

Williams Chanell



Mama Mia

Alana Church



Mama Sutra

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By Alana Church

Artwork by Moira Nelligar

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~~ All characters in this book are over 18. ~~

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Chapter 1: Sister Knows Best?

He hadn't been trying to pick up a girl and get laid when he went out that afternoon. All he had wanted was to hit the slopes for a bit and unwind after two months of studying at the University of Colorado.

Of course, Roberto Belmonte wasn't going to turn down an opportunity for sex when it was staring him in the face.

"Come on," the blond girl urged him as he fumbled with the key to the small ski chalet, screened from most of the others on the mountainside by a carefully tended hedge. She grabbed his rear end, squeezing enthusiastically. "God, you've got a great butt." She pressed close and licked his ear as he finally slotted the key home and pushed the door open. "I can't wait to screw. I can't believe how hot you are!"

"Thanks." Bobby hoped the smile plastered across his face didn't look as false as it felt. But he'd had girls drooling over him since he was a kid. After a while it became part of the background noise.

The price of being my mother's son, I suppose.

"Mmm." The girl kicked the door closed with one booted foot, spinning to loop her arms around his neck. "I don't know why we had to drive halfway up the mountain, Robby. Why couldn't we just go to your house?"

"Bobby," he corrected her absently, looking down at her impressive chest, covered as it was by a jacket and a heavy sweater. "And my mom would be at our place." *And once you realized who my mother was, I could say goodbye of any chance of getting you in bed,* he added mentally. *You'd act like everyone else who meets Valentina Belmonte, and forget all about me.*

"Oh? What does she do?"

"She's an accountant," he lied.

“Really?” Her forehead wrinkled. “She must be hella rich to live here in Vail. Every year my dad bitches about how much it costs when we come out here on vacation. And that’s only for a few days.”

“She works for some of the film companies.” That part, at least, was true. “But I’d rather not talk about her right now,” he added, putting his hands on her waist and smiling down at her. Trying to appear confident, he slid them up, until they were resting on the outer swells of her breasts. In his slacks, his cock slowly hardened, growing down the inside of his thigh. “Want to see my bedroom?” he asked, trying to capture his mother’s throaty murmur, which half of America wished belonged to them.

“Yeah!” The girl’s blue eyes lit with enthusiasm. What was her name again? Cindy? Wendy? “I can’t wait to see you naked.” She rubbed his crotch with her hand, and her smile widened with appreciation. “Damn, Robby. Is all that for me?”

“Unless you brought an invisible friend,” he joked, trying to hide his nervousness.

She giggled, pulling him down for a quick kiss. Her lips tasted of strawberry lip gloss. “Maybe next time,” she whispered into his ear. “My girlfriend Bambi is kind of, you know, kinky. She’s bi. Her family and ours always share a cabin when we come out here. And we’ve fooled around once or twice, which would make my dad *totally* freak if he found out. She told me once that she’s always wanted to try a three-way. One boy, one girl, and her.” She licked the lobe of his ear, her warm breath making him shiver. “But I’m going to take you for a test-drive first.”

“The bedrooms are upstairs,” he said, pointing to the wooden staircase. “Me, my sister, and my mom. But none of them should show up here tonight.” Especially not his sister, who was staying at college during spring break, working on her film career.

“What about your dad?”

He shrugged. "He and Mom split up when I was just a baby." And oh, God, he so did not want to talk about his family right now, especially with his shaft threatening to burst right through his trousers. "I haven't seen him in years."

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"Don't be. Mom takes care of my sister and me just fine." He nodded to the staircase. "Ready?"

"Mmmm." She rubbed him again, with growing enthusiasm. "You bet, lover." She giggled. "I've never been with a Mexican before."

He closed his eyes, biting his lip to keep back a sharp retort. Cindy was an empty-headed bimbo. It wasn't her fault, he supposed, that everyone from everywhere south of Texas apparently looked the same to some people. "Let's go, then."

Hand in hand, they climbed the stairs.

"Oh, *gross!* Take me home!"

"But Cindy..."

"It's Mandy, you idiot. Take me home *right now!*"

Bobby pulled into the driveway, scowling as the gate, meant to discourage people who had managed to figure out his mother's address, slid noiselessly open, the security system recognizing his car from the transponder discreetly tucked under the sun visor. He pulled through, and it closed behind him, the Tesla whispering along the drive, the black tarmac winding through the snowy landscape like a cold winter river that had not yet frozen over.

God be thanked, it looked like his mother hadn't arrived back from the dinner she was attending, hosted by several studio execs who were, she had told him earlier in the day, hoping to lure her into a role in their latest movie. She had been dubious about the whole thing, he recalled. Valentina Belmonte had reached a point in her career where she could afford to be picky about the roles she took. And from what she had said to Bobby, the movie in question wasn't anything to write home about.

At the moment, however, he was in no mood to talk to his movie-star mom. He parked his car in the empty garage and entered the house, kicking off his shoes and taking the stairs two at a time until he was safe in his bedroom. He peeled his jacket off and threw it on the floor, then collapsed on the bed, his fists clenched at his sides.

What is wrong with me?

As usual, the universe didn't see fit to give him an answer. In his pocket, his phone rang. He pulled it out, grimaced, and crossed to his desk. A tap of a button on his computer, and the screen flickered on as he sat down, his sister's face appearing on the monitor as if by magic.

"Hey, Chipmunk. What's up?" Lorelei Belmonte was lounging back in a chair, a bathrobe loosely belted over her small, slender body. Her head tilted curiously. "You okay? You look pissed about something."

"It's nothing." He squinted at the screen. The background didn't look like Lorelei's Los Angeles apartment. His older sister was a junior at UCLA, where she was, of course, studying film. "Where are you?"

"At the studio," she smirked. "Jake said I could take a break while they set up for the next scene."

"Oh, god." He closed his eyes. "You're calling me from the set of a porn film?"

"Of course not. I'm calling you from the *dressing room* of a porn film. Huge difference, Chipmunk."

He shook his head. It was one thing to be the son of Valentina Belmonte, world-famous actress, model, author, columnist, and bane of the moral majority, the religious right, and tight-asses everywhere. It was another for your own sister to moonlight as an adult actress under the pseudonym of “Hawt Pockets.”

“Why, Lorelei?” he asked at last. “Just tell me why. Why porn?”

“Why? Because I’m pretty sure I got Mom’s sex drive, along with everything else.” She shrugged, which made her loose robe fall open. Having lived her entire life in a household where nudity was not a taboo, she made no move to cover herself. Her skin was as dark as Bobby’s or their mother’s, a pleasing mocha that spoke to their shared Venezuelan heritage. “And because it makes me hot, to tell the truth. I like it. I like showing off my body and having sex with really attractive men and women on camera. And it’s honest. No, it is,” she protested, seeing his dubious expression. “I’m not cashing in on my name. You *know* if I tried out for a role at any other studio in town, and I got it, I would always wonder if I got it on my own merit, or if I got it because Mom has half of Hollywood on speed-dial and the casting agent was trying to suck up to her. And I can be sure I’m getting reliable feedback, too. You think movie critics are brutal? You should see the comments section of a pay-per-view site if they think you’re half-assing a scene.”

“But...porn?”

“We prefer the term ‘erotica,’” she said primly, then smiled, the expression unexpectedly sweet on her pixie-like face. “You know Mom wouldn’t let me work for anyone skeevy, Bobby. Jake Weintraub and Sweet Seduction Films do *classy* erotica. We have scripts and plots and even some special effects. It’s not just two people boning in a fake bedroom. Hell, Heather Fawxx used to work for Jake, before she retired.”

“Never heard of her.”

“You big liar.” She grinned, her teeth startlingly white in her dark face. Bobby was forced to admit he could see his sister’s appeal in the world of adult films. Although she was nearly twenty-two, with her diminutive height she looked a good five or six years younger, perfect for a sexy schoolgirl or innocent virgin.

That is, if he could see her appeal if he ever watched porn. Which, of course, he didn’t. At least, not when anyone could find out.

He tore his thoughts away from the alluring thought of his sister in the nude. “So what’s the next project?” he asked instead.

“Oh, it’s really good,” she gushed, leaning forward so the camera caught more than a hint of her cleavage. “The title is ‘Piratesses of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Pink Pearl.’ Which I think is awkward, but no one asked me. *I* think it should be ‘Horny Pirates of the Caribbean,’ which totally scans better. There’s this ship of sexy lesbian pirates, but the captain was cursed by a voodoo witch to never have an orgasm. So she is searching the high seas for the one woman who can make her cum.”

Bobby blinked. “Oh,” he said at last, trying to put aside the enticing image of a cast of sexy women in pirate garb making out on the deck of an old-fashioned sailing ship. “That sounds...” *sexy as fuck*. “...interesting,” he finished. “So who are you? The captain? The love interest?”

Lorelei laughed, and he found himself smiling despite the cringeworthy events of earlier in the evening, caught up in her infectious good humor. “Not hardly! No one would ever believe me as a bad-ass pirate captain.” She gestured at her petite frame, and Bobby nodded. His sister’s body was exquisitely curved, but her father was a gymnast and had been a rather small man to begin with. Lorelei barely cracked five foot two. “No. Jake found this absolutely gorgeous redhead named Celeste Montague to play O’Reilly. I’m the first mate,” she said proudly. She shifted, her eyes growing dark and hooded, her voice sinking into a predatory growl. “Maria Casanova, the Dagger of the Sea. The horny lesbian seductress who always

has the audience guessing. Am I really working for Captain Montague? Or secretly undermining her? And I get a scene with Celeste *and* one with Sara Jennings, who plays Bella.” She rolled her eyes. “You wouldn’t believe a woman who has been in the industry as long as she has could look so sweet and innocent, but somehow she does it. You just want to pick her up and take her home with you.” She licked her lips. “At least I do.”

“Sounds fun.” Bobby prudently kept his mouth shut on his opinion that at least his sister wouldn’t be having sex on camera with a man. Lorelei would doubtlessly roast him for being hopelessly old-fashioned and patriarchal.

“So what’s got you wound up so tight?” she asked, her eyes sharp. “It’s spring break, for crying out loud. Why aren’t you out on the town, taking your pick of all the snow-bunnies?”

“I tried that,” he said bitterly, before he could stop his flapping mouth. “It didn’t work.”

“Oh?”

Before he knew it, he was pouring out the whole wretched story. About how he had gone out skiing, how he had met a cute girl on the slopes. How they had gone back to the clubhouse for a drink, which had turned into dinner, which had turned into him inviting her back to the chalet.

Which had turned into yet one more mortifying failure.

“Let me get this straight,” she said when he finally wound down. “You came all over this girl’s face?”

His face was flaming. “And her neck. And her hands. And her sweater.”

“Whoa.” Lorelei’s expression was solemn, but her eyes were dancing. “That must have been one hell of a load, Chipmunk. Maybe you should be the one working in adult films, not me. I could hook you up with an interview with Jake, if you want. Directors are always looking for a guy who’s got a good money shot.”

“No, thank you,” he bit out.

“Of course,” she sniggered, “Jake usually prefers guys who have a little more...stamina.”

He covered his face with his hands. “Come on, Lor! It isn’t funny!”

“Well, it’s a *little* bit funny.”

“No. It isn’t.”

“Men,” she sighed. “You’re all so *serious* about your floppy bits. It’s just sex, Bobby.”

“Not when it happens to me every time.”

“Besides, you can just...” She suddenly stopped. “Wait. *Every* time?”

“Yes,” he sighed.

“Roberto.” Her voice was gentle. “Are you a virgin?”

He paused before he spoke. “Not...technically, I guess.”

“Technically? What is that supposed to mean?”

“It means I’ve had sex. But it’s never lasted long enough for me to really enjoy it. Or the girl either, obviously” He sagged in his chair. “God, Rabbit. What am I going to do? It’s getting to the point where I’m avoiding girls, just because I know how it’s going to end when we go to bed. Badly.”

Lorelei was silent for a long minute, her fingers playing idly with the ends of her glossy black hair, the same color as his and their mother’s. It was odd, Bobby thought, how she had put her stamp so firmly on her children. No one who saw them together could fail to see the resemblance. Give Lorelei an additional five inches and a slightly larger chest and the two women could be twins.

“Talk to Mom,” she said at last.

“What? No. No way. I don’t even know why I’m telling *you*.”

“Talk to Mom,” she insisted. “She’s not just an actress, you know. She’s written books, she’s had an advice column-”

“A column that half the papers cancelled when Mom insisted that they couldn’t censor her.”

“Yeah? So? She gave out sexual advice to America, and she didn’t sugar-coat it with pleasant little lies. How is that a bad thing? If there is one person who I would trust to tell me the truth and to do what was best for me, it would be her. You can’t tell me that she hasn’t ever come across a problem like yours before.”

“As many guys as she’s been with? I doubt it,” he admitted.

She narrowed her eyes at his tone. “Please don’t tell me those crazy fundos up in Boulder have got hold of you,” she warned. “They give Mom enough trouble already, boycotting her movies and picketing wherever she’s filming for being a godless Jezebel. Whatever that means. She doesn’t need that sort of crap at home.”

“Are you kidding?” he asked with a laugh. “Hang out with the Jesus-shouters? We go out onto the quad to laugh at them. There’s this really whacko one called Preacher Dan who is convinced that when Armageddon comes, angels are going to smite the wicked with a Super Cosmic Ray Gun, which will result in a river of blood five miles long. It’d be funny,” he added as his sister laughed, “if he didn’t seem so happy about it.”

“Well, I’m glad you haven’t been brainwashed,” Lorelei said. “But seriously. Ask Mom. Even I can tell that you’re about ready to snap about this. If you don’t take care of it now, it’ll just get worse and worse and you’ll end up developing a nasty psychological complex about it, and then you’ll have to go into therapy and end up blowing our inheritance on the psychiatrist fees.”

“Gee, thanks,” he said dryly. “Glad to know you care about me so much.”

“Well, if you want, I can fly home and bring some of the girls with me,” she suggested with a cheerful leer. “I bet you’d be able to get one of them into bed with you. As good as you look, you probably wouldn’t even have to try very hard.”

“Yeah? You might want to think that one over, Rabbit. What’s the point of pretending you’re not Valentina Belmonte’s daughter if you bring them home to a mansion in Vail? Especially since Mom’s photos are all over the place. Jake Weintraub would be pretty pissed to find out that the secret was out, especially after Mom threatened to hammer him into paste if he was the one to let things slip.”

She stuck her tongue out at him. “Party pooper.”

“You know it.” He cocked his head, alerted by noise downstairs. “Hold on. I think she’s home.”

“Yeah? Alone?”

He listened. No, there was definitely at least one male voice mingled with his mother’s unmistakable contralto. “Don’t think so.” He traded an amused glance with Lorelei. Their mother’s sexual appetites had been fodder for the tabloids since before they were born. For themselves, though, the constantly changing cast of lovers that drifted in and out of her bedroom were just one facet of her personality. It might be a different man or woman every night, or it might be something that approached a long-term relationship. But their mother very rarely went to bed alone.

He quietly closed the bedroom door. Not because she would be embarrassed if he saw her with her latest conquest on her arm, but because he had learned that some men (or women) got a little skittish if they knew he had seen them go into his mother’s bedroom. On one memorable occasion, when he was about eleven, a gorgeous blond woman (who would go on to have an abbreviated career at Fox News, where she railed against the moral degeneracy of modern America) had turned around and gone home rather than have a witness. The fact that at his age Bobby had been way more interested in his video games than what was going on in his mother’s bedroom was beside the point.

“In the morning, then.” Lorelei fixed him with what Bobby guessed was supposed to be an intimidating stare. “Promise me, Roberto.”

“Fine, fine. I promise. Happy?”

A knock sounded on the door of the dressing room, audible through the speakers of the tablet. Lorelei grinned. “I’m about to be.” She stood up, taking off her robe, revealing a body that was petite, firm, and lushly rounded all at the same time. “Want me to send you a clip when I’m done?”

“Nah. If I want to look at a hot Latina, I’ll just download some of Mom’s old *telenovelas*.”

“Shithead.”

“Skank.”

She smiled and kissed the tips of her fingers, placing them on the screen. “Love you, Chipmunk. See you soon.”

He copied the gesture. “Me, too, Rabbit. Be safe and come visit me at school sometime, all right? I can show you around campus and you can break a dozen hearts or so.”

“It’s a deal. Love you.”

“Bye.”

“Nice place,” the studio executive said as he stepped through the front door.

Valentina smiled at him. “Well, it isn’t much. But it’s home.”

He grinned disarmingly. “I wish I could say as much. My place is a condo in Reseda with a dead plant on the windowsill.”

“A dead plant?” She raised her brows. “You were lucky. We would have killed for a dead plant, growing up. A dead plant would have been luxury. There were seventeen of us all living in a damp waste-paper basket in the city dump. And every morning our father would beat us with a belt with nails in it, just to wake us up. He said it would build character.”

“Well, obviously it worked,” he said. “Kids these days don’t appreciate good old-fashioned discipline.”

She laughed, wrapping her arms around his waist and pulling him close. From foot to chest, their bodies were molded together, and her smile widened as she felt the evidence of his interest pressing against her hip. She leaned back, enjoying the view of his face, with its wide, mobile mouth and gray-green eyes. She had immediately picked William Boyd out from the trio of suits who had flown to Vail in an attempt to lure her into Paradigm Pictures’ latest attempt to become relevant. Not only was he the best-looking of the three, but he was also the most intelligent, who had been able to answer her questions about the screenplay without resorting to buzzwords and clichés. As a bonus, he hadn’t spent the entire meal either kissing her ass or staring at her tits.

The combination was unusual, and arousing. In the high-pressure world of Hollywood, there were too few men who were willing to deal with women as equals, rather than as stepping stones for their own careers. Under the linen jacket and silk blouse and tasteful skirt, her body warmed, kindling with sensual heat.

“I like you, William,” she said, giving his rear an exploratory squeeze. Yes. Nice and tight, just the way she liked it. “Want to go to bed?”

“Jesus.” He blinked down at her. “You don’t mess around, do you?”

“I mess around as much as I can,” she corrected him gently. “And I turned forty last summer. Life is too short to waste an opportunity. But if you’re not interested,” she added, watching with amusement as his eyes widened in alarm, “we can just have a glass of wine and I’ll call you a cab to take you back to your hotel.”

“No! No, that’s okay,” he said hurriedly. “I just...”

“You were just waiting for me to take the next step in the dance?” She shrugged out of her jacket, watching Williams eyes widen as his glance caught the tense buds of her erect nipples, pressing into her black silk

blouse through her bra. *Thank you, girls. You never let me down.* She pressed her hand against his chest. “How about we pretend that we’ve had a drink or two and we’ve shared some intimate secrets and it’s an hour later?” She lifted a hand, running the tip of her fingernail across his lower lip. “And we’re both so horny all we want to do is rip our clothes off and fuck,” she whispered.

Blood was pounding at the juncture of her thighs, her body ramping up for sex. It had been more than a day since she had been laid, and her constant, always-simmering libido was screaming for attention. *Come on, William. I don’t have all night. There’s a dozen men in town who could be here in twenty minutes if I called them. But I don’t want to wait that long.*

He grinned down at her, and she suppressed a sigh of exasperation at the expression of smug triumph on his face. William might be a cut above his colleagues, but he apparently still had the sense of male entitlement too many men had as part of the package.

*Men, she thought wryly, need to be redesigned. The next time I go to mass, God and I are **definitely** going to have a talk.*

But she chose to ignore William’s expression. If she made a big deal about it, he probably wouldn’t understand. So few men did. That a woman might choose to go to bed with them, not because of their innate superiority, but because they were the best of a bad lot, was something that their primate egos could barely comprehend. And she didn’t want to end the day with a long discussion about gender roles and sexual expression in modern American society. For some reason, that tended to dampen the mood.

“Well, I’m certainly ready,” he murmured in what he obviously thought was a seductive tone.

“Good.” She gave his rear a final squeeze, then headed for the stairs, pulling him after her. Bobby’s door was closed, she noted with an inner smile as they passed his room. Though whether that was for his benefit or hers, she wasn’t sure. Her younger child was bit of a mystery to her, to be

honest. While she and Lorelei saw eye to eye on almost everything, including the need for healthy amounts of sex, preferably on a daily basis, Bobby was much more reserved, preferring to keep his opinions to himself, at least as far as his romantic life was concerned.

“Just us in the house?” William asked curiously.

“My daughter is in Los Angeles, at UCLA,” she replied, deftly avoiding the subject, as she opened the door of her bedroom. “Bobby is a sophomore at Colorado. They’re good kids.”

“I’m sure they are,” he said. “Wow. I like the bed.”

“Thanks.” A massive four-poster, it dominated the bedroom, which was bigger than the apartment she had lived in until the check from her first movie cleared and her family could move out of the barrio.

“I bet you could get an entire soccer team in there.”

She smiled at him, though she let an edge creep into her voice. “It was only three of them. And besides, how better to congratulate the ladies after they won the Women’s World Cup?”

“Right.” William flushed and looked down. “Listen,” he said. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to...to...”

“To accuse me of sleeping around?” She shrugged, a fluid ripple of her shoulders. “Don’t worry about it. Everyone’s been saying it since I was seventeen. I just let it roll off my back.

“But I’m not interested in talking about the past,” she added. “I’m concerned about the present. Especially,” she went on, letting her hand settle over the bulge in his slacks, “about *this* present. Why don’t we stop talking and start getting naked?” She sat on the bed and crossed her legs, looking up at him invitingly. “You first.”

With a nod and a smile, he shrugged out of his sports jacket and pulled the tails of his dress shirt out of his slacks. As he slowly unbuttoned the shirt, her breath began to quicken, the valley between her legs flooding with moisture.

William was good looking, even if it was in a bland, cookie cutter sort of way. She smiled, remembering a line from one of her girlfriends, an Asian actress who believed that there was a factory somewhere in southern California where they turned out tall, tanned white men by the dozen, all with communications degrees from mid-tier colleges.

“Can’t throw a rock in this damn town without hitting some jackass who went to UC-Davis or San Diego State or Cal-Riverside and thinks he’s going to end up running Universal,” Heidi had said, draining her margarita. “But be an Asian girl, or Latina, or, God forbid, black, and demand your slice of the pie, and they act like you’re on the steps of city hall reading the Communist Manifesto and declaring the Revolution of the Proletariat.”

She put the picture out of her mind as William’s broad chest, doubtlessly toned with the help of a personal trainer, came into view. As tan as the rest of him, it was almost hairless, and she wondered idly if he had it waxed. As he toed out of his shoes and unbuckled his belt, she felt herself tensing in anticipation, hoping she wouldn’t be disappointed. Sure, he had felt good in her hand, but she had been fooled before, to her regret. And tonight, after a good meal and some excellent wine, what she wanted was a really nice stiff cock between her legs.

Ah. Yes. That will do. She smiled, and made sure William saw it. Nothing like a little appreciation to make a man feel good. She began to unbutton her blouse, not even trying to hide the way she was checking out his package. Though she suspected with an inner laugh that her companion might have been hoping to get laid tonight, even if he couldn’t have expected it to be with her. The navy-blue boxer briefs were snug enough for Valentina to see the hard line of William’s erection, without it being as blatantly suggestive as a banana-hammock, which she had always found slightly gross.

She dropped the blouse to the floor, then reached back to unhook the straps of her bra. She sighed as the hated garment fell away. Even now, at over forty, her breasts didn't need any support, but she had worn it so as not to offend the tender sensibilities of William and his friends, who would probably be shocked if she showed up to a business dinner without a bra. She massaged the mark a cup had put in her skin, rubbing at the faint red line, and made a mental note to have her assistant stop buying that line of lingerie.

“Wow.” William was staring at her breasts. She smiled as he swallowed, his throat bobbing jerkily. “Miss...Valentina, you're amazing.”

“Mmmm.” She stood and walked to him, her hips swaying seductively. She reached behind her, her fingers finding the tab of a zipper. With a tug, it was loose, her black pencil skirt falling around her ankles, leaving her only in heels and a pair of sheer black panties. Heat roared through her body as her fingers found Williams's swelling prick.

“Let's fuck,” she whispered.

Chapter 2: Motherly Advice

“Mom? Do you have a second?” Bobby’s voice snapped her concentration.

“Sure, honey.” She closed the script she was reading on a finger and smiled up at her son. “Did you just get up? It’s nearly time for lunch.”

“I’ve been up for a while,” he said, walking into her study. He sat down in an easy chair a few steps away from her comfortable recline on the sofa and smiled crookedly. “Didn’t want to interrupt you and your...friend.”

She waved that away. “This is your house, too, Bobby. Never worry about that. You have more right to be here than any of my lovers, unless I’m dumb enough or crazy enough to get married again. Which won’t be soon, if ever. Besides,” she grinned, “I sent him home around one. He was good enough to sleep with, but not nearly good enough to have spend the night.”

Her son smiled back, but his heart didn’t seem to be in it. He sat on the edge of the chair, his back hunched, his elbows on his knees.

“Are you all right, honey?” she asked quietly. “Is everything okay at school?”

“School?” He blinked at her. “No, school’s fine.” More than a hint of pride colored his voice. “I think I’ll make Dean’s List again this semester.”

“Good. Obviously all that money I spent on prep school for you and your sister paid off.”

“Yeah.” Bobby leaned back, swiping his hand through his hair, the same tousled black as her own. “About Lorelei. Are you sure it’s smart, Mom? Letting her work as an adult actress, when any person in America with a credit card and a computer can see her have sex?”

“Well, I’m pretty sure if I tried to stop her, she’d do it anyway,” Valentina said. Was this what it was all about? Bobby had been snappish and keyed up ever since he had come home for spring break. And at winter

break, too, now that she thought about it, which was unusual for her mild-mannered son. Her daughter had sprung her plan on them last fall, but her movies hadn't started hitting the internet until a few months ago. Had someone at Colorado found out her daughter's secret and started to give Bobby crap about it? "Your sister has a mind of her own, you know. And she's over twenty-one, which means I don't have a lot of leverage to use on her, even if I didn't approve of what she's doing."

"You approve? Of her having sex with strangers on camera?"

"Roberto," she chuckled. "I've been *pretending* to have sex on camera with strangers since I was younger than your sister is. In most people's eyes, there's not much of a difference. People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, *mijito*."

Her eyes strayed to a framed poster on the wall. The still from her first movie had been taken twenty-six years ago, but for her, sometimes it only seemed like yesterday.

It was, she thought, just this side of pornographic. And God, hadn't the right wing pitched a fit about it. Barely fourteen, she was sitting in a swing, dressed in a pair of shorts which barely covered her hips and a cutoff t-shirt which didn't even reach the bottom of her rib cage. Her knees were spread in a pose which invited anyone to look at her long, lean legs, or even, if they possessed a certain perverse frame of mind, even higher. The t-shirt was tented by the tips of her small breasts, just starting to ripen into womanhood, and in one hand she held an ice-cream cone. As she licked it, her eyes were looking straight out at the observer, full of wicked, sensual delight.

It's wrong, and you know it, she seemed to be saying. But wouldn't it be fun to try?

The movie had made her famous. Or infamous, depending on your point of view. And it had all happened by accident, almost. She had been attending her cousin Maria's *quinceañera* at an open-air park in Los

Angeles. A casting agent, late for a wedding reception and desperate to find an actress for the title role in a remake of *Lolita*, had happened to wander past the area where Maria's party was being held at the exact moment Valentina had climbed onto the bandstand to sing.

By the time she had come off the platform, Danny Riverton had cornered her parents and was asking if she had ever taken any acting classes. Her mother, confused by the sudden attention, had said that she had, not revealing that the classes in question had been for the theater club at Valentina's middle school.

Two days later, she had been auditioning for the title role in *Lolita*.

Two weeks later, she had the part and, with her parents watching, was signing a contract for more money than she had ever thought existed.

Two months after that, the shoot wrapped.

And a few months later, the movie came out, was immediately savaged by the press, tanked at the box office, won a Razzie for Worst Picture, and got half a dozen executives fired for putting out such a horrible piece of dreck.

But not Valentina. Even the harshest critic found the space to say good things about her performance, even as they deplored the way the movie exploited her.

She had been lucky, she realized now, with the benefit of hindsight. She had been very, very lucky. Hollywood was littered with the wrecked careers of child stars, one-hit wonders who were used and discarded as soon as they were no longer useful.

Her parents were smart enough to be wary of the agents who circled them like vultures around a fresh corpse, eager for a piece of her fame. They said no, again and again, drawing a firm line with anyone who might try to take advantage of her. And when they finally did let her act again, it wasn't in a film. No. It was for a Spanish-language *telenovela*, *Corazones de Fuego*. They felt comfortable with people who spoke their own

language, who promised to look after teenage Valentina, and to make sure she was able to complete her high-school degree and shoot her scenes at night or on the weekends.

She did a four-year stint on *Corazones*, her character blossoming from a shy, gawky teenager to a fiery young woman, beloved among the fans of the show. And as she grew more confident in her acting ability, her body was changing as well, slowly blossoming until she looked in the mirror one day and realized she was beautiful, the sort of beautiful that most people only saw on the pages of a magazine.

And then her career exploded. She went to college, of course. But her weekends weren't spent going to football games and fraternity parties. No. She was jetting off to Paris or Australia or the Caribbean, trying to finish her homework in between fashion shoots as one of the most highly-desired models on earth. Designers despaired of her body, being far bustier than the trends found fashionable. But by that time, she wasn't following the trends, she was making them.

She graduated and, on the advice of a fellow model, announced she was going back into acting. People laughed at her when she did. She was twenty-two, had appeared in one crappy film eight years ago and had done a stint on a cheesy *telenovela* that hardly anyone watched. What made her think she could find work in Hollywood?

Valentina had shown them. Had shown them all. The parts had been small at first, but as her skill became evident, they had grown, until she had become one of the most sought-after actresses in the world. She smiled, looking at a small wooden shelf on the wall. Other actresses, she knew, had huge trophy rooms where they hoarded awards as if they were dearer to them than their own families. Hers was stark in its simplicity, but what was there could speak for itself. Flanked by two Golden Globes was a simple gold statue, her Oscar for Best Actress, won only last year. Nearly two decades into her acting career, she could now pick and choose what jobs she

took, and everyone who laughed at her then was eating their words now, singing her praises with rapturous paeans at the box-office and critical success of *Lúthien and Beren*.

And of course, along the way, she had married twice, divorced twice, had born a child out of each marriage, and had discovered herself sexually. The product of the second marriage was sitting in front of her, while the product of the first was a thousand miles away in Los Angeles, only a few miles from where she had been born.

She smiled, though not entirely happily. Her marriages were an attempt to be the good girl her parents wanted her to be, quickly made and just as quickly regretted. Valentina had thought that if she settled down with a man, the urges driving her would stop. To her parents' horror, she had become pregnant at seventeen, just before she started at UCLA, the father a Romanian gymnast whom she had met while he was doing a tour of America with his troupe. She had married him in a panic, and had then discovered that they had absolutely nothing in common outside of the bedroom. She had lived at home when Lorelei was born, her parents helping her with child-rearing duties while she pursued both her modeling career and her college degree. But her annulment had been granted with almost embarrassing quickness. Giorgi was now a coach on the Romanian national team and the two of them were still on good terms. When their paths crossed, she never hesitated to renew their relationship. Especially in the bedroom.

Two years later, Ramón had come along, dark and dangerously handsome, with an unexpected streak of humor in his slate-gray eyes. They both worked for the same modeling agency, and she had fooled herself into thinking she was in love with him. Unfortunately, she hadn't been able to keep her legs closed with a wedding ring on her finger any better than she had been without one, and Ramón was the sort of old-fashioned man who

expected his wife to be faithful. When Bobby was little more than an infant, they had separated, and then divorced.

But the needs driving her hadn't stopped. In fact, they had only intensified. It was only after Bobby had been born and his father had left her that she was able to admit the truth to herself; she was a nymphomaniac, hypersexual. Her body craved sex, needed it, at a fundamental level. If she didn't have sex frequently, she got short-tempered and bitchy, which was mortifying to a woman who prided herself on her calm grace under pressure. And nothing in the world, not even love, could keep her monogamous. Two failed marriages and a pair of hefty settlements to her ex-husbands were proof enough of that.

And so she embarked on a lifestyle which had made her the bane of every small-minded, "right-thinking" person in America. Her acting ability had made her financially secure. And with no need to suck up to anyone, she was able to sleep with anyone she felt like. At first she stuck to men, but one night she had let herself be seduced by a pair of lesbians while the three of them were working on a very forgettable film, and the experience had opened brand new doors in her life. At that moment, as Vanna licked her to a mind-numbing climax, she had made up her mind. She wasn't heterosexual, or homosexual, or bisexual. She was *omnisexual*, and she would give the finger to all the rules everyone else lived by.

She had never married again, had never even come close. But over the years, she had sampled almost every option open to her. She'd had male lovers, and female ones. She had belonged to group relationships - either all male, or all female, or a delightful combination of both. For nine incandescent months, she had been the mistress of a married pair, absolutely lovely and kinkily inventive in bed, before she had to come back to America from the movie shoot in New Zealand.

But she had never doubted that what she was doing was right. At least for her, if not for everyone else. And it seemed that her daughter Lorelei

was little different than she was. If it was a sickness in her blood, as her own mother often maintained, then it had been passed down to the next generation as easily as her hair and her cheekbones.

She pulled her mind back to the present, and her nineteen year old son, who was waiting for her to respond. “So is it Lorelei’s career that’s bothering you, Chipmunk? Or the way she’s pursuing it?”

“It’s not her at all. It’s me. But she said I should talk to you. That you could give me some good advice, the way you used to do in your column.”

“Oh.” She sat up, giving her son her full attention. “Why don’t you tell me about it, *mijito*?”

Her son’s skin darkened in a flush as he forced the story out. About how he had taken a girl back to the chalet the previous evening and how the night had ended...prematurely. He didn’t raise his head, keeping his eyes fixed on the wooden floor as he spoke.

When he stumbled to a stop, she tried to console him. “Baby. Take it easy. It happens to a lot of guys. Even ones I’ve been with. It’s not a big deal. I just give them some time to recover, and then we’re off to the races again. And the second time is usually a lot better, since by then the pressure’s off and they know I don’t expect them to be Superman in the sack.”

“Mom, it wasn’t one time. One time I could deal with, probably. This happens to me *every* time.” His eyes were bleak. “How am I supposed to keep a girl happy if I...if I...you know...as soon as I get my pants off?”

She leaned back in her seat. “What were you thinking I could do?”

He fidgeted. “I don’t know. Advice. I’d really rather avoid counseling, if I can. I don’t like...” He took a deep breath. “I like to keep what’s going on with my privates...private, if you know what I mean. I’m not like you, Mom. Or Lorelei. And what would happen if word got out to the press that your son had problems with his sex life? The tabloids would have a fucking field day.”

“They could try. And I don’t know that I ever advertised what I was doing, Roberto,” she observed mildly. “I just wouldn’t lie about it, the way a lot of other people did.”

“You also took two dates to the Oscars last year,” he reminded her.

“Ah.” Her face softened in reminiscence. “That was a *good* night. My first academy award, and my first-”

Her son held up his hands. “I do *not* want to know the details, Mom.”

She grinned at him, pleased that she had been able to tease him out of his funk. “Well, as far as your little...problem goes, let me think about it for a little while.” She stood up. “Now, how about lunch?”

“What about the script?” he asked.

“That?” She flipped a hand as she walked out of the room. “It’s crap. William convinced me to take a second look at it, but unless they hire someone to do a rewrite, I’m not touching it. My character is a bitchy, ball-busting, one-note nag. Until she meets a typical alpha-male asshole, who treats her like shit but somehow she likes it.” She stalked into the kitchen. “I’ll play a bitch in a comedy. But not in a drama. Especially if my character gets treated like garbage by a man with no redeeming qualities at all. Remind me to dump that into the shredder later on this afternoon, will you?”

“Sure.”

“What would you like for lunch?” she asked, heading into the kitchen, her slippers whispering across the stone floor.

“I don’t know,” he shrugged. “You don’t have to cook for me, you know.”

“I like to cook.” She glanced at him as she opened the fridge. “Are you going to live in the dorms another year? Or get an apartment?”

“I don’t know,” he repeated.

“Well, if you decide to get an apartment, you might want to invest in a cookbook. Or I could teach you some recipes over break.” She wagged a

finger at him playfully. “I don’t want to learn that you’re living on frozen pizza and take-out. Your grandmother would roll over in her grave.”

“Grandma’s alive,” he protested. His lips twitched. “Despite the fact that every time I talk to her on the phone she tries to convince me that you’re going to kill her with your wicked, godless ways. God only knows what would happen if she knew what Lorelei was doing.”

“Your grandmother,” she said tartly, pulling out a loaf of bread, “thinks that the only acceptable way for a woman to have sex is on her back with her eyes closed. If she doesn’t, she might start to actually enjoy it, and lord knows we can’t have that. It might lead to sinful thoughts and promiscuity!” She put her hand over her chest in mock horror. “Oh, the humanity!”

“Watch out, Mom,” he laughed. “Your sarcasm is showing.”

She thumped a block of cheese on the kitchen island. “How about grilled cheese? And some fruit and vegetables on the side?”

His mother made them grilled cheese, each sandwich toasted to perfection. And apparently he wasn’t going to get a choice about cooking lessons, because she pulled a bunch of vegetables out of the fridge, handed him a knife and a cutting board, and simply raised her eyebrows at him, daring him to protest. And then she proceeded to critique his methods as he clumsily sliced carrots and apples and radishes and celery, wondering aloud about whether she had raised a mental deficient, since he didn’t seem to think that he should wash his food before he prepared it.

But eventually the meal was ready, and he hadn’t cut himself *too* badly with the knife, and they sat down to eat at the small table in the kitchen nook.

“This is nice,” she said, nibbling at a piece of celery which she had slathered in peanut butter. “Reminds me of college. I was living at home,

since your grandparents were helping me take care of Lorelei, and between classes and modeling and taking care of your sister, I was about run off my feet. But every once in a while I would have time to cook for myself. Grilled cheese was always a quick, tasty meal.”

“Do you miss it? College?” he asked.

She stared at him. “Miss it? Miss juggling classes and a career and a crying baby and my parents looking at me like I was a harlot and so much stress I was lucky to get four or five hours of sleep a night? Hell, no. I don’t miss that at all. Some people claim that college was the best four years of their lives. Not for me. It wasn’t until I graduated that all the craziness seemed to settle down a bit. Don’t get me wrong,” she added, chewing thoughtfully. “You and your sister are about the two best things that could have happened to me. You gave me structure, something to keep my centered. If I didn’t have you, lord knows what might have happened to me. I might have turned into one more Hollywood has-been. Famous at fourteen, forgotten at twenty-four, dead at forty.” One corner of her mouth tucked up in a sad smile. “I’ve seen it before, *mi corazón*. The really sad ones who were stars, once. They come in for a couple of days of work and are grateful, because their lives are such a wreck.”

“A wreck,” he grumbled. “Sounds like my sex life right now.” Then he realized how stupid and self-centered that must sound. “Sorry.”

“Don’t worry, Chipmunk.” His mother bit into an apple slice. “I remember what it was like to be your age, scared that everyone was going to find out what a colossal fraud you were.”

“You? Come on, Mom. You’re gorgeous. And you were gorgeous then, too. Don’t try to tell me you had to deal with this sort of thing.”

“Your sort of thing? No. I don’t have a penis, after all. But I had *my* sort of thing. Remember, Roberto, that I was a poor girl from a poor family. Oh, I had some brains. But if I hadn’t hit on a million-to-one shot, I would never have been able to go to college, would never have gotten into acting, or

modeling, or all of the things which made this,” she waved an arm at the house, “possible.”

“You would still be beautiful,” he pointed out.

“You know, that’s true.” She grinned at him. “So maybe I’d be a sex-worker somewhere. Thanks for pointing out the silver lining, honey.”

“Mom!” He put his head in his hands. “That’s just...gross.”

“It’s a job, Bobby. And one with a long and noble history.” She paused, her eyes distant. “You know, if you want someone to help you out with your...problem, I might be able to find some working girls around here who are willing to see you. I know one or two. With all the money that flows through this town in the winter, there’s always a few cute girls who are willing to make some extra money on the side. Or even as a full-time job.”

Bobby shook his head. “No. Nope. Nuh-uh, not gonna do it, no way, *nein, nyet*, absolutely not.”

“I’m sorry,” she said. “I shouldn’t tease you. But your face...” she giggled.

“Well, come up with a better idea, then,” he grouched.

She leaned back, toying with a crust of her sandwich. “I’ll try. But you have to answer some questions. And be honest,” she warned. “I know that everyone lies about sex. But I need you to tell me the truth.”

“All right,” he said hesitantly.

“First. Do you have this problem when you masturbate?”

“Jesus, Mom!”

“I don’t think he has anything to do with it. Unless your fantasies are a *lot* kinkier than I’ve ever imagined.”

“You imagine what my fantasies are like? Weird, Mom.”

She shook her head, amused. “All right. Let’s get back to the subject. So you don’t want to hire a sex-worker, correct?”

“Not if I can help it.”

“Well, how about a sexual therapist? This is Vail, after all, the playground of the rich and famous. I bet there’s a shrink here in town who specializes in that sort of thing. And if you need more extended therapy, I’m sure we can find you someone to help you out in Boulder when your break is over.”

Therapy? Telling someone, maybe some *woman*, about his sexual shortcomings? “There has to be a better way.”

“Well,” his mother paused, her voice unusually hesitant. “There’s always...aversion therapy. And we could do that here, if you want.”

“Aversion therapy? What’s that? And how do you know about it?”

She gave him a slightly crooked smile. “Baby, I work in an industry where half the people you meet have one sort of hangup or another. Not usually sex, but there’s other things.

“Aversion therapy is normally used for people who have phobias.” She leaned forward. “Say that you’re on a film. And your character has to handle something that *you*, in real life, wouldn’t touch with a ten-foot stick.”

“Snakes,” he intoned dolefully. “Why does it have to be snakes?”

“Exactly. Or spiders. Or heights. Or fucking monkeys.” He smiled. His mother’s irrational hatred of monkeys, usually played for laughs, had been fodder in almost every interview she had done since she was younger than he was.

“Well,” she continued, “they can’t just yell ‘action!’ and expect you to deal with a bunch of gross hairy spiders if you have a phobia. You’d run off the set screaming. So they give you aversion therapy.”

“But what *is* it?” he asked impatiently.

“They get you used to what you hate, just a little bit at a time. So if you have this really bad phobia of spiders, first they might just show you a picture of a spider. And if you can handle that, they put you in the same room as a spider in a tank. And if you can handle *that*, then maybe they let

the spider out. And then they get you to the point where you can hold one. And after that, when a man and a spider love each other *very much*..." she grinned, trailing off with a ridiculous leer on her face.

Bobby laughed. His mother's humor was off the wall, sometimes. "All right, I get it. Sort of. But I'm not scared of sex." He grimaced. "The opposite, really."

"Well, you can approach aversion therapy from the opposite direction, too. Condition your body and your mind so you can better handle things you find...pleasurable." She leaned back, her dark eyes considering him. "You never actually answered my question. Do you have this problem when you masturbate?"

He pressed his lips together.

"Bobby." Her voice was just the slightest bit impatient. "You can't dump this problem in my lap and then refuse to give me information that would let me help you. Please, baby. Answer the question. I'm your mother. You can tell me."

He closed his eyes. "No."

"No? No, you don't have this problem when you masturbate? Or, no, you don't want to answer?"

He kept his eyes shut, though his face heated. "No, I don't have this problem when I...when I masturbate," he somehow managed to grind out.

"Good!" Valentina said brightly. "So that means it only occurs when another woman is in the room with you, right?"

"Well, I'm not gay, so yeah, Mom."

"Very well. Progress made. That means the problem isn't physical, but mental. Your brain is overstimulated by the presence of a female, which then causes your body to react, with..."

"Catastrophic results," he grunted. "That sounds about right. So what's the cure?"

“I would say,” his mother said, speaking carefully, as if he were a young actor doing a scene with her for the first time, “that you need to get your body used to sexual activity in the presence of a woman. Not the act of lovemaking itself. But something less...drastic. Mutual masturbation, for instance.”

“Yeah? Who with?”

She looked at him. Simply looked. And his entire body seemed to go numb with shock.

His mother, one of the most lovely women in the world, reached across the table, taking his hand in hers. “Bobby. I’m your mother. I love you.

“And if you need my help, I’m here for you.”

Bobby stared at her. “Help? Help how?”

She kept her voice cool. “By helping you with some aversion therapy. You and I, Bobby...” she managed to not lick her lips. “We can teach you to calm down a little.”

“By jacking off in front of you?”

“By masturbating *with* me,” she replied calmly, not rising to his bait. “Or do you want to repeat last night’s experience over and over? And *over*,” she repeated, making sure she hammered the point home.

“Not really,” her son agreed reluctantly.

“Well, then. What’s the harm?”

“Besides the fact that you’re my mother?”

“Good God, Bobby,” she said impatiently. “I thought I raised you to be smarter than this. What did I tell you about masturbation?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “You told Lorelei and me a lot of things about sex.”

She tilted her head. "I'm pretty sure you remember this one, science-fiction geek that you are. What's the *worst thing* about masturbating?"

"Oh. That." His lips twitched. "Doing it badly."

"Right. And in the face of your refusal," she said, ticking the points off on her fingers, "to deal with this problem with a licensed sexual therapist, a sex worker, a psychologist, or anyone else, for that matter, I am left with *very few* options. You need a woman with you, Bobby," she said bluntly. "Not to have sex with. But to...help you get acclimated to being sexually aroused with a woman in the room. I am sure just that will be a huge benefit to your sex life."

"So, am I supposed to just drop my pants and whip my dingus out?"

Her lip curled. "Don't be ridiculous." She ran her eyes over him until he blushed and dropped his head. "You are not, at this moment, a specimen of male virility which would make any woman drop her panties and hop into the sack with you. Go upstairs," she ordered. "Shower. Shave. Brush your teeth and use some mouthwash. Deodorant, definitely, cologne if you feel like it. And come back downstairs in something comfortable and easily removed, *mi corazón*," she said, allowing her voice to gentle. "Something you might wear with a lover when the two of you were preparing for a night of pleasure."

"Oh? And what will you be doing?" he asked suspiciously.

"I really don't know where you got that nasty turn of mind," she replied serenely. "I am going to clean up from lunch and do...a few other things. I expect you down here in thirty minutes. No more. No less. And if you aren't," she added, making her voice firm, despite the thrill of anticipation that was running through her body, "you can go on having as much bad luck with women as you like, or crawl into a cave and become a hermit."

"Gee, thanks," he said sourly.

"Or you can take one of the *very reasonable* options I gave to you earlier," she said. "You know I want you to be happy, Roberto. It hurts me

to see you in pain. But you haven't left me a whole lot of options."

"Should have kept my big dumb mouth shut," he said, but got out of his chair and walked up the stairs, his footsteps echoing behind him in the large house.

She smiled after her son. And even she, if asked, could not have told anyone what she was thinking about.

Chapter 3: Not-So-Idle Hands

Bobby took his mother's suggestion (though, to his mind, it had been less of a suggestion and more of an order) and came downstairs precisely thirty minutes later. His hair was still damp from the shower, but he had shaved, brushed his teeth, dabbed on a discreetly tasteful amount of cologne, and had generally done all he could to make himself presentable. In place of the jeans and sweatshirt he had been wearing earlier, he had changed into a pair of loose gray sweats and a comfortable t-shirt.

"Mom?"

"In here, sweetheart." Her voice, still bearing a trace of the lilting Venezuelan accent of her youth, floated to him from the living room. He followed it to find her seated on one of the couches which were scattered around the large room, dressed in a blue silk robe so dark as to be nearly black. Her hair was loose, and she was scrolling through channels on the huge flat-screen television which dominated one wall.

"What sort of erotica would you like to watch?" she asked as he took the three steps down into the sunken room.

His feet froze to the floor. "What?"

"I asked," she said, looking over her shoulder at him, "what sort of erotica you like to watch." She turned back to the television, bringing up a menu on the screen. "I thought it would be easier for you to concentrate on something up there, rather than masturbating and trying to pretend your mother wasn't in the room with you."

He swallowed. *Actually, that's not a completely terrible idea.* "Are you going to order something off of pay-per-view?" he asked, trying to match her tone of sweet reason. "I looked at it once. The choices were pretty awful."

“Oh, no way,” she answered, pressing a key firmly. “I had a tech geek in here a few months ago. He synched up my laptop to the television here. So I can access all the erotica websites I subscribe to if I want to watch something sexy in glorious high-definition.”

“You have an account with a...” He shook his head. “Of course you do.” He sat down, though on the opposite side of the sofa. “I should have known.”

She smiled at him. “This above all; to thine own self be true.”

“Hamlet. Polonius,” he responded immediately. “He was a stupid old bore and got what he deserved.”

“Probably. So what sort?” she hinted.

His face colored, but he managed to keep his face steady. If his mother could be matter-of-fact about this, so could he. “Lesbian erotica,” he replied evenly.

“Oh? Really?”

“Yes, really.”

Her eyes twinkled. “Can I ask why? Or is that none of my business?”

“I’ve got a one-penis limit in my sex-life, Mom. And that penis is mine. I don’t want to see another guy’s schlong when I’m watching sex. And I *definitely* don’t want to have another guy with me in bed.”

“How...interestingly parochial,” she said, but her eyes were dancing.

“I apologize if you find my twentieth-century attitude offensive,” he responded, fighting back a smile of his own. “I know we are living in a new, enlightened world, and I am supposed to be more...tolerant...of our LGBTQ brothers and sisters. But I can’t help it. I’m strictly no-dickly. Cause they’re gross. Except for mine. Which I’m rather fond of. End of story.”

“Hmmm. I really wonder how I could have raised a son who was a complete Neanderthal.”

“Hey,” he shot back, offended. “I’m at *least* Cro-Magnon.”

“I’ll be the judge of that, o child of my loins.” She paused the menu at a suspiciously familiar logo. “Sweet Seduction has a lot of girl-on-girl stuff. You game?”

“As long as it doesn’t involve Lorelei,” he said.

“Come on. Even I have my limits.”

If you do, I haven’t noticed it before. But he kept the opinion to himself as his mother scrolled through the options. “Do you really think you will be able to keep it a secret, Mom? If Lorelei graduates and decides to try to be an actress like you, do you think no one is going to notice that she looks suspiciously like Hawt Pockets, former adult film star for Sweet Seduction Video?”

“Pay attention,” she said, bringing up yet another selection. “What do you want? Just a vignette? Or something with a plot?”

“A plot,” he responded immediately. “As long as Lorelei isn’t in it.”

“Ah,” she cut him a slanting smile, full of mischief. “Well, that pares our choices down a bit. But I’ll see what I can find.”

She scrolled through several movies without a glance, then paused at one. When she enlarged the cover, Bobby saw a remarkably attractive woman with tousled blond hair and an incredible body, dressed in the ragged remains of what seemed to be a tank top and shorts. Her eyes were wild and somehow...feral.

“*The Changing*,” his mother said. “Heather Fawxx’s masterpiece. She won an AVN award for it. Which is basically like an Oscar or a Golden Globe in her industry.”

He snorted. “A masterpiece? In porn?”

“You really need to take your blinkers off, Bobby.” Valentina frowned at him from her corner of the couch. “Just because a movie has people screwing, doesn’t mean it doesn’t have redeeming qualities on its own merits.”

“Now,” she continued, pressing a button. The credits for the movie began to flow across the screen, accompanied by low, haunting music, and what seemed to be shots of a hospital room or a lab. “That doesn’t mean everything that comes out of the flesh pits, as your grandmother likes to call them, is a work of art. A lot of it is just awful, done so people can have a quick spank and get back to their daily lives.

“But this.” She waved the remote. “Is art. Though I will spare you,” she added with a smile, “the obligatory guy on girl scene early on.”

“You’ve watched this before?” he asked, not really surprised.

“Mmm,” she agreed, laying the remote down and settling back in her seat. “Such a pity that Heather retired,” she mused, as the main character, desperate for money, signed a contract to be the test subject for a new, mysterious medical project. A few feet away, an older woman watched her with avid, hungry eyes. “She could have been a legend. But she did what not many people in any industry can do. She got ahead, and then she got out.”

“What does she do now?” Bobby asked absently, becoming involved in the movie almost despite himself, as the malevolent Dr. Summers forced Heather into a machine designed to change her sexual orientation. Though the special effects were cheesy, he felt himself start to become aroused as Heather stumbled out of the machine, transformed by some perverted science into a pussy-hungry lesbian.

“Are you getting hard, baby?”

His eyes jerked back to his mother, startled out of his reverie. The belt on her robe had loosened, displaying vast expanses of her body. As he watched, she trailed a finger from her flat stomach up to her breasts, circling them, then backing away.

Bobby swallowed. Valentina Belmonte had raised her children her own way, discarding old habits she thought outmoded or inadequate. She believed that the human body was lovely, and not something to be ashamed

of or hidden. She wasn't needlessly crude, but she didn't think that the sight of a naked breast would scar her children for life, either. So he had become used to seeing her in various stages of undress over the years. That was even more true when he accompanied her to her movie shoots. An actress was always changing costumes, having her makeup done, or putting on (or taking off) her prosthetics. When he was a small child, he had sat in a corner of her trailer on sets around the world, quietly reading a book, and had not imagined that some people would go off the deep end at the thought of a child seeing his mother naked.

But this was...different. And the reason was easy to see. This wasn't Valentina Belmonte, the actress. Or even Valentina Belmonte, his mother.

This was Valentina, a gorgeous woman. A sexual woman, who was playing with her magnificent body the same way a world-class musician would play his instrument, knowing every curve, every inch. The strokes of her hands and fingers were slow and languid. This was not a woman in a hurry. This was a woman who knew the destination, but also knew that the journey was far more important.

His cock hardened, going rigid in a matter of seconds, tenting the front of his sweats. And he could not have said for sure whether the reason was the scene on the television, where Heather was feasting on the ripe, lush body of Dr. Summers, pinning the writhing woman to a hospital bed as she lapped at her pussy, or the scene a few feet away, where one of the most lovely women in the world was gently pleasuring herself.

She looked at his groin, then at him, one eyebrow raised. "Well." A corner of her mouth tucked up in a smile. "I guess that answers my question." The tip of her tongue touched her full lips, wetting them. "Why don't you take it out, Bobby? You're going to have a *hard* time, otherwise."

He ignored the slight stress she placed on the word, and stood, wishing he had followed her example and worn a bathrobe. Feeling ridiculously exposed, he pushed down his sweats and boxers and kicked them off.

He was about to sit back down when her warm voice interrupted him. “The shirt, too, Bobby. I always thought a man naked from the waist down looked a little...silly. And you might want to get something for...cleanup, afterwards.”

“As if I don’t feel silly enough already,” he muttered, but made a quick trip to one of the downstairs bathrooms to get a handful of tissue.

Valentina’s eyes followed him as he came back into the room. “Ah. You are a lovely young man. But how not? Your father was as well. I really wish Ramón and I had been more...compatible. Very few men have kept me as happy in bed as he did.”

Ignoring her comment, he sat down, feeling more than a little uncomfortable, with his cock waving in the air like some sort of obscene flagpole. On the screen, the scene had changed, and Heather was staggering home in a daze, light playing across her golden body.

“You can touch yourself, you know,” his mother breathed. “That’s what we’re here for, after all.”

Slowly, as if it was controlled by someone other than himself, his right hand rose until it was wrapped around the base of his penis. He sighed softly and allowed his head to relax back, sinking into the embrace of the couch as he began to pump his shaft.

“Slowly, baby. Remember. You don’t *want* to cum, do you? At least, not right away.”

He nodded, adjusting his rhythm, though his body was screaming at him, desperate for release.

“It helps,” his mother said, “if you concentrate on something else.”

“Like math?” he joked. “Or baseball?”

She shrugged, the motion causing her robe to fall open completely. Her body seemed to glisten, as if every inch of her was covered by the faintest sheen of sweat.

“I have always found that concentrating on your partner was far more rewarding,” she observed. “What about him or her makes them beautiful? How can you best please them? What makes them happy, makes them delirious with desire?” One finger circled a breast in a tightening spiral, then tickled her nipple. As he watched, it peaked before his very eyes, standing high and proud like a ripe cherry on top of an erotic sundae. “Making someone else climax is much more rewarding, sometimes, than doing it yourself.”

Blood thundered through his groin, making his breath catch. He closed his eyes, fighting for control. But the image of his mother, sprawled on the couch, playing with her large, magnificent breasts was etched on his mind.

Somehow, he clawed back from the brink, his hand nearly motionless on his rod. When he opened his eyes, he concentrated on the television. Heather, in her role of newly-minted lesbian, was seducing her roommate. The other woman, a petite redhead with shallow, sexy curves that served as a delightful counterpoint to Heather’s larger frame, was confused at first by the blond woman’s blatant attraction to her. Especially since Heather had turned her down in quite blunt terms earlier in the movie. But when she realized that Heather wasn’t messing with her, the resulting scene was so hot that he almost forgot he was supposed to be masturbating.

“Yes, suck on them!” Heather commanded, ripping off the remains of her tank-top, exposing her golden body. She raised her arms, gripping the headboard of the bed as Kelly lay on top of her. The redhead’s cheeks hollowed as sucked Heather’s turgid nipples into her mouth, driving the blond woman into a frenzy. She smacked Kelly’s ass with the flat of her palm. “More!”

“Ohhhh.” Bobby’s head swiveled. The groan did not come from the tastefully unobtrusive surround-sound speakers, but from a few feet away. His mother leaned back, spreading her thighs. As he watched, awestruck, she slid first one, then a second finger along the lips of her sex, coating

them with her feminine fluid. “Fuck, Bobby. This is so hot. Look at them, just fucking like animals.” Throwing her head back, she keened through her teeth as she pushed her fingers inside her. Her thumb wiggled back and forth, and he realized with a heady rush that he was watching his mother massage her clit.

He couldn’t watch the movie. He didn’t want to. What was here in front of him was far more arousing than a pair of starlets on a soundstage in Los Angeles. His mother was one of the most beautiful women in the world, and it was *her* body that turned him on, not Heather Fawx’s or her co-star, whatever her name was. If the two had been magically transported to that very room, all of his attention would still be focused on Valentina Belmonte.

His mother.

Despite every effort, he found that his body was losing control. His balls felt heavy and swollen, and oddly hot. He tried to slow down his strokes on his shaft, but that only made each lingering pump more pleasurable. The tip of his cock was coated with pre-cum, seeping in a slow, pulsing stream from his slit.

It was coming. It was coming, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. He closed his eyes, succumbing to the inevitable. His hand flew up and down his length, his mind and body luxuriating in the freedom from its self-imposed chains. At the last possible instant, just before he erupted, he moved his free hand over his glans.

“Fuck!” His cock exploded, jerking in his hand like a live thing, the muscles of his shaft clenching and releasing as it spewed what felt like buckets of cum into the waiting wad of tissue. Almost gasping with the force of his release, he continued his strokes, coaxing every last drop of semen out of his body, wringing every iota of pleasure he could from this frozen moment in time.

When the last feeble twitch of his cock ended, he collapsed back into the corner of the couch. His hair was plastered to the back of his neck, and he felt like he had just run a five-K race. Tired, yes. But with a happy, satisfied glow deep within.

“*Good* boy,” a deep voice purred.

Bobby looked to the side. His mother still occupied her corner of the room, her pose at once indolent and poised to spring. She looked, he thought, like a jungle cat might if you saw it in the forest. A cat that might not be interested in killing and eating you right now, but was smugly certain that it could if it wanted. Two fingers were still sunk deep into her womanly cleft, and the other hand cupped her breast, her fingers idly stroking the pebbled flesh of her areola.

“Yes. *Very* good.”

“What?” He looked down at the cum-soaked clump of tissue, his nose wrinkling. “I still came. That doesn’t sound like a good job to me.”

“Men. You’re all the same. We don’t expect you all to be Superman.” She hooked her leg over the armrest of the couch. Slow, circling motions of her hips made him realize that she was grinding her mound up into the palm of her hand as she thumbed her clit. “Spider-Man, that’s another story. I bet he could teach a woman a thing or two about ropes. And he’s a young man, too. They’re so...enthusiastic.”

He almost clapped his hands to his ears, remembering what he was holding in the nick of time. “Do you have a point, Mom?”

“Yes. Check out where we are in the run time of the movie.”

He bit back a sarcastic retort, and did as she ordered. His eyes widened in disbelief. “Forty-seven minutes? I held out for forty-seven minutes?”

“No. You held out for around twenty-five. Because we skipped the first scene.” His mother closed her eyes, her breath coming short and quick as her own arousal began to peak. “You know. The one. The one. The one with the guy in it? The one. You didn’t want to watch?”

“Uh. Um. Yeah. Listen. Do you want me to leave?”

“No,” she breathed. “I want you to stay, Bobby. I am so close right now.”

The motions of her strumming thumb sped, and then, all at once, her entire magnificent body seemed to *ripple*, as if it had been struck very lightly by a celestial mallet, causing it to vibrate. And if the note sung by her body could be heard by human ears, Bobby knew that it would be in the key of sexual desire.

“Mmmmmm.” She smiled at him, her lids heavy over her smoldering brown eyes. “That was a good one. And good for you, too, honey. Twenty-five minutes? That’s progress, right?”

“I’d say.” He forced out a laugh, trying to disguise how much Valentina’s performance had affected him. “Last night I’m not sure if I lasted twenty-five seconds.”

“Good.” She gave him a look. “But I think you should clean up, honey. And I’m going to take a nice hot shower myself. And maybe a little nap after. Good sex always makes me a little sleepy.”

Not bothering to put her robe back on, she walked out of the room. It was very hard for Bobby to not stare after her.

Chapter 4: Playing Around

Well. That wasn't what I expected.

Though, to be honest, Valentina really wasn't sure what she would have said if someone had asked her what masturbating with her son while watching a sexy video *would* be like. Bobby had been so obstinate about getting outside help to deal with his problem that she had only offered up the idea as a way of pushing him to actually do something. When he took her off-the-cuff suggestion at face value, she had been floored with shock. Luckily, a lifetime of training had helped her keep her face straight. There were some benefits to being an actress, after all.

Through the door of her private bathroom, she could faintly hear the hiss as the shower in the bathroom that Bobby and Lorelei shared was turned on. There was more than enough hot water for her to take one at the same time, but she decided against it. A long hot soak was what she wanted, and time to think. Briefly she gave thought to the jacuzzi downstairs, where she had spent several remarkable moments, then shook her head.

A bath. And privacy.

In a few minutes, her bath was ready, faint curls of steam rising from the surface of the water, only a few inches from the lip of the tub. She poured in a generous dollop of scented bath oil, then climbed in, closing her eyes and resting her head against a folded towel.

Bobby. The memory of his body was engraved on the surface of her mind. Her son was, quite frankly, altogether lovely. Which wasn't a surprise, really. His father had been a male model, after all. But Ramón's beauty had been colder, with a body like a blade and cheekbones sharp enough to cut your fingers. His son's was warmer, gentler, the beauty of a man who had never needed to be cruel, because the world had always treated him with kindness.

She slowly bathed herself, considering. Did she really want to take the leap which even now was hovering on the edge of her mind? The hot, horny demons of her nature goading her to an irrevocable step? Normally, by this time of day, she would be thinking about what the night would bring. If she had a current lover (or lovers, she smiled to herself) they would be making plans. And if she was single, the way she was now, then the night would have been spent in the hunt, where she rarely came back empty-handed. But today the object of her obsession was only a few yards away. And possibly completely oblivious to her attention.

Valentina closed her eyes against the unmistakable surge of desire. Over the long years of her womanhood, she had experienced almost every combination of lovers possible – from simple one-night-stands with men she found beautiful to hedonistic orgies with four, five, and even, on one memorable occasion, seven lovers, fueled by alcohol and the wellspring of lust inside her body that never ran dry. It was always there, a constant, simmering reminder that life was sweet and pleasure should be taken wherever one could find it. She had married, divorced, and married again, borne one child out of wedlock and one inside it. Had been one of the few people with the courage to experiment with public polyamory and the resources to stick to that course when public outrage threatened to derail her career. She had been outspoken in her belief that a person could love multiple partners, could live with multiple partners, and that a marriage, despite the laws of the United States and the sovereign State of Colorado, could include more than two people, if those people were strong and brave and loving.

She had broken almost every taboo, and because she was rich and famous and beautiful and a skilled actress, had been able to get away with it.

Every taboo but one, she thought, as a hot flush mounted in her breasts, made her loins ache with arousal.

Every taboo but one.

When she came downstairs, after a long, leisurely bath and a short nap that left her feeling amazingly refreshed, she was greeted by the smell of grilling meat from the stove, where her son was stirring something in a skillet.

“Wow,” she remarked, walking him over and giving him a kiss on the cheek. “I didn’t mean to light such a big fire under your rear end. You didn’t have to make dinner. We could have ordered in.”

“You made the suggestion,” he shrugged. “And you’re right. I don’t want to spend the next few years eating Chinese takeout and cheap pizza.”

“And it’s a good way to pass the time, too,” she agreed. “I learned the basics from your grandmother. But I got really good when you two kids came along and we were always on location somewhere. I’ve seen actresses fall apart from boredom and booze or drugs on a shoot. The movie takes eight weeks to make, but they only need you for ten days. What are you going to do with all that free time? So you go down to the hotel bar and have a drink. And then another one. And before you know it you’re checking into rehab. There’s been lots of gray, boring afternoons that I’ve spent making meals for you kids and playing silly board games.” She leaned closer, sniffing. “What are you making?”

“Chicken fajitas,” he said with shy pride. “Good God, Mom. I took a look at the freezer. What are you doing, getting ready for another ice age? You’ve got enough frozen meat in there to last until we’re all old and gray.”

“One good thing about Colorado, kiddo. Cheap meat on the shelves and plenty of it.” She left unspoken the fact that she knew an attractive man who kept several dozen head of cattle and a few hogs on one to the outlying ranches. Every once in a while, she paid him an evening visit. And he repaid the cheap fun with some good meat. “Do you need any help?”

Eventually they fell into an easy rhythm, with Bobby at the stove and Valentina giving gentle suggestions when she thought he might need them. *Though if had been that easy to make him do what I want*, she thought with an inner snicker, *I might have suggested that he let me sit on his face for a while. But then he probably would have dropped dead of shock right on the spot.*

When the cooking was done, they decided to eat in the dining room, with its incredible view west to the distant mountains that surrounded Vail. As the sky changed from sunset red and orange to twilight blue, Valentina uncorked a bottle of wine and poured them each a glass, and they sat down to a dinner of chicken fajitas, sautéed vegetables, and a light spinach salad. And if the salad came out a bag and the chicken was a little overcooked and tough, neither of them saw fit to mention it.

“Thanks, honey,” she said, when he brought out a blueberry pie which he had apparently bought while she was napping. She cut a piece off with her fork and chewed with pleasure. “But what’s the special occasion?”

His dark skin flushed as he looked at his plate. “I wanted to...you know...say thanks. For earlier.”

“I didn’t really do much,” she protested mildly. “It was all you.”

“Well, whatever it was, it helped.” His mouth turned up in a self-deprecating smile. “So now the next time I go out on a date, I can impress the girl with how long it takes me to blow when I’m jerking off.”

“You never know when that will come in handy,” she agreed solemnly, and Bobby saluted her with his glass.

“But come on, Mom. It’s not like it’s real sex. Or even close. It’s just me, with my pecker in my hand. Sorry if I’m sounding crude.”

She shrugged, unconcerned. “I’ve heard worse. Hell, when one of my movies is being picketed because of my complete immoral perversion, I get *called* worse.” She took a deep breath. Bobby might not have been aware of the door he had left cracked open. But like a monster in a horror film, she

was going to take advantage of every opportunity. “If you want to, we can go...a little farther. It’s up to you, of course.”

“Further? How?”

“Oh, there’s all sorts of ways,” she smiled, wishing she had worn something more seductive. But who could have guessed that her shy young son would tempting her to darker and darker acts of depravity, summoning up forbidden fantasies like a conjurer who could see into the deepest recesses of her imagination? “But it all depends on how far we are both willing to go. I’m not going to do anything that makes you uncomfortable, *mi corazón*. Or myself, either. Though I would guess I’ve strayed a lot farther down that path than you have.”

She watched him swallow, struggling between the bait she had thrown in front of him and his own innate hesitancy. Closing her eyes, she bit back an impatient sigh, reminding herself that, when all was said and done, Bobby was only nineteen. It had taken her years to throw off the rules her parents had burdened her with while she was growing up. It would be harder for him, without her wealth of experience. And although she hadn’t lumbered her children with a lot of useless, outmoded nineteenth-century ideas about sex and gender roles, Bobby and Lorelei were still the products of their societies. They couldn’t help taking in some of that society’s ingrained beliefs any more than a fish could help swimming.

“Like...what?” he asked at last.

She leaned back in her chair, toying with the stem of her glass, hoping he was young enough to not see the way her blood was heating from just those two simple words. Her son had opened the door. Just a crack. And she was going to charge in.

But sometimes, she reminded herself, a rapier was better than a sledgehammer.

“It all depends on how much you think you can take,” she answered slowly, as if uncertain of his ability to control himself. “You handled

yourself...admirably...when you were masturbating, and I was halfway across the room. Could you do the same when it was my hands on you?"

"You mean, like, dual masturbation? You on me? And me on you?"

"Mmmm." She smiled at him. "I like that idea. Have you ever done it, *mijito*? Played with a woman's *cuca* until her body explodes and she is a gasping puddle in your arms?"

He mumbled something.

"What?"

"I tried once. A few months ago, at school. She was *really* religious. And really horny, too, I think. She thought if we just did that it wouldn't really count. You know," he smiled. "With God. But it didn't work out very well. She couldn't tell me what she liked. And I...well, you can guess."

"Yes, I can," she said gently. A man's ego was fragile, she knew. And even more so when it had been battered by the failure to pleasure his partner. "Well, I don't have that problem. I will be sure to tell you what I like. And I think our only issue will be keeping things nice and slow for you."

"Yeah," her son joked. "I don't think you've ever been shy about saying what's on your mind, Mom. Even when it got you knee-deep in trouble. I remember that interview at the premier a few years back."

"Oh, come on. Of *course* the reporter was going to ask if Matt and I were involved. And I wasn't going to lie."

"*I wouldn't say we're involved,*" she had said with a grin, glancing wickedly at the man who was able to soak half the panties in America with a smile. "*We're just having a lot of sex.*"

"It's true, isn't it?" He shook his head at her in fond exasperation. "You really don't have a filter. At all."

"Of course I do," she protested. "I just use mine for things that are *important*. I don't tell polite lies. But I don't hurt anyone's feelings if I don't have to, either."

“And sex isn’t important?”

“Oh, no. Sex is *really* important,” she said as she got up and started clearing the table. “But that’s the reason why I don’t lie about it. Everyone else does. And that makes so many people so miserable, Bobby,” she added as he followed her into the kitchen and she stacked the plates in the dishwasher. “Everyone lies. They can’t admit their innermost fantasies, their desires, their kinks, or their hang-ups to anyone. And that makes things worse for everyone. I’m different. I tell the truth. If I’m screwing someone, I say so. And if the sex is great, I’m not going to pretend it’s not.

“And if I want to teach my son the proper way to pleasure a woman with his hands, while giving him pleasure with mine, I’m going to say that, too.” She put her head to one side inquiringly. “If he is willing to learn, of course.”

“Of course I am.” Bobby gave a disbelieving laugh. “But you know what people would say if they knew about this, right?”

She shrugged. “Of course I know. There’s just one thing, Bobby.”

“What?”

She walked into his arms, sighing as they came around her in an instinctive embrace. Reaching up, she brushed the corner of his mouth with her lips.

“I. Don’t Care.”

Thank God, his mother didn’t insist on him taking another shower. Because Bobby felt he had taken as many as he could reasonably excuse over the course of one day. More than two, and God might start looking at you funny.

“Not...not downstairs?” he asked, as she took him by the hand and led him into her bedroom.

“We’re both going to be lying down, *mijito*,” she said gently. “Or, at least, I hope we are. There’s not enough room on the couches. And I’m not going to do it lying on the floor. Even if it’s got a nice, deep carpet. A bed is better.”

“But...your bed?”

“Would it make any difference if it was yours? Or Lorelei’s? Besides, I’ve got the biggest bed in the house.” A touch on his back, and she was guiding him through the upstairs hall. “It’s all going to work out the same way in the end.” She peered up at him quizzically. “Does it matter that much?”

“I don’t know,” he admitted, halting just inside her bedroom. “It’s like... I’m pretending to be someone I’m not.”

“My lover? My husband?” She smiled at him. “You’re not, and I don’t care. I’m just helping you out with your problem. Don’t worry about it. Now,” she added, pointing at the huge bed. “Get ready.”

Feeling a little bit...no. Scratch that. Feeling a *lot* weird, he stripped off his clothes and climbed onto the bed. On the other side, his mother disrobed with calm efficiency and lay down beside him. It was hard to watch her join him without feeling as if he were ogling her magnificent body, like some of the creeps who hung around the front gate before the cops ran them off.

If she noticed his discomfort, she didn’t mention it. She lay down beside him, lying on her side. Her instep slowly ran up from his foot to his knee and back down again.

“How...how do you want to do this?”

She smiled up at him. “Slowly.”

He swallowed. “Okay.”

“Relax, *mijito*.” She put a hand on his thigh, shaking her head when he twitched. “Honestly. It’s like you’ve never been in bed with a naked woman before.”

“I’ve never been in bed with my naked mother before,” he retorted.

“As far as you can remember,” she responded serenely. “But it’s happened.”

“Sure. When I was like a year old. I hardly think breastfeeding counts.”

Her hand moved higher, now only inches away from his groin. “It counted for me.”

He blinked at her. “What?” The mere thought made his brain hurt. “Did you get turned on when I was breastfeeding? And Lorelei, too?”

“I am fairly sure your sister did not get turned on when I was breastfeeding you, Bobby,” she said severely. “She was only three years old. And Lorelei might be precocious, but there are limits, even for her.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Yes, I do.” Somehow, her hand had found his penis, and was rubbing it gently. “How can I explain what a mother feels for her child, Bobby? Especially a boy-child?” She met his eyes, and he felt he could fall deep into those dreamless pools. “I held you in my arms, Roberto. And I held you to my breasts. And you drank my milk. A son, born of my body, taking sustenance *from* my body. And I knew, in those moments, that there was absolutely nothing in the world that I would not do to protect you and your sister. Let the world die in fire, as long as the two of you were safe.

“Was I aroused? Yes. But not in a sexual way. Not in the way you think. It was, I think, the same protectiveness that a doe feels for her fawn, or a cow for her calf. Have you ever seen some of those nature shows, Bobby? Where a mama animal will just kick the ever-loving *piss* out of some predator that’s been stupid enough to try to go after her offspring? It doesn’t matter if it doesn’t have weight or teeth or claws on its side. Sheep, cow, deer, buffalo, moose, horse...they will all die to protect their children. The same as I would for you.

“Ah.” Her voice grew satisfied. “There we go. Or there we *grow*, I could say,” she smiled as he hardened in her hand. In a matter of moments, he was fully erect, her fingers unable to fully circle his girth. She nestled against

him, her head pillowed on his shoulder as she explored his phallus, and his blood caught fire at the feel of her sleek, sexy body cuddled against his.

“What...” Embarrassingly, his voice broke, as if he were going through puberty again, and he flushed violently. He cleared his throat and tried again. “What can I do for you, Mom?”

She kissed his shoulder. “Mutual masturbation is always a bit tricky. Everyone’s hands, getting in each other’s way,” she smiled. “So don’t get all flustered and panicky if things don’t seem to be working out perfect. Remember, *mi corazón*. This is for you, not me.”

“That doesn’t seem fair.” He put his hand on her flat belly, and oh, God, was he really touching one of the most beautiful women on the planet, his own *mother*, sexually?

“Life isn’t fair.” She pumped his shaft in an experimental fashion, squeezing, testing his hardness. “Sometimes we get what we deserve. And sometimes,” she smiled, her legs rubbing his sensuously, “we get what we want. Here.” She took his hand and moved it lower. He swallowed as he felt the plump mound of her pubis under his palm, and then, unbelievably, the delicate petals of her labia against his fingertips.

“Yes, that’s it,” she whispered, her lips, full and ripe, only inches from his. He could, he thought deliriously, kiss her, if he wanted. She might not even mind. All he had to do was lower his head, just a little bit. “Nice and gentle,” she continued, and he wrenched his mind away from the tempting thought.

“Good thing I’m a lefty,” he joked.

“If you weren’t, I’d just switch places. I could jerk you off from either side.”

“So you’re saying that you’re ambisextrous?”

She blinked up at him. “And that’s when I hit my son in the head with a shovel, Your Honor.”

“Oh, come on.” He broke off as her hand tightened warningly around his rod. “That was a good joke.”

“It was an absolutely terrible pun.” But her eyes glinted up at him. She brushed his skin with her lips, then wiggled closer, sighing in satisfaction. “God, I love this. The feel of a man, having him hot and hard in my hand. Knowing it was me, my body, that made him like this.”

The thought of his mother *enjoying* being a sex symbol was something which had never occurred to him before. “So...you do know that for the last twenty years or so, you’ve sent an entire generation of men my age into the bathroom with the door locked, right?”

“Your age. And younger. And a lot older, hopefully. I didn’t mind. It always made me really hot to think about it, actually. The day I did my shoot for *Playboy*, the photographer told me that he would make sure that half the men in America were beating off to me in a few weeks. After we were done, I dragged him into my trailer and gave him the fucking of a lifetime, I was so horny. Just like now.” Her full breasts pressed into his side. His mother’s nipples, he couldn’t help noting, as he continued his soft, slow strokes on her petals, had crinkled erect sometime in the last few minutes. She reached down, guiding his hand. “There. Feel it, baby? With your thumb? That’s my clit. Rub it, nice and slow and firm. And use your fingers on my lips. Oh, yeah.” She shifted his other arm, moving it over her shoulder so he could pull her close in a loving embrace. “That feels so damn good.”

Her soft words, spoken in her sultry, lilting voice, were driving him crazy. If she had been any other woman in the entire world, he would have rolled her over, shoved her thighs apart, and buried himself to the hilt in her dripping pussy.

*What the hell are you thinking, you idiot? This is your **mother!***

Valentina must have sensed his sudden apprehension, because her mouth curled in an understanding smile. “Relax, honey.” A finger ran up the

underside of his cock, making him twitch. “I don’t mind. Actually, I’m kind of...honored.”

“What?”

“Don’t pretend you don’t know what I mean. There isn’t a single actress in America who doesn’t want to be told how attractive she is. So to have you here in bed with me, with your cock all nice and hard and stiff, well, it makes me feel good about myself.”

“Oh, come on. You just had a movie executive right here in this bed last night.”

“Well, sure.” She blinked innocent eyes up at him, but she covered his hand with hers and began to grind her mound against his palm. “But you know those guys, Bobby. I’ve told you enough stories. They’ll fuck anything or anyone. Even each other.”

“Ew. *Not* an image I wanted, Mom.”

“How about this one, then?” With a sudden twist, she flipped over, sliding down his body until her head settled between his legs. The tip of her tongue reached out, taking a tiny lick at the base of his shaft, making it jump. “Mmmmm. You taste lovely.” Slowly, she worked her way up, laving his manhood with her tongue and lips, until his cock was coated with her saliva and every heartbeat made his shaft strain with mindless urgency.

“Mom, I...”

“What, baby?”

“You’re making me feel *really* good. But...”

“But what?”

“Shouldn’t I be doing, you know, something for you? I mean, I didn’t come in here looking for a blow job. We were supposed to be, you know, making each other feel good.”

“*Au contraire, mon fils*, this is more than enough for me.” Her tongue darted out to lick at his slit, making him jump in startled pleasure. Sweet Jesus, no one had ever made him feel this way! “And you *are* making me

feel good. Do you think that the only way to arouse a woman is by touching her or kissing her? Sometimes, for me, it's even better to feel the flesh and body of a strong young man." Her hands settled at the outside of his hips, clamping over his skin as she dragged them from his waist to his chest. Her thumbs came to rest on his nipples, flicking them until they stood up in strange little tents on his chest, making him blink as his mother giggled. Her mouth sank lower, her lips caressing his scrotum, then circling his testes. "So fucking goddam hot," she breathed, her breath warm and humid on his sac. "I did this. Me. I made you hard. I made your cock stand up. I made you want me." She ran finger up the side of his shaft, smiling as it lurched. "It doesn't care that I'm your mother. Does it?"

"No," he choked out.

"No. It doesn't. And neither do I. A stiff dick has no conscience. And neither does a horny pussy." She covered the underside of his dick with her mouth, swirling patterns on his skin with her tongue until he was writhing in sensual torment.

And then she took the head of his cock into her mouth, and he was lost.

With the tiny part of him that never stopped thinking, no matter how much he tried to turn it off, Bobby thought that the main difference between his mother and every other girl he had gone to bed with (a count that, to be honest, consisted of precisely five other women, even if you counted the aborted experience with Mindy a few nights ago) was how much she seemed to be *enjoying* giving him head. For Valentina Belmonte, a blow job was not an unpleasant chore, or something which had to be endured in exchange for something else in the bedroom, or even an emotional commitment. The mere act of arousing her lover was reward enough. If he had lost control at that precise moment and cum all over his mother's face, he had no doubt that she wouldn't react with disgust, but would smile as his semen dripped over her lips and chin.

“Oh, God, Mom,” he gasped, and now his hands were tangled in the tousled black silk of her hair, slowing her down to a rhythm that he could just barely stand. At one moment, he was looking down over her head to the clean line of her back and the twin hills of her buttocks. And then, as she rose, he could see down her front, past the large firm swells of her breasts, past her flat belly and the jeweled dimple that was her navel, to the shadowed juncture of her thighs. Unthinking, he reached down, cradling his mother’s breasts in his cupped hands. Her erect nipples tickled his palms, and his fingers tightened involuntarily. A humming moan broke from Valentina’s mouth, and his eyes widened. Had she actually approved of what he was doing? Was he, beyond all evidence and all sense, somehow succeeding where so many other men had failed?

Maybe he was. Because she didn’t act as if he was a useless idiot. Slowly, her mouth widened. Slowly, her head sank. Slowly, his cock disappeared into the depths of his mother’s mouth, until her breath was stirring the halo of hair around his navel and her lips were tickling the root of his shaft and he could feel the tip of his manhood nudging against the back of her throat.

“Mom.” It was a tortured gasp. “I love you.”

She didn’t say anything. How could she? But she hummed around him, and his fists clenched in the bedclothes as he fought the mindless urge to spill in her mouth. And when she began to rise up and down his shaft the pleasure was indescribable. Her lips caressed him, while at the same time her tongue flicked back and forth on the most sensitive part of his organ. At the top of each stroke all he could do was lie back on the mattress and shake. The mere thought of trying to do anything else was beyond him. He might as well be a beginning violin player who had been handed a Stradivarius and asked to play a concerto. Sure. A really *good* lover would swing his mother around for a sixty-nine and make her come on his face as he ate her out. But fuck. He was nineteen years old. And Valentina

Belmonte had been the object of teenage sex fantasies for longer than he had been alive. So he could hardly be held to blame if he wasn't a sexual superhero.

Her hands rose up, sliding down his arms until they found his own. He clutched them tight. As their fingers locked together, their eyes did as well. What he found there shocked him. It wasn't sympathy, or pity.

It was desire. A desire that could cause the seas to boil in their beds. To make volcanoes erupt. To sear the bones from his body if it were set loose.

And it scared him shitless. Could he match *this*? Match *her*? How many men, and women too, had tried and been found wanting? His mother's past was littered with the bones of those who had tried to tame her. His father, and Lorelei's as well, were the *most* successful, if you looked at it from a certain point of view. And they had been shunted off into the distance, barely mentioned by anyone, even her own children, as Valentina moved from one conquest to the next, barely pausing in her search for her next bedmate.

It was too much. He couldn't think with her hands on him, her mouth around his cock, her tongue teasing him. The only thing that had any meaning was the feel of her lips as they glided up and down his manhood, her hands as she explored his thighs, his chest, his arms. Her dark, wicked eyes, wise and serene in her gorgeous face, encouraged him. They did not judge him, didn't tell him that what he was feeling was wrong. Instead, they urged him on, secure in the knowledge that he could make his own decisions.

He wished that she had trusted him more, that he was able to give her as much pleasure as she was giving him. But, perhaps, this was part of her plan. There was nothing in the world he would have enjoyed as much as the sight of his mother writhing under his touch, her magnificent body gleaming with passion's sweat as he brought her to a thunderous climax. But perhaps she was right. perhaps tonight was for him.

But tomorrow, he swore. Tomorrow will be hers.

Maybe sensing his emotions, his mother rose up on him, until the tip of his penis escaped the sweet bow of her mouth. “Okay, baby?”

“Mom, I’m beyond okay. Okay is somewhere so far behind me it would take a fucking telescope to find it,” he breathed.

She kissed the hollow of his thigh, the tip of her tongue tickling him while he squirmed helplessly under her masterful touch. “You’re sweet.” Her hand found the base of his erection. “How do you want to finish? Your hands? My hands?” A short, pregnant pause. “My mouth?”

He shook his head. “It’s not my choice. Not this time. You choose.”

“Wise, wise boy,” she purred. “How did you get so smart?”

“I learned from you. To always treat women right.”

“I’m glad you were listening. But now I want a taste.” Brushing her hair away from her face, she took in his cock again, not stopping until she had engulfed his throbbing, aching member with her mouth. She hung, poised, for an instant, then began to move, her lips and tongue working on his cock with gentle ferocity. She hummed, then grasped him in her hand, pumping him in time with her mouth’s motions. Her other hand slid underneath, cupping his balls.

Whatever magic she had used on him to keep him from his climax, it was now gone. He could feel the dam bursting. Slowly, carefully, he began to hump his groin up into his mother’s mouth. Her eyes found his, burning with sensual intensity.

He could almost hear her voice in his head. *Yes, she shouted. Not with her mouth, but with her entire body. Yes, Bobby. Cum for your mother. Spill your hot load in me. Do it. Do it for me!*

“Watch out, Mom! I’m going to cum! Going to cum *now!*” he groaned, as he finally gave up the fight for control and let the wave of his climax wash over him. His cock throbbed in release, and as the first mighty burst of cum erupted from the tip of his penis, Valentina took her head away, her

mouth opening wide as she caught it on her tongue. She swallowed, moaning in happy pleasure. Her hand jacked him, urging more and more cum out of his heavy, swollen testes, and his eyes widened as heavy white droplets splattered against her lips and chin, coating her face lewdly.

When the geyser of his orgasm had subsided, she took him back in again, bathing him with her tongue. Now, in the aftermath, his cock seemed even more sensitive, and he twitched as she ran her tongue over his sensitive head, cleaning him with almost embarrassing thoroughness. When she finally let him escape her mouth, his rod was shining wetly with his saliva.

“There you go,” she said cheerfully. “And you lasted...” she made a show of checking the clock on the wall. “Nearly fifteen minutes. Which is pretty damn good when it’s me who’s doing the blowing. Every guy I’ve been with has said I give great head. And the results speak for themselves.” She gestured at her semen-splattered face. A droplet slid down to touch her lips, and she licked it away. “Mmmm. You taste great, baby. Like a horny young man. I love it.”

“Ummm. Do you want to clean up?” he asked nervously.

She sighed in mock-regret. “I guess I should. Debbie is pretty good about doing the cleaning and stuff,” she said, naming the maid who came in three days a week for the cleaning. “but I don’t want her to have to wash pillowcases that have my son’s cum all over them.”

She stood, her gorgeous body gleaming in the lamplight. As he watched, a tiny blob of his cum dripped off her chin to fall on the slope of her dark-skinned breast. The sight was disturbingly arousing, and he felt his cock give a reflexive twitch.

“Planning on staying long?” she asked, raising a brow sardonically.

He flushed. “Oh. Yeah. Sorry. It’s not my bedroom, is it?” Feeling amazingly awkward, considering the circumstances, he got to his feet.

Under her amused eye, he dressed as quickly as he could, his movements stiff and jerky as he forced his arms and legs to obey his brain.

At the doorway, he paused, one hand on the handle. "Mom?"

"Yes?" she asked, her voice laden with patience.

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" She tipped her head at him in puzzlement. "What on earth for?"

"Well..." he scuffed his foot against the carpet. "We were supposed to be, you know...making each other feel good."

"You mean mutually masturbating each other to climax?"

The flush crawled up the back of his neck. "Right. And you didn't. So I feel...like I let you down."

"Oh, baby. This wasn't about me. It was about you." She smiled at him. "But if you're feeling guilty, we can always say that you owe me an orgasm."

He laughed at her joke. "Sure."

"All right." She made a gesture towards the bathroom. "I'd give you a hug and kiss goodnight, but..." she trailed off meaningfully.

"Yeah." He made a face. "I'll see you in the morning."

"And Mom?"

"Hmmm?"

"Thank you."

Chapter 5: Cashing In Her Chips

Jesus. I knew he blew a big load in my face. But I look like a fucking Jackson Pollock painting.

Valentina grimaced at the mess of semen that coated her face and made sticky clumps in her hair. She wasn't a prude by any means. In fact, she was fairly sure her prude-gene had never been installed back in the factory when she was being assembled. Or maybe it simply didn't function correctly. But even she had her limits. And delightful as giving Bobby an orgasm had been, she could have gone without having his cum all over her face and hair.

She sighed as she stepped into the shower. That was the price she was going to pay, though, if it meant curing her son of his sexual skittishness. He had to see his body as a partner, not an enemy. And if she reacted with disgust to what was, when all was said and done, a perfectly natural bodily function, she could very well make his hang-ups even worse. One woman already had made him think less of himself when he had ejaculated on her. She wasn't going to be the second.

She sighed happily, soaping her breasts, then tilted her head back so the hot water could wash away the proof of Bobby's desire. Her lovely, handsome son might still be able to fool himself. But she knew better. He wanted her. A warm tingle gathered in her chest, flowing down to her belly. Now it was only a matter of time before fate brought their bodies together. She closed her eyes as she recalled Bobby's deceptively broad shoulders, his strong young arms, his chest. And especially the impressive piece of male equipment that hung between his legs. *Yes. **Hung** is definitely the right word there. He's got enough to satisfy almost anyone.*

But I'm the only one who needs to be satisfied. A whimper escaped her clenched teeth as she played with the folds of her pussy. After their session

in bed, her body was keyed to a fever pitch.

No. this is delicate. And you have to be careful. She turned off the water and got out of the shower, toweling herself dry with slow strokes of the cloth across her tingling body. She so seldom denied herself the pleasures of sex that when he did, she really wasn't sure what to do. Oh, sure, there were a dozen men (and half that many women) in Vail alone who she could call up for a little late-night fun. But could she face Bobby the next morning if she did? After his halting, stumbling apology of a few minutes before, he might decide that she was lying to him, and that she had gone looking for someone else because he wasn't good enough for her. And that thought had to be nipped in the bud.

Forty years old, and now you have to learn self-control, she mocked herself gently as she turned off the lights and slid into bed, nude as always. The air still held the scent of her son's young male body, and she found herself sliding her hands over herself, her body seeking the climax it had been denied.

It would be so easy. So easy to use her hands or fingers or the rabbit in the drawer to bring herself to orgasm, to blunt the edge of her sexual hunger.

No. She turned over, forcing her hands away from her pulsing core. The blood beat at the juncture of her thighs, and she knew if she could see them, her lips would be hot, slick, and puffy. *No,* she repeated. *I can wait. I can wait one day.*

After all. He owes me one.

She woke early the next day and got up quietly, not wanting to wake her son. She crept downstairs, collected a few items, then hastened back up to her room, closing the door firmly behind her.

By nine, she could hear the sounds of Bobby getting up and knocking around the house. His thumping feet sounded as he went downstairs for his breakfast. A short time later, they came back up, more slowly, and she heard running water as he took his morning shower. The television was turned on, played for a while, then was apparently turned off again.

As the morning wore on, she began to grow impatient, but managed to stick to her plan, though the growing tension was enough to make her scream, and her pussy was wide awake and howling for attention.

Finally, a little after eleven, a tap sounded at her door. “Mom?”

“Yes?” she answered.

A long pause. “Can I come in?”

“Sure, honey.”

The door opened, and Bobby’s head poked into the room. “Are you all right?” he asked. “I haven’t seen you all-”

She smiled and turned a page in the book she was reading, not bothering to belt up the fog-gray negligee which clung, gauzelike, to her curves, or to remove the fingers which were idly amusing themselves in the sopping folds of her pussy. “Yes, dear?” She smiled up at him. “What was that?”

Her son’s eyes were locked on her wantonly spread legs. “You didn’t come downstairs,” he stuttered, taking a step forward. “And I thought you might be mad at me.”

“Mad?” She turned another page with fingers that were visibly trembling. She swallowed, calling on years of training as an actress to keep her voice cool and detached. “Why would I be mad?”

“I don’t know. I mean, you’ve been up here all day. And you didn’t act mad last night. But something might have changed.”

“Nothing’s changed.” She parted her lips, sinking a finger into her channel with a soft, breathy moan. “I’ve been up here, waiting.”

“Waiting for what?”

She tilted her head. “Waiting for you, of course. Did you forget? You owe me an orgasm.”

“That?” He stared at her. “I thought you were joking!”

“I never joke about sex,” she said primly.

“Oh, bullcrap, Mom! You joke about sex all the time! In interviews, in books and magazine articles, on your twitter feed, everywhere!”

“Stop changing the subject.”

He put his hands on his hips. “Fine. What’s the subject?”

“My sex life. And the fact that my pussy has been sadly deprived of a well-deserved orgasm.” She put the book down and pointed at him. “Which you owe me. I gave you one last night. You didn’t give me one. I’m collecting. Tit for...tit, shall we say.”

A muscle leaped in the corner of his jaw, but otherwise Bobby’s expression didn’t change. “Really? How?”

She waved a hand at him. “I’m sure a bright young man like you can figure something out.” She let her eyes rove over his body, lingering at his middle. He was, she happily noted, wearing only a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, which showed off his washboard abs and muscular legs to good effect. “But I will very, very upset if you just stand there and stare at my tits instead of doing something productive. I thought I taught you better.”

“You never actually taught me that it was okay to make my mother cum,” he responded wryly.

She watched him through a lust-fogged haze as he took off his shirt and shorts. His cock, she saw with an inner tingle of arousal, was already growing stiff and erect. “I knew I missed that chapter. I’m sorry, baby. Next time, I’ll do better.”

Valentina set the book aside as he joined her on the bed. His eyes, despite his light words, seemed a little panicked, and she could almost sense his scurrying thoughts. Hands? Or mouth? Or the most forbidden, taboo line of all?

Her cleft throbbed, and she decided to throw him a lifeline. “I love it when a man eats me,” she whispered, her voice low and husky. “And I cum in no time at all. It turns me on so much. Will you do that for me, *mijito*?”

Hesitantly, he reached out with a hand. She could feel it shaking when it settled on her thigh. Keeping her expression warm and open and calm, she reached out with her other hand, pulling him toward her, guiding him between her open legs. He kissed her, his lips warm where they pressed into the skin of her tanned, flat stomach, and she murmured her approval, shifting languidly on the pillows as with every move of his head he drew closer to her seething, molten core. Down, past her belly. Down, past the mound of her pubis, shaved bare for this very occasion. Down, to where the lips of her labia were parted in eager anticipation, waiting for her lover’s first touch.

Gentle. He was so careful and gentle as he took his first hesitant lick at her. She moaned her approval, reaching down to touch his cheek with the tips of her fingers. He closed his eyes, but he leaned into her touch. His hands slid up and down her thighs, exploring her body with a hesitant, awestruck wonder which she had not experienced in years. She took his hands in hers, and pulled them higher, up to her breasts, which were hot and flushed with thwarted desire.

“Oh, yes,” she growled as he cupped her orbs. “Yes, *mijito*. Play with them. Now tickle the nips. Yes. Just like that.” She smiled down in pride as her nipples peaked, dark red spikes atop the firm mounds of her breasts. Each time his fingertips touched her nipples, another spark of pleasure flared in her mind, robbing her of the ability to reason, to talk, to do anything but *feel*.

Oh, and he was making her feel good now. Unlike a lot of men, Bobby had the ability to concentrate on more than one part of her body at the same time. His tongue lapped at her folds, strong and smooth and steady – now plunging deep into her dripping crevice, and now wandering upwards,

exploring every curve and whorl of her nether-lips until it found the unmistakable bulge of her clit and danced there while she writhed. And at the same time his hands fondled and squeezed her breasts. Not too hard, as if they were rolls of toilet paper at the store. But just enough pressure to make her close her eyes and hump her mound up into his face.

New. At last, something new. It struck her, with that part of her mind which was still able to ponder such things, that she had become incredibly jaded over the last few years. Sex had been fun, and she had never lost her desire for it. To the contrary, her sex drive had, if anything, increased as she approached, and then passed, her fortieth birthday. But it had also, become, at the same time, somehow routine. Her sexual encounters were just one more thing she did over the course of a day, like brushing her teeth and taking her birth-control pills.

And if that isn't an indictment of my life recently, I don't know what is. Sex is supposed to be fun. And exciting. Not boring.

But this wasn't boring. Not in the least. Not with her son's head buried between her thighs, licking at her horny core. Not with his tongue right *there*, where she needed it, making her breasts throb and her belly tense as her body readied itself for orgasm. Not with her fingers spreading her lips wide, easing the way for him. Not with her legs lifting up, shameless as a two-dollar whore. And not with Bobby's fingers pulling at her engorged nipples, sending lances of pure lightning from her chest to her cunt, the pressure inside her building and building and building and building and-

"Jesus fuck, Bobby! Keep licking me. Keep licking your mother! Lick me until I cum!" She trapped her son's face between her thighs, trembling from the force of the want, the *need* inside her. And now it was starting, the unwinding, unspooling, white-hot heat of her orgasm making her clap her thighs shut on her son's cheeks, making her reach down between her legs and strum her clit frantically while Bobby licked at her, making her tilt her head back and scream in joyous ecstasy. Her toes clenched in the comforter,

her hips snapped up and down, bucking with almost bruising force, then slowly transforming into rolling, liquid rolls as the first rush of her climax receded.

Her legs fell apart, releasing Bobby. His eyes, when they caught hers, were almost...fearful. "Are you okay?"

"What?" she brushed his cheek with her knuckles. "Haven't you ever seen a woman cum before?"

"Not like that," he said, then flinched as she caught him around one arm, pulling him up until they were face to face. "What?" he asked.

"Kiss me," she growled. "Kiss me now."

And she pulled her son down to her and kissed him with all the pent-up longing in her horny, sexy soul.

Her lips opened, and she licked at Bobby's mouth, moaning as she tasted her own essence on his lips. She wanted the feel of her son's strong young body against her skin. She needed it. And when he held himself back, she forced one of his hands to her breast, mewling happily into his mouth as he began to stroke her.

"Please, *mijito*," she whispered into his ear. "I need you to touch me. All over. The way a lover does. Yes, that's it," she cooed as he found her nipple. "Now your mouth." She broke away from him, arching up, cupping her breasts in her hands, offering them to Bobby's wide-eyed gaze. "It's all right. I want it. I want you. Suck on your mama's *tetas*."

"Mom. I-"

"Do it!" she demanded. She had lost all control, was surrendering to the pulsing pounding *need* inside her, the demon that made her pursue and discard lover after lover. "Please, baby. Kiss them. I need it. I need to feel your mouth on me."

And to her vast relief, he did. As his head bent, covering her breasts with warm, loving kisses, she hooked her ankles around his legs, grinding her cleft into the hard, pulsing ridge of his cock. A groan tore free from her

mouth. It was everything she could have hoped for – long and thick and steely hard. She danced on it, giving her hips a subtle twist at the end of each stroke, so her nubbin could rub on the hot, spongy head of his shaft.

And then Bobby's mouth closed around the tip of her breast, and Valentina Belmonte nearly lost her damn mind. Her son circled her areola with his tongue, over and over again, then pulled her engorged, taut nipple into the hot wet cavern of his mouth, suckling on it like a nursing child. And then he did the same thing to her other breast, driving her crazy with pleasure as she moaned and squirmed under him, caught up in sexual ecstasy.

What made it so hot? Was it the fact that her son was young and attractive? That he was inexperienced and she could mold him to be the kind of lover she had always desired and rarely met? That though he was inexperienced he was *not*, praise God, completely unskilled? The fact that he *was* her son and the taboo allure of their incestuous union made the flames of desire burn even hotter? Or was it some unholy combination of all of them at once?

She didn't know, and she didn't care. All she knew was that she wanted her son's cock inside her right *fucking* now. She pulled him down, her hands on his buttocks, drawing him close, until their groins were fused together and she could feel her son's heartbeat with every frenzied lurch of his cock against her petals.

"Inside me, Bobby. Inside. I want you. I love you. You feel so good."

"Mom." His eyes found hers, abruptly sane. "No. That's...too much. Too far."

She shook her head. "It's not even close to far enough." She squirmed until the head of his wonderful manhood was at her gates. Wetness seeped from her, coating him in her fluid. "You don't have to if you don't want," she breathed. Belying her words, she gave the faintest move of her hips, and now, oh, and *now* she was opening to him, his cock-head wedged at her

womanly portal, needing only a final shove to push the doors of her sex wide open. “But I love you. I want to do this for you. And I would love it if you would do this for me. Please,” she begged, her voice breaking with need. “Please.”

A corner of his mouth lifted in his sweet, beloved smile.

“Well,” he said. “Since you said ‘please.’”

And he *drilled* into her in a long, sure thrust that made her throw her head back, her body consumed by carnal fire as she was finally, finally *filled* by her son’s gorgeous cock. He bottomed out, kissed her once, then pulled out, not even pausing before he fucked her again and again and *again*.

She found herself keening with pleasure, her hands hooked behind her knees, spreading herself wide. Bobby’s groin slapped down at hers, and every stroke sent her joy higher. The sight of his cock, hammering in and out of her cleft like an obscene piston, was like throwing gasoline on the flames of her desire. Nothing mattered anymore but the drive for another orgasm, and then another. Nothing at all. She didn’t give a damn if a CNN news crew showed up in her bedroom five minutes after they finished screwing, ready to film a live exposé on Valentina’s habit of fucking her own son. As long as she got her climax, she would be happy.

She pulled her son up, claiming his mouth in a long, savage kiss. The desire between them doubled, then doubled again, and then, incredibly, all restraints were gone, and her son was returning her passion with a force that was as exhilarating as it was terrifying. Their teeth nipped at lips and tongues as they kissed. She dug her nails into his scalp, keeping him close. Bobby returned the favor, his fingers sinking deep into the flesh of her buttocks as he plowed into her. The bed was shaking, the frame creaking, posts thumping into the wall on every thrust.

They were losing control, turning animalistic in their lust. They writhed and struggled and bit and clawed, caught up in desire-fueled fury as they

rutted. Valentina tried to move out from under Bobby, to climb on top and ride his prick, but he growled and held her in place, kissing her with ferocious hunger with one arm wrapped around her shoulders. The other lifted up her leg, exposing her lewdly while he slammed into her over and over again.

Oh, mios Dio. The first trembling quakes were beginning. *This isn't going to be a cum. This is going to be a fucking bazooka.*

“Gonna cum for you, Mama,” Bobby panted in her ear. “Gonna cum all up in your sweet, gorgeous pussy. Gonna make you mine. All mine.”

“Do it.” Somehow, she twisted an arm free and snaked it around her son's head, kissing him as the shudders in her body grew and grew and grew. She pinched a nipple, gasping at the sweet pain. “I'm cumming, too. Cum with me. Cum for me. Cum in me!” she shrieked, feeling his cock expand and explode, tipping over the edge as the first lava-hot bursts poured from his balls into her cunt. “Oh, fuck. Oh, Jesus. *Cummmiinngggg!!*” she shrieked for the second time in an hour, then collapsed on the bed as Bobby's climax ended and he fell on top of her, their sweat mingling as they gasped for breath, undone by sexual ecstasy.

“Wow.” Bobby's voice was awed. He turned his head, which was pillowed on her breast, and gazed at her, something like worship in his eyes. “Is it always like that?”

“No.” Valentina ran her fingers through his hair and smiled at him fondly. “That...was special. Even for me.” She squeezed his member, which was slowly softening inside her, with her inner muscles. “And I don't usually lose my shit like that.” She shivered in happy memory. “God, that was fucking *intense*. I felt like a teenager again. How about you?”

He gave her a lopsided smile, making her heart lurch. “Do you remember how we got here in the first place? For me, *intense* was actually getting inside a woman before I crashed in a great big flaming pile of fail.”

“Well, no failure today, *mi corazón*.” She guided his hand to her breast, sighing happily as he caressed her. “I needed that bad. I haven’t been this happy in bed in a long, long time.”

“So I lasted long enough?”

She snickered. “You can take this to the bank. If you last long enough that your woman comes, then yeah. You lasted long enough. Not even I am greedy enough to demand two climaxes when we’re screwing. Though,” she added, stroking his back with her fingertips, “I wouldn’t turn it down, the next time, if you got to feeling a little ambitious.”

“Next time?” He raised up high enough to look her in the eye. “Are you sure?”

“I’m sure that I loved fucking you. You’re young, hot, sweet, and you got a dick that a woman could fall in love with. Why shouldn’t there be a next time?”

“Well.” He looked away. “Usually you don’t stay with guys, you know. For very long.”

She took his chin in his hand and tugged until he was looking at her again. “That’s because most guys can’t keep up with me. But Jesus Christ on the cross, Roberto. You *did*. You took my best shot and came back swinging. Most men can’t wait to finish. They don’t give a fuck about making me happy. They just want to go to bed with me so they can brag to their buddies about how they laid Valentina Belmonte, as if I’m a damn trophy instead of a real person.

“But not you. When you came in and I told you how you owed me a climax, you dug right in and got to work. And if I had told you we had gone far enough, you wouldn’t have said a thing, would you?”

“Well, no,” her son admitted. Then his eyes twinkled. “But I’m no hero, Mom. I mean, I *had* to make you cum. Think about how weird summer vacation would be if I’d had that hanging over my head. Talk about awkward, right?”

She snickered. “Very true.” A bruise on her son’s shoulder caught her eye, and she ran a finger across the faint bite-marks. “That’s going to show. Better keep your shirt on. And you’re probably going to get a hickey here.” She touched his neck. “I’m sorry about that. I got a little...carried away.”

“So did I.” He swallowed. “I didn’t hurt you, did I? It was kind of...rough.”

“Hurt me? God, no. And that wasn’t even close to rough sex, baby.” She drew a line down his arm. “You were just...enthusiastic. And so was I.” She kissed his lips softly, her tongue gently exploring. “I might be a little sore down there for a bit. But I’ve felt worse after a hard workout. Or after some of the sword training for *Lúthien*.”

“A sword-fighting elvish princess,” he grumbled good-naturedly. “Tolkien would have had kittens.”

“Tolkien wasn’t there. And he shouldn’t have signed away the film rights. And it was the best role and the best script and the best crew I’ve ever worked with. And we won seven Oscars, and Philippa was *totally* gipped out of Best Adapted Screenplay. So I think we can be forgiven a little creative license.” She sighed. “And God, the men down there in New Zealand. Yummy.” She frowned at her son as he chuckled, the vibration from his chest echoing in her own body. “What?”

“You’re never going to change, are you?”

“I hope not. Why?”

“Two minutes ago you were singing my praises. Now you’re drooling over a bunch of guys on the other side of the planet.”

“Oh?” She raised an eyebrow. “Next week, when you drive back to Boulder, are you going to take a vow of chastity until you can come back

home again?”

“I would, if you asked me.”

“I could. But I won’t. It wouldn’t be fair. To you or me. And I think you will find, my heart, that once you let the genie out of the bottle, it is very, very hard to get him back inside again. You’ve been avoiding sex because you weren’t very good at it. Now you’ve found out that you can be, with just a little effort. Fairly soon, I believe, you will find out that your appetites have...increased. Like mine. Or your sister.”

“Lorelei!” He sat up. “Shit. What are we going to tell her?”

She shrugged, hiding the pang when Bobby’s cock slipped out of her channel. “Tell her whatever you like, if she asks. Which she probably won’t. Hell, tell her the truth, even.”

“The truth?”

“Sure. Your sister can keep a secret. Hell, she’s keeping a big one already. And do you think that she’s the sort of person who would go off the deep end?”

“Maybe...not,” he agreed reluctantly. He swiped his hands through his hair, missing the greedy glance she gave to his middle. “Man. Who would have thought that having sex with your mother would be so complicated?” he said mournfully.

“You made your bed, kiddo. Now you have to lie in it.”

In answer, he pulled her close. She sighed as her breasts flattened against his broad chest, the dusting of black hair tickling her skin.

“Any bed is good, Mom.

“As long as you’re lying in it with me.”

The End

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