

Mom-Son Club

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Beth couldn't remember the last time she had seen her son, Marcus, so excited. Or so well dressed. His normal outfit was a pair of old gym shorts and a t-shirt. Today he wore well-pressed chinos and a long-sleeve blue shirt.

Beth was dressed up, too, in a pretty knee-length dress with short sleeves. It was late Sunday morning, and one might have thought she and Marcus were getting ready to go to church. They were due to go out in a few minutes, but not to church.

Beth and her son were going to her first meeting of the MS Club.

It was a mystery to Beth, but it sounded nice. Marcus had made some friends on the Internet, where he spent a ton of his time competing in multiplayer games. They had invited him to join their club, and evidently, the young men's moms were invited to the club meeting, too. Beth was happy. For a long time, it seemed like Marcus had been glued to his computer screen. It was nice to see him meet people and be social.

Beth was pleased for the chance for herself to get out, too. She had been a widow for several years and was often lonely. She could spend a couple days at a time during which her only company was Marcus, who had just graduated from college but still lived with her in her house. It would be pleasant to meet other women her own age.

Beth's husband had died of cancer a few years before, leaving her to care for her only son, Marcus. She had tried dating, a

little, since her husband's death, but it had not worked out, and Beth spent most of her nights alone.

"Time to go, Mom!" Marcus said.

"I'm ready," she replied.

Marcus politely let Beth walk ahead of him to the car in the garage. He even opened the door for her, to her surprise. She wondered at his newfound sense of etiquette. It almost seemed rehearsed. She settled into her seat, and Marcus got on the other side behind the driver's wheel. He started the ignition.

"I'm so happy you've made friends. From everything you've told me they sound like nice young men."

"Oh yeah," he said. "They're great guys. You'll like them. And you'll like their moms, too. I've met some of them."

"Well, I look forward to it, too," Beth said, beaming. "A little social intercourse is good for a person."

Marcus laughed for some reason.

"I'm glad you feel that way, Mom!"

After a 15-minute drive, Marcus pulled the car into the driveway of a large Tudor-style house, in one of the most expensive neighborhoods in the city. Beth was impressed. Her own house, the payments for which she kept up with her income as a nurse, was modest by comparison. Marcus's new friend's parents must have been wealthy.

Marcus rang the doorbell, and moments later he and Beth were greeted by a beautiful, perfectly groomed Latina woman who flashed a pearly-white smile at them. Beth guessed she was about the same age as she was--mid-40s, but she was dressed more glamorously and more provocatively. She wore a tight-fitting blue minidress that showcased her ample cleavage and a long pearl necklace that dipped down into the shadow of her bosom.

"I'm Lorena," she said. "Hi, Marcus. You must be Beth! Come on in."

Inside the house, apparently waiting for them, were sixteen people: eight young men, all of whom appeared to be in their early to mid-20s, and eight women, whose ages appeared to range from the mid-40s to the mid-50s. Beth was surprised at the attractiveness of the club's members, and at the sexiness of the women's attire. She felt dowdy by comparison. It would have been intimidating had not the women been so uniformly friendly to her.

The men mostly milled about the living room, while the women gathered around a large granite-covered island in Lorena's

spacious, immaculate kitchen. A basket wrapped in crepe paper stood at one end of the island.

Beth was struck by the welcome she received. The women gave most of their attention to her, or to another woman who introduced herself as Marilyn. Marilyn was dressed the sexiest of all of them, in a very short wraparound skirt and a tight camisole top. She had one hand on the basket. She seemed nervous, as though she were anticipating something.

Lorena ended the milling about by tapping a demitasse spoon on a champagne glass. The young men filtered into the kitchen through two doorways until the entire assembly was gathered loosely around the kitchen island. One of the young men passed out half-filled champagne glasses to everyone present.

"It's time, everyone!" Lorena said. "First, I want everyone to welcome Beth, who is new, and whom we hope to get to know a lot better. Beth and Marcus, we look forward to you joining our club. But that comes later. Today, we turn our attention to Marilyn, and her son Russell. The initiation is today. I have no doubt it will go well, and Marilyn and Russell will become formal members of the MS Club! Cheers!"

"Cheers!" everyone cried in unison.

Initiation? Beth couldn't recall Marcus saying anything about an initiation. She was puzzled. The mystery deepened.

"Time to open the gift basket, Marilyn!"

Marilyn blushed and gently removed the crepe paper. She took a series of items from the basket, and she held each one up to applause and laughter from everyone in the group. Beth saw no rhyme or reason to the gifts, which included, among other things, breath-freshening mints, a spray bottle of stain remover, and knee pads. It was, evidently, a joke that everyone was in on but Beth.

She leaned over to Marcus, who stood next to her and whispered.

"Marcus, what's this about?" she asked.

"It's just an inside joke, Mom," he whispered back. "You'll see later."

Beth followed the events with curiosity. After the gift unwrapping was done, Russell, a skinny lad who looked about Marcus's age, took his mother by the hand and led her out of the room. The other young men, including Marcus, followed them, to another part of the house, while all the other women remained in the kitchen.

Lorena led the remaining women to an adjacent, spacious dining room, on which lay an extravagant spread of cheese, crackers, fruits, pastries, champagne, and bottles and bottles of wine.

Beth wondered where Marilyn and the men had gone, but she had no time to think about it further because the women around her kept her busy with chatting and drinking champagne. They seemed eager to see her get her fill. Soon her head buzzed. She didn't worry about being drunk because Marcus was driving.

"Beth," Lorena spoke up, at last, silencing the others, "I suppose you have some questions. You must be curious about our club."

"Y... yes," Beth stammered, realizing the pleasant buzz from the champagne had spread from her head and induced a slight slur in her words. "I do. But you've been so nice I didn't want to be pushy about asking."

"You don't need to worry about that at all," Lorena said, smiling, and all the other women around her smiled and laughed as well. An elegant, perfectly coiffed woman named Rita put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"We've all been here. You get a little nervous about it at first, but we have no doubt you'll fit right in."

Beth was puzzled.

"Beth," Lorena explained, "MS" stands for "Mom-Son." As you can tell, our club is a small group consisting of young men and their mothers. We're highly selective, and very few moms and sons get as far as this initial meeting. So far, all that have attended have ended up joining, I'm pleased to say, and so far,

none have regretted it. You have probably noticed that the men are in their 20s, while the women are in their 40s and 50s."

"I noticed that." Beth nodded.

"You may also have found out, in speaking with the women you've met so far, that all of us are either divorced or widowed. There are no married women in this club."

"I did notice that, too."

"Good. There are good reasons for that. We are very discreet about our club, its membership, and its activities. Nosy, jealous husbands would spoil everything and spill the secret."

"Jealous?" Beth asked. "Secret?"

"Yes, Beth," Lorena continued. "Our club is secret. It's important to keep it that way. Many people would not understand. Many would even be scandalized. We don't want to be in the spotlight."

"I don't understand," Beth said.

"I'll explain. You may be surprised, but here goes."

Lorena took a deep breath and sat up straight, looking at Beth intently.

"Beth, all of us, here at the table, are our son's lovers."

Beth was glad she hadn't just sipped her champagne because she would undoubtedly have spit it out. She coughed loudly, her jaw dropped open, and her eyes bugged wildly.

"What?"

"So, I was right," Lorena said. "You didn't know. I know it's a bit of a shock at first. But you heard me correctly. We are the lovers of our sons. That is the purpose of the MS Club. We support romantic and sexual relationships between sons and mothers. In fact, it's a requirement for belonging in the club."

Another woman, Rose, with freckles and long, silver hair, spoke next.

"Do you wonder what Marilyn is doing right now?"

The light began to go off in Beth's head. "You mean--"

"She is having sex with her son Russell, right now, for the very first time, in the big bedroom on the other side of Lorena's house. The other men, including your son Marcus, are with them."

"Wait a minute," said Beth. "Is this some kind of big sex group thing? What have you got my son into?"

Lorena raised her hand.

"No, no, not at all," she said. "It's not like that. They are there to witness the act, and to record it. They have still cameras and videocams."

"Why are they doing that?" asked Beth.

"Amusement, and insurance," said Lorena. "Nobody can be part of the club unless they are fully invested, so to speak. The video recordings and photos are kept here, at my house, in a vault, since I'm the president of the club. We must take certain steps to ensure that all members respect the secrecy of the club."

"You mean, it's blackmail material?" Beth asked.

"We don't think of it that way. I assure you; it's never come close to that. As I said before, we are highly selective, and we are very careful about whom we scout for membership. So far, we've never picked wrong. But it pays to be cautious, so we are."

"So, right now... Marilyn is on the bed, naked, and eight men, including my son Marcus, are watching her and recording her having sex with her son?"

"That's right," Rose said.

"My God, I can't believe this. Is this for real?"

"Yes, Beth," said Lorena. "I assure you it's real."

Beth searched their faces. They all looked like such a nice, respectable group of women, although they were dressed too sexily for a church social, for sure.

"Why? Why do you do this?"

"I know it sounds odd to you, Beth," Lorena said. "But once you get used to it, it's perfect."

"How so?" Beth asked.

"A bunch of reasons. First, our ages. Women reach their sexual peaks much later than men, and they remain at their peak for a longer time. Men peak in their twenties. They're horny, but they're inexperienced. We're perfectly matched. Second, our situations. All of us women are divorced or widowed, and we're horny too. We're not ready to shrivel up and die, sexually. We all

have sons--fine, young, vigorous, horny sons--and no husbands to interfere. All of us are, at a minimum, reasonably financially secure, so we can afford to do it this way. We don't need an older man to take care of us. And there's a third reason."

"What's that?" Beth asked.

"It's fun!" Lorena cried, and the other women at the table murmured in agreement. "It is absolutely, mind-blowingly amazing to be fucked by your son, Beth. You're an attractive woman. Marcus is a handsome young man. Haven't you ever had feelings? A tingle here and there? Marcus tells us you have not dated in a couple of years. Surely, all alone in the house with your handsome young son, you must have thoughts once in a while. I can assure you he notices you. Do you ever catch him glancing at you--as a woman, not just as a mom?"

"I don't know...," Beth replied. She couldn't recall seriously entertaining any incestuous thoughts toward her son, but she had noticed, lately, how handsome he had become, and how much he looked like his deceased father. And she had noticed, lately, that Marcus HAD glanced at her at times. Once, too, while removing a half-eaten tuna sandwich from the desk in his room she had noticed the screen open to an erotic story about mother-son incest.

"I don't know what to say," she said. "This is just so strange."

"It seems that way at first," Lorena said. "But the feeling goes away quickly. To us, it seems perfectly natural and normal, and very fulfilling. A sexual relationship between mother and son is the most beautiful thing in the world.

"Before I say anything further, I need to tell you the rules of our club."

"Rules?"

"Yes. Rules. First and foremost, secrecy. Every member of this group, moms and sons included, must pledge never, ever to say anything about the club--not its activities, not even its existence--to anyone who is not a member or prospective member of the club. In fact, before I continue, you must agree right now that you will say nothing of our meeting today, or what you've learned. Do you agree?"

"Yes, yes," said Beth, head still swimming. "I wouldn't do that. I wouldn't want anyone to know I've been here."

"Exactly," said Lorena. "It could be embarrassing just being associated with the club, even to this extent.

"Second, the sons must be at least 21 years old. Third, the mothers and sons, while they belong to the club, cannot have romantic, sexual relationships with others outside the club."

"Why?"

"Two reasons. One, to foster the growth of the relationships and to encourage them to be as good as they can be, and, two, to avoid discovery. We don't want girlfriends and boyfriends snooping into what we do."

"So, is this a permanent arrangement?"

"Not necessarily," Lorena continued. "Not for most. In most cases, either the son or mother eventually meets someone else, lets us know, and they both leave the club. They get on with their lives and close a wonderful family chapter. But there are three members that have continued their relationships, and they may be permanent."

"Who are they?" Beth asked, looking around the table.

"They're not here. They're no longer members. We have another rule that membership in the club ends when the man turns 29. They are free to continue their relationships, and they remain friends with us, but they're no longer formal club members. We think it's better this way. It keeps the blood fresh, and it keeps us on our mission."

"Is this... even legal?" Beth asked.

"Technically, in this state, no," Lorena said. "Rose, who is a lawyer, has discreetly researched that issue. Legally, incest between a mother and son, even consensual incest between adults over the age of 21, is not legal. But nobody has been prosecuted for adult incest within memory, as far as we know. The authorities don't care about what adults do in this state, as long as it's with other adults. And that brings us to the fifth rule, which is that members must be very careful not to get involved in any other illegal activities that could risk exposure. No illegal drugs. No sex in circumstances where one could get busted, like outside in the car. Discretion is our most important rule. Violation of this rule, or any rule, will result in immediate expulsion from the club."

Beth said nothing while trying to absorb it all. She thought about her son in the other room.

"Marcus, he... "

"He knows all about it," Lorena said, nodding. "You're here because he wants you to be here. He wants to join the club with you. He has wanted that for some time."

Lorena's words hit Beth with the force of a hammer. Her son wanted her as a lover! He wanted to have sex with her. He had been talking to her about the club for weeks, so obviously he had wanted her before then, and the club had approved his telling her about it. The process had been set in motion weeks and weeks ago. How long had he been fantasizing about her? How far did it go back? Her mind swam.

It was unbelievable.

But it was undeniable. Marcus wanted his mom. Her. Beth. He wanted... to be inside her, their bodies wrapped together. Beth imagined it--tried to picture the unpicturable. She imagined Marcus's body on top of hers, moving over her and inside her, the swell of him filling her. Her skin flushed. She felt it and saw the color rise on her exposed arm, and she hoped no one else noticed.

It was flattering to think that her young, handsome son found her attractive enough to want to do this. But how could she really, in the end, do it? Would she not be a bad mother? Wouldn't her son rather date girls his own age? She didn't want more children. Eventually, Marcus would want to find a girl and settle down and raise a family. He couldn't do that with his mother.

But it didn't have to be permanent. That's what Lorena had said. They could be lovers for a little while, just long enough to enjoy it, and perhaps to teach Marcus more about women, and then--

Sounds from the other room interrupted her thoughts. Beth heard masculine, excited voices, and the fall of many feet on the floor. Marcus's friends were back. They entered the room, lining up against the dining room wall encircling the table, and they waited until the couple of honor entered: Marilyn and Russell. She wore the same skirt, but it was disheveled, and her bra seemed to have disappeared, because her nipples stood out like

hard pebbles under the tight camisole. Her hair was mussed, and her mascara smeared, and she smiled bashfully at everyone around the room. Russell's shirt lay half-untucked from his pants, and an enormous grin spread over his face.

Everyone in the room cheered and clapped. Beth looked for her son, and she saw him standing to the couple's side. He was staring back at Beth, smiling faintly, but obviously wondering what she was thinking.

The party continued for another hour, but the official program was done, and no one said anything further to Beth about the club or its business. They seemed eager to put her at ease, engaging her in pleasant chit-chat and plying her with more food and wine. By the time the party broke up, Beth felt no pain.

Neither she nor Marcus said anything to one another for a while in the car on the way home. Finally, Marcus broke the silence.

"What did you think, Mom?"

"Everyone was very nice."

"I'm glad. But, I mean, what do you think about the club?"

Beth took a long time answering.

"Is this really what you want?"

"Yeah, Mom, it is. I want this, Mom."

"Why?"

"Because I think it would be great. You're single. I'm single. We live in the same house, for now, at least, until I get a job somewhere else and have to move, if that happens. You're pretty. No, Mom, you're beautiful. You know I think so."

"Well, no, I didn't know that, but it's nice to hear. Thank you. I don't feel beautiful. I feel more invisible than beautiful. You get to a certain age, and you start to feel that way. Like nobody notices you anymore."

"I notice. Listen," said Marcus. "You don't have to say anything or decide anything right now. I've talked to the guys about this a lot, and everybody goes through these feelings. Your son... weird, right? It was weird for me, too. But I had a lot of time to talk it over with the guys, and with some of the moms. So, I've figured it out. Yeah, I want to do it. But don't decide yet. Think about it. We can talk about it."

"Oh, you've given me a lot to think about. No doubt about that. I'm still in shock. Marcus, I must ask you... the initiation... all those guys watching... does that turn you on? Me... around other guys?"

"If you mean sharing, no. That's not what I'm into. I want you... for myself. But the initiation is part of the deal. And honestly, yeah, it kind of turns me on to think of them seeing you, even if they can't touch you. You're hot, Mom. You are, even if you don't think of it that way. I think of you as a butterfly that needs to come out of her cocoon. I like the idea of others seeing you that way."

They arrived home, and they parted and went their separate ways to spend the rest of the day doing different things. Marcus went on a long run, and Beth pulled weeds from her flower garden. She weeded with a vengeance, leaving no stray, unwanted plant intact, until she had stacked a row of weed piles alongside the garden bed. The vigor of the weeding took her mind off the revelations of the club meeting. When she was done, a mixture of sweat and dirt caked her skin. She raked up all the weeds and dumped everything into the green waste can and went back into the house. By the time she was done with a long shower, and she had thrown on a short, tawny peasant skirt and a loose white cotton blouse, it was time to start thinking about dinner.

She cooked spaghetti and heated up a jar of ready-made marinara sauce and quickly mixed and tossed a green salad while Marcus took his own shower after his run. Marcus entered the kitchen, once again in his usual uniform of shorts and t-shirt, and at Beth's request, he sliced the bread. They didn't say anything to each other. It seemed better that way. Talking about the club would have been awkward. But talking about something else would have been just as awkward. Silence was the only comfortable recourse.

After getting dinner on the table and sitting down, Beth and Marcus chit-chatted about what they'd done that day, Beth talking about her weed-pulling and Marcus talking about his running. They tip-toed around what they were thinking about until their plates were nearly empty, and the loaf of bread was gone. Beth eventually got back to the point.

"You really want this, Marcus?" she asked.

"I do, Mom. I really do."

"Hmmm," she said. They stood up from the table, cleared it off, and cleaned the dishes.

"Let's watch a movie later tonight, Mom," Marcus said.

"OK," Beth replied. Marcus seemed to have a stronger notion of what he wanted than she did, and she let him direct events.

Beth retired to her bedroom, to be alone for a while with her thoughts before she watched a movie with Marcus. Her thoughts were a jumble and she wanted to try to untangle them. She closed the bedroom door behind her and sat on the edge of her bed.

"Marcus wants to have sex with me," she said out loud, to herself. "My son wants to have sex with me."

What did she think of that?

Her first instinct was that it was wrong, and no responsible mother could do that. And yet, earlier in the day, at Lorena's house, she had had brunch with eight other women, all of them seemingly respectable, attractive, and well-heeled, who were having sex with their sons. It didn't cohere with anything she had ever known or experienced in her life, but there it was. The fact of it was unavoidable.

Marcus wanted her. Her son desired her. She couldn't deny the fact: it was flattering that her handsome young son, who easily could find attractive women his own age to date, wanted her. Lately, she had felt deflated, sexually, and undesirable. Only in the last year had she finally gotten over the death of her husband, and she wondered when or if she would date again. Her few experiences dating, usually through online sites, had left her unimpressed. The men her own age seemed to be seeking women 10 years younger. The men interested in her were mostly ten years or more older. She was 46, but still in good shape, and she wasn't ready to date men who were stooped over and gray and paunchy.

Marcus was none of those things. He sported an unruly thatch of chestnut hair, and he had a lean, intelligent face and hazel eyes, and he stood six feet one in bare feet with broad shoulders and a thin waist. If she had been his age, hell yes, she would have been interested. Ken, her deceased husband, had looked much the same way when he had been young, and he had swept

her off her feet when he had been a promising first-year medical student and she had taken classes in nursing school.

Beth was surprised that Marcus had no girlfriend. He was good-looking enough and smart enough. He had a pleasant, easy manner with people. But for whatever reason, he hadn't formed an attachment with anyone.

"Mom?" Marcus's voice, beyond the bedroom door, interrupted her thoughts. "Do you want to watch the movie?"

"Sure!" she called out to him. Beth wasn't sure what she wanted. She was willing to defer to Marcus.

Beth took a detour to the kitchen to get another glass of wine before heading to the living room to join her son for the movie. Goodness knows, she didn't need another glass, after having had so many at brunch, but she still felt on edge, and the wine would calm and dull her nerves.

Marcus sat on the sofa already, beer in hand. Beth sat on the sofa two feet away from him with her glass of wine, and she sipped it as his fingers clicked the remote. They watched a romantic sex comedy--Marcus's choice. The frequent displays of skin left Beth feeling antsy and agitated by the time her wine glass was drained and the movie's credits had finished. Marcus kept his distance until the movie was done, and then he patted the sofa next to his side.

"Mom, let's talk."

Beth said nothing but scooted along the sofa surface until she sat next to Marcus.

"I want to try something," Marcus said. "They said this would be a good... icebreaker. You don't have to say anything or decide anything. But can I try something?"

"What?"

"Just trust me. OK?"

Beth didn't know what to say.

"OK," she said, finally.

Marcus scooted as far back on the sofa as he could and opened his legs wide, leaving an open space on the sofa between his thighs. He patted it.

"Over here, Mom."

Reluctantly but obediently, Beth did as her son asked, lifting herself off the couch and reseating herself until she sat between her son's legs. Her heart raced. She did not know what he was

going to do, and she wasn't sure if she could bear it. His chest pressed into her back, and she felt the warmth of his breath on her hair and on her neck.

"Just relax. I won't do too much, but this will feel good. All the other moms have gone through this."

Beth still wasn't sure she wanted to be like the other moms, but there was some faint comfort in knowing that she was not alone—that all the women she had met earlier in the day would approve and encourage what she now did with Marcus.

Her son lay a hand, almost imperceptibly, on the skin of her thigh just below the hem of her short dress. He did nothing more for what seemed like many seconds.

"How does that feel?"

"It feels good," Beth said, her voice small. The living room, though not big, seemed like a still, vast cavern. She felt lost in it.

Marcus traced a small circle on her thigh. Beth marveled at his deliberation and patience. There was nothing urgent or needy about it. His touch was so light that she had to focus all her attention on it to appreciate it fully.

"They told me how to do this. What to say and what to do," Marcus said.

"They?"

"Lorena and her son Victor. At their house last week. I watched them. She coached me."

"You watched them?"

"Yeah. I watched as he put his hands on her like this."

Beth felt another hand, at her neck, two fingers pressed gently below her jawline, running up beneath her ear. His hands moved independently, keeping her senses off-kilter, but they moved with perfect softness. There was something almost innocent about the way they moved over her skin, but the touch was arousing at the same time. Beth's body slackened, softening to the light, expert touch. She would not have credited her son with such skills. Lorena had been a good coach. No man had ever been so deliberate in the way he touched her before.

Beth wondered what his hands would do, and where they would go. She could stop him at any time. Or could she? Marcus was much bigger and stronger than she was. If she pushed, would he push back?

Before she could explore the thought further, Marcus's fingers lifted off her neck, and they were replaced by his lips. He kissed her on the neck with almost infinite delicacy. It was no more than a whisper of a kiss.

Beth gasped.

And then he stopped.

She wondered if he was regrouping to kiss her or touch her again, but no, his body shifted back, away from her.

"Wasn't that nice?" he asked. "I'm going to go to bed."

Beth stood up to let him get off the sofa, and they hugged, and he walked off to his bedroom. Beth was nonplussed. She didn't know how to feel. The touch of his hands on her skin had been marvelous, and she was, no doubt about it, aroused. But not quite to the point of feeling shameful or guilty. Yet it had been Marcus who had pulled away. Horny men weren't supposed to be able to do that, were they? But he had. His control disconcerted her.

Beth walked away to her own bedroom, on the other side of the house. She lay in bed for a long time, pondering things, before she fell asleep.

* * * *

The next day was a Monday, so Beth woke up early to get ready for work. Marcus's job started later than hers, so he ambled into the kitchen looking for coffee when she was nearly done and ready to get into her car. She expected him to say something, but he didn't. Marcus's words when she left for work were no more than a mumbled "So long."

All day, Beth tried to pay attention to work and forget the previous day's events, but she couldn't do it. She walked through the corridors of the hospital, tending to patient after patient, trying to give each her full attention, but her son's words loomed before her like a neon sign everywhere she went:

"I want this, Mom."

At home, that night, later than usual, Beth cooked dinner and heard the door shut when Marcus came home. Half an hour later they sat at the dinner table together to eat. For a while they ate in silence, forks poking tentatively at the beef stroganoff she had cooked, until Beth spoke.

"Marcus, say something."

Marcus acted surprised.

"What do you want me to say, Mom?" he asked.

"You can't drop this on me and say nothing. It's driving me crazy."

"What do you want me to say?"

Beth was stumped. She wasn't sure what she wanted Marcus to say.

"Make sense of this for me, please," she said. "What made you want this? Did something happen?"

Marcus waited long before answering.

"No. Not really. It wasn't like a light bulb suddenly came on. It was a slow thing. I wasn't really satisfied with dates or hookups. I noticed you weren't dating. We were in the house together all the time, and it seemed like you were lonely. I started looking at you differently. Less as a mom, more as a person, if that makes sense. And there was this one time."

"Yes?"

"It was late at night. I wanted to ask you something. I forget what. I walked to your bedroom, and the door was closed, and I heard you."

"Heard me?" But Beth knew what he meant.

"You were moaning. You were obviously masturbating. I listened. It went on for a long time. I was surprised how long. I sat on the floor outside your bedroom, and I started doing it to myself. I remember hearing you come, and I came right after that. I thought I made a noise and you'd hear me, but I don't think you did. I tiptoed away. I made a big mess and had to clean up."

"My god, Marcus," Beth said. Fascination at his story mingled with embarrassment.

"Yeah, I know," he said. "It's not like a switch just flipped or anything, but after that I didn't think of you the same way. I thought of you in your room needing something. And I needed something. I had these feelings, and I went online, and one thing led to another, and I found a couple guys who belonged to the club. And they encouraged my feelings. They didn't think it was sick or weird or anything like that. And eventually I met Victor, and then I met his mom, Lorena."

He paused.

"Go on," Beth said.

"They invited me over to their house. It was just me, and Victor, and his mom. And they showed me."

"Showed you?"

"They did it. In front of me. They had sex. I watched Victor having sex with his mom. I couldn't believe how hot it was. When they were done, I knew. I wanted that, too. I still do, Mom."

Beth didn't respond. She didn't know what to say. Marcus kept stumping her.

"It's OK, Mom. You don't have to say anything. It's a lot to take in."

Beth expected further entreaties or explanations--that Marcus had in mind a process of seduction that he would continue, now having helped explain his feelings further and having opened the door. But he said nothing. He stood up, and he took his dishes to the sink and cleaned them before putting them up to dry. When he was done, he turned to Beth and waived.

"Good night, Mom."

Once again, Beth was left frustrated--provoked, and, if she was being honest, titillated, but unsatisfied. Her son left her stewing in her own complicated thoughts, and it was in that mood that after a while she too cleaned her dishes and walked to her bedroom for a restless night's sleep.

* * * *

Two days later, after working a long shift at the hospital, Beth dressed for a run. Marcus had neither said nor done anything unusual since their dinner conversation: no flirting, no gestures, no offer to talk further. He was difficult to read. Beth tried to take her mind off the odd vibe between them, but it wasn't easy. She thought a vigorous run might help as she donned her shoes, shorts, and tank top.

She began doing calf stretches against the wall and winced at a stitch in her thigh.

"Something wrong, Mom?" Marcus asked.

"Just a cramp in my leg," she said. "I'll work it out."

"Let me help."

Before she could protest, Marcus led her by the hand to a chair and beckoned her to sit down. He knelt in front of her and took her thigh in his hands and began to massage her. It felt wonderful. His touch, again, was soft, patient, and deliberate. It was more caress than massage. Slowly, his fingers worked their way up her leg. She was aware of the brevity of her nylon shorts, and the way the leg openings gapped. She couldn't see what Marcus could see, but she imagined he might be able to see up inside her shorts to the whisper-thin built-in briefs that barely covered her privates.

She breathed more heavily.

His fingers move up, still further, until they were just under the edge of her shorts, kneading and pressing the skin of her thigh. Her conscience cautioned her against where the hands might go, but another sense, unnamed, warmed to his touched and willed the hands on. Yes, touch, it said.

But once again, Marcus pulled away, on his own. The massage had succeeded. Her leg felt better. But inside, Beth felt frustrated.

She stood up, left the house, and went on her run. When she returned, Marcus was cooking dinner. He had been doing that more often lately, and she appreciated his thoughtfulness. She appreciated his skill, too. Their supper--roasted potatoes and grilled chicken--was delicious.

After dinner, Marcus offered to clean the dishes. Beth's phone rang. She swiped open the connection in her bedroom.

"Hello?"

"Beth?"

"It's Lorena. I hope I caught you at an OK time."

"Sure. Yes."

"I wanted to invite you to lunch at my place this Saturday. Are you free?"

"Yes! Thanks."

Beth surprised herself at her eagerness to accept. It had been a while since she'd had a meal with a friend. Lorena wasn't quite a friend--not yet--but Beth thought she might become one.

"You know the location. How does noon sound?"

"Perfect."

They chatted a bit about the weather and about their sons for a few minutes--nothing salacious--and Lorena graciously said goodbye.

* * * *

Beth dressed a little more sexily for her second event at Lorena's house. She wasn't sure why, but she felt a need to keep up, and Lorena set a high standard. The green dress she wore hugged her figure more tightly than the previous dress had, and it showed off more thigh. Greeting Beth at the door, Lorena looked as immaculate as ever. Victor was nowhere to be seen, and Lorena explained he was out with friends for the day.

Lorena was the perfect host. They ate a lunch of small sandwiches and chopped salads with a bottle of Chardonnay on a small table on the backyard patio. They passed the time in small talk for a while until Lorena came to the point.

"I suppose you still have many questions about all this," she said.

"That's an understatement," Beth said.

Lorena smiled.

"You accepted my invitation, so that's a good sign. Beth, Marcus told me about what's going on. At the house with you. He told me about the session you had. After the movie. That's something we encourage. A nonsexual way to break the ice, to get the mom and son comfortable with touching each other. It was nice, wasn't it?"

"It was strange," Beth said. "But Marcus was very... patient. He has a skillful touch."

"I know. He's very good."

"You know?"

"I do. Beth, I'm going to say something startling. Please be patient and listen."

Lorena paused and Beth waited with bated breath.

"Marcus came over to the house the other day, while Victor and I were here. We talked for a while about how things were going. And... "

"And?"

"I instructed him to finger me."

"My son fingered you? You mean, inside you?"

"Yes, inside me. Don't be startled. It's something we teach all the young men. They must learn how to touch and to please. Marcus fingered me, until I came. I orgasmed. It didn't take long. He's got talent. I hope you experience it soon. Victor and I coached him the whole time."

Beth's head reeled. This was all too strange.

"Did--" She couldn't say the words easily. "Did anything else happen? Did he?"

"Fuck me? No." The f-word sounded surprising in Beth's ears. Lorena presented as too refined and cultured to let such a word pass her lips. Beth resigned herself to the fact that her time with Lorena was always a lesson in surprise.

"No," Lorena continued. "Sex itself is something we reserve for the mother and son, as part of their special bond, unless, once they've joined the club, they and another couple agree to share. You're not there yet. The purpose of this exercise was to help make sure that Marcus could do his part, to please you. I assure you, he can. Your son is going to make you very happy, if you let him."

"I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say much," Lorena said, laughing. "You could just nod! But seriously, if I'm reading the tea leaves correctly about the two of you, Beth, you and Marcus are perfect for each other. He wants you so badly."

"Really? That's hard to tell. He seems so... restrained."

"That's part of their training, too. We're training them to be men, not just horny boys. They must control their urges and focus on the bigger prize."

"Bigger prize?"

"To get you into bed, Beth, and to make love to you until you surrender to his desire for you. Beth, believe me, it's the most wonderful feeling. Giving yourself to your son, totally and completely. Soaking up his need and desire for you, and giving it back. You have no idea. Victor and I--we're crazy for each other. We have sex every day, and sometimes several times a day."

"Really?"

"Really. It's the best sex, Beth. Mind-blowing. I'm sure it will be that way between you and Marcus. All those words in your head, the disapproving words--strike them out of your brain. Do an exercise for me. Visualize. Imagine it happening. You. Marcus. Making love. Let go and imagine it."

Something about Lorena's tone of voice would not be denied, so Beth did as Lorena asked, and she pictured it. The image formed slowly, and her mind took time embracing it and letting it take shape. But at last, it did: Marcus on top of her, his hands caressing her, gently as before, but also guiding her and opening her to his desire, until at last he pressed inside her and filled her. The taboo faded, and the image grew sharper, the lines clearer, the colors more saturated.

"Yes," Beth murmured.

"That's it," Lorena said. "Surrender to it."

Lorena guided Beth for another ten minutes, with the same infinite patience Marcus had shown her when touching her. Beth felt she was in expert hands and incapable of resisting them. When at last they were done with the visualization, her skin was hot and flushed.

"Wow," she said. She opened her eyes, to see Lorena staring at her.

"Beth," Lorena said. "We have another meeting in two weeks. Everyone in the club will be there. I'd like you and Marcus to come, too, and to be initiated. I think you're ready. I know Marcus is."

Beth looked at Lorena for a long time. The backyard was silent save for a bird chirping somewhere.

"I have to think about this."

"Of course. But don't think too long. We don't want to rush you, or anyone, but we do have our rules. With our club, you are either in, or you're out. It's our way. We'd love to see you and Marcus at our meeting. But only if you're prepared to say 'yes' and go through with the initiation. There's no pressure, but those are the rules. Understand?"

"I understand."

They changed the subject and chatted for a while about work and movies they had seen recently, until Beth left.

She stewed in her thoughts while driving home, her heart and mind in turmoil, but by the time she pulled into the garage and got out of her car, she knew what she had to do.

Marcus was waiting for her in the kitchen. He looked at her, his gaze wide-eyed, steady, and wondering. Beth looked back.

"I'll do it," she said.

* * * *

Beth bought a dress especially for the occasion, through the Internet, along with matching heels. She appraised herself in the passenger seat of the car while Marcus drove the car to Lorena's house, two weeks after her lunch with Lorena.

The dress was yellow, gauzy, and short, and on her feet she had fastened strappy caramel sandals with extra-high pencil-thin heels. She wore nothing else but an electric yellow matching G-string underneath the dress. No bra. If she was going to do this, she was going to do it the way the other ladies had done it. She didn't want to be upstaged by Marilyn's performance a month earlier. Beth felt nervous, but she believed--she hoped--she looked right for the occasion.

She entered the front door of Lorena's house trying hard to fortify her confidence by repeating to herself, again and again, that she could do this, that all the other women in the house had done this, and that her son wanted her to do this, and that was all that mattered. With effort, she tried not to think about the audience of young men that would bear witness to her "initiation." It was between herself and her son Marcus. That was all that mattered. She tried as strenuously as possible to convince herself of that.

Beth passed the threshold of Lorena's door and the decorous foyer, and she felt the fears and inhibitions and resistance fall away. She surrendered, and surrender was a comfort. There was no turning around and walking back out that door. Her decision had been made.

She smiled, bravely, at the women that greeted her, and they smiled back, welcoming her.

"Congratulations, Beth," Rose said.

"You won't regret it," Lorena said.

The crepe paper-wrapped basket waited for her on the kitchen island, and after introductions and a quick speech by Lorena, Beth opened it and, blushing deeply, held up the gifts like those Marilyn had displayed to the group a month before. Beth wondered how and when she would use them, or how, maybe, Marcus would use them on her.

Things were said and toasts were made with upraised glasses of champagne, but to Beth it was all a blur. She knew what was to come, and she could not focus on anything else.

At last, Lorena said, "It's time," and Marcus took her hand, and Beth's body tingled with anticipation under the barely-there gossamer of her yellow dress, as she was led by Marcus to a bedroom in another part of the house, with Marcus's young friends following them.

When she reached the bedroom, and stared at the bed, Beth didn't know what to do.

Fortunately for Beth, Marcus did.

"Over here, Mom," he said, guiding her with his hand gently at her back.

All sense of volition departed. Circumstances, her son's plans, and their mutual desire propelled her forward, seemingly with no thought or effort.

"Sit on the edge of the bed, Mom," Marcus said.

Beth had no power to disagree. Or did she? Perhaps she was just fooling herself, that she was as fully complicit in this conspiracy

to usher her into this incestuous union as her son was. But it didn't feel like it. To Beth, her will had dissolved into Marcus's own. It felt like she had no choice.

Marcus knelt at Beth's feet and took one foot in hand, fumbling his way through the straps of one sandal to take it off. She smiled. She was sure he had never done anything like this before -the mechanics of a woman's shoe were still something mysterious, and in the pressure of the moment, daunting. But at last, it came off, and he set it gently to the side, and he lifted her foot to his lips, kissing it softly like a lover.

Beth melted then. Her chest heaved. She looked up from the bed to the faces of the men standing around her. Some of them looked at Marcus kissing her feet; others looked into Beth's face, as though trying to divine the psychic and emotional journey unfolding within her and lying behind the curtain of her eyes. Others stared at her breasts.

Beth wondered in that moment how these young men looked at her. Did they also desire her, as Marcus did? Did they look at her as a desirable woman, or just as a friend's mom? Beth wondered how she stacked up next to the other moms. They were a sexy bunch. A little competition rose in her breast. She wanted them to see her son as being as lucky to have his mom as they were to have theirs. It was a silly thing to want, she supposed, but she wanted it anyway. And she was sure Marcus wanted it too. He wanted his mom to be as hot as the other moms.

"That feels so good, Marcus," Beth said, to encourage him. He sat up and smiled at that. Beth extended her foot and pointed her toes, exposing more of her legs under her yellow dress. Marcus responded by massaging the foot for another minute before taking off the next shoe, this time more deftly than before.

When he was done with Beth's feet his hands move up her calves to her knees, and then to her thighs, which he kneaded lovingly. He drew closer and parted her knees so he could be between them. Beth could scarcely breathe; she was so nervous and excited.

Beth felt like Marcus was following a script he'd been given, because he seemed awkward and he at times paused, as though to recollect what he was supposed to do next. But she found it endearing, and arousing, too, to see him so nervous but determined to please her before his friends. She let out a soft sigh and leaned back on her hands, and she pushed her chest out for the benefit of Marcus and his friends. He pushed the dress up higher and higher over Beth's thighs, until she knew her panties were exposed to the other men in the room. Her panties! A mom wasn't supposed to show her panties to her son or his friends, but here she was, doing exactly that. They weren't quite see-through, but they were close, and she supposed that the young men all around her could see the shadow of her pussy through the gauzy fabric. She wanted them to see. For Marcus's sake, she wanted to be a hot mom. She wanted to be as hot as the other moms. She was driven by the spirit of competition. It was crazy, to feel this way, but the feeling was undeniable. She wanted all the young men standing around and watching her to envy her son.

She spread her legs wider, so they could see better. The small patch of yellow fabric stretched over her pussy. The sensation between her legs was electric.

Marcus sat on the bed next to her, and he took her face in his hands. Beth stared into his eyes--the eyes of her son, the son that she had nursed and raised to manhood. An infinity of meaning passed between them as they gazed at each other.

Marcus kissed Beth, softly at first, and then more strongly. Their lips mashed together. Beth's skin flushed. It was embarrassing to be kissed by her son in front of others, but she had already crossed that barrier and there was nothing to do but to embrace her new status as Marcus's lover. She kissed him back, her hand against the short hairs at the back of his neck. His tongue entered her mouth, exploring her.

Beth put on a show for Marcus's friends, writhing and sighing while he kissed her. She wanted to be hot for her son and for his friends. She wanted them to talk about her. If she was going to do this, she wanted to be the hottest mom in the group. She didn't know if she could pull it off, but she was going to try.

After a few minutes, Marcus pulled away. Beth wondered what was to come next.

"Mom," Marcus said.

He shifted on the bed, until he sat behind her, his legs to either side of her, his hands lightly on her hips. He reached down and pulled the hem of her yellow dress up until the thin gauze of her panties was fully on display to everyone around. Beth looked up, and the eyes of every man in the room were fixed on the little yellow patch stretched over her pussy.

She felt Marcus's lips on her neck, and she felt his fingers crawl over her body until they nestled between her legs. The fingers grabbed an edge of the panties and pulled them aside.

Beth's pussy lay exposed to everyone in the room. The air tickled her labia.

Beth surrendered her body totally to Marcus's control. It was his, to do with whatever he wanted to do.

His hands left her panties and grabbed the edge of her yellow dress, and he pulled up. Beth raised her arms. Marcus swept the little dress over her arms and off her, and he tossed it to the floor at the side of the bed.

Beth sat topless now, wearing nothing before Marcus and his friends but her little banana-colored thong. And that didn't stay on long. Marcus's hands went to the side strings and pulled them down her legs, until the thong pooled at her feet. Then Marcus grabbed her thighs and pulled them apart. Beth's legs splayed wide, and her pussy lips opened to present her depths

to the men standing around her. She felt Marcus's fingers touch her lips. Her pussy opened like a flower.

Beth blushed. She felt bashful, but not too bashful to close her legs. She wanted them to see her.

Marcus's middle finger teased her folds and pushed inside her. Beth was slippery wet, and her pussy offered no opposition to his entrance. Marcus finger-fucked her, in front of his friends, and the sounds of her wet pussy being fucked filled the room.

Beth reached down with a hand and opened herself more, to make it easier for Marcus to enter her and for all the men around her to see her.

What did they think of her? A new initiate to the club, so eagerly and brazenly displaying herself to men she barely knew. What did Marcus think of her? He probably wasn't thinking about much other than the sensation of his finger inside her. Beth's own thoughts were a giddy stew as she surrendered to the plunder of her pussy by Marcus's finger.

"Marcus, it feels good. Keep doing that."

"I will, Mom. You feel amazing. You're so wet."

Marcus was right. She was sopping, and she felt a tickle of moisture below her pussy. She craned her head to look down

and a thin milky stream flowed out of her. The other men crowded around her to get a better look. The video camera hovered only two feet away, zooming in. It was going to be quite a video.

Beth felt butterfly kisses on her neck as Marcus noisily finger-fucked her. She doubted she had ever been so wet or ever made so much noise during sex. Everyone else in the room was still and quiet, watching her, heightening the sound of her pussy's wet, slurpy sounds.

"I can't take it anymore, Mom," Marcus said.

He took her by the shoulders and lay her back on the bed, spreading her open with his hands. Then he crawled over her, and his mouth descended on her, tongue lapping at her pussy.

"Oh, Marcus," she sighed.

He had learned well, evidently, because his tongue and lips moved over her with expert skill. His tongue pushed her lips back, to open her more, but he did not push hard at first. He lightly kissed and teased the outer lips of her pussy for a minute or two, then puckered his lips and kissed around her clit. Beth was surprised to feel Marcus's tongue move down, past her pussy, over her taint, tickling her asshole.

Marcus's crotch was over her face while he went down on her. He was still fully dressed, and Beth decided to do something

about that. She unzipped him and snuck her hand through the fly of his pants to fish out his cock. It wasn't easy, because it was rock hard and stuck inside, but with some effort, and Marcus's wiggling of his hips to help her out, she removed it and cradled it in her hand.

Marcus's cock. Her son's cock. In her hand, the thick pink helmet directly over her face. How weird and wondrous. And so long, thick, and hard! Bigger than she would have guessed.

Her hand encircled his shaft at the base, and she squeezed. She kissed the tip gently, the way she might kiss her son's cheek. She pulled away again to gaze at it. Her body shuddered nervously.

"I'm really going to do this," she thought.

It was difficult to concentrate fully on her son's cock, because of the distraction of Marcus's tongue probing her pussy with his eager tongue.

He lifted off her long enough to say, "I love how you taste, Mom. How wet you are." Then he continued.

His compliment sealed her determination. She couldn't let her son go unrewarded. She opened with and with her hand guided his big organ into her mouth.

It wasn't easy to do, because of its girth, but Marcus's father had had a big cock, too, and since he liked blow jobs, she'd had ample experience learning how to take it and pleasure him. She squeezed the base with her hand and slurped and sucked on the head. She took it out and ran her tongue up and down its length, and then put it back in her mouth, this time taking it all the way in until the tip hit her throat and she gagged. Drool ran out her mouth.

"Fuck yes, Mom," Marcus said.

Approving sighs and grunts rose from the young men gathered all around her.

Beth started sucking Marcus in earnest, her mouth rising and falling on his shaft, her tongue swirling over it. She was giddy. All the while her pussy lay inflamed at the touch of Marcus's lips and tongue.

After only a minute or two she felt Marcus's body shake, and he abruptly pulled away, his cock leaving her mouth. Beth felt a twinge of disappointment. She wanted to taste his cum.

"I love it, Mom," Marcus said. "But you're about to make me come, and I don't want to come in your mouth."

Marcus's strong hands moved over her and guided her as he moved off her body and flipped her over. Oh! He wanted her THAT way.

When her knees were on the bed, Marcus lifted her torso until she was on all fours, like an animal, facing the boys in the room.

Slap! Marcus's hand hit a cheek of her ass hard, and Beth cried in both pain and delight. She was surprised that he would do that, but she was delighted at his assertiveness. She lifted on her hands and knew that her breasts dangled beneath her torso in full view of all the men around her. She heard the rustle of clothes and turned around, and Marcus undressed quickly. Soon, he was as naked as Beth was, and she looked with approval and desire at the defined musculature of his body. His cock, hard and erect, stood out straight from his body, bobbing and swaying. Beth removed one hand from the bed and put it between her legs to guide him. His cockhead touched her palm, and she grabbed the shaft and pulled it toward her open entrance. When the head poked between her lips, she felt her wetness and she knew that Marcus's cock would have no trouble entering her despite his girth.

He was thick, no doubt about it. When his head pushed forward, past her folds, she felt it stretch her. Beth moaned. Most of the men around walked around to the sides of the bed so they could watch Marcus's cock enter Beth's pussy. Beth let out a puff of air and spread her knees more widely to open her entrance fully and ease Marcus's passage. Marcus's cock pressed forward a little, and then withdrew partway, and he continued in that manner, two steps forward and one step back, leaving Beth gasping with pleasure with each push. Finally, he was in her, all the way. Beth could not remember the last time she had felt such pleasure down there.

Marcus paused, holding his cock inside her for perhaps thirty seconds, kneading and caressing her upturned ass. Beth closed her eyes, savoring all the sensations--the fullness inside her, the hands on her ass, the quiet of the room, the eyes of the men on her body.

And then Marcus began really fucking her--withdrawing, and then plunging back in, slowly at first, but gradually picking up the pace. Soon Beth's entire body rocked at the onslaught of her son's cock, and her hair tossed and twirled messily all around her shoulders and her breasts swayed wildly.

"Oh yes," she said, breathlessly.

Marcus said little. He seemed intent on his work, plunging in and out of her. Beth marveled at the intensity of his love-making--not just the speed and force, but the careful way he moved his organ in and out of her, hitting her insides in different ways and angles. He was a more attentive and careful lover than she would have imagined, and Beth wondered if he'd received more training than Lorena told her about. Beth reached one hand back between her legs. She wanted to feel the shaft as it moved in and out. She encircled it with a thumb and forefinger and savored the rapid movement of Marcus's penis, now slick with her juices.

Her son's thick cock stretched and filled her. Beth's husband had been a good lover, but she could not recall him filling her the same way Marcus did. Beth sighed and squealed as her body rocked against her son's. It wasn't just the physical sensation

that thrilled her. It was the knowledge that it was her son - her son Marcus--that filled her. She had surrendered to her son, whom she had borne. She had never felt anything like it in her life.

As she surrendered herself fully to her son's need, Beth thought ahead to the days to come. After years of sexual drought, Beth knew she faced a flood. Now that she had given herself to Marcus, she knew they would be doing this constantly. Maybe every day. Maybe more than once per day. She had taken a strange step, one that would have been unthinkable just days earlier. But there was no turning back.

Beth's reverie was broken by Marcus's quickening thrusts. He sped up the pace, until Beth's body rocked like a crazy thing, out of control and shaking. She would have fallen over had not Marcus's strong hands held so tightly on her hips. She pushed back every time he pushed in.

She lost track of how long they made love. It was blissful, and she could have continued for hours. But she knew there was no way her 21-year-old son was going to last much longer.

Sure enough, he moaned, and his hands tightened on her hips.

"I'm almost there, Mom," Marcus said. "I can't hold it much more."

"Don't wait," she said, barely able to get the words out. "I'm coming, too."

Beth felt the impending orgasm rise in her, and she wanted to come with her son. His movements quickened still more, and she knew he was just moments away. She released at last, letting herself go, and the orgasm engulfed her. She couldn't hold herself up anymore. Her arms gave way and her chest crashed to the bed while she moaned and cried. Marcus gave one last great thrust into her, and he cried out, too, and she knew he had come. Her son had come in her, filling her with his seed.

Beth and Marcus flopped over on their sides, together, Marcus cradling and spooning Beth from behind with his arms. They shook together. Beth closed her eyes as she came down from the orgasm. She felt safe, loved, and fulfilled in Marcus's arms. When she opened her eyes, she saw young men with lusty and awe-stricken faces gazing at her. The videocamera focused on the place between her legs.

Marcus sat up behind her, and he picked Beth off the bed until she sat up in front of him. He opened her legs with his hands. Beth knew why.

She pushed. Daily Kegel exercises did their job. With her legs splayed wide, Marcus's semen spilled out of her. It stained the bed covers. Beth marveled at how much there was. The camera caught everything. Beth reached down, scooped up some of it with two fingers, and put the fingers in her mouth.

"Mmmm," she said.

Beth felt hot. She hoped she was as hot as the other moms had been. She wanted to be, for her sake and for her son's.

Marcus wasn't focused on her open pussy. He was busy kissing her neck softly. He was an attentive lover. This was going to be fun, Beth decided.

Marcus's friends reached over from the side of the bed and high-fived him. More surprisingly, they stretched out their hands toward Beth, and she responded by high-fiving them as well. It felt strange to high-five eight young men while she was naked with her legs splayed open, but what had once been strange was rapidly becoming the new normal.

Beth scooted to the side of the bed and stood up. One of Marcus's friends held out his hand and helped pull her up. She stood naked, surrounded by the men, and she turned slowly and looked into the eyes of each of them. Some held her gaze; others stared at her body. She felt sticky and sweaty and marvelous.

Marcus stood up, too, and held her dress out to her. She pulled it over her shoulders and smoothed it down her body. She left the yellow thong on the floor.

Things blurred again. The intense concentration she felt while Marcus made love to her gave way to a thick, syrupy contentment, and she drifted through it with dulled senses. She was aware of the door being opened and of being ushered out

and accompanied by her son and the other men as she returned to the kitchen. When she arrived, the other moms, standing and waiting for her, cheered. Beth blushed and smiled.

Lorena made some gracious, congratulatory remarks, but Beth scarcely could concentrate on them, and she remembered nothing Lorena said. The women hugged her, and Beth felt proud and happy to have been accepted. She also felt the wicked thrill of Marcus's semen trickling down her leg. She didn't care if anyone else noticed. She felt like she was carried along on a cloud.

Lorena said something about welcoming Beth as the newest member of the Mom-Son Club. Flutes of champagne were raised to the ceiling and emptied. Warmth and love filled Beth's breast.

Eventually, she and Marcus left. He offered his arm, and she took it, and he escorted her back to the car. He opened the door for her, and after they both took their seats, Marcus started the car and drove off.

Neither said anything for a few minutes. Marcus broke the silence.

"That was amazing, Mom," he said. "Thank you for saying yes to this. How did it feel to you?"

"It felt amazing to me, too, Marcus. It still feels amazing."

Beth basked in a glow of erotic contentment as they drove home.

Beth turned to the side, looking at Marcus's face. He seemed nervous and agitated. Beth wondered why.

A few seconds later, Marcus turned right, suddenly, onto a side street. He parked the car at an empty curb 50 feet off the main road.

"Marcus, what are you doing?" Beth asked.

"Mom, you're driving me crazy. I need you again."

"Now?"

"Now."

"Marcus, we're in public. We're only ten minutes from home. Can't it wait?"

"No," he said. His eyes bored into Beth's with more intensity than she'd ever seen before.

Beth looked all around. They were parked outside an office building. It was Sunday, and the office appeared to be closed. It

was a public setting, but she saw no one around. She turned back to Marcus, and she wondered what she had gotten herself into. But she wasn't going to back down.

"Well, as a new member of the Mom-Son Club, I can't refuse my son, can I?"

"No, you can't," Marcus replied.

Beth unlocked her seat belt, and she lifted the yellow dress off her pale, eager body.