeat as I rested my face against

his chest. He just felt nice to hold. I shiver went through me when he lightly kissed the side of my neck.

The moment was intimate, without a doubt, but there was nothing sexual about it. It was nothing more than a mother and son helping each other come to terms with new and different territory they were entering due to a shared abandonment by my husband and his father.

"Thank you so much, honey," I whispered against his shirt.

I leaned back in the circle of his arms and gazed up at him. I'm sure he could see all the love I had for him shining in my eyes. "I'm sure I can get through this if you let me lean on you from time to time."

JJ nodded. "Of course. I'm here for you anytime you need me. Unlike my asshole dad, I'll never leave you."

I reached up and caressed the side of his face with my fingertips and rose up on my tiptoes and kissed him on the lips. A happy light jumped into his eyes.

"I better let you get some sleep." I smiled up at him. "You've got a big day tomorrow."

He nodded enthusiastically. He was set to start a new job as a lifeguard at the city pool for the summer to earn a few bucks before starting at USC in the fall. JJ had been an integral part of a very good swim team the last three years of his high school career and had been heavily recruited by a few good schools.

We said goodnight and I turned to go.

I thanked him again as I left his room, and sent a small prayer of thanks skyward, grateful that I had such a wonderfully sensitive son.

# Chapter 3

The morning of June 1st was difficult in that I had to tell the other children, sans JJ, what was happening between their father and me. Apparently, they had either worked out most of the details themselves, or JJ had let the cat out of the bag. I'm sure they wondered where their father was and why I had been acting like a basket case for the last couple of days.

Surprisingly, they were all in a good place with everything. Even 12 year-old Jeanette, struggling with a summer cold, seemed okay with her father and me splitting up. "Don' worry, Mama. Everyt'ing'll be alright. None ub us wadda lib wit' da asshole an' bitchface."

"Jeanette!" I tried to sound firm but my laugh leaked from behind clenched teeth, "Where did you ever hear such language?"

Everyone whooped and howled. Their father could swear like a drunken sailor when he was of a mind to, and even I, occasionally, had been known to let loose with a less than delicate phrase when provoked.

I assured them that I would do everything in my power to ensure that they would not have to leave their house and friends. Almost simultaneously, the four of them pledged to be more helpful around the house and they formed a rough circle around me and hugged me tight enough to take my breath away.

I loved them so damned much a tear trickled from my eye and I knew then that everything really would be okay. Somehow I would go on and I would be good.

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After a quick run, I drove down to the bank. I was genuinely surprised Jeffrey hadn't thought to do the same. Our balances hadn't been touched. I withdrew \$22,000.00, almost three

quarters of our savings - I had five kids to support - and had my name removed from the account and opened a new one under my own name. I took the bonds and my jewelry from our safe deposit box and took a box out in my own name. I canceled our joint credit cards.

Feeling a little vindictive, I returned home and accessed Jeffrey's brand new Macintosh and deleted all of his files. I knew it was petty, but frankly, I didn't give a shit.

I called a locksmith and had all the locks on the house changed as well as the frequency of the garage door opener. I changed the code on the security alarm, then sat down and wrote a long, detailed letter to Jeffrey's elderly parents regarding their son's choices. Mom and dad Swenson were fairly old-school and I was sure they would be disappointed with their son leaving five - well four - dependents without a fatherly influence. I was hoping they would cut him out of their will.

I wrote a second letter detailing Jeffrey and Cathy's infidelity and addressed it to Mark Pevin, the founder and president of UEC. After I sealed the letter I had a moments pause. If Jeffrey lost his job he wasn't going to be able to financially take care of the kids.

I mailed the letters anyway.

My actions that day, some nasty and inconsequential, some practical, had given me a newfound sense of empowerment. If nothing else, Jeffrey would know he was in a fight.

That evening was weird in that it felt almost normal. Nothing was out of the ordinary except Jeffrey didn't roll in around seven or eight and dominate the television. All the kids, except Jeanette, played board games and got along famously. Jeanette I put to bed early - her cold was draining her of all her energy.

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Late that night, I lay in my bed and listened to the house breathe and contract. Night noises provided a soundtrack to the shadows playing on my walls. It felt strange lying in my bed alone, but it also felt like freedom. I was in charge. I knew I was going to make it work. Somehow.

At around 11:30, I rolled out of bed and donned my robe over my nightie. I silently crept down the hall to JJ's room. The other kids were either asleep or at least silent about it if they weren't.

Like the night before, I heard music coming from JJ's room. Bob Seger, I think. I tapped lightly with my knuckles and entered when he called out. JJ was seated at his desk and rose to his feet as I closed and leaned against the door behind me.

"Hi, Mom," He whispered quietly so not to wake the others.  
"You doing okay?"

I nodded and smiled broadly and told him what I had done to his father that morning.

"You are so bad." He laughed. "You're positively evil."

"No," I asserted, "Just practical. If he wants to screw around on me I'm going to screw him every chance I get."

JJ and I met in the middle of his room. He took my hands and smiled down at me. "If I can help screw him, just let me know."

"Thanks honey, but that's a job I relish doing all on my own. I came to see you because I wanted some adult conversation. The other kids are great, but they're just kids."

He nodded and blushed, proud that I recognized his adulthood. Only a few months from his 19th birthday, JJ still had childlike qualities, but he was a deep thinker who had exuded maturity since late adolescence. In some ways, JJ was more grown up than his father.

I had other adult friends, but the majority came on Jeffrey's coattails and I had no doubt they would side with him in a pinch. The only friend I had found and fostered on my own had been Cathy. The bitch.

"I'm always here for you." He relinquished my hands when I wrested them from his and stepped closer as I slid them up his arms to rest them on his broad shoulders.

"I know, honey." I smiled, "That is what is helping me to be strong right now."

JJ's hands rested lightly on my hips. "If I can do anything to help you, Mom, just let me know."

"Just hold me when I need to be held, talk to me honestly when I need a reality check, and tell me I'm not ugly when I'm feeling fat and dumpy and I can handle anything else." I ran my fingers through his thick hair at the back of his head.

"You could never be ugly!" JJ exclaimed. He almost looked angry. "You're beautiful and I won't hear you say otherwise."

I started to respond but my son cut me off, his eyes blazing. "You have a gorgeous face. You look a lot like Lynda Carter, if she had shorter and lighter hair, especially since you went on your diet and started exercising. You're sexy and voluptuous and most men would give anything to be with you. Don't you dare be a Mr. Marks and crap in your own yard!"

I just stared up at him all doe-eyed and bashful. JJ seemed truly pissed off; at what I wasn't sure.

"Thanks, I think." I breathed.

"You have to know I've always thought you were incredibly beautiful." JJ was on a soapbox and his color was up and his nostrils were flared. I pressed myself against him and let him continue. "I think that you let yourself go for many years, but

I was so proud of you when you started exercising and dieting and the weight started coming off. You look as good today as I ever remember."

"Mmmm..." I breathed in his warm, heady scent.

"Don't ever think you could be ugly," He kissed the top of my head, "Because you couldn't ever be that. Besides, Mom, I love you."

I giggled nervously and tightened my arms around him. I felt my heart race when JJ dipped his head and trailed his lips along the slope of my neck.

"I love you, too. You sure know how to make me feel nice, honey." I whispered against his chest. "That's part of why I love you so much."

JJ rose up to his full height and tilted my head back with his fingers under my chin. "I am absolutely serious." He lowered his head and pressed his mouth to mine.

His lips were warm and firm on mine. Dry, our first 'real' kiss was still anything but chaste. I could feel his passion coursing from him to me and back. Our lips were molded together, sluing and clinging.

I pulled away after an indeterminate amount of time and leaned back, staring up at him. My heart was racing and I could feel the blood in my cheeks and neck. My body hummed lightly like a charged power line. JJ's nostrils were flared and his eyes were hooded. I felt his swelling manhood pressing into my belly. We were both becoming aroused.

Suddenly, out of the nowhere, I was frightened. No, I was terrified. I extricated myself from JJ's arms and quickly bade him goodnight, slipping into the hallway. My last image of JJ was one of a confused looking young man with a rather large bulge in his shorts.

For several minutes I leaned against the wall in the hallway and struggled to collect myself. I didn't fault JJ for anything. I was, as sick as it seemed, as aroused as he appeared to be. I actually debated returning to him. Finally, I staggered down the hall to my room and collapsed on my bed, robe and all.

I didn't sleep for a long time and my arousal didn't fade. I couldn't erase the sensation of his lips on mine.

# Chapter 4

JJ had gone to work before I awoke shortly before 8.

I was a bit disappointed as I wanted to try talking to him, to apologize, to make things right between us. My other children were oblivious to my frazzled state. They made my breakfast and doted on me as I struggled to eat it.

I fought hard to down rubbery scrambled eggs, burnt home fries, and something that may or may not have once been bacon. The only things palatable were the glass of OJ and the cup of coffee, and the coffee was too strong and filled with grounds. I gave them all an 'A' for effort and thanked them all.

Jesse and Jordan disappeared to go fishing with some friends, and Jayne and a friend from down the street played hopscotch on the street out front. Jeanette only argued half-heartedly when I sent her back to bed.

I sat at the kitchen table and sucked down the gravelly coffee and let my thoughts wander to JJ. I knew he was at work, but was he thinking of me? We had edged up to a line the night before and the edging sent terror through my veins.

JJ's words had washed over me, filling me with pride and making me feel loved, which I hadn't felt in a long, long time. His words made love to me and I let myself go. Our kiss was anything but pure and innocent, of that I was sure. I could still feel his warm, full lips clinging to mine.

He as much as told me he found me attractive, and, Lord God, I certainly found him strikingly handsome. He looked a lot like his father, who had once been a devilishly handsome man.

All my children were good looking, but JJ was easily the most handsome person I had ever been blessed to lay eyes on. The only thing JJ had taken from me was a pair of large, dark brown eyes flecked with gold.

I went out for a run.

I was almost a mile up the Kennedy, sweat blurring my vision, my heart beating steadily when I heard JJ's voice behind me. "Do you mind if I run with you?"

"JJ!" I shouted, almost tripping over my own two feet. "You scared the hell out of me!"

"Sorry, Mom." He panted effortlessly, "They had more than enough...coverage at the pool so I came home to...talk to you. You were just starting out...when I pulled into the drive so I hurriedly changed and raced to...catch you."

I slapped his arm playfully and wheezed, "You should give me warning before...you sneak up on me like that. I almost kicked you in the crotch."

He laughed as we ran side by side. "After last night I wouldn't blame you if you did. I said and did things that were...wrong."

"You didn't do...or say anything that was...wrong, honey." I panted in time to my racing feet, "So long as you are honest...you should always feel...free to speak your mind."

Huffing and puffing we ran together almost silently, the pavement passing rhythmically beneath our Nikes. At the three mile point, I paused, bent over, my hands on my knees. JJ paced slowly back and forth on the shoulder of the road.

I gradually regained my wind and straightened up. My running togs were drenched with sweat, as was JJ's. He tried hard to keep his eyes averted from me as he paced, but I could see him glance my way frequently.

I took the bull by the horn and walked up to him, placing my hand on his chest to stop his restless gait. Beneath a giant oak tree on the side of the Kennedy Highway, oblivious to passing traffic, I wrapped my arms around my son's neck and kissed him hard. His arms were strong and squeezed me tight as I

pushed my tongue against his lips repeatedly until he relented and allowed it to slide deliciously into his mouth.

In seconds we were kissing as if we'd been lovers for years. JJ's tongue met mine and for a wonderful eternity our tongues slid and curled together, licking and sucking. Our hands clutched at each other, our bodies pressed together desperately. The salty sweat on his lips was as enthralling as his warm, sweet saliva. Our kiss went on and on. His hands were strong and firm on my back, stroking and touching me. I could feel his arousal.

Gasping for oxygen, we pulled apart and stood for many long moments just staring at each other. I felt nothing but the purest love and lust for JJ. The way his face was screwed up, I'm confident he felt the same.

I smiled nervously at him and pulled away, "Race you home."

We matched step for step for the first mile or so. I glanced over at him as he easily matched my stride. "You know,

honey, whatever...else you think, first...and foremost, know that I love you."

The slap of our sneakers on pavement punctuated the silence. JJ pushed ahead. I found myself admiring his muscular legs pumping, his tight buttocks, and his broad back and finely muscled arms. "He certainly is a specimen." I thought, increasing my pace to catch him.

He pulled away from me as our sprawling front yard came into view. Randall Marks smiled and waved from his flower garden as we passed, nearly naked as a jay bird, his talliwacker dangling as free as said jay bird. At least he wore socks.

At the front porch, JJ and I collapsed on the steps leading to the house. Jayne and her friend were playing Jacks by the porch swing. Nothing was said, but the nonverbals I threw his way said it all. "I'll come to you tonight." JJ nodded in understanding.

Our kiss on the highway haunted me through the rest of the day. It was there when I tried to nap in the early afternoon, and again when I awoke. Like a small puppy dog, it followed me through my routine. It nipped at the edges of my consciousness, always present, somewhat annoying. I could still feel his tongue in my mouth. His hands touching me. The feeling of his semi-hard penis against my belly. It had felt enormous.

When I showered again later that afternoon, I masturbated to thoughts of my son. I felt no shame as I dried myself off in front of the mirror afterward. The image in the mirror was not the image of only eight months before. Diet and exercise. I had dropped nearly 50 pounds, most of it from my belly and thighs. I was still soft, although I could see hard muscle peeking out from behind the remaining fat in my arms and legs and in my abdomen. My breasts didn't sag quite so much, although there wasn't anything I was going to be able to do about my distended nipples. Nursing six children had rendered them long and thick and, absent plastic surgery, they were going to remain the way they were.

My figure had returned, somewhat, and I was unabashedly proud of the results of my hard work.

Admiring my body in the foggy mirror, I found a pair of scissors and, spreading my legs, I landscaped the thatch of pubic hair that grew wild at my crotch. I left it thick and full, just trimming it to a large but neat vee.

The kids and I played charades that evening. Jeanette's cold was mostly gone, although she was still somewhat congested. She wheezed and panted a bit, but it was clear she was over its worst. Laughter was the rule. Jesse won when nobody could even act out or guess his offering of 'newel post.'

His four siblings piled on top of him for such an obscure offering. Who even knew what a 'newel post' was? How would one act out a newel post? Jesse begged me to rescue him from tickling fingers at the bottom of the pile but I just laughed and reached down to tickle him myself.

Afterward, hot chocolate with marshmallows was on tap. As I observed my brood nestled around the coffee table in the living room talking and laughing, I loved each and every one of them. And I lusted after one.

Up to that point, I never gave thought of possible consequences of desiring my own son. All I knew was that I was infatuated with him and he made me feel things I hadn't felt in a long, long time. He made me feel good about myself and I hadn't felt that in much too long.

It wasn't until I was rinsing out the mugs after everyone was in their bedrooms that I felt a wave of ice water wash over me. "I am absolutely going insane," my mind screamed. There was no way I could go to JJ! Not tonight, not ever! How unbelievably sick! I felt nauseous at the mere thought of what I almost allowed myself to do.

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Later, alone in my bedroom, I lay beneath my blanket and watched the shadows of two feet pacing outside my bedroom door. He didn't knock and after ten minutes or so, the shadows departed.

It was a long time before sleep claimed me. As I waited for sleep, the kernel of a possible solution to my building problem formulated in my mind.

## Chapter 5

I knew it was late when I woke the next morning. My room was flooded with a warm sunshine. My bedside clock said 9:12. I couldn't recall the last time I had slept so late. I yawned and sat up, extending my arms over my head and relishing the luscious feeling of my muscles stretching tight and then releasing.

The house was quiet.

As I changed into fresh cotton briefs I caught a glimpse of my body in the mirror over my dresser. JJ was at least partially right. I did look good. At the very least I looked much better. The rolls of fat were almost gone. Although my bottom was still bigger than I would have liked, it no longer looked like uncooked bread dough. My breasts had shrunk significantly and rode higher on my chest and appeared more firm and solid.

My tummy still looked puffy and soft, but not terribly so. I was most amazed at how toned my arms had become. They were no longer flabby. Similarly, my double chin was mostly gone.

I winked at my reflection and whispered, "Time to get you a boyfriend, girlfriend."

The night before, before falling asleep, I decided I needed to find someone other than JJ to scratch my itch. I was sure doing so would turn off what was rapidly becoming a dangerous obsession with my son. I was pretty sure I could go

to a bar and find a nice looking stranger who would be willing to take care of me in fine fashion.

I found a pair of jeans and pulled on a t-shirt and wandered downstairs.

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JJ and all the others were gone. A note on the fridge indicated JJ had taken them all to the pool to give me a break. I was surprised he had taken Jeanette, but then, she had always had him wrapped around her little finger.

I ate a quick breakfast and took my coffee out to the front porch and relaxed on the porch swing. The slightest of breezes felt nice. The swing squeaked softly as it moved slowly back and forth. Somewhere a blue jay called and a dog barked down the street. It was a perfect start to June.

My thoughts were a muddled mess. I knew what I had to do, but had no idea how to go about doing it. I envisioned going to a bar - maybe The Cavern or The Silver Dollar - and finding a nice looking man and allow him to buy me a drink. I'd bat my eyes at him and invite him out to my car. How simple.

But I couldn't help thinking about JJ, too. I was so disgusted with myself, given how close I came to the unthinkable. Granted, I was vulnerable and lonely, but vulnerable and lonely doesn't justify the unjustifiable.

When my brood returned, I ignored JJ and the hurt that leaked from his eyes whenever he looked in my direction.

I managed to avoid JJ's attempts to get me alone. I tended to Jordan's knee which he had barked on the tile at the pool. I played Monopoly with Jayne and Jeanette.

I fixed dinner and as the kids wolfed down grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup, I retreated to my room and

slipped on a dress that accentuated my curves in their best possible light.

Intending to leave JJ in charge, I was mildly surprised when he stormed from the family room when I announced I was going out. I left Jesse in charge instead, telling him I would possibly be home late.

As I drove towards the west side, my thoughts were consumed by JJ. Was I being reactionary? I knew I needed to be laid more than any white woman in America. All I could think of was a nice, hard penis bringing me to orgasm, but I couldn't get JJ out of my head.

I pulled into the parking lot at The Silver Dollar, a local meat market, and found a spot near the back of the lot. I was so nervous when I got out of my car and walked to the door that I didn't notice a furtive figure creep from another car and hide in the shadows of the building.

The place was filled with smoke. The lights barely cut through the gloom as I walked through the door, paying the \$5.00 cover charge. A bad cover band screeched out bad renditions of George Jones, The Oak Ridge Boys, and The Statler Brothers. The smoke caused me a fit of coughing as I found an empty bar stool and surveyed the scene.

A couple dozen people in various stages of inebriation either sat and listened to the band or gyrated drunkenly on the small parquet in the center of the room. I watched one couple grinding together suggestively, their hands groping at each other. They looked like they were trying to mutually swallow themselves.

It wasn't long before I sensed a presence sit down on the stool next to me. "Can I buy you a drink?"

I swiveled and looked up at a nice looking man. He appeared to be in his mid-thirties or so. He was blond and fair-skinned. Pale blue eyes looked deep into mine. A bushy mustache

crested a nice looking mouth that curled up at the corners. He had a bit of a paunch but looked nice.

I smiled and nodded up at him. I extended my hand and said, "I'd like a martini. I'm Mary."

His hand was big and work hardened. "You can call me Brad." He offered, signaling the bartender over. "Ladies like you don't normally frequent places like this."

Snickering, I shook my head. "I'm no lady."

We chit-chatted idly for a few minutes about nothing. I was extremely nervous though I tried hard not to let it show. Brad was in construction. Never married. No kids, not that he knew of anyway. What a card.

He wasn't perfect, but for my purposes he'd do. I just needed him to perform a service that he looked capable of handling.

I drained my glass and nodded at him when his eyes asked if I wanted another.

"So what are you looking for?" Brad inquired.

I almost choked but managed to sound confident and sure, "Something you may be able to provide, big fella."

Brad's eyes widened but he handed me my drink and leaned towards me. "I just might at that."

He leaned closer and kissed me. His lips felt strange but my blood was running hot. When I felt his hand on my leg I was ready.

"Do you have a room?" Brad asked. There was an odd light in his eyes, but I chalked it up to lust.

I left my drink on the bar and eased off the bar stool. I took his hand and pulled him towards the door. "Uh-uh, but the back seat of my car will do just fine."

I think I probably wondered at the relative wisdom of doing what I was doing, but if it would save JJ from me, I'd have done a dozen Mexicans in a back alley one after the other. Besides, Brad looked nice.

I shivered as we walked to my car. I opened the door and unlocked the back. I slipped into the back and waited for my would-be lover.

What happened next is hard to remember in sequence.

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Brad's face and eyes looked blank. He unsnapped his pants and pushed them down his legs. "You're going to suck me off,

tell me I have the biggest dick you ever saw in your life, and then I'm gonna fuck you up the ass." He said mechanically.

I felt the blood run from my face. He talked like he wasn't anxious to discuss the matter. I looked down at his groin and burst into laughter. I couldn't help it.

Brad's equipment was puny. If his penis was four inches long, he was lucky. It was maybe as thick as an Oscar Meyer wiener. His testicles, similarly underdeveloped, looked like shriveled prunes. He made my soon to be asshole ex-husband look well-endowed.

I didn't stop laughing until Brad's fist crashed into the side of my head. I smelled smoke and the coppery taste of blood filled my mouth. I vaguely heard him mutter again, "Bitch, you're gonna take it conscious or not and you're going to like it."

I screamed and tried to get away. He pushed my face down into the seat and I felt his rough hand rip my panties off. Ice

cold terror filled my head. I couldn't think. I couldn't breathe. I tried to scream again but couldn't. I kicked and flailed my legs, but he was too strong.

I can't say what happened next, exactly. The door was yanked open and suddenly Brad was pulled from on top of me. I heard Brad yell. I managed to turn my face in time to see him fall like a pole-axed steer. And then JJ was there and holding me.

I cried like a baby in his arms. He patted my back and gently rocked me as I cried. Brad apparently started to rise up from the ground and JJ reached his arm out of the car and hit him in the head with something. "Stay down, motherfucker."

Brad stayed down.

JJ held me until my tears stopped and my fears began to dissipate. My hands still shook, but I had them under control. JJ located my underwear and considered them before tossing

them aside. He opened the other door and gestured for me to exit.

"We should probably get out of here before hillbilly over there collects himself. Are you okay to drive?"

I nodded dumbly and he guided me around the car and opened my door for me.

"I'll see you at home?" JJ asked.

I nodded. Before sliding behind the wheel I kicked Brad in the crotch and laughed as he yowled in pain. "You have the smallest dick I ever saw in my life, shit head."

I heard the sound of bones crunch when JJ slammed the back door on Brad's hand who was trying to pull himself upright. JJ kicked him in the face and waited as I pulled away. The car lurched as I drove over one of Brad's legs. I heard him scream and I laughed maniacally.

I don't remember driving home. I only know my entire body shook uncontrollably the whole way. I wept and screamed at my stupidity.

It wasn't very late when I pulled the car into the garage. I sat and cried behind the wheel. I didn't even notice when JJ entered the garage, but my car door opened and he was extending his hand to me.

In the dim light produced by a single 50 watt bulb overhead, JJ examined my face.

"You're going to have a pretty good bruise, Mom." He gingerly touched my left cheekbone. "It's a little swollen and already starting to turn bluish."

I slumped against my Impala and quietly sobbed. My head ached and my eyes hurt from crying. I imagined I looked a

sight. And the cool night air made me acutely aware that I was missing my panties.

"Wait here." JJ instructed kindly. "I'll get the kids in their rooms and be back here in a minute. I don't want them to see you like this."

He left me standing by my car and entered the house through the door that led to the kitchen. I heard him yelling and someone - Jesse or Jordan, I presumed - arguing with him. A few minutes later he signaled for me that the coast was clear.

He took me by the hand and led me through the house and up the stairs to my room. He saw me inside and stuck his head just through the opening and smiled kindly at me.

"I'm so sorry." There was no admonishment in his expression.

I nodded and tried to smile. "Thank you, JJ. Thank you so much."

"The others don't need to know anything about tonight. When they ask, just tell them you walked into a door." He thought of everything. I nodded and started weeping again as he mouthed a silent 'I love you' as he closed the door. And I knew he did.

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After a long hot bath, I lay beneath my comforter and tried to come to grips with what I had almost let happen. I had nearly been raped. How stupid was I? The one time I tried to do something outside my normal comfort zone I was almost violated. If it wasn't for JJ, I would have been. And maybe worse.

I fell asleep and must have dreamed, although I don't remember what I dreamed about. I must have cried out in my sleep because I vaguely sensed a body climbing into my bed and strong arms holding me close and keeping me safe in the night.

# Chapter 6

The morning sun found me alone. Whoever had held me in the dark was gone. I thought it had been JJ, but I wasn't sure. My head still pounded with a dull throb, but otherwise I felt fine.

The bruise on the side of my face was a deep purple with whorls of greens and yellows. It was about the size of a baseball and it was hideous and no amount of makeup was going to cover it. I regarded it as a monument to my foolishness.

JJ was already at work. Surprisingly, the kids bought my story about walking into an open door, although Jordan and Jayne looked at me with suspicion in their eyes.

They all, with the exception of Jeanette, eventually drifted away outdoors and left me to my breakfast and my thoughts.

I ate listlessly. The only thing that had been resolved the night before was that I wasn't too bright. A thought of trying again at a more upscale club was met with a snort. There was no way I was going to be able to go that route again, even in the classiest of places.

I could call an escort service, I guessed, but even as I mulled the thought I rejected it for a number of reasons.

A quick perusal of the paper showed not a mention of an assault in the parking lot of a local watering hole.

I called my mother and chatted with her awhile. She only said she never really liked him and I was better off without Jeffrey when I told her of his leaving me. Mom was a no nonsense kind of lady.

Then I called my older sister Sandra up in Indiana.

After the usual niceties she asked me, "What's up, little sis? You sound like you're hurting."

I gave her an abbreviated version of events. Her reaction echoed my mom's. "What a sack of shit. You deserve so much better."

I decided to confide in her about being attracted to my oldest son. Sandra was pretty close-lipped and wouldn't be shocked by anything I told her. Besides, she had more than a few skeletons in her own closet, many of which I knew about.

To her credit, she just listened to me and didn't interrupt. I confessed to a growing attraction to JJ. I told her of frenching him and masturbating to fantasies of him.

When I finished I leaned back in my chair and waited for her castigation. It didn't come.

She breathed heavily and sounded as if she were wrestling with herself. Then she blurted, "I have sex with Kevin."

I almost dropped the phone. I sputtered and stammered. "Wha...ohhh...what are you...ohhh..."

She patiently waited until I calmed down. It took a few long moments to wrap my head around what she said.

When I did I quietly asked, "You're really...um...sleeping with Kevin?"

"Well, I won't say we get a lot of sleep in," She laughed, "But if by 'sleeping' you mean 'fucking' the answer is yes."

"How...how did you..." My sputtering had returned.

She sounded giddy confessing to me. My nephew Kevin was Sandra and Russell's youngest. He was three years older than JJ.

Sandra hurriedly told me what happened. "Listen, little sis, it began about two years ago almost by accident. I walked in on Kevin while he was changing in the cabana. He was completely naked. I just froze for forever, looking him up and down. He was all muscle and penis - the exact opposite of Russ. Of course, nothing happened then. I slowly backed away without saying a word. But I couldn't stop thinking about him, or, more precisely, his penis. My god, Mary, it was huge. It was at least eight inches long limp and easily as thick as my wrist. Then, a few weeks later, while Russ was at work, I called Kevin to the bathroom to get me a bottle of shampoo. He did as I asked and just gaped at me when I slid open the shower door and let him look at my naked body."

She paused and laughed, "He never said a word, then. He just slowly removed his clothes and joined me in the shower. We've been fucking ever since. Every day and some nights when Russ is out of town or working the night shift. He is amazingly talented with his thing and I promise you it's the best sex I ever had. He's insatiable, with the stamina of a bull and a seemingly endless supply of semen."

When she was through we were both breathing hard. I felt flushed and excited.

"But Sandy," I whispered, "How do you..."

"Live with myself?" She knew me so well. "Easy. Kevin is an adult and I don't force him to do anything he doesn't want to do. He makes me feel great, he likes it, and Russ doesn't do it for me anymore. I'm not telling you to follow in my footsteps and be with JJ. That's entirely up to you and JJ. But I can tell you that if you do, it can be the most exciting thing you ever do. Not only is it the taboo nature of it, but it is empowering knowing that a young stud can get aroused by old broads like us. He makes me feel sexy... desirable."

"How often do you...uh...do it?" I asked breathlessly.

"Every day at least once, sometimes more." She sounded like she was talking about recipes or cleaning products. "This morning after breakfast he did me on the kitchen floor."

"Oooohhhh my..."

"Listen to me, Mary." Sandy said, "Don't let my situation influence your decision to be with JJ or not. If you're both not 100 percent sure, it could create problems for you...and him. I don't have a single regret, and so far, neither does Kevin, but we're not you and JJ, either."

My sister and I talked on and on through the morning. She was happy to unload her secret, knowing it was safe with me. She told me of the time Russell had almost caught her with Kevin. I told her of my attempt to find a one-night stand the previous evening.

"Oh, Mary." She murmured sympathetically, "I'm so sorry, but it's a good thing JJ was there. Uh...why was JJ there?"

I hadn't even considered the question. "I haven't a clue, Sandy."

We said good-bye and promised to call more frequently. As I set the receiver in the cradle I heard her question over and over. "Why was JJ there?"

I didn't know, but I was going to find out.

## Chapter 7

With the setting sun all of my brood began trickling in one at a time. Only JJ was missing. After dinner the kids all disappeared to their rooms with the exception of Jayne, who was engrossed in a Nancy Drew novel. She only mumbled monosyllabic answers at me when I tried to engage her in conversation.

At 9:30 she kissed my cheek and turned in herself, leaving me to my thoughts and the rhythmic ticking of the clock.

It was more than an hour later before I heard JJ's beat up old Chevy Vega pull up next to the garage. My heart started beating faster. My hands shook slightly.

"Hi, Mom." He paused in the entry way and looked at me where I sat at the dining room table.

I smiled weakly at him and motioned for him to sit kitty-corner to me at the head of the table. "Can we talk, honey?"

He peeled off his windbreaker and hung it on the tree and tried to discern my mood as he pulled out the oak chair and sat down.

"You don't call your mother anymore when you're going to be late?" I asked, my fingers lightly tapping the tabletop.

"I'm sorry." He looked surprised, "I didn't think you'd mind. I am almost 19, you know."

I nodded and said flatly, "I know, but you're still my baby and I worry about you. I'd worry about you even if you were 50."

"I promise it won't happen again." He assured me, taking one of my hands in both of his. "I took Jennifer from work out for a bite to eat and time just got away from me."

I didn't know who Jennifer was but a sharp stabbing pain pierced my heart at the thought of JJ with another woman.

"She's really nice." JJ caressed my hand with his fingertips, "She reminds me of you in some ways."

"Did you..." I bit off my question. Maybe this was the answer to my problem.

JJ looked into my eyes and grinned wryly after he figured out what I was going to ask. "Naw, don't worry. She wouldn't do anything more than a little necking. And she doesn't kiss as well as you do, either."

Irrational relief filled me replacing irrational fear. I blushed with pride.

I giggled shyly and squeezed his hand. "I need to ask you something, JJ. Please be honest."

He nodded. To my knowledge, JJ had never lied to me.

"Why were you at the bar last night?" I whispered softly. "Don't get me wrong, I am so glad you were, but why?"

He released my hand and slumped back in his chair. He examined his nails for several seconds and then raised his eyes to mine. "I was pretty upset yesterday after the way you were ignoring me...after the way you...we were...you know.

When you didn't come to my room the other night...Let's just say I was frustrated."

"But JJ..." I wrinkled my forehead.

He held up his hand. "Please, Mom, give me some credit. I'm not stupid. I knew what you were doing and why, but it didn't make it any easier to swallow. Anyway, when you told us you were going out, and I saw the way you were dressed, I guessed why so I followed you. If you came out with guy who would treat you right I would have just followed you to his place or a motel or whatever, got his license plate number or address and left. Of course, I had no idea you were going to do it right there in the parking lot."

JJ laughed at his horny mother. "I was just afraid for you. There are some bad people in that part of town, and you can tear into me all you like but I'm glad I followed you."

"I'm not going to tear into you, honey. I'm glad, too." I touched his fingers with mine. "What did you hit him with?"

"Dad's Smith and Wesson." JJ answered, recalling in his mind's eye those few minutes. "When I saw him hit you through the window, I panicked. I ran as fast as I could and ripped open the door. The dude wasn't even aware of me until I reached in and grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled with all my might. When he stood up with his pants around his knees I thought I was dead. He was huge. Anyway, before he could react, I pulled the gun from my pocket and clocked him in the forehead with the butt of it. You pretty much know the rest."

"I had never been more afraid in my life." I smiled at him, "You're my hero; my knight in shining armor."

"I dunno about being any knight in armor, shining or otherwise, but I was pretty impressed with you last night. Kicking him in the nuggets like that. And I think you broke his leg when you drove over it."

I laughed, "Good! I wonder how many other girls he has done that to. Or worse."

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We talked into the night and my fear didn't return. It was after midnight when he yawned groggily and suggested we turn in. I agreed but held his hand, preventing him from rising.

"Honey," I asked quietly, "Would you sleep with me tonight?"

He stared at me, his eyes wide. Color rose on his cheeks.

"I don't mean that." I explained, grinning foolishly. "But if you like, I'd like it very much if you held me again tonight. You made me feel safe last night. That was you last night, wasn't it?"

He nodded. "Mom..."

It was my turn to interrupt. "I think both of us want...the same thing, but I am so not ready for that...yet. But maybe if we take baby steps...who knows..."

My oldest son leaned over the corner of the table and kissed me soft and sweetly, his tongue just brushing my lips. "I'll never do anything to you that you aren't comfortable with and don't want me to do. But," He grinned evilly, "I'll do anything you want me to."

We rose from the table and hugged briefly before retiring to my bedroom as silently as possible so as not to wake his brothers and sisters.

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We were both nervous. I stood at the edge of my bed and watched JJ. He watched me. Neither of us seemed to be able to move. I clicked on the bedside lamp and motioned for him to turn off the overhead light. The room dimmed considerably. Steeling myself, I reached up and one by one

pushed the buttons through the holes on my shirt until it fluttered open. I shrugged my shoulders and let it slide down my arms.

My bra was lacy and provided full coverage, but it was ill-fitting. I felt retarded as JJ's eyes widened. It wasn't that the Swenson household was a collection of prudes or anything. JJ and the rest of his siblings had seen me and their father, and vice versa, in various stages of dress countless times over the years, but this was a horse of a different color, and we both realized it.

He stripped off his Polo shirt and quickly divested himself of his pants. Standing on one leg he rolled off one sock and then the other, tossing them aside.

It was my turn to gape when JJ walked to the far side of my marital bed wearing only a pair of white cotton briefs. His penis looked thick and long, canted to the left and clearly limned by his underwear. His testicles bulged out the front of his drawers.

Attending many swim meets over JJ's scholastic career, I was very much aware that he was well-endowed - a Speedo could only hide so much. But here was that stallion of a different hue again.

He was perfect. His swimmer's build was lean and hard. There didn't look to be an ounce of fat anywhere on body, unlike mine. His skin was a deep bronze in the dim light and almost seemed to glow with a life of its own. His shoulders were broad, his waist was narrow and his abs so rigid and ripped they looked like they were chiseled from marble. His arms and legs were muscular and solid.

With trembling hands, I popped the snap on my jeans and slowly unzipped them. I pushed them off my hips and down my legs. My cotton briefs were not exactly the sort one orders from Victoria's Secret, but JJ's eyes bugged out as he looked me up and down. I couldn't help feeling self-conscious of the slight muffin top that poofed out from around the elastic of my panties.

I glanced at my nightie hanging on my vanity and briefly debated donning it. I turned back to the bed and simultaneously, JJ and I reached down and rolled the comforter and sheet toward the foot of the bed. I don't know about JJ, but I was shaking like an aspen leaf in a windstorm when we crawled toward each other and lay down in the center of my bed. JJ rose up on his elbow and pulled the cover up over us.

My entire body surged when his hand lit on my stomach as light as a butterfly on a rose petal. I rolled towards him slightly and smiled up at him as his hand slid around my waist and pulled me closer. He dipped his head and kissed me softly. I slipped my hands around his shoulders and clung to him. I was so aware of his rather thick penis pressing into my leg and my breasts pressed against his chest.

My head spun as JJ's tongue slithered into my mouth. Whatever else happened, I knew I would never feel as whole as I did in the safety and danger of his arms. I felt loved and desired, a combination I hadn't felt in a long, long time.

"Oooohhhh JJ..." I breathed when we parted slightly. I stared up at him with wide eyes. I could feel the moisture between my legs. My stomach was on fire. I laced my fingers through his hair and pulled his mouth to mine again.

The room and bed seemed to spin slowly to and fro. My sole focus was the young man in my arms and the tongue in my mouth. His hard body felt wonderful against my softness, his skin was warm and smooth beneath my fingertips as I stroked his back.

It almost broke my heart when JJ peeled his lips from mine and eased away from me. "Unless you want to start something you may not want, Mom, we need to quit."

He was right and as much as I wanted to jump on him and consume him whole, I merely nodded. "You're right, darling. Let's take this thing a step at a time."

He gathered me in his arms and just held me. Slowly my excitement was traded for a feeling of safe security as we snuggled together. Our breathing returned to near normal. JJ whispered 'good night and kissed my shoulder before reaching over me to turn off the lamp by the bed.

I slept the sleep of the innocent when I finally fell asleep. Although, despite everything, I was still aware of his softened penis touching my hip through his briefs.

-

Somewhere in the night, I woke to find myself alone. A sliver of light shone from under my bathroom door and, listening close I could hear a rhythmic slapping sound. I grinned and snuggled down under the comforter and hugged myself.

I feigned sleep when he returned to bed and slipped next to me trying hard not to waken me.

# Chapter 8

I let JJ sleep when I woke a few hours later. I slipped from bed and pulled on my robe and made my way to the kitchen. I made a pot of coffee and hoped JJ would get up before the others.

It was a quarter of 7 when Jayne and Jeanette stumbled sleepily into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Mom." They greeted me at the same time, wrapping their arms around my hips and hugging me vigorously.

"Good morning, little ladies," I held their heads and hugged them back. "What would you two like for breakfast?"

"Apple-cinnamon crepes!" Jayne Shouted. "Eggs hollandaise!" Squealed Jeanette.

"Cheerios it is, then." I laughed.

It was a silly but running joke. They always asked for something complicated and I always poured them bowls of cereal. Only on Sundays did they get served breakfast that required more than a bowl and milk.

A few minutes later Jayne went to use the bathroom and Jeanette left her breakfast and approached me where I was washing dishes at the sink. "How come JJ slept in your room last night, Mom?"

Ice water ran through my veins. "Wha..."

"I sometimes sneak in his room when I have a bad dream an' he always makes me feel better but he wasn't there." Jeanette looked up at me with her all too prescient eyes. "An' then I went to your room an' peeked in. You guys was sleepin' all snuggly like he does with me to make me feel safe."

I dried the plate I was holding and placed it in the drying rack before answering. "Honey, since your daddy left, I've been feeling sad and scared, too. JJ was just trying to comfort me like he comforts you. Mommies get scared sometimes, too."

I hoped the pure terror that coursed through my veins didn't show.

She looked up at me with dubious eyes and then they lit up with a happy light. "You can borrow him from me as long as you like. He's great at chasin' away the boogiemán."

Leaning down, I kissed her forehead in thanks and she returned to her breakfast. I looked at her as Jayne returned from toileting. I made a mental note that JJ and I would have to be extremely careful around maybe the most observant of my children. At 12, she was far too smart for her britches, as far as I was concerned.

Jesse sleep walked his way downstairs as Jayne and Jeanette bounced out the front door at the calls of some friends.

"Morning, Mom." He yawned sleepily.

"Good morning, honey." I greeted him with a hug, "Where's Jordan?"

"He's still in bed." He mumbled as he took down a bowl from the cupboard. "I think he caught Jeanette's cold. He sounds awful."

"Mom!" Jayne yelled from the front porch, "Mr. Marks is pooping in the driveway again."

"Just you and Jeanette go around to the other side of the house." I called back and made a mental note to call Lucy. I wasn't about to clean up Randall's mess.

I turned my attention back to Jesse. "Do you know if Jordan took a decongestant or anything last night?"

He grunted and shrugged his shoulders. "Dunno."

I was on my way up the stairs to Jordan and met JJ in the middle of the staircase. He kissed me hard, his tongue snaking into my mouth, and for a moment I lost myself in his kiss. I ripped my mouth from his and slumped away from him, pushing on his chest.

"You can't do that!" I hissed despite a fervent wish he was still doing it. "Jesse is in the kitchen and Jordan is in his room. Do you want us to get caught?"

He looked sheepish and nodded, "Sorry, Mom. I just forget myself when I see you."

I smiled warmly at him to show I wasn't upset. "It's alright but Jeanette already knows you slept in my bed last night. Let's not give the others reason for suspicion."

He started and looked flustered. "Jeanette knows?"

"Don't worry about it, honey." I assured him in a whisper, "She thinks you're just keeping away my boogiemens. But we have to be careful."

Relief flooded his features and he let me pass. As I did, though, he reached up and goosed me.

He laughed at my yell of simulated indignation and left me standing there beaming happily. Why a virile and healthy young man/boy of 18 would want to pinch my too big and too mushy butt was beyond me, but it made me feel good that he did.

-

Jordan indeed had a cold. He was wheezing and sneezing and coughing up big yellowish-greenish globs of phlegm. He didn't protest when I ordered him to stay in bed and rest. I gave him Nyquil and filled a pitcher with ice water and told him I'd check on him periodically.

JJ had already left for work when I returned to the kitchen. Jesse looked like he was beginning to have some of the same symptoms as his younger brother. Despite his protestations, I directed him back to bed. His protest was weak. He made his way back to bed with my assurance I'd take care of both him and his brother.

Summer colds suck.

-

For the rest of the morning and afternoon of June 5th I rattled around the house absentmindedly. I checked on the sick every few hours. Mostly, I thought about JJ.

I won't pretend that I was brave. In point of fact, I was terrified beyond the capacity for rational thought. My belly churned every time JJ passed through my thoughts. I knew that we were going to fuck if something didn't happen to pull on the emergency brake. I wasn't the brightest bulb on the string, but I knew that JJ wanted me as much, or maybe more, as I wanted him.

It was a game of increments. Tonight I'd let him kiss me again, and maybe fondle my breasts while I grabbed his taut little ass. The next night I'd shed my bra and maybe let him nurse on my nipples, which lately seemed to always be aching to be sucked. After that, I could envision his hand in my panties while I slowly jacked him off. If form followed fantasy, the next night I'd suck him off and let him come in my mouth. The end result was, whether it was a handful of days or months away, he'd eventually push his hard penis into my welcoming vagina and there we'd be; incestuous lovers.

And, God help me, I couldn't wait.

I wasn't about to push JJ into something he wasn't ready for or didn't want, but his eyes told me more than his words ever could. He wanted me completely.

-

I changed into my sweats and went for a run. My feet chewed up the miles but I couldn't stop thinking of JJ. Sweat poured from my forehead into my eyes and still I ran.

The first time I ran after beginning my exercise regimen, I wasn't able to top 100 yards. Nine months in I was able to do better than four miles without stopping.

I ran further than I ever had before. I turned around at the intersection of Kearney Boulevard and the Kennedy Highway, better than three miles from my house. I only

paused long enough to catch my breath and retraced my steps. A car full of high school boys drove by and they all whistled and threw cat-calls my direction. I grinned and waved and flashed them my sports bra. I giggled when the driver almost lost control.

After showering, I whiled away the rest of the day tending to Jesse and Jordan and waited for my intended to return home. JJ showed shortly after four, returning home as soon as his shift was over.

I smiled broadly at him and hugged him close but threw a bucket of ice water over his libido. "Easy, tiger," I kissed his cheek, "Jayne and Jeanette as just around the corner in the family room."

JJ nodded and cheekily pinched my backside as I led him into the dining room.

"JJ!" Jeanette yelled loudly, racing to wrap her arms around him. Jayne just looked up from the TV and waved.

Jeanette's older brother bent down and hugged his little sister and listened intently as she whispered something conspiratorially in his ear. He released her and looked down at her gravely. He graciously acquiesced to whatever she had asked him and patted her on the head.

-

I whipped up a quick supper for JJ from leftovers. He didn't complain as he downed day-old meat loaf and reheated mashed potatoes and gravy and whole kernel corn.

"What did Jeanette tell you?" I asked him as we were clearing his dishes.

JJ leaned close and softly said, "She told me that I should continue to help you keep away the boogiemens as long as you need me to."

"I love that little girl." I reached up and kissed his cheek.

The four of us; JJ, Jayne, Jeanette and I played a game of 'Clue' after the dishes were done. I won when I deduced it was Col. Mustard in the billiard room with a knife. I silently wished it was Jeffrey, Jr. in my bedroom doing me with a lead pipe.

The game was nothing more than a process of elimination, but it was still fun. Especially since JJ played footsie with me beneath the coffee table almost the entire game.

## Chapter 9

I checked on the two sick boys again. They were both doing fine.

JJ went upstairs to shower.

The girls and I settled down to watch the news. Dan Rather was blathering on about Indira Gandhi ordering an attack on the Sikh's holiest of sites, the Golden Temple. I couldn't explain to Jayne and Jeanette what was a Sikh was or who Indira Gandhi was, or for that matter, what the Golden Temple had to do with anything. Apparently, I was a global retard.

They didn't seem to care. Nor did I.

We watched a 'Kate and Allie' rerun and then I shoed them off to bed.

JJ hadn't made an appearance after his shower. I turned down all the lights, pressed the 'power' button on the clicker, and went upstairs to bed. Alone.

It was shortly after midnight when my door creaked open and closed again and JJ slipped into my bed. I was lying on my side and almost fainted when I felt his hand slide over my hips

and pull me against him. His rigid penis wedged itself into the crack of my ass.

"JJ!" I blurted as quietly as I could manage. I was instantly aroused.

"Shhh..." He whispered in my ear, "I'm just keeping away the boogieman."

"Yeah, right!" I laughed, wriggling my butt on his erection, "I'm sure you'll keep him away with that club of yours."

He reached up with his hand and tilted my face towards his with his fingers. I only moaned as his warm, supple lips covered mine and he kissed me. He parted his lips as I pushed my tongue into his mouth and he gently began sucking on it. I moaned again as he slipped his hand beneath my arm and reached around me to tenderly cup my right breast.

My body was instantly aflame. I didn't do what any normal, sane mother would do and brush his hand from my bra-covered tit. Instead, I clasped his hand in mine and pressed it tighter into me. JJ took encouragement and began firmly squeezing my boob as we alternated thrusting our tongues in each other's mouth.

With his hand on my tit and his erection rubbing against my ass and his mouth on mine, I felt alive. I felt free. I felt unafraid. I reached down and slid my panties off my hips and down my legs.

JJ did the same with his underwear. When he pressed his naked cock against my butt again, I almost chewed off his tongue. Christ, it felt like the barrel of a warm baseball bat against my bottom. JJ removed his hand from my tit and slipped it between us. I pulled my mouth from his and shuddered as I felt him unclasp my bra and felt the elastic spring free.

I never gave it a moment's thought. I pulled the garment from my arms and pitched it across the room.

I was sure I was losing my mind when my son's hand gravitated back to my soft, fleshy tit and he began firmly massaging my aching nipple with his thumb and forefinger. All I could focus on was his rigid length wedged between my ass cheeks.

I reached back with my arm and brought his mouth back to mine. We were naked and kissing and touching in my marital bed. Wrong or right, I wasn't going to turn back.

Things weren't going according to script, but I didn't really give a crap. I pulled my mouth from his again and cried out quietly when he reached down and slipped his hand between my knees and pulled my right leg upwards. I felt him adjusting his body and then felt his penis at my center, hunting for my opening.

I silently pleaded with him to not stop.

He didn't.

His large, swollen helmet pressed into me and I bit my lip to keep from screaming as he entered me. It was what we both wanted, but I was so beyond pure excitement I could hardly stand it. Ever so slowly, JJ's cock pressed into me, spreading me and filling me. He was so unbelievably hard and hot as he sank himself into me. Inch by inch we came together until with a final grunt, he was buried completely inside me.

We lay there for many minutes, conjoined. Our breath was ragged and harsh. I whimpered with happiness as my vaginal muscles began to relax around his girth. I relished his fingers squeezing and tugging at my thick nipples.

"I love you, Mom." He whispered in my ear, his cock deep inside me.

"I l...love you too, h...honey." I sobbed, unbelievably excited.

JJ's cock was much, much longer and thicker than Jeffrey's. I fancied I could feel his pulse with my delicate tissues.

I was beyond caring about right or wrong. It was what we both wanted and I hadn't held a gun to his head.

And then JJ was moving.

He pulled back with his hips and I grimaced as his rigid cock slid almost completely from my sheath. And then he slid it back home. He found a long, slow rhythm with his hips, his penis sliding in and out of my salivating pussy. He was so gentle and cautious, my bed never even squeaked. His right hand continually squeezed my tits, pulling at them, teasing my aching nipples. He turned my face to his with his left hand and kissed me so hard I couldn't breathe.

My body was being scorched with pure napalm. Liquid fire coursed through my veins. I was more electrified than I had

ever been in my life as he silently sawed himself in and out of my grasping, sucking vagina.

The only sounds in my room were our soft, sobbing gasps of pleasure. Over and over his penis speared me. I pushed my butt back against him with every gentle thrust.

Never before had I experienced such all-encompassing carnal joy. I always felt sex was enjoyable, but I never knew it could be so mind-bendingly delicious.

JJ slid his cock in and out of me over and over, slow and wonderful at first, and then he gripped my hip and began plowing himself into me faster and harder. I let my right leg fall back over his legs and tried to keep myself from waking JJ's siblings as he plunged himself in and out of my pussy faster and harder.

Suddenly, without warning, JJ planted himself deep inside me, bit my shoulder and shuddered as he spewed an

enormous amount of semen deep into my belly. His orgasm set off my own.

Lights burst in my head and pure energy radiated through my appendages. My orgasm was crashing and raging with pure erotic release.

And then I was awake.

I quivered and shuddered and shivered beneath my sheet as I realized I had been only dreaming. The comforter was on the floor. My orgasm had been very real, but JJ wasn't in my bed and his come didn't fill my pussy.

I was tangled in the sheet and it was plastered to my sweaty flesh.

My 'wet' dream was more enjoyable than any night I'd spent with my soon-to-be ex-husband.

As my orgasm faded deliciously, I wondered why JJ hadn't come to my room.

-

When I awoke with the morning sun I did so sated. The girls and JJ were already finishing breakfast when I oozed down the stairs, still quivering inside at the intensity of my nocturnal release. I could still visualize every nuance of my dream hours after the fact. Most of my dreams were like wisps of smoke, shredding and disappearing when I reached for them with my mind.

I kissed the tops of my little girls' heads and bussed JJ's cheek. They all stared at me as if they'd never seen me before as I prepared my bowl of corn flakes.

"What?" I looked at them in turn. "Why are you staring at me like that?"

Jayne and Jeanette giggled. JJ coughed and gestured at his chest. I looked down and saw my robe was wide open exposing my bra and most of my stomach to all of creation. I just laughed and casually pulled the robe closed.

"Jeanette informs me she isn't going to go to camp on Thursday." JJ announced, reaching out and ruffling her hair.

"Oh?" I looked at her and then JJ. Jayne and Jeanette were booked at Camp Lake Tobonogobin, a summer camp at a resort area up in the mountains about three hours away. Their nonrefundable fees had been paid more than a month prior.

Jeanette glared at me defiantly and said, as if it were the last word on the subject "Nope, I ain't gonna go."

I looked at her brother as he told her, "Now tell Mom why."

She blushed but didn't drop her eyes from mine. "'Cause JJ won't be there to keep away da boogieman."

"I told her all the boogiemens were down here in the flatlands, but she doubts the veracity of my words." JJ brushed his baby sister's hair out of her eyes.

I swallowed a mouthful and confirmed what her brother told her. "It's true. The last sighting of a boogiemans in the mountains was in 1928, and even that sighting is doubted by many. It just gets too cold at night for them up that high."

Jeanette peered at me, her head slightly tilted to the side. Jayne nodded when Jeanette looked at her for confirmation.

JJ took her hand and grinned, "I tell you what, I'm off work on Thursday. What do you say to me driving up with you guys and scoping the place out with you? One sign of a boogiemans or any other sort of ne'er do well and we're out of there. Whatcha say?"

Jeanette's eyes widened and she giggled. "Promise?"

"Scout's honor." JJ raised his hand with the first three fingers extended. I flashed my thanks to him with a smile and a wink.

The two little girls left to get into whatever trouble they could get into outside.

"Thanks honey." I said sincerely, "You saved the day, or at least \$1,400."

"No problem, Mom. I think she really wants to go but is really nervous despite Jayne telling her what it was like the last two summers. You know; her first time away from home and all."

JJ got up, deposited his dishes in the sink and pulled on his wind breaker. I rose to my feet and went to him in the middle of the kitchen. I slipped my hands around his waist and hugged him tight.

"Don't I get some morning sugar since you didn't come to me last night?" I whispered into his shirt.

He lifted my chin with a finger and dipped his head and pressed his soft, warm lips to mine. Lightly our tongues touched as we sucked at each other. He made the bottom of my feet tingle and my heart race.

We reluctantly parted and I walked with him to the door.

"I had a dream about you last night." I told him quietly. "You were being really, really bad."

"Bad?" He inquired, "I dream about you almost every night and you are usually really, really good."

"You were doing baaaad things to me. I liked it very much."

"Hmmm, you might have to give me more details later tonight." JJ slipped on his loafers.

"I think that can be arranged - if you come to me." I smiled, and then remembered what I was really curious about. "Hey, why didn't you come last night?"

He laughed. "Jeanette caught me as I was sneaking past her room to go yours. I spent the night keeping the monsters at bay for her."

"I thought it was something like that." I rose up on my tiptoes and kissed his cheek. "Let's hope she doesn't need my hero tonight."

JJ nodded, lightly kissed my lips and walked outside and cleared the front steps in one long stride.

I watched as his beat up car pulled away and then fixed breakfast for my two fallen soldiers and brought it to them.

I left them and got ready and went out for a run.

# Chapter 10

I went shopping around noon and bought some replacement underwear as well as a gift for JJ. I was pretty sure he'd appreciate it.

Afterward, I placed a phone call to my sister. We chit chatted idly about our sons and our worthless husbands for awhile and then her voice changed.

"Mary, I told Kevin I told you about us." She whispered, as if someone else was with her.

"What?" I blurted. Would I ever be able to look at Kevin again without blushing?

"Don't worry; he thinks it is way cool." Then I heard her whisper to the other person, "Uh-huh. Yes, it's Aunt Mary."

"Sandy..." I pleaded with her, suddenly realizing what she was going to do.

"I'm bending over the end of the couch. Kevin is naked right behind me, stroking his cock to erection. He just pushed my dress up over my back and pulled my panties down.

"Oooohhh..." I whimpered softly.

"Now he...ughn...reached between my legs and is fingering my p...pussy." Sandy's voice sounded mesmerized.

I couldn't believe it. My sister was about to do her son and give me a blow by blow description.

"Now comes the best part, Mary. He's rubbing his knob up and down my pussy to lube himself and then he'll...oooohhh... p...push himself slowly into m...me. It feels so g...good Kev."

I was numb and so unbelievably excited. I could hear the unbridled lust in her voice.

"Yes, baby, yes!" She cried. "Just like that...don't stop."

Over the receiver I could hear a couch creaking and the slow rhythmic slapping of flesh on flesh. I heard a man's grunting and my sister's sobbing.

Suddenly, it was my nephew Kevin on the phone. "H...Hi Aunt Mary," He said as he exerted himself, "How are you?"

I didn't know what to say. I wanted to shove my hands in my pants and frig myself off. "Kevin..."

"Mom's pussy is so hot...she is so fucking awesome...I f...fucked girls before...oh...but they didn't know w...what they were doing. Mom is so g...good in bed."

"Do you really like...um...d...doing her?" I asked inanely, but the question was important to me. "Or is it just because she's your mom and you love her and don't want her to feel bad?"

He didn't answer for a long minute. I could hear them coupling with a wet splattering sound and I could hear Sandy moaning and sobbing.

"Uh-uh. I fucking LOVE fucking her. I'd love it even if she wasn't my m...mom. And knowing JJ, I'll bet he'd love f...fucking you, t...too. The fact that it is M...Mom I'm f...fucking makes it hotter; don't ask m...me why, it just does."

Just then the crashing sound of the phone falling to the floor came over the line. The line didn't go dead and I continued listening as my sister and her youngest son finished up with a noise that sounded like tribes of banshees scalping each other. They were yelling and crying and I heard them exclaim their love for each other as they achieved mutual climax. I don't know if I had a bit of a closet voyeur in me, but just listening to them enjoying each other was mind-bogglingly hot.

I was breathless and so aroused I couldn't stand it. Many minutes later, Sandy picked up the phone and said, "Mary?"

"Uh-huh." I mumbled articulately.

"I'm sorry about that but it seemed a good idea at the time." She apologized, for what I couldn't imagine.

"Don't apologize." I told her, my words squeaking out of my throat. "That was soooo hot."

She giggled in relief that I didn't hate her or find her disgusting. "I'm telling you, he does for me what nobody else can. Hey, little sis, I gotta go get cleaned up before Russ gets home. Talk to you later."

I said good-bye and hung up the phone, rose, walked straight to my bathroom and brought myself to a shattering orgasm.

-

Evening brought a sense of peace to my heart. JJ and I exchanged smoldering glances frequently, but couldn't find anywhere we could be alone.

Before heading for his room, he hugged me and whispered in my ear, "I'll be there tonight."

I could hardly contain myself.

The minutes ticked by so unbearably slowly I wanted to scream. I barely paid attention while the girls and I watched a Disney flick on the VCR. I have no idea what we watched.

When Jeanette and Jayne finally began nodding drowsily, I herded them to their room. I spent a few minutes straightening up the family room and thought of JJ and washed a few dishes and thought of JJ and swept the floor and thought of JJ.

I couldn't get him out of my head.

At shortly after eleven, I climbed the stairs with quaking heart and fevered mind.

I stripped off my clothes and, pulling on a shower cap, I hurriedly cleansed myself under a scalding shower. I resisted the urge to masturbate. After drying myself off, I slipped on the gift I bought for JJ earlier that morning.

I pulled on my robe over it and waited in the middle of my room. And I waited.

Most everything is relative, especially time. A minute means something completely different depending on what side of the bathroom door you're on.

Waiting for JJ was excruciatingly painful. Every creak of the house settling sent my heart to doing cartwheels. The clock on the bed stand read 12:49.

And then he was there.

My door eased open silently and my son slipped into my room. I breathed a sigh as he closed the door behind him and walked towards me. He untied his own robe and let it fall behind him.

I sucked in a lungful and ate him up with my eyes. He was perfection personified. He wore only a pair of white briefs like the last time he came to me. He was the very definition of virility and good health. Appearing strong, sure, and confident, he displayed none of the childlike qualities that had been a part of his persona for forever.

He came to me a man.

When he was roughly an arm's length away, I steeled myself and let my own robe fall off my shoulders.

JJ froze. His eyes bugged out. He stuttered and stammered, "Mom...holy shit...Mom..."

The penis in his underwear surged visibly.

I was wearing a nebulous little pink baby doll that failed miserably in concealing a form fitting pink silk bra and panty set. I wasn't as sure as JJ. As his eyes ate me up, my hands trembled noticeably until I clasped them demurely alongside my face and tilted my head coquettishly and posed for him like a shy little school girl.

He just stood there and his eyes widened even more when I coyly reached down and pulled on the ribbon that held the diaphanous negligee together and it floated to the ground around my feet.

I stepped to him and put my trembling hands on his abdomen and slid them up his chest and laced my fingers around his neck. His own hands gravitated to my waist.

I gazed up at him bashfully. "Do you like it, honey? I bought it especially for you."

"Oh, Mom," He choked, "I don't think I've ever seen anything sexier. Ever."

I laughed happily and pulled his mouth to mine. We kissed softly but thoroughly, our tongues deliciously sliding and sluing together. He pulled me closer and I thrilled at the sensation of our warm flesh molding. I could feel his sex, semi-hard and growing against my lower abs. My chest was squashed against his hardness. Mostly I felt his warm hands stroking me, touching me, stoking my fire.

"Oh my..." I wheezed heavily when we pulled our mouths apart. I stared up at him through lust-filled eyes.

"Mom..." JJ sobbed. His penis had thickened and straightened quite a bit and jutted out from beneath the elastic of his drawers. I couldn't see it because it was pressing into the softness of my belly and I didn't want to lose the sensation.

"L...Let's get into bed, sweetheart." I wanted him so badly my thoughts were fraying.

He nodded drunkenly and, bending slightly at the waist, JJ scooped me into his arms and carried me effortlessly to the bed and crawled onto it and gently set me down roughly in the middle. I caught a brief glimpse of his erection and bit my inner cheek to keep from crying out.

From what I could tell JJ was easily two inches longer than his father and much, much thicker. He pulled the comforter from beneath me and slid into bed beside me and pulled it back over us both.

We kissed again, and his kiss set my blood on fire. He was an expert with his tongue, licking and sucking at mine, coiling around mine, probing my mouth with deliberate finesse.

When we surfaced for oxygen, we just stared at each other. I knew we both wanted the same thing. I could feel his excitement as well as my own; his rigid penis and my drooling vagina.

"T...Tell me about your dream." He shivered in my arms.

"Oh, JJ." I kissed his neck. "It was so hot. I was lying on my side when you slipped into bed behind me."

"Show me." He gripped my hips and tried to turn me over.

I giggled and rolled over. "You slipped your arm around my belly, yes, like that, and pressed yourself against me. Oh!"

JJ's penis pressed between my butt cheeks, only my panties and his briefs prevented full contact.

He didn't exactly feel like the barrel of a baseball bat, but, Lord God, he was big.

I reached down my body and found his hand. He resisted only slightly when I brought his hand to my tit and swooned as his fingers closed over it. His penis seemed to jerk.

"You squeezed my breast so n...nicely and we kissed." I turned my face up to his but he wasn't following my lead.

JJ abandoned my boob and gripped me at the hip and began thrusting his underwear cloaked cock along the crack of my ass.

"No..." I whimpered. It wasn't right. We kissed and then shucked our underwear and then fucked. JJ was freelancing.

He was oblivious. I looked at his face. It was twisted into a mask I didn't recognize. JJ rubbed himself against me fast and hard, like he couldn't help himself.

His grunting was loud and the bed was creaking dangerously. He was too excited and too far gone and he came on my back.

All at once, he seemed to shudder mightily and then I felt him spurting. He pushed me slightly onto my stomach and he rolled with me as his ejaculate spewed out of his appendage and striped the small of my back. It felt warm and wet and I loved it.

For the second time, JJ hadn't followed script. I supposed it was my fault for not providing him a copy.

I didn't come, but that was okay. It was easily the hottest, most erotic, most loving moment of my life. JJ collapsed partially on top of me and we lay there gasping and wheezing.

"I'm so sorry." He managed to choke. "That wasn't supposed to happen."

I turned my head and looked into his lidded eyes, "Don't ever apologize for something like that, JJ. It was wonderful. Soooo hot! Soooo erotic!"

Many minutes later, he slipped from the bed and got a towel from the bathroom to clean us both up and gently daubed his semen from my back before cleaning up his own stomach and tossing the towel aside.

We didn't need to talk. He could see in my eyes I wasn't at all upset. We snuggled together, kissing softly and gently stroking each other with our fingers.

We fell asleep, a tangle of arms and legs. Sometime in the night, Jeanette, apparently unable to fight off the boogiemer under her bed, crawled into my bed between us, removing the possibility of replaying my dream more successfully in the wee hours of the morning.

# Chapter 11

I didn't like my lawyer, when I met her for the first time. I don't know exactly what it was. She was loud and brash, something I wasn't fond of, and she looked like a dyke, whatever a dyke looked like.

Melanie Swenson - no relation - was a short little fireplug with fiery red hair cropped short and more freckles than I've ever seen before or since. When I met her for the first time, I was disappointed. I expected professionalism and 'lawyerly behaviour,' whatever that was.

What I got instead was Melanie.

She was rude, frequently interrupting me, and totally oblivious to nuance. But when she said we could take Jeffrey to the cleaners, I quickly jumped on board.

"Did he give you that bruise?"

"No."

"Have you ever been unfaithful?"

I lied. "No."

"How many dependent children do you have together?"

"Five. No four."

"Did you ever work?"

"Well, yes. Summers in school. A few months after."

"How much does Mr. Swenson bring home annually?"

"I don't know exactly; \$100,000, perhaps as much as \$120,000. I can get the exact number for you."

Melanie's eyes widened slightly at that.

I gave her the whole story, from finding the condom wrappers to his telling me we were through. Excepting my growing attraction with JJ, I didn't leave anything out. I confessed to taking a sizable chunk of our savings.

"Keep it." She counseled. "By the time we're done with Jeffy baby, that's going to be the least of his worries."

I answered several dozen more of her questions. Every question seemed to hone in on Jeffrey's failings as a husband. Melanie didn't need to know how to dress or use makeup as far as I was concerned; she just needed to be able to navigate a courtroom.

I had no doubt she could do that.

I felt better after leaving the law firm. It was nice to have someone in my corner that wasn't blood.

-

As much as I wanted to try to recreate my dream with JJ, I wasn't able to. Jeffrey chose that night to show up on the front porch and begged to take out the kids. The week away didn't look as if it had been good to him. He was untidy and he looked tired. I didn't know it then but he had been put on paid administrative leave from his position at UEC while they investigated his unseemly relationship with a subordinate.

He tried to argue about my taking so much of our savings, but I cut him short with a withering sneer.

I managed to defuse a fight between JJ and his father and let Jeffrey take Jayne and Jeanette; Jesse and Jordan were too sick.

JJ stormed off and when my soon-to-be ex returned our kids from the Country Kitchen, JJ was still absent.

He didn't show up until nearly seven am the following morning.

The girls and Jesse were eating breakfast so I couldn't inquire where he had been. We had little more than an hour before we were supposed to take Jayne and Jeanette up to Camp Lake Tobonogobin. JJ went to take a quick shower.

I left Jesse in charge and told the boys I'd be back by four or five. I told them to call their father if anything arose they couldn't handle themselves.

The drive up to the summer camp was mostly uneventful. JJ, Jayne and Jeanette played "I Spy" until the game grew boring for all three. Jayne and her sister faded into the seats. JJ, also, slumped back into the passenger seat and was soon snoring softly.

For the next 45 minutes I tried to corral the emotions that had been such a large part of my life the last week or so. I loved the man/boy who slept on the bucket next to me, of that there was no question. I wanted to fuck my own son. Or I wanted my own son to fuck me. Whatever.

It wasn't just about wanting sex. It was wanting to make love with JJ. It was wanting him in every way a woman could want a man. As I drove along the highway that wound into the mountains, my previous fears were gone. If JJ wanted me, I was going to use my body to make him see sex would never be better.

If he wanted me to deep throat him - although I was sure he was too fat - I would at least try.

If he wanted to fuck my tits, I was on board.

If he wanted to fuck my ass, I'd let him. Maybe.

It was all about JJ.

My groin was a hot mess as my Chevy Impala crested the pass and my three children woke because of the change in pressure in their ears.

At the camp - a collection of a dozen log buildings of varying sizes and shapes nestled on the shores of an alpine lake - JJ traipsed along with his youngest sister. They covered nearly every inch of the property before Jeanette was satisfied that boogiemens were not lurking in close proximity of her assigned cabin.

JJ and I hugged them both vigorously and said good-bye. I told them I'd be up on every parent's day and urged them to write and call often.

I felt a tickle of sadness as JJ and I drove away. My little girls were growing up.

-

Almost before my Chevy was on the highway JJ started a full-court press. He slid closer and swiveled to face me. He reached out and caressed the back of my neck and a shiver of excitement coursed through me.

"You are so beautiful." He whispered softly as his fingers pushed through my hair.

"Mmmm..." I whimpered.

"Tell me more of your dream." His fingers deftly massaged the nape of my neck. "I never did get all the details yesterday."

I giggled and felt myself blushing when I recalled our night together. "That's your fault, honey, you were the one who branched out and got himself too worked up."

"Well for crying out loud, just being in the same room with you gets my blood running hot; being in bed with you and touching you, holy Christ!" JJ snorted. "What would you expect, especially with your new bra and panty set?"

"It's okay, honey." I reached out and patted his leg. "I was all hot and bothered, too."

"So, in your dream, uh, did we...you know?" He pressed.

"Did we what? Play Trivial Pursuit." I grinned, "Yes we did and I beat your pants off."

"Mom." He complained.

His fingers massaging my neck were mesmerizing. "You know we did, JJ."

"Tell me." He was nothing if not persistent. "I want all the details."

"You already know the first part. After that I remove my underwear and so do you. You take off my bra and play with my boobies for a while, tweaking my nipples and kissing me. Your penis is wedged between my butt cheeks. Then you reach down and pull up on my knee, spreading my legs."

I glanced quickly at my son. He was flushed and his nostrils were flared as I described my wet dream for him.

"Then you push your penis between my legs and push it deep into my vagina. Slowly, so slowly you begin thrusting your erection in and out of me. I am going insane with pleasure as you fuck me. Then you grip my hips and begin pounding yourself into me as hard and as fast as you can. I want to scream when you thrust into me one last time and erupt inside me."

We were silent for a mile or so. I was aroused and ready for anything. Another look at JJ showed he was easily as excited

as I was. His erection strained the seams and zipper of his jeans. His eyes were hooded and lust-filled.

"JJ," I squeezed his knee, "It was so hot I came in my sleep. Fantasy sex with you is hotter than real sex is with your asshole father."

"Mom..." His fingers had stopped working my neck.

"Are you okay?" I asked, wondering if I scared him off. The bulge between his legs indicated I had not, though.

He nodded and when I looked into his eyes, they were blazing. "Mom," He ordered firmly, "You have to find somewhere to stop this car."

# Chapter 12

My heart raced as I looked for somewhere to pull over, preferably out of sight of passing traffic. It took a bit longer than I liked. I was frantic and panicky.

Eventually, though, I wheeled the metallic green car down what looked like an old logging road and found a small clearing about a mile into the forest.

I pulled the car over and turned the ignition off. Before the engine sighed to a stop, JJ's mouth covered mine and his arms wrapped around my shoulders. Hungrily, I accepted his warm, thick tongue into my mouth and only moaned when I felt his right hand slide down and cover my left breast.

I was on fire. I couldn't help myself. The lust that overpowered me was all too frighteningly real. The hunger in my body wasn't going to be quieted. It wasn't the hunger of a

child. It was the hunger of a woman who had been left to hang on the vine for far too long.

Reaching out, I gripped the hard lump in JJ's pants and squeezed it lightly. He pulled his mouth from mine, abandoned my tit and leaned away from me, his eyes rolling back in his head.

"Mom..." He sobbed.

I felt like I was drunk. My hands shook as I fumbled with JJ's fly. He looked at me with pleading in his eyes as I unzipped him and the sheer size of his penis forced his pants open. I hooked the elastic with a finger and pulled, freeing him.

I couldn't tear my eyes from his erection.

Long and thick, JJ's cock jutted from his groin with just the slightest of upward arcs. He was at least as thick as my wrist and was roped with thick, looping veins. His helmet looked

small in comparison to his girth, about the size of a golf ball. It was a dark red and nicely shaped. His splendid cock rose from a cloud of jet black pubic hair.

I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from squealing when I gingerly wrapped my fingers around him. He was warm and velvety, yet as hard as steel. A drop of clear pre-come oozed out of the large slit at the tip as I gently grasped him.

JJ cried out but managed enough control to raise his butt and push his pants and underwear down his legs.

Heavy looking, his testicles, like his penis, looked magnificent.

I looked up into JJ's eyes as I lightly began stroking him. His eyes were glazed over. He was biting his lower lip.

I couldn't believe how excited I was. My pussy was drooling and my stomach was burning with need. My nipples were so hard they actually hurt.

When I bent at the waist and stroked my tongue over JJ's knob, he cried out loudly. I kissed his cock then, a long, slow kiss that was more like I was taking a lick from an ice cream cone. His swollen flesh was warm and soft and his scent was maddening.

Jeffrey never had like oral, either giving or receiving. I loved it and threw myself into work I had missed for so long.

JJ's hand rested on the back of my head as I opened my mouth as wide as I could and wrapped my lips around his knob and lowered my mouth onto him. I stroked his heated flesh with my tongue as I slowly engulfed his thickness.

I tried hard to keep from scraping him with my teeth as I took more and more of him. My gag reflex kicked in after taking about four or five inches of him in my mouth. I gripped him

at the base, created a vacuum with my mouth and began slowly bobbing my head up and down.

It had been a long time since my last blow job, but it was sort of like learning to ride a bike; you never forget how.

I could hear him whimpering and sobbing above me as I gobbled his cock. Slurping and sucking at him, enthralled by the knowledge I was actually blowing my son, I reached out with my free hand and tenderly cradled his balls. He was jerking and convulsing on the seat. I could feel his hand groping at my ass.

And then he was coming.

"I can't stop it, Mommmm..." He bellowed, "I'm coming oooohhhhhh...."

I pulled my mouth off him until just his helmet was in my mouth and tried to prepare for his load. I wasn't ready. With

a jerk, his first jet of warm semen coated my tongue. I swallowed as fast as I could, marveling at how delicious he tasted. And then he was convulsing over and over and my mouth was filled with his warm, slippery, salty come.

I tried hard to get it all down, and surprisingly, I was successful.

Ever so slowly, JJ's spasms eased until he collapsed down onto the car seat. He shivered and shook as the sensation of his orgasm slowly faded.

I took his manhood back into my mouth and lovingly nursed at him, licking him with my tongue, suckling at him.

My body was screaming for its own release. I was so excited I could hardly stand it and I wondered if JJ would like to return the favor and eat me. It turned out he had other ideas.

When I raised my head and let his semi-soft penis slither from my mouth, I did so satisfied with a job well done. JJ was slumped back against the seat and he looked dazed. He barely was able to respond when I kissed him, pushing my tongue into his mouth.

Gradually, though, he came to and returned my kiss with fiery intensity. His arms clamped around me as he said thanks with his mouth and heart.

When we broke apart, he mouthed my ear and, panting, whispered, "That was awesome, Mom. It felt like I was coming apart."

I smiled and kissed his neck. "It was definitely my pleasure."

JJ continued kissing my flesh, nipping and nibbling. My entire essence surged when he again found my breast and began kneading it vigorously through my shirt and bra. I sank back in my seat and let him molest me. I pushed his head up and tried to swallow him.

We were both consumed by lust. I felt JJ's fingers stop manipulating my tit and begin fumbling with the buttons on my blouse. The car was filled with or gasping, panting moans. He seemed to rise up off the seat when I reached out and blindly hunted for and found his semi-flaccid organ and began massaging it.

He succeeded in getting my shirt partially open and palmed my breast. I pulled my mouth from his and rolled my head back at the pure licentiousness that raged through me. I groaned heavily when he used his forefinger to hook the bottom edge of my cup and pushed it up over my quivering globe.

The wonder of JJ cradling my bare breast in his hand was amazing. I could feel my hard nipple scrape against his palm and nearly swooned as he began squeezing my soft flesh.

"Ohhhhh honey..." I whimpered, "That feels soooo nice...so nice..."

JJ was gazing fixedly at the boob in his hand. He mumbled something unintelligible and dropped his head and sucked my nipple into his mouth. I dropped his penis and wrapped my arms around his head and held on as he began lashing it with his tongue.

I couldn't help myself and yelled out. "Oh my God! That f...feels so g...good, baby. Don't stop...d...don't stop."

He had no intentions of stopping. He firmly squeezed my breast as he mouthed me, coiling his tongue around my long nipple, lightly chewing and always sucking. Drunkenly, JJ paused his assault on my chest long enough to push the other cup up to join its neighbor and then attacked the newly freed twin.

I was going insane. I was crying and contorting uncontrollably on the seat. I couldn't take any more pleasure without release.

"JJ." I whimpered.

I tried to get his attention again. Nothing. I grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled his head off of my chest. He looked like he was going to cry when his eyes met mine.

"Let's get in the b...back seat, honey. We'll be more comfortable, I think." I didn't care about anything except quieting the fires in my belly and wondered if my face was as twisted with lust as JJ's.

It took a second for my words to register, but when they did he became animated and kicked off his shoes and scrambled over the seat, his pants and undershorts still gathered around his knees. I couldn't help noticing his cock was long and hard again.

Oh youth.

I slid from behind the wheel, lost my sandals, quickly removed my shirt and bra and followed him to the big back seat. As I settled next to him JJ immediately pulled me back and pinned me against the seat. He kissed me so fervently I was unable to breathe. I shuddered when I felt his hand fumbling with the snap of my jeans. I moaned heavily and frantically sucked on his mouth for a moment before tearing my lips from his and pushing him away.

I stared at him with desire welling up inside me.

In answer to the question in my eyes, he pushed up off the seat and rose up over me. His penis was swollen and rigid again and swayed heavily in front of me.

We didn't say a word. Words weren't needed.

I frantically undid my pants and stripped them off along with my panties and lay back, my head against the door. JJ hunched forward and waited as I lifted my right leg and squirmed down onto the seat and waited for him. He climbed

between my legs, one hand on the driver's side headrest and one on the rear window ledge.

We were both trembling with excited anticipation as he lowered himself over me. I took his long, thick erection in my hand and positioned it at the entrance to my drenched vagina.

"Ohhhhh yesssssssssss..." I sobbed as JJ leaned into me and his rock-hard cock parted my labia and slowly inched into me, making me whole. He roughly thrust his hips downward over and over until his thickness was completely inside me.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and my left leg over his hips and just clung to him as the walls of my pussy stretched to accommodate him. I pulled his face down to mine and kissed him with a frenzied hunger, chewing and sucking at his mouth with a desperate urgency.

Gasping, wild with lust, we ripped our mouths apart. I was being consumed by an erotic craving; an unbelievable hunger that made me feel more animal than human. And as JJ began

to work his granite penis in and out of me in a clumsy, uncoordinated assault, I surrendered to my base instincts.

"Oh honey!" I exclaimed, completely lost in my lust, "It feels soooooooo good...sooooo hard!"

In the cramped quarters of the car, it was difficult to do more than react to JJ's onslaught. I was pinned against the door and back seat, unable to move.

"Your pussy feels so good, M...Mom!" JJ cried as he sawed his cock in and out of me. "So wet...so tight...oh God!"

The car was filled with our crying moans of pleasure and unintelligible grunts as we fucked. I could feel his balls slapping heavily against my ass with each forward thrust of his hips. I could sense my orgasm approaching.

"H...Honey, I love you!" I managed to choke, encouraging him, "I love how you feel inside me!"

As he clumsily pushed himself in and out of me, JJ stared down at me, his face shiny with perspiration, his eyes twisted with lust. "God! I love the way your p...pussy feels...I love fucking you!"

Having already come only minutes before, JJ had stamina. He was inexperienced and amateurish and clumsy and so unbelievably wonderful. Every time he pushed into my sloppy cunt his cock rubbed hard against my clit, pushing me closer to the brink.

It felt so incredible to be ravaged - to be wanted. JJ's cock was taking me to places I'd only dreamed of. My body was on fire and I couldn't think clearly. I was focused solely on my pussy and JJ's magnificent penis. My orgasm was imminent.

"I love you...ohhh...my d...darling!" I cried, my vagina slurping and sucking at his cock, "I'm so c...close...don't stop...ughn...please don't s...stop!"

"Me too...I'm going to come!" He groaned deeply, "I can't help it...I can't hold it b...back!"

I tried to reach down and grip his ass but couldn't reach. "Faster baby! Fuck me faster... harder...make me come!"

JJ picked up the pace with his hips and began slamming himself into me. The top of my head was pounding against the door handle and my heart felt like it was breaking. As my son fucked me I felt lecherous and depraved. I felt free. I felt alive.

"Mom I'm coming! I can't stop!" JJ yelled loudly as he began to lose motor control.

"Me, too, bab..." I started. "OH FUCK!"

The force of my orgasm was incredible. It was as though a bomb exploded in my head. Fireworks crashed and burst inside me as every nerve ending in my body fired

simultaneously and pure electricity blasted through me. I could feel my pussy contracting hard on JJ's dick.

JJ pushed himself into me one last time and froze.

"MOMMMMMMMMMM!" He howled as his penis swelled slightly and his molten come erupted from his testicles and blasted deep into my belly. Over and over he jerked and shuddered over me as his thick semen flooded my vagina. As he came, my convulsing pussy clamped down on him hard.

Gradually, our mutual climaxes receded leaving a warm, mist that seemed to shimmer in the car. The windows were fogged and we were drenched with perspiration.

I reached up and pulled JJ's mouth down to mine and kissed him fiercely, thrusting my tongue deep into his mouth. He made me complete. My entire body was singing with happiness and my mind was whirling with the knowledge that I was fucking my own son.

I could feel his wonderful penis softening inside me as we kissed. I pulled my mouth from JJ's and stared up at him with love and adoration.

"Oh sweetheart," I sobbed passionately, "You were so good...amazing. You make me feel like a woman again."

"M...Mom," He whimpered, "I love you so much."

JJ rose up and his spent penis slipped from my sloppy vagina. I grimaced and clamped down with my vaginal muscles to keep our fluids from draining out of me.

He located a box of tissues and handed me a handful and just looked at me as I wadded them up and stuffed them between my legs and then let myself relax. The sheer amount of fluid that drained slowly from my body made it a near certainty that the entire box of Kleenex wasn't going to catch it all and

made a mental note to make sure I wiped down the seat when we got home.

JJ was trying to clean up his appendage with a few squares of tissue. I didn't laugh at him but it was funny watching him try to pick off little green pieces of the flimsy paper product from his flaccid dick.

I rolled down the window after a few moments and tossed the sodden clump of come soaked tissue into the bushes.

He was still wearing his tee shirt. I was stark naked and completely unashamed. I reached out and touched JJ's shoulder. He turned to me, saw the want on my face and gathered me in his arms and kissed me. He kissed me so thoroughly and passionately it left me breathless and wanting more.

I was completely sated. My body still tingled from our romp on the back seat. My head still spun. The car stank of raw sex. I cherished the feeling of snuggling with JJ, his fingers

touching me, caressing my skin. I felt safe and warm and content.

After what seemed an eternity, we separated and slowly began donning our clothing, pausing occasionally to kiss and hug each other.

By the time we climbed into the front of the car and settled into our respective seats, I was under control, somewhat. My heart still sang and my pussy still shivered and my hands still trembled, but I was able to slowly manoeuvre the car down the logging trail.

## Chapter 13

JJ slumped back in his seat apparently still numb.

"Holy cow," He breathed as I steered back onto the blacktop,  
"That was incredible...awesome..."

"I liked it, too, honey." I smiled, "It was the best sex I ever experienced in my life. I've never felt anything like it."

"Me too." He laughed. "I fantasized about...being with you so often I actually thought I knew what it would be like. I didn't have a clue. Your pussy felt so good. So wet and hot! God, it was like dipping my dick in boiling oil."

I smiled proudly, "I'm glad you like it. It's yours whenever you want it, but we have to be extremely careful, honey. Nobody can ever find out we're lovers."

"We're lovers?" JJ asked. He leaned over brushed a lock of hair from my forehead.

I caught his hand with mine and kissed the back of it. "Sure. You didn't think that this was going to be a onetime event, did you? I'm not about to stop, irregardless of how unorthodox we are. And you and I have a lot of exploring to do."

"Irregardless' isn't a word." He said offhandedly, "I only know that I can't wait to have you again."

"Me too, honey." I passed a slow moving semi. "I am so excited over us. I feel like I'm a teenager again, and if you correct my grammar again I'm going to give you a wedgie."

I pulled into a convenience store in a one horse town to use the potty. The unisex bathroom was disgusting and I wound up doing a hover and tried hard not to touch anything. I returned the key and bought myself a large cup of coffee and a Mountain Dew for JJ.

When I walked out to the car a pretty little thing was chatting up JJ. She had no figure to speak of but I immediately felt irrational jealousy. JJ was mine, damn it!

Blondie sized me up briefly and turned her attention back to Jeffrey, Jr. I could read it in her eyes. "Hey dude, ditch the old broad and we can go to my place."

He barely had time to wave goodbye when I roared out of the parking lot, leaving the girl standing in a cloud of exhaust and dust.

"What the heck was that all about?" JJ looked at me, his forehead wrinkled.

"She was trying to get her hooks in you." I replied.

"Mom," He reached out and put his hand on my shoulder. "She wasn't. She was just being nice, besides, she couldn't hook me; I'm already hooked."

Giggling sheepishly, I blushed and said, "I'm sorry, honey. I guess I got a little jealous at the thought of you with her."

"Don't worry. I'll be yours until you don't want me anymore."

A small tear trickled from my eye. "Then you're all mine forever, honey, 'cause I'm never going to not want you."

"That's a double negative, mom..."

He shouted when I punched his leg.

-

Back on the road, we laughed and talked and giggled like young lovers do, learning about each other's likes and dislikes.

JJ sat next to me on the seat as I drove; his arm over my shoulder. I felt loved.

"So," He asked, leaning forward and hunting for a good signal on the radio. "What is your favorite position?"

I blushed and laughed, "Well up until about an hour ago I thought it was doggy style, but now I'm pretty sure I like being scrunched up in the back seat of this car with you working over me."

"That was awesome, wasn't it?" He tuned in a rock and roll station, turned the volume down somewhat and leaned back next to me. "Doggy style, huh? Why doggy style?"

I cherished the feeling of his fingers rubbing the back of my neck. "I don't know exactly. I mean, I love all positions - I guess I just like fucking - but there is something about being mounted from behind that really gets me going."

"Are you going to let me...mount you from behind?" He kissed my ear.

"Ohhh..." I moaned softly, trying to keep the car on the road. "You better damn well believe it, baby. I can't wait."

"Can I fuck you up the ass?" He cooed. I could hear the smile in his voice.

"No." I answered simply. "What is your favorite position?"

"Dunno. I haven't got a whole lot of experience to make a comparison, but when I fantasized about you, you were almost always on top, riding me cowgirl. I love the idea of playing with your tits while we fuck."

"Mmmm..." He was making it so difficult to drive I pushed his face away with my shoulder. "That sounds really nice honey."

I was on fire again. My stomach churned and my breasts positively ached with lust. My panties were a sodden mess. I was in love with my son and rejoiced in the fact. I couldn't think straight. I was all nerves and tremors. I thought about getting a motel room for an hour or two.

JJ was in a similar predicament. The front of his jeans was straining to contain his arousal. He groaned when I reached out and lightly squeezed him.

"Oh my," I murmured, "All this sex talk has somebody in a state."

He pushed my hand away from his crotch, pushed his butt up off the seat and quickly undid his fly. He pushed his pants down slightly and freed his raging hard on. He settled back into the seat.

I glanced up into his eyes and saw his smirk. I didn't hesitate. With a trembling hand I reached for him and we both groaned as my fingers slipped around his cock.

Driving down the highway, with one eye on the traffic and one eye on my son, I gave him a long, slow handjob. It was mind-blowing. JJ looked like his mind was blown.

"Ohhhhh...Christ..." He breathed softly as I stroked him. "Your f...fingers feel so g...good."

"Mmmm..." I smiled, "You've got the longest, thickest penis I've ever seen. It is soooo beautiful."

He blushed with pride. "It's bigger than Dad's?"

I snorted disdainfully. "Please! You're without question three inches longer and so much fatter."

"Have you ever been with anyone else besides Dad?" He whistled. I could feel warm, slippery pre-come on my fingers.

"Of course, darling. I had a handful of lovers in high school and college." Some had been memorable, others not so much. "I told you I like sex. One night at a college party, a couple of my sorority sisters and I had a drunken orgy with a bunch of frat boys. I don't know how many I had that night, but I think there were at least eight boys who took their turn with me."

"Holy shit!" JJ gasped, his penis jerked in my hand. "My m...mom is a come slut."

"You have no idea, JJ." I smiled unashamed. "Even your asshole father had no idea. He was always too busy and then I got fat and tired and, well, he never was into anything other than missionary sex. He didn't like oral. He didn't like me being in charge. He didn't like being adventurous."

"He's a stupid man." JJ was getting close. "I c...can't imagine not wanting to f...fuck you once a day, every d...day, all day lo...holy sssssshhhhhiiiiit!"

All of a sudden, JJ erupted. He quickly wrapped the bottom of his tee shirt around his dick and convulsed violently on the seat as he came. Jerking, shuddering, crying out, JJ emptied himself as I lightly held him at the base and gently squeezed him. I wished he was coming in my mouth.

Spent, he slumped back against the seat. He was flushed and trembling, his eyes closed.

"Ohhhhh my God." He whimpered.

I giggled. "It sure seemed like you enjoyed that."

He gathered himself and grinned at me, "It felt so fucking good. So much better than when I do it myself."

"I'm glad, honey." I smiled, "How many times do you normally...uh...do that a day?"

He peeled off his shirt and tossed it in the back and tucked his softened penis into his underwear and pulled up his pants. "Dunno. Three, maybe four times. Sometimes more, sometimes less."

"Three or four times..." I said softly.

The possibility of getting laid by JJ three or four times a day was a thrilling thought. I was confident I was up for the challenge.

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The rest of the drive home was spent just talking about sex and its various aspects. By the time I wheeled into the garage we were ready again, but it was too dangerous, especially since we saw Jesse through the picture window as we drove up.

As we exited the car I caught JJ's arm and whispered, "Remember, honey, we have to be very careful."

He nodded, but stooped to kiss me hard and thoroughly anyway.

I couldn't race fast enough to my bathroom and finger myself to relief.

# Chapter 14

Both Jesse and Jordan were both still quite sick although Jesse appeared to be on the rebound. Chicken noodle soup and bed rest were doctor mama's orders, despite Jesse's protests.

As evening fell, I could sense JJ getting antsy. I couldn't exactly focus, either. JJ wanted to play but I couldn't, not with the two boys just a short flight of stairs away. I had all I could do to fight off his advances.

"Later, JJ." I hissed, "We can't be doing this. It is so dangerous."

"I know but I can't stop thinking about you." He tongued my ear while groping my ass through my pants.

"I'm in the s...same boat, honey." I choked, "But we...ohhh...can't. Not here..."

I wanted him so badly I couldn't think clearly. My heart was hammering in my chest cavity. My blood was running hot. When he slipped a hand between us and squeezed my breast, I nearly gave in.

At the last second, I pulled away and pushed his hand from my boob. "Tonight." I panted. "Come to my room tonight and you can keep away my boogiemen."

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JJ managed to behave himself, for the most part. The evening news came and went. I have no idea what was going on in the world. I was always cognizant of his eyes on me.

Whenever I got up to go to the kitchen he'd follow me like a puppy dog. I was as miserable as he was, I'm sure. I'm also sure my need radiated from me like a blast furnace. My hunger was almost as strong as my overwhelming fear of getting caught.

I was sure there were penalties for having sex with your own child, although I had no idea what they might be. Jail? Loss of custody of my children? Public humiliation? I suspected incest, even it was with a consenting adult child, was against the law. And if it wasn't, it certainly flew in the face of the mores of the day.

Knowing that there could be repercussions for bedding my son wasn't enough to make me want to stop our licentious affair - it just made me desirous of not being discovered.

The thought of never being with JJ again was laughable.

I tried hard to convey to him my reasons for cooling his jets when the potential for discovery was greatest, but he was too far gone. His libido was in hyper-drive and lust blazed from his hooded eyes.

"Patience is a virtue." I giggled as I held him at arms length in the small alcove off the kitchen.

"Fuck virtue." He muttered sluggishly. "I have to have you!"

"Soon, lover, soon." I cooed, "Why don't you go take a cold shower and lie down and rest, honey. If the boys aren't up and about, you can come to me after midnight. I'll be waiting for you."

He mulled my suggestion and nodded. "I'm frickin' going crazy being in the same room with you and not being able to touch you."

"I am too, honey."

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The hours dragged by. I read a magazine. I watched television. I thought about JJ. I tried to read a book but found myself

reading and rereading the same page over and over with no comprehension before finally giving it up.

At quarter to midnight, I climbed the stairs to my room. I paused briefly outside of JJ's door but heard nothing. Jesse and Jordan's room was also quiet.

In my bedroom, I stripped down to my birthday suit and slipped between my sheets. My mind turned back to our rendezvous in the car. JJ's cock was so hard and long he brought me to nirvana. He had been inexperienced and uncoordinated and clumsy, but he was wonderful. I could still feel his come pumping into me, filling my belly so deliciously.

As I waited in the darkness, I played with my breasts, teasing my nipples idly. My legs slowly writhed beneath the comforter. My heart beat faster. I knew he'd come to me. My lover wouldn't disappoint me, of that I was sure.

And he didn't.

The clock on my bedside table showed it was 12:10 when my door opened and closed. JJ paused long enough to lock it. The nightlight at the head of my bed provided scant illumination, but it was enough.

He stripped off his boxers at the side of my bed and peeled back the covers. His eyes widened when he saw I was naked, and his already turgid penis surged even more. I patted the side of the bed next to me and he didn't waste any time, sliding into bed and pulling the covers up over us.

In the darkness we came together.

Without words, our bodies came together. JJ slid his arm around my stomach and pulled me close as his mouth sought for and claimed mine. As we kissed, I pulled him onto me, my hands stroking his back, my lips clinging to his, my center opening for him.

I spread my legs and JJ raised his hips and with his left hand, pushed his rigid cock down to my portal. I was so wet he sank into me without effort, despite his girth. He spread me like a hot knife through butter, sinking deeper and deeper. Our mouths parted as soft, soul-rending moans welled up in both our throats.

Finally, with a gentle wriggle of his hips, his cock was buried to the hilt inside my pussy. I wrapped my legs around his hips and clamped down, holding him in place.

We just stared at each other in the darkness. JJ lips were trembling. I reached up and pulled his head down and kissed him deeply, slithering my tongue into his mouth and letting him know in no uncertain terms how I felt about him.

He felt so good inside me, stretching my delicate tissues, touching places that had never been touched. I was sure I could feel his pulse through his appendage.

I pulled my mouth from JJ's and slowly relaxed my legs, allowing them to fall to the mattress. JJ pushed up on his elbows and ever so slowly withdrew his cock from my sheath. He paused with about a third of his length still inside me and then, just as slowly, slid himself back home.

A sighing breath was forced from my chest. My entire body shuddered deliciously. My fingers dug into his arms.

Then JJ was working himself in and out of my cunt. As frantic and clumsy as he had been our first time together, he was exactly the opposite. His thrusts were measured and so slow the bed never even creaked. His unhurried tempo was perfectly timed as if with a metronome.

The fire that coursed through my veins threatened to reduce me to ashes. A dull humming drone filled my head as JJ's cock sawed in and out of me. The bedroom was spinning erratically. The walls seemed to have closed in on us as we coupled. I wanted to scream with happiness.

I tried hard to concentrate but found it difficult. I tried to clasp at him with my vaginal muscles, but lost focus. All I could do was cherish the sensation of being completed, of feeling his maleness fill me, of being loved so thoroughly.

My eldest son never lost control. He never took his eyes from mine and he never increased his thrusting. He just used his magnificent penis to bring me to paradise.

My orgasm snuck up on me. I had to chew on my pillow to keep from screaming when the explosion detonated in my head like roman candles. Lights and thunder and fury raged through my body as every nerve stood on end and sang with release.

And still JJ rhythmically thrust his hips, sliding his thickness in and out of my convulsing pussy.

Only rarely did vaginal intercourse with JJ's father result in an orgasm. I usually had to touch myself to climax afterward. As

I slowly returned to the reality of my bedroom and the young stud who labored over me, I wept with happiness.

"I'm coming, Mom." JJ panted quietly. They were the only words since he entered my room.

He pushed himself as deeply as he could manage and froze. I felt him swell slightly and then he was filling me with his thick, warm semen. It seemed he would never stop coming. His body jerked and seized. His eyes were squeezed shut and he dropped his head and bit my shoulder.

It was marvelous feeling his penis jerking inside me as he emptied his load into me. I clutched at him with my arms and tried to use my vaginal muscles to milk him of everything he had to offer.

When he finally stopped twitching, he collapsed onto me, forcing the air from my lungs. I just held him close and reveled in the joy of sex so mind numbingly delicious it was hard to imagine. I liked sex and hadn't been a nun when I was

in high school and college, but none of my previous lovers came close to my son's talent. And as far as I knew it was only his second time.

It wasn't just sex, I reasoned; it was making love.

For a long time we just held each other in the dark. Our bodies were damp with sweat. Our ragged breathing returned to normal. I slowly stroked his skin with my fingertips as his penis softened inside me and our mingled come leaked from around him. It was a delicious sensation.

He raised his head and gazed down at me. His eyes shone with a happy light. He dipped his mouth and kissed me softly and sweetly.

Quietly, he pushed up and I grimaced as his flaccid penis slipped from me. He rolled onto the bed next to me and lay back, sated. I looked for something to catch our discharge, but in the end just let it drain onto the sheet. I had to wash them

anyway. It felt funny feeling his sap drain down the crack of my ass.

"Oh honey," I whispered, turning on my side and nestling in the crook of his arm, "You keep away the boogiemans so nicely."

## Chapter 15

We snuggled together then, our legs and fingers entwined. I felt natural and safe. We whispered sweet nothings to each other, confessing our heart's truths. My body still tingled delightfully.

I was giddy with pure happiness. I wasn't too concerned about Jesse and Jordan waking up. Not only were they sapped by their colds, the Nyquil I gave them only a couple of hours before would keep them out for a while. I hoped.

JJ reached up and brushed my bangs from my forehead. "You are so beautiful."

I smiled happily down at him and kissed his chin. "Thank you, honey."

"I can't believe how fucking stupid Dad is!" He blurted. "You're incredible in every way."

"Don't talk about your asshole father." I winked, "His loss is your gain."

JJ laughed. "You are. Your face is like an angel's. Your body is so soft and warm and giving. Your tits are awesome and your nipples, holy crap, I can't believe how long and thick they are."

I shivered when he reached out and gently rolled my right nipple between his thumb and forefinger. "That's from nursing all you kids. They used to be small - like pencil erasers."

"Mmmm..." He murmured, transfixed by the hard, rubbery nipple he was teasing. "If you don't mind I'd like to nurse on them again."

I pushed his hand away and cupped the side and bottom of my boob and shifted my body towards the headboard and guided my teat to his waiting mouth.

I sighed as his lips sucked it in and his tongue coiled around it. It felt so nice. I used my left arm to cradle JJ's head and just held him as he suckled at me. The slow burning embers in my belly burst into flames and began spreading as JJ mouthed me. Gasping, he pulled his head from the nipple he was abusing and attacked my other tit.

I blindly reached down and found his penis which had recovered quite nicely. He moaned as I explored him with my fingers, kneading him gently, stroking him harder.

JJ abandoned my tit and looked up at me, his eyes lust-filled and hooded. "Do you want to be on top, Mom?"

"I'd love to, honey," I cooed, kissing his eyes. "But I don't think I can manage it without the bed making an awful racket."

He thought for a second, extracted his rigid shaft from my fingers and hopped out of bed. JJ stripped my comforter from the foot of my bed and quickly fashioned a rudimentary rectangle on the floor beside the bed. He grinned and sank to his knees and lay back and held out his arms for me, his erection parallel with his abdomen, jerking slowly with his heartbeat.

I smiled at his ingenuity and scrambled to join him. I could ride him hard and, absent involuntary screams, wouldn't make a sound. I stepped over him and just looked down at my new lover. He was gorgeous. Lean and hard, he had the physique of a Grecian god. His shoulders were broad and his arms were finely muscled, his waist narrow, his six pack abs

were well-defined. But it was his long, thick cock that captured my attention.

He was the picture of virile manhood. I sobbed inwardly and lowered myself down to him.

On my knees, I leaned forward, setting my hands on either side of his head. On all fours, I dangled my tits over his face and whimpered as his mouth gravitated to a nipple. I could feel the moisture between my legs and almost swooned when JJ slid his hands up my legs to grip my asscheeks and begin squeezing firmly.

He alternated nipples every few moments, occasionally burying his face in my cleavage. My hunger was all consuming. I spread my knees and lowered my hips and cried out as my salivating gash contacted the underside of his cock. I was drunk with need and began rubbing my labia back and forth along his length.

With JJ chewing on my nipples and squeezing my ass, I was going insane and ground my crotch against his erection frantically. A deep guttural growl escaped from my throat. I couldn't wait.

I straightened up, pulling my teat from his mouth with an audible popping sound. He whimpered his disappointment, but nodded when I raised my hips and reached down to pull his penis upright and positioned him at my entrance. We both whimpered when I slowly sank onto him, engulfing him.

JJ's penetration seemed effortless and endless. My delicate tissues spread around him, grasping at him as his cock invaded my pussy and we became one.

I settled onto him and with a small bounce with my hips, he was completely inside me. I didn't move. JJ didn't either. His hands held my legs.

"Ohhh...JJ..." I mewled.

"Mom..." JJ choked. "Your pussy is so hot...so tight..."

"Hot, I'll give you," I took his hands and laced my fingers with his, "You get me that way. But t...tight, I hardly think so. Six p...pretty big babies pushed through that...ughn...opening not too t...terribly long ago."

"Well, damn, it's the tightest pussy I ever had."

I laughed and he winced as my muscles tightened around him spasmodically.

Holding his hands, I pushed my arms out to the side and pulled my upper body down onto him and covered his mouth with mine. We kissed mindlessly, our tongues writhing and dueling.

"I love you." He said when I peeled my mouth from his.

"I love you so much, honey." I replied, rising back up over him.

I used his arms as a brace and lifted up, allowing his steely cock to slide almost completely out of my grasping pussy. I paused a moment and then slid back down his dick.

We both cried out quietly.

And then I was fucking him with mindless abandon.

I rocked my body up and down, sliding up and down his enormous cock. I could barely think. I was all instinct and passion. The slurping sounds of my cunt engulfing him over and over, grasping and sucking at him, along with our subdued gasping moans of pleasure were the only sounds in the room.

My tits bounced and wobbled on my chest as I rode him. JJ removed his fingers from mine and gripped me at the waist

as I slid wildly up and down his thickness. His eyes were fixed on my jiggling boobs.

I paused my wild bouncing occasionally to grind my vulva against him, stimulating my swollen clitoris. When JJ reached up with one hand to capture a fleshy tit, I only whimpered. The licentiousness of fucking my son and the sheer size of his cock was making rational thought difficult.

I had never had a bigger penis. Ever. JJ's father was average, at best. JJ was hung like a horse. I rode him as hard and as long as I was able. Having ejaculated only an hour or so previous, JJ had stamina, and after my legs gave out, JJ held me firmly at the hips and began thrusting himself up into me.

He stopped, then and ignored my pleas to keep going. He physically pushed me up with his strong arms and pulled out of my pussy completely.

"JJ..." I whimpered, begging him.

He rolled from beneath me and rose up onto his knees. "Get on all fours, Mom."

I realized then what he was going to do and squealed with anticipation. I dropped down onto my hand and knees and raised my butt as he climbed into position behind me. JJ pushed his cock down and pressed his helmet against my slick portal and we both moaned as he slid into me.

It was incredible, the feelings he was waking inside me. He paused a long pause, his penis buried in my vagina, my ass flattened against his lower abdomen.

"You look so fucking hot like this." He whispered from somewhere above me. "You're right where you belong."

"You're right where y...you belong, baby." I replied, "Tell me why w...we haven't been fucking for years."

"We have been, mom." He gripped me at the hips and withdrew almost entirely out of my grasping pussy and then slammed it home. "We've been fucking for years...in my head."

He found a long, steady tempo and began working himself in and out of me, his hands caressing and squeezing my ass cheeks. A soft, wet slapping sound filled my room as he ploughed my center. I could occasionally feel him bottom out against my cervix.

I looked over my shoulder at him working over me. He glistened with perspiration in the dim light. We were both grunting and gasping as he fucked me so well.

It didn't take much longer. JJ plunged his penis into me a dozen more times before slamming into me one last time and freezing. He erupted with a guttural grunt and I could only sob as he pumped what seemed to be quarts of come into my belly. He spasmed over and over as he poured himself into me.

I had all I could do to hang onto consciousness. The sensation of his warm semen filling me was thrilling. I loved that he loved me and reveled in the very liquid declaration of his love.

I didn't come, but that was okay. When JJ slumped over me, my arms collapsed and we sank onto the blanket. He held me tight as we shivered in orgasmic bliss. His joy was all that I cared about. I was alive in my love for my son, regardless of how sick that made me seem, but I didn't think about that, then.

We lay there on the floor of my bedroom for an indeterminate amount of time. I was only aware of JJ's come leaking from my pussy and his fingertips caressing my damp flesh. I had no idea where we were headed at that point; all that mattered was that I felt loved for the first time in a long, long time.

We showered together afterward. It was exotic and exciting to hold him under the hot water - hot, wet, soapy flesh; hands always touching; hearts in sync. But nothing I could do could raise JJ to battle. I was a bit disappointed until he confessed to jerking off before coming to my room that night.

"I would have burst the moment I touched you if I hadn't."

We returned to my bed after drying off, and fell asleep, arms and legs akimbo, completely drained and sated.

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When I awoke, JJ was gone. I slept a dreamless sleep. I pushed myself to the edge of my bed and reminisced about the night before. I stretched and enjoyed the feeling of newly found muscles releasing luxuriously. I could tell my thighs were going to be complaining later - it had been a long time since they had been put through such a workout.

I pulled on a pair of my new panties - they fit much better - and slipped into a sun dress sans brassiere and went to find my lover.

I was disappointed to find he was at work.

Jordan was perkier, over the worst of the cold. Jesse was still down for the count, unfortunately, although he, too, seemed to be on the rebound.

I let Jordan do as he pleased, but insisted Jesse stay in bed for the day.

After a breakfast of oatmeal and apple slices, I called Sandra.

"I did it." I announced when she answered.

"Way to go, little Sis!" She shouted, knowing exactly what I was referring to. "Tell me. I want details."

Over the next twenty minutes I gave her details. I told her of JJ and me fucking in the car on the way home from dropping off the girls. I told her of blowing him and swallowing his come. I told her of the events of the previous night. I gave her details.

"Oh my God!" She shouted, "And I thought I was the only pervert who liked fucking my son!"

"You aren't a pervert." I laughed, "You're just a woman who has been neglected and found solace in an unconventional source. Like me. I don't say I wouldn't have slept with JJ if you hadn't confessed to you and Kevin, but it sure helped."

"Isn't it mind-blowing, having sex with your son?" She sounded giddy. "I never would have believed I could ever do it, especially coming from such a puritanical upbringing that I...we...did."

I nodded to the phone. "Mom and Dad would definitely not approve," I snickered, "But it just feels so right."

"You have to be careful, Mary." Sandy cautioned, "It isn't so much of a problem for me and Kev, all my older kids are out on their own, but you have a bunch of younger kids there, girl."

Again I nodded at the phone. "I know, big sis, that's the only thing that's giving me pause right now. Jayne and Jeanette are at summer camp, and Jesse and Jordan are recovering from a cold, but I worry all the time about being caught and..."

"Little Sis," She soothed, "If you are careful, there is no reason the others need know what happens between you and JJ. Get motel rooms. Send the others to movies. Use the back seat of your car, as you already have. Be creative, Mary, don't just use the night. Use what your other kids like to give JJ and you time and opportunity."

"Uh..." I wasn't sure what I was trying to say.

"Look, Mary," Sandy tried to clarify what she was trying to say, "Kevin and I have to often sneak around Russ's comings and goings, but we don't have any younger kids mucking things up for us either. I can buy Russ a bottle of Jack and know he's going to be out for the night. I can slip a mickey in his coffee and know that the coast is going to be clear. We have mornings after Russ leaves for work. We have Russ's late nights. You, however, can't drug all your kids or DFYS is going to be pounding on your door before too long. What you can do is be creative. Send the boys to Disneyworld or Six Flags. Send them to Mom and Dads for a few weeks."

"That all sounds great, Sandy," I was feeling positive as she gave me avenues to pursue, "But the problem is that I can only send them to Disneyworld or Great America so often and then I'm in the same place I was before."

"Take what you can when you can, Mary." Sandra counseled, "Your situation is different than mine, but all I can say is that if you want what you have to continue, you can do it. You just have to be creative."

I didn't respond as I digested her words.

"Tell me again how big his cock is." Sandy insisted.

## Chapter 16

The western sun was beginning its nightly dive behind the distant hills before JJ returned home. I greeted him at the door and kissed him quickly but thoroughly in the foyer.

"Jesse and Jordan around?" He asked pointedly.

I could feel his instant arousal and nodded my head. "Jesse is in the basement, I think, and Jordan is still in bed."

JJ's disappointment was evident, but he shrugged good-naturedly and accepted that he'd have to wait.

Jordan surprised me by coming down for dinner. Scalloped potatoes and ham were his favorite and the aroma drew him out of his room. He did look so much better.

JJ tried to entice me into a game of footsies under the dining room table until I scowled a warning in his direction.

Jesse volunteered to do the dishes so the rest of us kicked our feet up in the family room and relaxed in front of the boob tube. There was nothing on but reruns, but I couldn't concentrate anyway. JJ occupied my every thought.

The phone rang, then, and gave me the best gift I could have asked for.

"Gramps!" Jordan shouted after saying 'hello.'

It was my dad. Jeffrey's father never let the kids call him anything but Grandfather Peter.

Jesse chatted with dad for a few minutes before handing me the phone.

"Hi, Dad." I curled my feet up under me.

"Hey kiddo," He boomed in his gravelly voice. "Your ma told me what Jeff did. I'm sorry, but like she says, maybe you'll be better off without him. Just make sure you get a good lawyer."

I told him I already had one and assured him I was fine, and then he made my summer.

"Say kiddo, do you s'pose JJ, Jesse and Jordy can come up here for the summer? I got plenty of work for 'em on the farm and it'll keep 'em outta mischief and outta your hair."

"Dad, I don't think JJ can. He's got a job in town, but maybe his brothers would like to go, I don't know, it'd be up to them."

"Tell 'em I'll pay 'em both a hundred a week to sweeten the pot, and that they'll have lots of time for fun stuff, too. Your ma and I'd love for them to be here."

"They both like it up there, Dad, so I don't think it would be a problem. I'll run it buy them for you."

We chit chatted a bit more before hanging up. No, I didn't think I'd make it to Iowa any time soon. No, I didn't really need anything. Yes, JJ was the man of the house now and he has taken to his new responsibilities in fine fashion.

The boys were ecstatic at their grandpa's offer. And immediately began trying to figure out when they could leave. I told them that I'd buy them bus tickets and called Greyhound for a schedule. There was a bus leaving the next morning for Minneapolis with a stop in Ames. Jesse and Jordan balked at my suggestion that we needed more time. I caught JJ glaring at me from the easy chair. "Mom!" He seemed to be exclaiming.

I apparently was a bit slow on the uptake, but then the light came on and I gave in to the boy's pleas.

They both retreated to their rooms to start packing and I called my folks to tell them the boys would be there Saturday evening.

JJ and I were even more elated than Jesse and Jordan were. We would be free for more than a full month. We could love openly and without fear. We could emulate my sister and nephew, if we chose, and do it on the kitchen floor.

We were positively giddy.

JJ came to me again that night and we made love slowly and quietly again. It was satisfying, in its own way, but I couldn't wait to raise the roof and let my passions free with him.

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With the morning came the hubbub of making sure Jesse and Jordan had everything they needed. JJ had to work so he wasn't there to see his brothers off. I waved and smiled as the bus pulled away from the curb. I wasn't at all worried; with the exception of Jeanette and Jayne, all my children had made the trip to Iowa by bus many times.

The empty house seemed to echo my footsteps. Jeffrey and I bought the place when Julie was two and JJ was an infant. I had made the place mine; Jeffrey gave me free rein to decorate it as I saw fit, and it showed. I was going to keep the place in the divorce settlement, of that much I was sure. I'd kill Jeffrey before I gave it up.

I ran through my daily chores, more to while away the hours pending JJ's return. I called Sandy and we talked for over an hour. She was happy for me and JJ that we'd get time to be alone. While she sounded sincere, I also detected a note of jealousy behind her words.

I called the salon and was able to get a noontime appointment to have my hair done.

My nerves were on edge. I felt like I would fall apart if I stopped long enough to think, so I didn't stop. I took time for a quick run and, after my shower, took the edge off my hunger with a Cobb salad.

I only had a vague notion of how the evening would go when JJ got home, but I knew that it would involve unleashed passions and unbridled lust. And I was going to be prepared for him.

After my hair appointment, I debated going to UEC and stuffing the half-dozen or so sugar packets that were currently residing in my glove compartment into Cathy's gas tank. In the end, I decided that was just juvenile and drove past the plant without stopping.

I didn't toss out the packets, though.

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Douching when I returned home, I spent an unusual amount of time applying my makeup. I was trying for as close to perfection as I was ever likely to get. The bruise on my cheek was still prominent, but it had receded considerably from its original configuration and a coat of pancake makeup nearly covered it.

At four, I lay down on my bed on top of my comforter as naked as the day I was born and waited.

And waited. And waited.

My wait seemed an eternity, although the clock on my bedside stand read only 4:07 when I heard the front door open and close.

I heard him calling for me and shivered delightfully at the sound of his voice. My vagina was already wet. My nipples were hard and pebbly. The stairs creaked under his weight and I closed my eyes and held perfectly still as he strode down the hall. My door opened.

Peering at him through slitted lids, I felt my body react hard when I saw he was already down to his jeans. The rest of his clothing had been discarded on his trek to find me - even his socks.

I opened my eyes as if I'd been sleeping and smiled at him as he scrambled to divest himself of his Levis and boxers. His penis was at half-staff and rising as he climbed onto the bed and lay down next to me.

My carefully scripted plan was tossed out the window the moment he touched me. He leaned down and kissed me as if his very life depended on it. Urgently, hungrily, he plunged his thick tongue into my mouth as his lips closed on mine. His hand automatically was drawn to my breast.

I had all I could do to keep from pushing him onto his back and jumping on him. Instead, I just wrapped my arms around his neck and clung to him.

In self-preservation more than anything else, we ended the kiss and just held each other, gulping for oxygen.

"I love you so much." He bussed my ear.

"Oh, my darling," I sucked at his neck, "I love you, too."

JJ was massaging my tit firmly and chewing on my earlobe. He had no idea I didn't need foreplay to get ready for him, especially when I felt his engorged organ against my hip.

"H...Honey," I sobbed, "I love w...what you're doing to me, but I n...need you so badly I can't stand it. Please f...fuck me. Fuck me good and h...hard."

Only one thing could quench the fever that burned in my body. My love for JJ was all consuming. It wasn't just animal lust that ate at my consciousness. It was a deep kind of love that books were written about. It was 'Romeo and Juliet' meets 'Deep Throat'. It was an erotic fairytale come true.

As if reading my thoughts, JJ rose up onto his knees and stared down at me as I spread my legs as wide as I could. I could feel my pussy drooling with need and as JJ began slowly fisting his enormous cock I slipped a hand down and fingered my swollen and dripping labia.

"Fuck me." I demanded.

"Are you ready for this?"

I nodded weakly and hissed, "Give me that monster!"

He shuddered slowly and lowered himself into position. I shivered with delicious expectation and tried to brace myself.



Without breaking his frenetic pace, my son lifted himself up and hooked his arms around my legs, pushing my ankles up around his shoulders, pinning me to the bed. He continued violently pounding his glorious thickness into my greedy cunt.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH Holy m...mother of G...God!" I yelled, my head tossing back and forth on my pillow, "Fuck me...ughn...baby! I l...love your beautiful cock! D...Don't stop...ohhh...fucking me!"

His face was screwed up in a lust-filled mask as he plunged himself in and out of me. I could hear a deep, continual moaning coming from deep inside him.

I could see his magnificent penis hammering in and out of my drenched canal and I could feel his testicles slapping against my ass. I was losing my mind and stupidly watched my fleshy tits wobbling and bouncing on my chest with each powerful drive of his hips.

All I could do was hold onto his arms in self-defense and enjoy the ride. My entire body was crying out for sweet release and every fiber of my being was focused on my vagina. The thick, hard cock that ripped and tore at me was using me in ways I had never felt before and I loved every second of it and tried to urge him on.

"UGHN...baby...I love the w...way you fuck me! I want you...to fuck me forever you w...wonderful m...motherfucker! Oh G...God I wish you...oh...could make me p...pregnant! F...Fuck me baby! Fuck...ughn...me harder...give it to me!"

I could feel my building orgasm approaching. Nothing else existed except for the enormous penis that was skewering me. I was conscious of nothing else. When I climaxed it was so powerful I actually blacked out. I couldn't handle it and my mind shut down. Everything went black.

When I came to, JJ was still pounding himself into me and my entire body was singing with happiness. The warm electric

jolts that fired through me deliciously were so intense I just lay back and relished them.

As JJ pounded himself into me, I clenched my legs together, stopping his assault.

"WAIT!" I screamed, "Bring your d...dick up here! I w...want to finish you off with my m...mouth!"

He looked at me sluggishly until it registered what I was saying and then quickly withdrew himself and clambered laboriously over my chest. He leaned forward and pushed his erection down with one hand and rubbed his swollen crown against my lips.

I opened my mouth as wide as I could and slurped his knob into my mouth. In the position we were in it was difficult to do much of anything without breaking something or hurting either one of us until JJ leaned forward and climbed up near the headboard.

I sucked him as deeply into my mouth as I could as JJ began bucking his hips, slowly fucking my mouth.

"Oh yeah, Mom!" JJ cried above me, "Suck my cock! You're such a good cocksucker, Mom! Take it! Take my m...meat! You know you love it! Drink my come you magnificent c...come slut!"

He knew me so well.

As his rigid length slid in and out of my mouth, I slid my hands up the back of his legs and gripped his asscheeks. I reached around with my left hand and plunged my forefinger into his anus.

JJ came instantly.

He arched his back and howled loudly. I felt him swelling inside my mouth and then erupt. He jerked and spasmed over

me as wad after wad of his thick semen boiled up from his balls and blasted into my throat.

I moaned happily as he continued to seize and convulse, emptying himself. He seemed to have lost all motor control as he came and as I happily swallowed his load I felt a sexual satisfaction that was incredible.

Finally, with a small whimper, his orgasm petered out. I held him in place in my mouth and continued to nurse on his dick. For several minutes we stayed in that position, unable and unwilling to move.

JJ's penis was too fat and I couldn't deep throat him when he was hard. But, as his penis softened I was able to take him entirely into my mouth, his spongy knob at the back of my throat. I could feel his hairy testicles on my chin.

Slowly he extricated his flaccid penis from my mouth and crawled down to lay next to me, gathering me in his arms. I

just held him, kissing him softly and tenderly. I kissed his eyes and ears and nose.

"That was so fucking hot." He wheezed.

"Mmmm..." I murmured, nuzzling his neck. "That was more than hot, baby. That was the best sex I ever had, by far."

Pride rode his voice. "I'm so glad. I want to make you forget Dad ever existed."

"Who?" I giggled.

# Chapter 17

Over the next several days, JJ and I explored the limits of sexual pleasure as we explored each other. There was nothing that was off limits except my butt. I told him when he let me shove a watermelon up his, he could have mine. That stopped his asking for anal.

He didn't seem all that disappointed. Nothing else was taboo. We were fucking and sucking each other off at every available moment. In between JJ's work and sleep, we came together in loud, wet, and frenzied passion that threatened my sanity at times.

Apparently he couldn't get enough of me; I knew I couldn't get enough of him.

We used every possible position and technique we could think of. During the most passionate period of my marriage to JJ's father, Jeffrey and I had sex two or three times a week,

at best. JJ and I were fucking three or four times a day and I burned for more. JJ, like his cousin, according to my sister, had energy to burn and after our first few couplings, he gained stamina. He also possessed what seemed an endless supply of come.

And when we were recuperating, we could usually be found snuggling together, touching, kissing, or just holding each other close.

We weren't at all self-conscious. We grew comfortable with each other and seemed to almost have found a near psychic sense for the other's needs.

A certain look in his eyes was the only signal I needed to drop to my knees and take him in my mouth. A brush of my fingers was all that was needed for him to bend me over any available piece of furniture and scratch my itch.

I came to prefer doggie style. Somehow his penetration seemed deeper when he mounted me from behind and JJ

hadn't been lying when he said he liked the female dominant position. As much as I loved fucking, I think I almost came to love when JJ ate my pussy even more. He was extremely talented with his tongue and could turn me into a demented quivering puddle of orgasmic mush with it. The first time we tried the 69, I almost lost my mind.

In less than two weeks, JJ had become my world. I needed him like a farmer needs the rain or a kite needs the wind - he was helping me to grow in so many ways and in his arms I soared free. As strange as it seemed, I had fallen in love with my eldest son and he with me.

Our first few days open and free together were wonderful and exhilarating and carnal, filled with love and a joy I had never known before.

But life, as I was very well aware, isn't a fairy tale and soon a large obstacle presented itself and threatened my newfound happiness.

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The phone rang Thursday morning while JJ and I were in the midst of a vigorous session.

"It might be the girls." I gasped.

JJ stopped stroking his rigid erection into my vagina and lay on top of me, panting softly. I reached out and picked up the receiver. It was Jeffrey.

"What do you want?" I demanded after his initial 'Mary?'

There was a long pause. "I think I made a mistake."

I almost laughed. "You did, but that doesn't explain what you want."

"I think I want...to come home and...try to work things out with you."

I did laugh, then; a short, harsh burst of laughter that cut him to the quick. "You've got to be kidding, right?"

Jeffrey was silent for a long moment. "Mary...I've been fired...I...I don't know what to do..."

"I'm not sorry and it's too late."

I could hear him crying on the other end of the line. "Mary...please..."

"It's far too late, Jeffrey. That ship has sailed. I've found someone else...someone better...someone who treats me right."

"Oh God..." He cried. "C...Cathy and I are over...she says she never really loved me..."

"I don't give a shit!" I yelled, angrier than I was the day he left. "Whatever you and I had before you destroyed, asshole. I told you I found another man who does for me what you never did."

M...Mary..." He sobbed.

"He's with me right now, you sorry sack of shit. He's balls deep in my pussy and his dick is so much bigger than yours. Going back to hamburger after tasting filet mignon? I don't think so! Why on earth would I want you back? So you can ignore me...neglect me...whore around on me?"

"You're lying." Jeffrey sounded weak and unsure.

"Am I? Fuck me, baby. Let my asshole ex hear your cock slide in and out of my cunt." I nodded up at JJ and grimaced as he raised his hips and withdrew his penis and began thoroughly plumbing my depths.

I held the handset near our groins for a slow count to ten. I knew JJ's father could hear the slurping, sucking sound of my pussy and the wet, splattering sound of our damp flesh slapping together.

"That's it, baby!" I yelled for Jeffrey's benefit, "Let him hear...ohhh...how a real man fucks his woman."

JJ disguised his voice, deepening it and adopting a southern drawl. "Your pussy is hotter 'n a fahrcracker, little lady. Is your ex a booger-eatin' moron?"

I managed to loudly croak, "I think he m...must be if he thinks I'd ever t...take him back. Ughn...God I love feeling your b...balls slapping my ass like that."

Before hanging up the phone, I brought it to my ear and heard Jeffrey's soft sobs over the creaking of our marital bed and JJ's panting.

"Don't call me again, asshole." I sneered, "If you need to say anything you can c...contact me through my attorney."

I dropped the handset onto the cradle and turned my attention to my lover.

"That was so f...fucking hot." JJ panted as he sawed his appendage in and out of my sloppy pussy. "I wish D...Dad was watching me...oh Christ...do you right now."

"That w...would be...oh...so fucking hot!" I keened, barely able to speak, "I wish he...ughn...was watching the biggest c...cock I've ever h...had...oh...do what he n...never could..."

"I love you!" JJ whimpered, thrusting his hard thickness into my wetness.

"I love you, too, b...baby." I answered, lifting my hips to meet his physical assault.

The wet, splattering sounds of our flesh filled my bedroom, mingling with our gasping, mangled cries of passion. JJ's was doing something I had never experienced before; with each down thrust, he ground himself against my vulva, stimulating my clit. He was driving me crazy.

My bed rocked and rolled. Nothing existed save JJ's penis and my vagina. I was cognizant of only JJ abusing me so beautifully. The walls in my room seemed to close in on us. Mini-orgasms detonated in my head and appendages, and still JJ didn't come. In the morning light I could see my son's sex-slickened erection sliding in and out of my slurping cunt.

I almost lost my mind with pleasure. My ass was bouncing off the bed with each drive of his hips.

"G...God!" I screamed with unbridled happiness, "I love...fucking you, b...baby! Don't ever stop...fucking m...me!"

"Never..." He grunted, his face screwed up in a mask of lust, "I'll never stop f...fucking...you, Mom. Never!"

"Oh Christ!" I yelled in exultation as my orgasm flooded my senses.

I wrapped my arms around JJ's shoulders and clung to him as a tsunami of pure sexual joy washed over and through me. I bit his neck as my entire body shuddered in a furious climax that wracked my being and light and sound and fury raged through my body. It was delicious and so thoroughly enjoyable I lost myself in its intensity.

JJ continued moving his hips until he too achieved orgasm. He planted his cock inside me and howled loudly as his sap percolated up from his testicles and flooded my womb. Over and over he convulsed over me as his seed poured into me, his warmth filling my welcoming pussy.

For many minutes we lay there on my bed, quivering and panting, clutching each other close as our orgasms ran their

course. We had become one, joined at the groin and heart. I could still feel JJ's dick twitching inside me. I had no doubts that he truly loved me, or me, him. I felt more loved than any point in my life and rejoiced in the feeling.

My spirit soared. The mystery of why a young man in the prime of his life could be aroused by, as my sister put it, 'an old broad like me' - was secondary to the fact that he was. Regardless of how odd it was, he made my happiness complete. It didn't matter why; it only mattered that he desired me.

"I'll never get tired of making love with you." He whispered in my ear as our mutual orgasm faded into the ether.

"JJ, you have no idea how wonderful it makes me feel when you're inside me." I gasped in response, "I've never had a better lover. Ever."

JJ kissed me, then, softly and sweetly, our mouths open and hungry, our tongues dueling. I shivered at the sensation of his

softened thickness sliding from my pussy as our combined juices poured down the crack of my ass.

He rolled off of me to my right and slumped down onto the bed next to me, spent and panting.

I turned to face him as he gathered me into his arms and held me close.

Whatever else he was, JJ was sensitive and loving. He truly cared about me, something I couldn't say about many lovers I'd had in the past.

-

Jeffrey found a way into the house later that afternoon. He entered the kitchen from the basement as I was fixing lunch for JJ and myself. Later we discovered he broke a window to gain entry.

"Mary." I didn't immediately recognize his voice, it sounded so strange.

I spun around, a butter knife held at the ready. "Jeffrey!" I exclaimed, not really afraid,

"I mished you, honey." He looked dazed, his eyes wild. His words were slurred.

"Get out!" I shouted loudly, trying to attract JJ's attention.

"Mary...Mary..." He held a half-empty bottle of Old Crow in his left hand, the fingers of his right opened and closed slowly. "I'm sho shorry, Mary..."

He sounded a lot like Brad, my would-be one night stand from the recent past. Emotionally void, but aroused.

Jeffrey had a week's stubble on his face. His clothes were disheveled and dirty. He was unkempt and stank of mingled

bourbon and urine. He didn't look at all like the normally polished and sophisticated businessman he had spent many years trying hard to cultivate.

"You need to leave." I tried to appear calm, but inside my heart was racing.

"Mary..." Jeffrey's voice was alien. "We could be good again. We shure were good before, we could be again."

I shook my head and backed away from him. "No. It's too late. You hurt me too bad. I can never go back. Besides, we never were all that good, Jeffrey."

Tears poured from his eyes at my words. He was lost. He was alone.

"Cunt!" He screamed, "You're mine! I own you, you fuckin' bitsh! I'm shorry...I'm shorry...I didn't mean that...Mary..."

He was erratic, his eyes wild. He transitioned from pitiful sorrow to searing rage from one moment to the next. "You'll do as I say! You're still my fuckin' wife, Goddamn it! Mary...please..."

I cringed back against the counter as he approached me. I braced myself when he pulled a butcher knife from the block and advanced closer.

"Jeffrey..." I wheezed, a fist of terror constricting around my heart.

"You'll fuckin' obey me, bitsh!" Jeffrey was beyond reason. His eyes were feral and bloodshot.

I tried to recoil as my husband raised the knife over his head and stepped close. Then, in surreal slow-motion, his eyes rolled back in his head and he fell in a heap on the kitchen floor.

A spray of warm blood splattered my face as he collapsed and I stood quivering in place looking at JJ who held a baseball bat, his face a twisted combination of rage and fear.

-

There was no doubt JJ's father was dead or would soon be. In addition to the blood that leaked onto the kitchen floor, grayish jelly-like brain matter oozed from a gaping opening in his caved-in skull. He twitched, moaned, and lay still.

JJ Took me in his arms and together we held each other in the aftermath. I couldn't look at Jeffrey. I was in shock, I'm sure. I felt lightheaded and dizzy.

I was numb. I was crying uncontrollably. There was a dead man on my kitchen floor, something that wasn't exactly a regular occurrence in the Swenson household. Jeffrey had been the major influence in my life for many years, and although in the end I hated him for what he did to me, the

man had given me six wonderful children, as well as the love of my life.

No, I didn't precisely hate him. I felt sorry for Jeffrey. For what might have been.

JJ calmly daubed the blood from my face with a wet paper towel. He unbuttoned my blouse and removed it, tossing the blood sprayed garment over his father's head and guided me to the living room couch.

He raced to my room and returned with my robe and helped me slip it on over my naked upper body.

"I need to call the police."

I grabbed his arm as he started to pick up the phone. "Wait, honey. L...Lets think about this."

"Mom?"

"I can't bear to lose you. What happens if they d...don't believe us?" I asked, struggling to control my crying.

"We have to." Through my tears I could see him struggling, "I'll just tell the truth. He was going to kill you, I'm sure of that."

I shook my head. "No, I won't take the chance. We need to do something else." I was panicky and my thoughts were incoherent.

JJ slumped onto the couch next to me. His own emotions overwhelmed him and he began crying softly. I gathered him in my arms and held him as we wept together and the body in the next room achieved room temperature.

How do you dispose of a human body? I'd never had to contemplate the question before. I was sure JJ hadn't either,

but after we collected ourselves somewhat, he announced he had a plan that would be mostly kept to himself.

From the garage he retrieved a roll of Visqueen and rolled Jeffrey's body up in several layers. He had some difficulty depositing the body into the trunk of my Impala. I cleaned the pooled blood from the linoleum and the splattered blood from the counter front.

Afterward, we spooned on the couch and watched the clock tick towards midnight and then early morning. Sleep escaped us both. I was terrified. My stomach turned and rolled incessantly. I clutched JJ's arms around me in a vise-like grip and wrestled with emotions that I couldn't tame.

At a few minutes after two am, JJ pulled on a pair of rubber gloves and left in my car with a dead body in the trunk. I prayed he wouldn't run a stop sign or weave at an inopportune moment.

He didn't return until after four. He didn't explain what he did with the body and I didn't ask. That morning he just gathered me in his arms and carried me to our bed.

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Jeffrey's Bronco was found next to the Sneed River Bridge in the early morning hours by a state trooper who had been returning to his post. The engine was still running and the driver's side door was open.

A scan of both sides of the river below revealed a body lying 50 feet below among the boulders along the banks of the fast-moving river. The investigation was short-lived. When it was discovered, the Jeffrey had lost his job and his girlfriend over the space of five days, it was determined to be a suicide, despite the absence of a note. After a few cursory questions directed at me, the investigation was closed without fanfare.

Epilogue

More than two years later, we were doing alright.

Jeffrey hadn't changed the beneficiaries of his life insurance policy but the underwriter refused to payout based on the manner of his death. I was disappointed, but his retirement and stock options from UEC would keep us afloat for quite some time. When all was said and done, after divesting myself of the stocks and bonds, I was worth in the low six figures.

The kids and I didn't have to worry for quite some time. The four younger children received the Social Security death benefit, which was salted away for their educations.

I decided to go back to school to become, of all things, a social worker. There were so many women - and men, too - who needed help finding their way out of difficult circumstances and I wanted to be there to help them make their changes.

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"God damn..." JJ whimpered quietly, sliding his cock into my pussy and grinding himself deliciously against my vulva, "Your pussy feels so fucking good...I'll never get enough of it..."

"Baby," I wheezed happily. JJ loved when I talked dirty while we made love. "I love your c...cock so much, I c...can't imagine b...being without...oh....it. Without y...you. I love h...how you f...fuck me."

JJ's body was shiny with sweat as he labored over me. With each thrust of his hips he whispered "Mom!"

JJ was almost 21. He had decided not to attend USC, staying in town and attending the local CC, so he could take care of me and his siblings, and - more importantly - so we could be together. Jesse and Jordan both graduated from high school. Jesse was enrolled at Arizona State and Jordan joined the Air Force after graduating from school six months early. Jayne

was a high school junior and Jeanette, boogiemanager for the most part that last year or so, was a freshman.

JJ traded rooms with Jayne, and Jeannette took the boy's room after they moved out. JJ cut a small passageway between his closet and mine, eliminating the need to sneak down the hallway and risking exposure.

I sometimes thought Jeanette and Jayne wondered if something was going on between JJ and me, but if they did they never said anything. JJ and I were as careful as possible, coming together only in the deep dark of night, or when we could slip away, or when the girls were in school.

I had dropped another 15 pounds and regained my long-dormant figure. My breasts rode high and perky on my chest and my arms, legs and butt were firm and toned. My stomach was flat and hard.

JJ had grown into his man body, solid and healthy and beautiful.

We were as much in love as two people could be, from my perspective, at least. He treated me better than I had a right to expect, and I worshipped him.

JJ paused his assault, his penis deep inside me. He looked into my eyes and whispered. "I am so glad how things worked out. I wish Dad...could have just stayed gone...but that is the only thing I'd change about...us..."

I clasped at his penis with my vaginal muscles and lifted my head to kiss his chin. "Me, too, my d...darling."

He slowly drew his iron shaft from my drooling canal and resumed fucking me. "I hated D...Dad for what he did to you, M...Mom, and I didn't want him dead, but I p...promise you, I'd do it again in a heart...ughn...beat. You are all that matters to me and...ughn...he was going to take you away from me. I felt no more...oh...for him than I had for your would-be rapist. When I let him...holy shit...fall from the bridge I d...didn't feel a thing."

"Oh my d...darling!" I shrieked, lifting my groin to meet his down thrusts, "He made...ohhh...his grave, let him rot in it. His leaving me...his cheating...made it possible for me to find the love of my life and I'll...ughn...never regret that. All I need is for you to keep l... loving me."

"I'll never stop."

JJ planted himself deeply into me and screamed joyously as his wonderful semen spewed into me, filling me and making me a complete woman and then he pulled me over the edge along with him.