

Mom Will Do  
Anything

# Chapter 1

I pulled into the drive way and frowned when I didn't see mom's car. That meant she'd picked up another shift at the lounge. When mom had mentioned she might have a chance to work tonight I'd pleaded with her not to. She had worked the last three nights, six to midnight, in addition to her regular job at the salon. Three straight days of sixteen hours on her feet and this morning she looked like she was ready to fall asleep at the table.

I thought about driving down there and telling her to come home, but it was nine and she had already been there three hours and would be pissed at me.

It was for the better anyway, the one time I stopped in I had to put up with the sight of several assholes in suits who thought they were something watching my mother walk away in that mini skirt and stiletto heels and heard them say she was hot for a woman her age and wondered how big of a tip it would take to get her to come home with them.

I'd headed over there to tell the guy to go fuck himself and slap the smirk off his face, but mom had spotted me and come over. She'd given me a quick kiss on the cheek which earned a remark of "Oh, guess she likes them young" from one of the creeps.

Seeing the look on my face, mom told me to leave and not come see her there; nothing good could come of it. She assured me she couldn't

care less what guys like that said and hell would freeze over before she would so much as look at one of them, let alone give them anything.

I sat in the car disgusted with how things were going right now. My father was rolling in his grave at the fact my mother had gone back to waitressing, a job he had asked her to quit when they got married twenty three years ago.

She had pointed out she made great tips and it was a decent job, but he hated to see women ogled like they were pieces of meat and mom caved for him, She'd gone to school to cut hair which didn't make as much money, but she enjoyed it and dad made plenty so money was never a big deal.

Now six months after his death, money meant everything and mom was back to parading around in an outfit that made her look like a hooker and being hit on by scum. Speaking of money and working, I shut the car off and winced as even that small movement caused pain in my arm.

My best friend Billy's father worked as a contractor and knowing our situation had offered me a hundred dollars to help him clear the rubble out of a basement after my shift at Wal-mart and I had gladly taken him up on it.

But after an eight am class, a noon to six shift stocking shelves and three hours of chucking broken chunks of cement into a dumpster,

my entire body ached and I was dying for a hot shower and bed. But the five twenties in my pocket made it worth it.

I could put it on the overdue cable bill and keep it on for us for another month anyway. I could live without it, as could mom, but Katie and Sarah were twelve and would go into withdrawal without TV, and I did need the net for school.

I forced myself to get out of the car and winced at the stiffness in my back. I closed the door and looked at the for sale sign in the window of the 2007 Mazda 626 Mom and Dad had bought me for graduation.

I reached back into the car and removed the sign so mom wouldn't see it. So far I hadn't gotten any bites on it, but I was hopeful. The car was seven years old, but barely had forty thousand miles on it and I was hoping for three thousand for it which was a damn good price.

Mom would kill me once I sold it, but Billy said he would sell me his beat up old Toyota for six hundred and the rest of the money could go towards the badly past due mortgage.

On that note, I removed my phone from my pocket and turned it on. I had shut it off at work and seeing I was going to be working tossing rocks around had left it off and in the pocket of my jacket, which I had left in the car.

I was disappointed to see no missed calls about the car, but noticed a text from mom telling me what I had guessed; she was working. My eyes widened and my stomach knotted when I saw the rest of it, "The credit union called and I am going there before the club, I'll talk to you when I get home."

I put the phone back in my pocket and walked slowly towards the house. Since dad had passed and we had found out his company's new "cheaper" medical plan had left thousands of dollars of treatments uncovered and the collection agency had put a lien on the house.

Not that, that meant a whole lot seeing as we were now four mortgage payments behind and the bank itself would come before them, but it created a huge issue with mom borrowing money.

Dad had been out of work for months as he battled liver cancer and although his company did keep up his benefits and even kept him on payroll for the first three months; all that time had consumed their savings.

Mom had barely worked during that time and even things like groceries had been coming out of the bank. After dad had passed, the life insurance that came in covered his funeral, but the remainder couldn't even put a dent in the debt mom was now in.

Dad had a 401k that contained over fifty thousand dollars and was supposed to be released to mom after dad's passing, but the

company now had new owners and their new policy was we had to wait a year.

That money would have been enough to get mom out of hock with the hospital and pay the mortgage so there would be equity left in the house if she needed anything else, like my tuition, which she was stressing about far more than she needed to be, but there was no way we could wait another six months for that money.

None of the banks would help, but Mom had been referred to a credit agency that supposedly would let her borrow against the pension money due to come to her end of the year. This was our last resort and we both knew it.

If it fell through, we would be forced to let the house go into foreclosure with any money from the bank sale going to them and the hospital. We would be forced to live on just Mom's two jobs and my thirty hours a week.

I had offered to quit school and work full time for Billy's dad who said he could get me a solid forty hours at a decent wage and into the union, but mom said all she and my father had wanted was for their kids to do what they never did and that was get an education.

Dad had lucked out, getting in with a company that let him work his way up to a good desk job, but he had worked twice as hard to get there and mom cut hair and waitressed, honest work, but long hours and nothing glamorous, they wanted better for me and the twins.

I had just reached the door when it opened from within and Sarah threw herself into my arms, "Ryan! I missed you; you said you would be home tonight!"

"Yeah!" Katie said from behind her, "You promised you would help us beat the new Sonic!"

"I know, I know, bad big brother!" I kissed Sarah on the forehead and leaned over to hug Katie, "Tomorrow, I swear."

"How about now?" They asked in unison.

"In stereo as usual." I laughed, "But that's better than you starting," I flicked Sarah's pony tail, "and you finishing," I pinched Katie's cheek, "Now that is lame."

"Well, we are twins!" Katie declared, crossing her arms over her Care Bear night shirt.

"No? really?" I got down on my knees despite the protest in them, and made a show of looking back and forth between the two girls.

Identical twins, my sister's resembled my mother to the T; the same thick dark brown hair, big brown eyes and fair, delicate features. My father, who like myself, was blonde with blue eyes, tanned easily and

had a strong jaw to go with his rugged features, would always joke they weren't his.

"Well I guess you sort of look alike, you know, kind of ugly, but there's only room for one good looking kid in the family."

"Hey we look like mom and she's beautiful!" Sarah said indignantly.

"That she is and so are you two" I gave them both a hug, trying to keep a smile on my face as they eagerly embraced me, things hadn't been easy for them and sometimes they still struggled with the fact that dad was gone. "For a pair of pygmies anyway."

"Now stop teasing, Ryan, you were a pretty goofy looking kid yourself back in the day."

I looked up to see Mrs. Williams, our long time next door neighbor and the neighborhood baby sitter for as long as even mom could remember. Coming out into the hallway, with her sweater over her arm.

"He's still goofy." The girls spoke at the same time again and burst out giggling.

"Yup, I'm a big goof, but a goof willing to read you some Harry Potter before bed if you go brush your teeth and don't complain about going to bed."

"But its..."

"Nine on a school night." I stood up, "Mom's rules, girls, not mine so don't bother complaining."

"But I want to see mom." Sarah said, "We've only seen her in the morning and a few minutes after dinner all week!"

"Yeah, I miss mom!" Katie began to look genuinely upset.

"Mom has to work, girls," Mrs. Williams chimed in "So you girls can have nice things and your games and..."

"I don't want nice things, I want mom" Sarah said, then twisted the knife, "I miss daddy too, but it's not so bad when Mom's around."

"What about me?" I asked, "What am I, nothing?"

"You're not mommy or daddy." Sarah sulked, "You're our brother, its different, you miss daddy too!"

"I do." I nodded, trying to keep the emotion out of my voice, "And if he were here he would tell you little brats to go to bed. Now scoot and I'll come in, in a few minutes and read." I winked, "So see you will be in bed at nine, but not sleeping right?"

"Hey, yeah!" Katie laughed, "Cool!"

She grabbed Sarah's hand and after stopping to give Mrs. Williams a kiss, ran off through the living room and down the hall to their room.

"You look tired, Ryan" she frowned at me, adding more wrinkles to her face, "Long day?"

"They all are, but not as long as Mom's, she shouldn't have worked tonight."

"In a perfect world, no, but in your situation...?" she shrugged, "She is doing what she feels is right."

"The girls need her."

"They do, but your mother needs things too Ryan and one of them is time to grieve and she hasn't had it yet so she works her ass off and keeps dodging things."

"I guess, well speaking of working," I removed the money from my pocket, "You stayed three extra hours," I peeled off a twenty and handed it to her, "Here you go."

"Nope," She put her hands behind her back, "Bad enough your mother insists on paying me at all, I am not going to take extra."

"Please? I feel..."

"Ryan, your mom is and your dad was, a good friend to me. I wish I could help your mother, but I don't have much more than I need so the least I can do is give you guys some of my time."

"Okay." I put the money down, "I appreciate it."

"I know you do." She smiled, then turned serious, "Your mother got a call from the guy from the credit union and rushed out, you hear from her?"

"No. I'm trying to decide if that is good or bad news."

"Well I don't think she would tell you either over the phone so try not to worry."

"Yeah, right." I laughed.

"I'll see you tomorrow night," she said, as she walked past, "Ryan?"

"Yes?"

"Have your mother stop into the girls room tonight, even if it's to just wake them up and kiss them good night, they've had a rough couple of nights they think she is not going to come back one of these nights."

"I will."

"You're a good man, Ryan." She touched my cheek, "You've grown up a lot the last few months, your mom is proud of you and I know your dad is too."

"I...I try."

"You're succeeding, your mother tells me all the time how you're trying to take care of her and how much closer the two of you have gotten, it's good that you're close to her right now, she needs it."

"Yeah well I don't feel like I'm doing much of anything." I said glumly.

"You are, Ryan, just being by her side through this is doing plenty. Your mother needs a man to lean on and you're the man in her life right now, at least until she decides she's ready to move on."

"I...I don't like that idea." I said softly. "But I have mentioned it to her."

"Neither does she, right now, but someday she will. She's only forty three, too young to be alone, and far too pretty and sweet. When she's ready you need to let that happen, Ryan. You can't make trouble for her."

"I don't want to; I just want her to be with someone who will be as good to her as dad."

"And there are good men out there. There's one right in front of me."

"Well I'm not that kind of man for her."

"Of course not! But you will make sure the next guy is. Have a good night."

"You too."

I closed the door behind her and after looking longingly at the couch decided to head right in to the girls. If I sat down I would not get back up. I thought about Mrs.

Williams words and frowned. I guess it was a part of life-and death-that mom would move on and find someone else, but who would be as good to her as my father was? And how would they be to the girls? I was twenty and wouldn't be an issue, but my sisters were young and...

"One thing at a time." I said out loud as dad always had when he was trying to figure things out. "Today is the day we have to get through, tomorrow is another day."

I nodded as I could hear dad speaking in my mind. Today we had to worry about where the hell we were going to be living in a few months. We didn't even have money to move which was why I was trying to sell my car, it would be enough to get us in somewhere and...

"Hey, Ryan!" Sarah called from down the hall "Come read to us!"

"Yeah," Katie chimed in "And do those bad accents you did last time, they're really funny!"

"Why of course my young ladies in waiting!" I called down the hallway in a shitty attempt at a British accent, "Your dashing big brother is on his way!"

I couldn't help but smile as I followed the sound of their laughter down the hallway, but when I saw the family portrait that was taken last Christmas right before dad got sick, I was struck by a wave of sadness and recalled what mom had said many times in the last couple of months, "This house is the only home this family has known, it's a part of our family, it is our family."

Taking a deep breath and wiping a tear from my eye I stared at Mom in the picture in her favorite red dress and agreed with her. As I once again headed towards my giggling sisters tucked away in their beds, one thought ran through my mind, we had to save this house.

## Chapter Two

I sat up on the couch at the sound of a car door slamming and saw the time on the cable box read five past one. I heard mom's heels on the path that led from the side of the house to the front door and shook my head, hoping to shake the cobwebs from my exhausted mind.

I'd read to the girls for an hour, giving them the thrill of staying up until ten and pinky swearing them to secrecy that I let them.

After that I'd taken a long hot shower during which I recalled how high the gas bill was, but as if rebelling turned the water even hotter. I tossed on a pair of sweat pants and a Patriots t-shirt and went down to zone in front of the couch so I would catch mom when she came home.

Up less than a minute and my stomach began to turn at what news she would have. The fact she rushed to work at the club most likely was my answer that no help was coming, but I suppose I could hope.

The door opened and mom came in and the question about the bank was shoved aside and I exclaimed, "Mom, what the hell are you wearing?"

"Nice to see you too, honey." Mom rolled her eyes as she tossed her sweater onto the chair near the door and approached the couch.

Mario's, where mom worked, was a so called gentlemen's club that was a full out strip club on one side, but the other was more of a cocktail and cigar lounge where the waitresses dressed skimpy, but were dressed. The lounge was for the type of guy whose wife would kill them if they went to a strip club; but still wanted to see some pretty women.

Mom's outfit normally consisted of a black skirt that if I called it a mini would be doing it a favor, the thing barely went past her ass, along with fishnet stockings and a pair of heels I couldn't believe she could walk in. But as revealing as the bottom was the top usually consisted of either a white button up blouse that would be open to a low cut sleeveless shirt beneath it.

Tonight however, mom was dressed as a slutty schoolgirl. The micro skirt was plaid, the stockings white, and there was a loosely knotted

tie around her neck. What really caught me by surprise was underneath her white shirt which was unbuttoned, was a black mesh shirt that showed all of her breasts except for her nipples which were covered with round black patches of material.

"Jesus, Mom!" I shook my head as she all but fell into the corner of the couch opposite me, "That's...that is way too much!"

"More like not enough," she kicked off the black shoes she was wearing. They were heels, but adorned with the silver buckles of school girls shoes. "I..." she looked down and quickly closed her shirt and buttoned it at the middle, "I'm sorry, Ryan I should have covered up before I came in, I...figured you would be in bed and..."

"I always wait up for you." I reminded her.

"You do, don't you." She smiled and I noted the deep red lipstick along with the heavy mascara and blush giving her a slutty appearance that pissed me off. To think mom had to do this for us, "You're a good man Ryan, and a hell of a son."

The shirt mostly buttoned she continued to look at it, "But you're right you do wait for me and I should know that, I guess I'm just...a little..."

"Run down and exhausted." I finished, "Christ, mom, why did you work tonight?"

"Why do you think?" she asked, "Same reason you're taking anyone's shift that doesn't show up at Wal-mart." She pointed her long red nail at me "Even one you cut a class for, you better never do that again, Ryan or I'll tell your boss you quit."

"We need the money and it was only one class and I have an A in the bag and..."

"I don't care!" Mom snapped, "School comes first, you got that?"

"Yes, mom." There was no winning this one.

"What would dad say?"

"I don't know." I pointed at her, "I think he would still be yelling at you for that outfit."

"Well," Mom grinned, "Depends where I was wearing it."

"Out in public would not be his idea of it."

"True." She lifted her long legs and stretched them out, wiggling her toes in the white stockings, "It really is ridiculous, not like I look like I'm eighteen."

"Mom, really, why are you wearing that? Tell me you don't have to dress this...bad, every night."

"No, well..." she shrugged, "One of the girls that works a room on the other side called out and I got her shift, but they dress in different costumes."

"You were in the strip club?"

"One of the private rooms, don't worry, the waitresses stay dressed, they have to or the strippers would lose tips and be pissed, but it pays a hundred a night plus the tips and I made over two hundred in..."

"I don't care, mom, you look like...you look like some milf in a bad porno!"

"I guess I do." She said nodding, "But thanks for the compliment." She touched the skirt, "You're right though, something out of a Malcolm Stone special." She laughed, "The desperate milf waitress."

"Don't talk about that piece of shit."

"Watch your mouth, Ryan." She warned me.

"Not with him I won't. Guys a scum bag, dad always hated him and so do I because I know why."

"You're father told you about him?" her already large brown eyes widened.

"Yes." I said, and continued to talk so I wouldn't think about it, "And not only that, but that piece of crap has more money than he knows what to do with and showed up at the funeral not even offering to help you."

"Would you want me to take it?" She asked.

"If he offered? Yes." I shrugged, "May as well be good for something."

"He's good for a lot, just nothing good." She smirked. "But anyway they are not sure if the girl is coming back and I might stay working there."

"Mom, that's..."

"An extra five hundred a week at least." She pointed out. "If we could catch up, I would be making enough between both jobs and what you make to get by here without things being too tight."

"Not worth it, those guys are bigger pigs than where you work now."

"So?"

"So, its not right you're there."

"There's nothing right about the last few months, Ryan, why should this be different?" She said quietly, "Look, at least I didn't take the offer to work topless."

Seeing the look on my face, she raised her hand.

"I mean it, Ryan I won't, I swear. Not just because of how degrading it would be, but what if someone saw me and...that would be hard on you..."

"And the girls."

"They're too young, but I said no." she paused, then added, "Unless they wanted to front me ten thousand, then..."

"Mom!"

"Okay, okay." She grinned, "Besides, who wants to see a pair of forty three year old boobs when all these twenty year olds are running around, as it is I'm surprised they look at me at all."

"You're a gorgeous woman, mom." I told her, meaning it. "Dad always told you that and he wasn't kidding." I laughed, "You know how much bullshit I still hear from friends about my cougar mother?"

"Knock it off," she waved her hand, but was smiling, her trademark huge heartfelt smile, that always made everyone around her do the same.

"Seriously." I gave an exaggerated sigh, "You know the kids in my class vote for Milf of the year, you won last year. I have guys asking if they can sleep over all the time."

As mom continued to smile and shake her head, I took another look at her and this time more as a man than a son. I hadn't been kidding, a lot of my friends, and especially Billy had been ogling my mother since they knew what they were looking at and I couldn't blame them. Mom was tall and her legs were well shaped and as my dad would say, "went on forever".

Although she wasn't big in the chest department, she knew how to dress and found ways to show them off without being trashy. Her big brown eyes and full lips gave her a little bit of an exotic appearance and she'd always worn her long curly brown hair down. When seeing her in tight jeans and an occasional clingy skirt, it was easy to see why my friends raved about her ass.

For the most part I accepted the teasing as a compliment to her and never got upset, even when one night when we were drinking, Billy not only confessed he had been stroking it to my mother since middle school, but that his father had once made a comment my mother was the hottest woman his age he had ever met.

Looking at the sleazy outfit she was in I found myself imagining the look on Billy, or any of my other friend's faces if they saw her in it.

That caused my thoughts to turn serious. The thing I hated most about her working there was it was inevitable someone was going to see her there, someone we knew well and she would hear a lot of shit. Maybe not from people who knew the situation, but others who would just think it was something to see my mother dressing like a slut. Something had to happen to get her out of there, but what?

"Hmm, any of them have money?" She cut into my thoughts, and gave her long brown hair a toss, "Maybe we could work something out."

"Nah, they're broke jokes, like me."

"Screw it then. This sucks, because older guys at my age? Jeez they'd be taking me to bingo for a night out."

"What about one your age," I once again dared to bring up the topic she always got upset about, and I wasn't thrilled with either, but that

was selfish on my end, I had to think of her. "You know mom, dad said he wanted you to..."

"I know what he said!" she snapped, "And when I feel like I'm ready I'll think about it. Right now all I'm worried about is keeping this house and you in school. Getting laid isn't important."

"But having a guy around would be good for you for..."

"I have a guy around," she reached across the couch and touched my cheek, "And he's a good looking young man who takes good care of me!"

"And he's your son and I...you know I was talking about other things."

"I have batteries for that." She said, "And they're easy to turn on and better yet, I can turn them off whenever I want."

"Thanks for that." I told her.

"Hey, what can I tell you?" she laughed, "I never said I didn't have urges, just don't need a guy right now." She stopped, then slumped into the corner of the couch, "Sorry, Ryan, I shouldn't talk about things like that with you. I guess lately I really have been seeing you

not just as a son, but as an adult and..." she reached over and took my hand, "A friend, you've been my rock, kiddo, and I appreciate it."

"Then promise you'll keep your clothes on." I grinned.

":Okay, no topless milf of the year."

Mom crossed her legs and reaching down rubbed her foot, "Damn," she said, "My feet are sore," she sighed longingly. "Those shoes..."

"Would you like me to rub...I guess so!" I laughed when mom quickly turned on the couch so her back was against the arm and placed her feet in my lap.

"Well...I knew you were going to ask." Mom said, "That's why...ohhhh"

Mom released a long sigh of pleasure as I cupped her right foot in my hand and rubbed my fingers into the bottom of her toes. She slid further down into the couch and as she did her skirt rose up higher and I noticed the white stockings were thigh highs and caught a glimpse of white lace between her thighs. Quickly averting my eyes, I said,

"Hey, mom, can you fix your skirt?"

"Oh, shit." She cheeks flushed, "I'm sorry honey," she grabbed a throw pillow from the top of the couch and shoved it between her legs, "This damn skirt is really short, I can't imagine going out like this."

"My friend's could." I winked, "Cougar."

"Brown noser." She winked back, "But damn you have some nice hands."

Mom closed her eyes and for the next few minutes the only sounds in the room were her soft purrs as I rubbed her heels and the soles of her feet.

I remembered my father doing this for her every night after she came home from the salon, and on Friday nights when the girls always slept over grandma's I knew more than that happened on the couch. That I had discovered by coming home early one night when a date fell through.

I'd come through the back door quietly in case they were in bed, but when I saw the living room light on had headed in, only to be confronted with the sight of my mother, still dressed, but with her skirt up and blouse wide open, riding my father on the couch.

I had quickly left the room, but the scene had stuck with me. Not in a sexual way, but in the way that I found it endearing that my

parents, after over twenty years together and three kids, still enjoyed each other in every way.

Now sitting here rubbing her feet, I wondered if she enjoyed it for the comfort of her sore feet or was it a connection to my father? Not him, but a familiar act and from the closest thing remaining to her of my dad, me.

"Tell you what, honey." Mom said, her eyes still closed, "You do this for a girlfriend and she will be hooked. Your dad raised you right when it came to taking care of women."

"You did to." I reminded her. "What did you say? You ever mistreat a girl; I'll cut the damn thing off myself?"

"I might have said that once." She sighed as I worked her left heel a little more and swinging her legs from my lap, stretched and yawned.

"Thank you, honey, but I think it's time for us both to go to bed, another long day tomorrow."

"Oh!" I reached into my sweat pants and removed the rolled up twenties. "Bill's dad had some work for me today and I made a hundred bucks!"

"Oh, honey, you already work too much." She pushed my hand away, "Keep it."

"We can put it on the cable bill. I tried to give Mrs. Williams twenty, but she said no."

"She's sweet, been very good to us over the years." She took the money and with a grin, stuffed it in her shirt, "Just like work. Well, good..."

"What happened at the bank, mom?" I asked, before she could get up.

"The bank." She looked away from me, "Figures you'd remember that."

"I did and I guess I know the answer."

"Yeah, you do." She turned on the couch to face me. "They turned me down."

"I thought you said they had some kind of bridge loan thing and you were going to borrow against dad's pension and..."

"They said that's too risky, sometimes the companies fold overnight, the people who invest the money do something stupid and lose it and no one ever sees it."

"The house?" I asked hopefully.

"They won't lend against the house, not with a close to thirty grand lean on it. Besides, we're almost four payments behind and they saw that, shit, Ryan, we need six thousand just to catch up. Everything we make covers food, gas, insurance, the utilities and the couple of hundred a month I pay on the medical bills."

Mom took a deep breath and whispered, "We're going to have to move Ryan; my only choice is bankruptcy and start over."

"The girls will be..."

"I know." She nodded, "Believe me, I know. Not just them but I...I won't have next year's tuition for you."

"Don't worry about me, I can take a year off and work full time." I shrugged, "Rent will be cheaper, we'll be out from the bills and..." I snapped my fingers, "We will get dad's money so in six months we'll have that and we'll be fine, I could go back to school or you could keep the money for you and I'll finish at CCRI and pay one course at a time."

"No. I...I can't lose this house, honey and you have to stay in school."

"You just said we have no options."

"True, but tell me Ryan, where's the three grand or so we would need to move? First month, security, movers." She looked around, "Then again we would be going smaller and I'd be selling a lot of things."

"No!" I pointed at her, "All this stuff you and dad bought together, I...I've been trying to sell my car. I know you won't want me to, but..."

"I know."

"You..."

"Yes, I went by your work and saw the sign." She grinned, "I used my key to open it and changed the four to a seven on your phone number, that's why no one has called."

"You..."

"You're not selling your car, bought it for you, so if you don't want me selling our belongings..."

"Mom something has to give, I mean we're ...we're kind of desperate I guess."

"We are, aren't we?" she said, an odd look on her face.

"I'd say so," I waved my hand disgustedly, "I can't imagine telling the girls, but if you want me to I will, and I'll help them pack so you don't have..."

"Don't say anything yet." Mom said, "We have one more chance, but...well it's desperate."

"What is it?" I asked, "Can I help?"

"No, I think this one will be all me, honey."

"What is it?" I asked again, "Another bank?"

"I think you'd be better off not knowing."

"You can't do that to me, mom. You said once dad passed I was the man of the house and we were going to figure it all out together."

Mom stared at me in silence and I could see her wavering on whether or not to say anything. I stayed quiet, not wanting to fight with her

unless I had to and finally she nodded as if agreeing with herself and putting her hand over mine, said,

"Ryan, I'm going to go see Uncle Malcolm tomorrow."

### Chapter Three

"Uncle Malcolm?" I repeated, numbly.

"Yes." Mom began, "I know what he is, but he's, Christ, Ryan, he has to be making seven figures at this point, you said yourself he's got more money than..."

"Are you crazy?" I blurted, "What the fuck, mom?"

"Hey! Don't speak to me like that!" She raised her voice angrily.

"Then don't talk like that, shit, dad would rather see you stripping than talking to that piece of garbage!"

"Yeah, well Dad's not here is he?" She tapped her chest, "I am and it's up to me to save this house and your school and..."

"Screw that!" I wouldn't back down, not when that asshole was involved, "I'd rather live in the street and just get a job with Billy's

dad. I know why dad couldn't stand him, mom. The guy offered dad money to fuck you, he's a disgusting piece of shit and I'll be damned if I'll let you go see him."

"I'm the parent here, Ryan, and I'll decide..."

"I swear to God, mom I will go there before you and beat the piss out of him. No way are you dealing with him!"

"You don't get the choice Ryan, because I already called him from the club tonight. I'm going to his office tomorrow after the salon."

"His office? Well I guess you should stay dressed like you are now then, that's all he's ever thought of you, you're just a piece of meat he wants to fuck, like every other woman is."

"Ryan, you drop one more f-bomb to me and I'll slap you." She warned, "You want to be treated like an adult? Then act like one, a respectful one."

"Okay." I forced myself to calm down, "I'm sorry about swearing, but mom, he's...he's a sleazebag, dad hadn't talked to him in five years neither have we. I...it made me sick just seeing him at the funeral and I was glad he didn't try to talk to us."

"Look, Ryan, your uncle is a pervert, hell, he owns an adult film company and has his own website, everything is sex with him, it always has been, but you said yourself you would take his money."

"If he was a decent human being and offered." I pointed out, "I don't want you going to ask him."

"Why?"

"Because he's...he's him." I said, "He'll want you to beg and he'll...mom he might say yes, but he's going to want you to...you know."

"Fuck me?" Mom asked.

"Oh, you can swear?" I rolled my eyes, "But yeah, the sleaze offered dad before, why wouldn't he again?"

"If that's what it takes, maybe I will." She said, her eyes averted from mine.

"What? Mom, you better get some sleep, because I can't believe you would even say that."

"Ryan, if he'll hand me twenty fine thousand dollars to save the family as we know it, I'll do it."

"Bullshit you will! You think dad would...okay," I caught myself and went in another direction, "What about me? You know how horrible I would feel?"

"But you'd feel that way in this house and in a good school. Ryan, there's a chance he will just lend me the money and that's what I am going to ask for. We pay him back in six months. If it turns into a sleazy game then I'll see how it goes, but if it comes down to it, I will, but the money isn't a loan, he's buying me."

"Like a whore?"

"Like a woman doing what she has to."

"Mom, you...I want to go with you."

"No."

"Why?" I grunted, "I know why, because you know it's going to come to that and you know I'll knock his damn teeth out."

"Ryan, he might do the right thing."

"Please, he only does right for himself."

"Malcolm...has a sense of what's right in a way, or at least a sense of family."

"Really?" I laughed disgustedly, "So, "Hey Robert, I'll give you ten grand to fuck Vicky, fifteen if she'll take it in the ass, twenty if I can film it and cum in her mouth."

I smiled at the shocked look on mom's face, "Yeah, dad told me word for word what that scum said, know why? Because he wanted me to know what filth he was and he told me..."

It was my turn to look away, but in my case so she couldn't see the tears forming my eyes, "Dad told me to keep you away from him, no matter what. I told him I would."

I forced myself to meet her gaze. "I promised dad I would take care of you, mom. I can't let you talk to him, at least not alone."

"Ryan..." Mom squeezed my hand, "Thank you. Thank you for wanting to take care of me, but I want to take care of you and Katie and Sarah. Want to see me out of the club? I get twenty five grand I won't go back, it will be enough to get us through the six months."

"Rather see you there than in his bed. Sick bastard would want to tape it I'll bet."

"Like I said he might just..."

"Do you really believe that?" I raised my eyebrows.

Mom leaned back onto the couch, "It's one thirty and we should be sleeping. I shouldn't have said anything, but seeing you know and aren't going to drop this, let me ask you something. Did your dad ever tell you about Malcolm? How he got where he is?"

"No and I don't care."

"Well along the way, he did try to help your father, in his way. So let me tell you."

"Fine." I sat back into the couch as she was.

"Malcolm was never a bad kid, but a dreamer and schemer and a little lazy. Your father worked his ass off in school and Malcolm coasted, claiming he wouldn't need college. One thing Malcolm had going for him was looks. Now your dad," she smiled at me,

"And you just like him, are good looking men, but...Malcolm? Flat out gorgeous, Hollywood good looking and he did very well with the girls."

"You mean he wasn't paying for it back then?"

"No, he was being paid." Mom explained. "He quit school and was bartending, made decent money, but more important to him was hooking up with all kinds of women, coeds to cougars. Well one older woman really took a liking to him, started paying him to take nights off and fool around with her. According to him, she thought he was a damn good lover and," she rolled her eyes, "Pretty well hung."

"Whatever." I muttered.

"Well, seems this woman did some work for a porn studio, shooting cougar scenes before it was popular. She convinced her director to give him a shot."

"You mean he was actually a porn star?"

"Yup, and his name was Malcolm Stone, did a lot of movies and made a lot of money doing what he loved best, fucking. But he wasn't a stupid man by any means and the scheming came in and the internet was starting to really blow up and he talked a few other guys and some women into starting their own site. He needed some money and your dad lent him ten grand against my wishes. But..." she put her hands out,

"We got it back in six months. The website turned into several, each catering to a specific fantasy and he used that money to go into full blown producing. He's got a goddamn dirty mind and some of his movies won awards for originality. His "Stone Cold Sex" site has thirty separate kink categories, everything from interracial to step mother step sister fantasies, he even has some that are supposed to be real incest, but of course are all actors."

"So what? We know he has money and you're just making him sound sicker to me."

"Sex isn't sick, honey, if two people agree, who cares what they do." She shrugged. "Your dad was the opposite, took a lot to talk him into trying anything."

"TMI" I told her.

"Sorry, but dad was an accountant; and he fit that safe, vanilla personality. Dad was practical and steady. Malcolm was wild and adventurous and turned his vice into money. Well when you were eight and we found out I was having twins and dad was worried about money, Malcolm offered him a job."

"In porn?"

"No, honey, well not as an actor, but the accountant for Stone Cold Sex, your uncle was offering your dad close to six figures, thirty more

than what he was making and said as the company grew he would pay more. Dad refused, said he wanted no part of that industry."

"Were you mad?"

"No, I mean, I think dad was being a little to anal," she laughed, "pardon the pun, but it was his call. Your uncle was put off though. Said your dad thought he was better than him and always had. It turned into a big argument and they didn't talk for well over a year"

"Then dad got laid off, not sure if you remember that, but we were a little worried, the girls were still in diapers and dad had no idea if his company would bounce back or not. He went to your uncle to borrow money and your uncle said no, but reoffered him the job, said it was time for dad to stop being stubborn and take care of his family."

"That led to another fight and dad did get called back. They started speaking again and all was well until your uncle got drunk one night at dinner and asked me if I would consider filming some videos for his milf site, said he figured I might need some real sex after years with your dad."

"See? D-bag." I crossed my arms, resting my case.

"He was drunk and dad tried to let it slide. I made a joke that no one would want to see me and he started going on and on about me. We

managed to get off the subject and we started talking about money, that you would be looking at schools in a couple of years and how we would have to be ready, plus the girls are the same age, that's two at the same time so it started okay, just talking investments, then..." she paused,

"Dad left the room and Malcolm propositioned me, said he always wanted to fuck me. Said not only was I hot, but it was the sister in law kink that got him going, fucking his brother's woman as he put it."

"D-bag!" I said in a mocking sing song chant.

"I told him to knock it off and he offered me ten thousand dollars to fuck him, dad would never know. I said I was no whore and he said everyone was for the right money. That's how he earned his chance after all. I told him that wasn't true and he said he would prove it."

"When dad came back in the room, he went back to normal conversation and I relaxed, then they go into the den to smoke a cigar and next thing I know your father is yelling at him and told him to get out of his house and never come near his family again, I guess you know the details; he was trying to get your father to sell me for the night."

"And this is supposed to make me think he won't offer you again?" I asked dubiously.

"My point is he offered to help a couple of times on his own and both times were sincere, trying to get your father to take a better job and with him. Your dad turned down both and both times was a little rude about it. Don't get me wrong he had every right to get mad at the offer of paying for me, but...Malcolm did try the right way more than once and I am hoping he will this time."

"Then you'll have no problem with me coming then will you?" I grinned, "Get to see Uncle, shoot the shit, maybe look sad to help you get a yes..."

"I don't want you there."

"Because you know where it's going to go."

"And if it does and I decide to its my choice and you need not know."

"Then you'll lie to me." I shook my head, "Thanks mom."

"Ignorance is bliss."

"Not if I assume the worst."

Mom started to speak, but I slid across the couch and putting my hands on her shoulders, said, "Mom, I love you. You're an amazing

woman and you've done the best you could for us, but you can't do this. Please."

Mom's eyes filled and she threw her arms around me, whispering in my ear, "And I love you honey, and the girls and...I want us to be okay, Ryan no matter what it takes."

"Mom, think of dad, really and me and the girls. You want that sleaze...touching you? He'll never let you forget it, mom you know that. What if he tapes it and blackmails you into more?"

"He wouldn't..."

"You don't know what he would do. Mom, please? For me? We'll just move, start over..."

"Ryan..."

"At least let me go and if he doesn't offer the right way, we leave. I won't let him touch you, I won't."

"My man of the house." Mom whispered and kissed my cheek, "Honey you and the girls mean everything to me. I love you so much, Ryan, you and I have gotten so close, most mother's never get to know their sons as men the way I have, bad situation, but still...I'm so proud of the man you've become during this."

"Then let this man protect you and honor my word to dad." I asked, my voice thick with emotion. "You can't see uncle alone."

"Okay." Mom sighed and hugged me closer to her, squeezing me tightly, "I...won't see him without you."

"Promise?" I pulled away from her, trying to make eye contact.

"I promise...I'll reschedule to a time we can both make it."

"Okay." She was lying, but I was done arguing with her.

"Good." She nodded, "I am going to get out of these ridiculous clothes and wash the slut off me."

Mom stood and looking down laughed, "You know, this would be a fun get up for the bedroom, too bad I didn't have anyone to enjoy it."

"You could find that person if you tried."

"Yeah, how? My guard dog son won't even let me talk to my own brother in law."

"Well, just don't date guys who own porn sites." I winked.

"Okay, I'll just look for one who likes to watch them, how's that?"

"That's fine." I grinned, "I watch them all the time."

"Pig" Mom said, with a stern look on her face.

"Coming from the woman dressed like she's ready for an episode of Milf's gone Wild."

"Touché" Mom laughed, "Get some sleep honey, we'll talk in the morning."

"Sure."

I watched her walk up the stairs to where our bedrooms were and had to avert my eyes when she got far enough that I could see up her skirt. It would be nice not to see her like that anymore, but not at the cost of submitting to my gross Uncle.

I didn't believe her about seeing uncle without me and as I shut the lights off to head upstairs tried to think of an excuse to call out of work tomorrow, because I was going to be right behind mom when she left work tomorrow afternoon, no way was I going to let her see my uncle without me.

As I walked up the stairs I saw a picture of mom and dad on the wall and looking at Dad whispered, "Don't worry, dad, I got this"

## Chapter Four

I looked up from my phone and for the tenth time in the last few minutes scanned the street for mom's red Kia. She was supposed to meet uncle for three and it was now five past. I knew that because after mom showered and fell asleep I had taken a chance and snuck into her room, removed her cell from the charger on the night stand and looked through the history. Sure enough; at one forty five mom had texted Uncle

"Macolm, don't know if you're still up, but I need to meet you earlier, is three okay?"

Uncle had replied instantly, "I'm always up, Vicky, after all I do my best work at night LOL. Three is fine, do you want to meet at my office or do lunch somewhere, coffee?"

"No, your office is fine, thank you."

"Is Ryan coming? I was hoping to see him."

"No, maybe another time, we need to talk alone."

"Understood, I look forward to seeing you, my beautiful sister in law."

"Fig." I muttered recalling the texts as I sat at the Starbucks across from the building that housed Stone Cold Productions.

I took a sip of my coffee and continued to scan the street. I'd gotten here at two in case mom ran early and in between watching for mom had shaken my head at the parade of smoking hot and scantily clad women walking in and out of the building across the street.

There were other companies located there, but there was no doubt these women were part of Stone Cold Productions, either showing up for assignments, or looking for them.

From what I understood, Uncle's film studios were across town, but this was where everything was run including the interviews and castings. Asshole that he was, I had to admit uncle had what most guys would consider a dream job.

I had no doubt he'd sampled most if not all his talent, but that still wasn't enough. Dad had said Uncle still paid for high end hookers and supposedly paid them to act out bizarre fantasies he didn't even want his porn star employees to know.

That did have me wondering what the hell a guy like that could still think of that a girl like that wouldn't do, but who knew? He had

offered dad money for mom just because of the kink of it being his sister in law.

I finished my coffee while watching two guys walking out of the building. They were dressed in tight jeans and tank tops and I noticed a woman right behind them with a small camera, as I continued to stare, the guys stopped, wrapped their arms around each other and kissed.

The woman started filming them as well as the reactions of people walking by.

"Figures, it couldn't have been two girls." I muttered, watching the guy's break the kiss and the woman who was filming them laugh at the looks on people's faces.

I was getting ready to order another coffee so the staff wouldn't say anything about me hanging around when mom walked right by the window less than five feet away from me.

"Are you kidding me?" I said aloud, earning a look from the couple sitting next to me.

As Mom stood at the curb waiting to cross, my first thought was she may as well have stayed in the school girl outfit. Mom was wearing a simple one piece red dress, but nothing like I could ever imagine her in outside of her job.

The dress fell just past the curve of her ass and was tight enough to show m that curve. The back was cut all the way down to her lower back, exposing her smooth white skin and it didn't escape my notice that there was no bra strap.

Her long brown hair was down and seemed to have more curl in it than usual and as my eyes made the journey down her long legs I saw they ended in a pair of red heeled sandals that strapped around her ankles. Fuck me shoes if I ever saw them and I'm sure a pair she wore to work at the club. I wondered if she had gone to the salon like that or slipped home to change.

The other thing I noticed was the head of every guy on the street turning as they passed her. One, a tall dark haired man in a suit stopped and said something to her.

Mom turned her head and nodded and smiled. I watched the guy smile back and continue to talk. Mom shook her head and with a shrug and a rueful smile, he walked away, but still looked back over his shoulder at her.

When mom had turned to speak I had noticed the front of the dress was cut so low the inner half of her breasts were exposed and were propped up pretty damn well. It also showed she was not wearing a bra. Even from several feet away behind the window I could make out her nipples in the red material. My mother was dressed like a whore to ask my uncle, my porn director uncle; for money.

I was damn glad I came along and standing, I dropped a couple of dollars on the table to tip the waitress and headed out of the coffee shop. Mom had just started to cross the street and I quickly followed her.

It was a busy street, but traffic stopped immediately as the guys driving were more than happy to let her pass. I darted along behind her and as I glanced at the driver of a red pickup, he smiled at me, pointed at my mother and gave a thumbs up.

I simply nodded at him, figuring he thought I was following her just to check out her ass. Looking down at her and watching her hips swing and how damn long her legs were it struck me that if I did not know this was mom I'd be drooling like the rest of the guys on the street.

Growing up, I'd always known mom was pretty and when I hit my teens and my friend's started remarking on her, I realized she was hot, but she never tried to be. She would dress well and flattering, but never inappropriate or slutty.

But having seen her outfits for work and seeing her out here in public it was apparent my mother was one hell of a sexy woman and not just for her age, but any age. That thought did not make me feel any better about her seeing Uncle.

She was dressing this way on purpose, hopefully to distract him and play him, but possibly to entice and seduce. Mom was still trying to get over dad and desperate. She wasn't thinking clearly and I needed to save her from a big mistake.

Mom reached the other side of the street and was heading for the glass doors leading into the office building, when I came up behind her.

"Hey, hot stuff, where you going?"

Mom turned to look at me and before she spoke I noticed her deep red lip stick and she was sporting the rest of her night job make up.

"Ryan! What are you doing here?"

"The same thing you are getting here before you told me you were," I grinned, "Sneaking"

"Well sneak your ass back home." She told me, "If I wanted you here I wouldn't have..."

"Lied to me." I said, "Why would you lie, mom?" I made a show of looking her up and down, "And why the hell are you dressed like this?"

"To prey on all he thinks about, sex." She admitted.

"Because that will make him think of just helping without looking for payment up front." I replied.

"Ryan, you are my son, not my father and I will do what I see fit for this family."

"And I'm not a child and I will do what I see fit for my mother and that is to not let you talk to that piece of shit alone."

Mom looked taken aback and as her dark eyes stared into mine, I returned her gaze. We stared at each other in silence and by the initial look in her eyes I thought we were going to keep arguing, but her gaze softened and reaching down to take my hand, she said softly,

"I love Ryan, I love that you care. You're right; you're not a kid anymore, but one hell of a young man."

"Then let me come with you. I'll be quiet, I promise."

"I have your word?" she asked, skeptically.

"You have my word I will sit there while you ask and he answers. If he gets out of line?" I shrugged, "No promises."

"Be respectful, he is your uncle and I would like to get his help."

"So would I, but not at your cost."

Mom sighed, "Think of the girls, Ryan, its..."

"I am and they wouldn't ever want their mommy being used and hurt."

"They would never know."

"You would." I told her.

"Excuse me." A man's vice spoke, "Are you here to see someone?"

Mom let my hand go and turning to the security guard flashed him a huge smile.

"Hi, is there a problem?"

"You're standing in the doorway, and I was wondering if there was a problem."

"Not at all." Mom gave her long hair a toss that made me roll my eyes. "We're here for an appointment with..."

"Stone Cold." The guard smirked and looked mom up and down, "I can tell." He looked at me. "I don't blame you kid, I wouldn't be too happy if my mother was coming here either."

"Hey," I started to step in front of mom, "My mother's not here for that, she..."

"Of course not." He laughed, "I'm sure your mom is here to..."

"I'm Malcolm Stone's Sister in law." Mom said coolly, "And I'm sure he would love to hear about how funny you think me and his only nephew coming to visit him is."

"You're...oh, my apologizes ma'am." He bowed his head, "I was just..."

"Demeaning a woman, sure you do it all the time here."

Mom stepped past him, "Let's go Ryan."

I winked at the guard and followed mom into the building. We took the elevators to the fourth floor which all belonged to Stone Cold Productions. If for any reason we were unsure if this was the place,

all we had to do was look around. The walls were lined with posters of the movies Uncle's company had produced.

None of the actors or actresses was outright nude, but pretty damn close. I read the titles as we passed them and wondered what mom would think if she knew I'd seen parts of many of them online.

A woman came around the corner and my eyes widened as she smiled as she passed us. I stopped moving and returning the smile with a goofy one of my own, watched her walk down the hall.

"Ryan." Mom called.

"Oh, um..."

"Let me guess." Mom rolled her eyes, "You know who she is?"

"I...that's Nikki Sinn." I said, and then blushed when mom raised her eyebrows. "I...might have heard of her."

"Really?" Mom looked down the hall, "Hmm I've seen a couple with her in it. Liked her better as a brunette."

"Mom!"

She shrugged. "What? It's okay for you and not for me? Your father might have been a little vanilla, but I enjoy some spicy movies here and there."

"TMI." I put my hands over my ears.

"Double standard." Mom waved her hand at me, "Let's go before you start asking for autographs"

We made our way through the hallways and sure enough I saw several other women and even a couple, of men I recognized from the movies coming in and out of rooms along the halls. I was surprised to see many dressed plainly, jeans and t-shirts and wondered if they did that because of how they had to dress for 'work'.

We were following the signs for the main office and when Mom stopped at a window to wait for the receptionist to return to her desk a smoking hot blonde that looked about my age, wearing a dress that made mom's look prudish said, "Hi, I've been waiting for you guys."

"You have?" I asked

"Yeah, Jack said you were showing up any minute and to take you down to wardrobe."

"For what?" I tried to keep my eyes on her face and not her huge tits that were almost falling out of her low cut dress.

"For the scene!" she sighed, "You guys are here for the mom's bang teens video right?"

"Moms..."

"Right." She nodded, her blonde pig tails bobbing. "I'm the step daughter and you're my boyfriend and she's my step mom" she pointed at my mother who looked like she was trying not to laugh.

The girl looked mom up and down, then gave me a long look. "Wow, this is going to be one of those shoots that's more fun than work! You guys new? Never seen you before."

"I bet he's seen you." Mom replied.

"Maybe, I've done about twenty films, I'm Candy Came."

"Oh...goddamn." I whispered, "I..."

"Usually I have red hair, the director wanted blonde, but wanted me so They're paying an extra couple of hundred to get me to dye my hair for a week." She shrugged causing her tits to bounce. "I swear

they just go by what they feel like seeing, but whatever, so anyway let's go; we're going to be..."

"Wrong people, hon." Mom said, "We're here to see Mr. Stone."

"Oh, you are brand new!" she smiled, "He'll love seeing the two of you, Mr. Stone loves older women with young guys, bet he'll watch your audition in person!"

"No, she's my..."

"Yes, hi, Vicky Rogers to see Malcolm Stone."

I turned to see the receptionist, who to my surprise was an older woman dressed in a business suit, rather than the porn star type I figured my uncle would have as a secretary, back at her desk.

"I see your name here." The woman nodded, "And who is this young gentlemen?"

"My son Ryan."

"Wow, Stone is really getting kinky!" Candy exclaimed.

"He's his nephew thank you." Mom explained.

"Sure he is." She laughed, "So Ryan, you coming into the family business?" she started to saunter over to me, "You know, you'll need someone to show you the ropes, and..."

"Miss Came, please wait out in the lobby, the sound of your voice annoys me." The woman behind the window said, "This is Mr. Stone's family, not acting hopefuls."

"Bitch." Candy muttered, as she turned to leave.

Stopping next to me she winked, "Hey Ryan, I'm going to autograph a picture of me for you and leave it with Miss Poppins over here, make sure you get it okay?"

"Yeah, thanks!" I told her, ignoring the frown on mom's face.

"It's a head shot." She grinned, "Or is it a shot of me giving head, I'll let that be a surprise."

With a smirk in mom's direction she left the office.

"This is why I didn't want you here." Mom said as the secretary picked up the phone to call uncle.

"No, its not." I answered, "You didn't want me here because you're willing to do what people think you're here to do."

"Don't smart mouth me, Ryan." Mom warned in a low whisper, "I..."

"Miss Rogers, Mr. Stone will see now."

"Most of you in fact." I winked at mom, and ignoring the flare of anger in her eyes walked past her to where the secretary was holding the door open that led into the back.

## Chapter Five

I slowed up walking through the short corridor towards the huge oak door at the end it so mom could catch up with me and go first. As she did she took my hand and still walking spoke quietly.

"Ryan, your uncle is a ball buster. You need to know there will not be an easy yes. He loves to play games so let him play them. You or I get pissed it gives him a thrill, so just go easy and ignore anything weird he comes out with. Words are words, not actions, so just be good in there, okay?"

"I guess."

"You know what I mean, he will be flirting from the get go, even in front of you, don't let him get to you."

"Okay, but he tries to touch you..."

"Vicky!" A deep voice boomed down the corridor.

I looked away from mom to see the office door was open and Uncle Malcolm stood in the doorway.

Except for a brief glimpse of him from across the funeral parlor a few months ago, I hadn't seen uncle in a long time and forgot how...flat out good looking the guy was. Uncle was five years older than mom, but could pass for thirty five, if not younger. His short black hair was free of grey and his well tanned face was smooth and devoid of any lines or wrinkles and his blue eyes, the feature mom said was a legendary trademark of his, were not just blue, but electric blue.

Even from a guys point of view I knew those eyes were amazing. They looked as if they were lit from within and I had no doubt women swooned over them. In addition to his attractive features, Uncle was a large man, with broad shoulders that stretched his black polo shirt and a pair of biceps that threatened to stretch out his sleeves.

His forearms rippled as his fingers tapped the doorknob as he waited for is to reach him and from what I could tell by how his shirt was tucked in, his stomach was flat and hard.

What was not visible-and what I had no desire to dwell on-was the feature that had started Uncle on his way to his career-according to what I'd heard, but never wanted to see despite the fact there were still movies featuring uncle floating around, was that he was hung like a bull.

I'd once heard mom tell a friend that Uncle used to just whip it out on occasions when he was drunk and that mom had added, married or not, she had to admit it was a thing of beauty.

It was that remark that disturbed me. Mom was not herself of late and had not been with anyone since dad and the last few months he was alive he was sick. Mom had remarked to someone on the phone a week ago that she hadn't gotten laid in a year. Uncle Malcolm was a good looking guy and had always wanted her. Again, I was glad I came.

"Malcolm." Mom smiled and put her arms out, allowing him to wrap his arms around her and hug her tightly.

Mom all but disappeared in his embrace and now that I was close to him it struck me how tall and flat out...large my uncle was. So much for threatening to beat his ass I thought wryly as he kissed mom on the cheek.

"It's been a long time dear sister in law." He said.

He released her and turning to me whistled, "Damn, boy, look at you! You went and turned into a man on me!"

"Good to see you Uncle," I extended my hand and watched it vanish inside of his huge fist.

"Damn good to see you!" he clapped me on the arm hard enough to almost knock me over. "Been a long time kid, you taking good care of your mom?"

"That's why I'm here." I said wincing at the strength in his hand and trying to squeeze his as hard as I could. "To look after her."

"Ryan." Mom said, "Sorry Malcolm, he's..."

"His father's kid for sure." He laughed, and whacked my other arm, "Nothing wrong with sticking up for your mom, kid. Mother's are the most amazing women in the world. Now, come on in."

He walked away from us towards his massive desk and shooting me a dirty look, mom followed. We sat in the two large leather chairs in front of Uncle's desk and I noticed mom staring in disdain at a long

leather couch along one wall. When Uncle sat, she pointed at it, "Is that where you conduct your interviews, Malcolm."

I kicked her foot and when she looked at me, I raised my eyebrows. Mom nodded, "Sorry, couldn't resist."

"I never could, that's why I'm in this field." He laughed. "But the industry is clean Vicky and STD's can destroy a career and others with it. If someone is interested they have to have a blood test and come back with the results before a casting is even a possibility."

As he spoke I looked around the office at the movie posters, some were movies Uncle did when he was younger and my eyes widened at the sight of him shirt less, guy was seriously built. So were the women and barely dressed.

As I followed the posters I noticed as the movies became more recent the credits went from starring Malcolm Stone to produced by. I lingered on one starring Nikki Sinn and wondered if Uncle had done one with her.

"Like a kid in a candy store, huh?" Uncle asked.

"Candy Came even" Mom said, "We met one of your wonderful employees."

"There is nothing wrong with this for a career, Vicky; no one makes these girls perform. Candy is a nice kid, believe it or not she went to USC, but...discovered she could make more money doing this and she likes it. Most of my girls do, I pick women who still like the act as much as the money and try to keep things fun. That's why my movies are such high quality."

"Whatever." Mom muttered.

"Speaking of jobs, I hear you're working at Wal-mart, Ryan."

"Yeah, couple of years now, they work around my schedule so it's a good job."

"Please, what do they pay? Why not work for me?"

"He will not work in this business." Mom said firmly.

"Not like that." Uncle waved his hand, "Although he is a good looking kid." He eyed me more closely, "Nice eyes, good features, good build, you'd do fine, especially in our feature lines."

"Enough." Mom said, her voice rising.

"Sorry, I evaluate everyone I see." He shrugged, "Not into guys, but I have to be aware of what is attractive. Porn is just as much for ladies

now. The guys aren't fat slobs like Ron Jeremy anymore, now they look as good as the women. I was one of the first to be picked for more than just..."

He Trailed off as mom stared at him.

"Well anyway, I was talking about being a runner, you know grabbing food, coffee, running errands, delivering scripts, taking the movies for editing things like that. Fifteen an hour and easy work."

"Wow, I only get nine at Wal-Mart."

"Don't even think about it Next thing you know, you'll be on the set and hanging out with porn stars."

"Like that's a bad thing, huh, Ryan?" Uncle laughed.

"Malcolm this is why Joe didn't want you around Ryan that much."

"No, there was another reason." He said, "But okay, just trying to help." He looked at me and smiled, "Man you are like turning back the clock, Ryan, take a look at this."

He reached into his desk and removed a photo and handed it to me. It was of Uncle and dad, at what I figured was Dad's high school

graduation. Dad was holding his diploma and uncle had his arm around him, smiling.

"Wow." I said "Just like me."

"Yup, dead ringer at that age. Your dad was a good looking guy, you take right after him No ugly babies in this family."

Mom looked at it with me, "I never saw that one. Joe looks so happy."

I started to hand it back, but he waved his hand, "Keep it, I have another somewhere, and a lot of others, we were close back then. That was before my poor career choice." He rolled his eyes.

"But that was the past, we're here now, so...what can I do for you, Vicky?"

"I could go into a lot of details, but I'm just going to get to the point. The medical insurance collection agency has a lean on the house; I'm behind on the mortgage and..."

"You mean my cautious brother had nothing invested? No life insurance?"

"The insurance was new. When his company changed hands they got rid of the one he hand through them and he had just picked up

something for now...it covered the funeral, burial, but not much after."

"I see." Uncle had leaned back in his chair and was now looking just at mom. I noticed his eyes lingering on her chest. "Oh, how rude of me, would you like a drink? I have a bar or if not I have coke and water, I can get coffee?"

"We're fine." She said, "So..."

"Vicky, would you mind fetching me a coke?" Uncle pointed, "The fridge is under that painting over there."

"I'll grab it," I started to get up.

"I asked your mother." He said softly, staring at her with a smirk on his lips. Mom returned the smile, "Of course."

She rose and walked across the room. I noticed she was moving very slowly and swinging her hips. Uncle was staring at her, following each step with a hungry look in his eyes and my stomach tightened.

Mom reached the small fridge, and after a brief pause, squatted down to open it. That move caused the skirt to rise and I could see the back of her thigh right up to the curve of her ass. I knew mom

had done that on purpose, just as she taking her time removing a can of soda.

She straightened and turning around, walked back just as slowly. She was staring Uncle in the eye the entire time and he still had that smirk on his face, but so did she. He had started the game and she was playing it. She handed him the can and as he opened it, she sat down.

"So the reason we're here is...you know why I'm here, Malcolm, we need money and you're our last chance."

"What about his pension plan?"

"They're holding it for a year."

"Borrow against it?"

"The lien on the house means there would not be enough left after a sale if his plan did not pay out for whatever reason."

"Ah." He sighed, "Stubborn bastard should have just come to work with me. Would have made more money and been well taken care of."

"Well, he didn't."

"And now you work two jobs because of it and may lose your house."  
He took a swallow of soda, "And how are the girls? I'd love to see them, not here of course, but maybe I can swing by?"

"We can set something up, sure." Mom nodded, "You can take them somewhere for a day if you want."

"Mom, I..."I began

"Its fine, Ryan, even your uncle isn't that bad."

"Thanks!" he laughed

"How did you know I was working two jobs?" Mom asked.

"Well...you don't think I spend any time at Mario's?" he asked, "My girls do shows and signings there all the time. I...saw you one night. Couldn't believe it was you. I was going to come over and talk to you, but didn't want to embarrass you.

Figured things would have to be pretty tough if you were working there. So was kind of waiting to hear from you." He put the can down, "No place for you to be working Vicky."

"No, its not." I added.

"Although you do have the body for it, you looked as good if not better than any of those girls. Look damn good right now."

"Thank you."

"Funny how life works." He leaned back further. "We always want what we can't have. I've had sex with some of the most desirable women in the world, Nikki Sinn, Tori Star, Nina, Jenna, all of them. But yet..." He looked her up and down, "Yet a woman like you eludes me."

"Because I wasn't paid to fuck you." Mom gave him a nasty look.

"Oh, I was talking about for fun, trust me, porn is not all work and there is some fun to be had afterwards. But...you know..." he stopped and looked my way as if he had forgotten I was there..."Never mind."

"He knows about that, his father made sure he knew."

"Oh." Malcolm shrugged, "Guess I know why I got that remark when you first showed up."

"Back to now." Mom said quickly. "I need money, Malcolm. Enough to get me through the next six months of living plus enough to catch

up on the mortgage and pay the first installment of Ryan's next year of school."

"Forget school." I said.

"No, never forget school." Uncle surprised me by saying. "Ryan, I got lucky. I did well because I somehow fell in with a bad crowd and made good out of it. Most aren't so lucky, you need an education."

"So I need your help Malcolm."

"How much are you thinking?"

Mom took a deep breath before saying, "Twenty five and you get it back in six months. The pension is worth fifty."

Malcolm nodded, but didn't say anything. I sat there with my hands clenched, knowing damn well that he had the money, that it was nothing to him and also knowing he was making mom wait on purpose. Mom looked calm, sitting back with her hands in her lap. But below the desk, where uncle couldn't see, her foot was tapping, something she always did when she was nervous.

"The amount isn't an issue for me, Vicky." Uncle finally answered, "But it is for you."

"What do you mean?"

"Okay, you borrow this and get by and Joe's pension comes through. Do you have anything to roll it into?"

"No, and I need all of it anyway." She replied.

"So you get fifty, pay me half, get killed in taxes the next year...you'll be in this same bind within a year."

"I'll worry about that then." Mom stated, "And the lean would be paid by then and I can borrow off the house if need be."

"Not with just your income from the salon."

"I'll..."

"Now on the other hand..." he tapped his long thick fingers on his desk. "If I were to simply give you the money as a gift? You keep all the pension, roll some of it into a short term CD that pays out in two years you should be okay right through Ryan graduating. No?"

"Yes." She nodded, "If you were to give it to me." She paused. "But nothing is free with you is it Malcolm?"

"Not true. Your stubborn husband was offered two opportunities from me at no cost. I wanted nothing but to see my only family taken care of and he did not want to be involved with my company, he was too good for me, always mocked me. Porn is not a noble business, but it pays well and..." he grinned, "Maybe even as significant as being a book keeper which is all he was, but judged me."

"So I pay for the issues you two had?" Mom countered.

"I will only be slapped so many times."

"I never slapped you down, Malcolm. If Joe wanted to work for you in an office capacity I would have never cared."

"You have slapped me however." He grinned.

"When you put your hand on the bride's thigh under the table at the reception you should expect to be slapped" Mom reminded him.

"True, I drank too much back then."

"So, are you going to help us Uncle?" I cut in, "You know your nephew, your nieces..."

"Guilt doesn't work on me, Ryan." Uncle said calmly.

"What does?" I asked, "Other than sex?"

"Sex...is everything, Ryan, in one form or another lust and sex drive and shape more than you think."

"Ignore him." Mom told me without looking my way.

"I expect that answer seeing you were married to a guy with no drive in any way." Malcolm told her. "You were always more than he could handle and I know you held back. You're the kind of woman men wish their wives could be and he took you for granted sexually."

"How the hell do you know what my sex life was like?" Mom snapped, "You think everyone has to act like one of your sluts for it to be good?"

"A slut with love in her heart is the perfect combination." He laughed, "And your response told me I am right."

"The money." I cut in again, "Will you help or should we leave before my mother hits you?"

"I am willing to help you and you don't have to pay me back. But it's going to be earned."

"How?" I spoke before mom could.

"She knows." Uncle said, quietly.

"Ryan, go wait out in the lobby, I'll be out in a few minutes."

"Bullshit!" I shouted, slamming my fist on the desk, "You are not fucking my mother!"

"Ryan!" Mom stared at me angrily.

"Well he's not." I pointed at Uncle, "My mother is not for sale, and my father was right, you're a fucking pig."

"Ryan, shut up." Mom yelled grabbing my arm, "Get out now, what I do is my business."

"Let him go." Uncle said, still surprisingly calm.

"I..."

"Vicky, let him go, he can stay."

Mom released me and Uncle spoke softly.

"Ryan I understand how you feel. Your mom is the world to you, especially now. I take no offense at what you said, in fact I am proud of you. I assure you that I am not looking to have sex with your mother. Having said that however, sex will be involved."

"What...what are you talking about?" I asked.

"I ask that the two of you hear me out. I have a deal for you. One that benefits us both; you financially; while allowing me to fulfill the only fantasy that has so far eluded me."

"Forget it." I waved my hand, "Sex and my mother are off the table, we're..."

"I'll hear you out." Mom shot me a look, "Stay or leave, your choice, but I'm staying."

"He needs to stay." Uncle said.

"Fine." I slumped back into the chair. "This should be interesting."

"That's not the word I would use." Uncle tapped his chin in thought then spoke. "First let me say that as I have gotten older my fantasies change, just like everyone else. Difference is I have lived most normal fantasies people have so look to more taboo things to explore."

He pointed at Mom, "At one point a few years back the idea of in laws appealed to me; mother in law scenarios, sister in law. That family bond without it truly being family. It took hold of me after watching a subpar sister in law video and I ended up bringing in writers to script better ones and launched my close to home line."

"And I take it about the time you offered my father money to bang my mother?"

"How crude." He laughed, "But you can relax that fantasy has runs its course and...like every other time I've tried to hide it behind something else, my true fantasy came back and I still crave to see it come to life, well recreated actually, the true one is impossible."

"I doubt in your line of work anything is impossible." Mom pointed out.

"Not true." He paused, "I tell you this at the risk of serious embarrassment and I will say if I ever hear this mentioned anywhere I know where it came from because only one other person knew and he...was my brother and no longer here to tell."

"Joe told me everything."

"No, he didn't. Trust me."

"Not lightly."

"Vicky, what do you know of my mother?"

"Not much, she died of complications a few months after she had a stroke You guys were in your late teens when she passed right?"

"My mother was a gorgeous woman. The perfect woman." He looked at me, "Ryan do you know why a mother is the ultimate woman?"

"I...because they love us no matter what? They'll do anything for us?"

"Good points and part of the answer. Ryan, a mother is the embodiment of the goddess, they are everything to men. Loving, nurturing mother to their children, loyal daughters, caring sisters, and not just the lifelong companion and best friend to their husbands, but they are also objects of lust."

"Those sweet mom's when their kids are in bed become their husband's whore in the bedroom. There is nothing more sexual than an attractive mother who feeds the needs of men in so many ways."

"Milf fantasies?" I rolled my eyes.

"No, Ryan a milf is a mother I'd like to fuck." He paused. "I wanted my mother."

"You what?" Mom gasped.

"I...once when I was snooping around in my dad's drawer looking for his dirty magazines-and I want to add Joe sent me in there- I found them, but beneath were some pictures of my mother. The first one was her lying naked in the bed. Joe was watching out in the hallway for my parents so I put the pictures in my pocket and grabbed a magazine. Joe and I looked at the magazine, but I never said anything about the pictures."

"When he went to bed, I snuck down to the basement where I could be alone and looked at them." His eyes had a faraway look, as if he were envisioning the pictures as he spoke. "The first few were just nude poses. But the rest? My mother going down on my father, her beneath him while he fucked her, her on top of him. I was eighteen and had seen my share of dirty movies at a friend's house and had even had sex myself at that point."

"But nothing had ever turned me on the way these did. My mother, the woman who cooked for me, helped me with school, read to me when I was young and always comforted me and told me how much she loved me. Here she was...as a sexual woman and one hell of a sexual woman. The last picture was of her smiling with..." he looked at me,

"Oh, what am I worried about, you probably have porn all over your computer at home. "My father's cum all over her face and the look of pure lust in her eyes, even in the picture, just..."

"You're disgusting." Mom told him.

"I won't deny my tastes are extreme, but fantasy is hardly disgusting. But from that point on...I wanted her. I wanted to have sex with my mother. I thought about her constantly. I couldn't be in the same room with her without getting hard. I had put most of the pictures back except that last one and Joe found it in my desk."

"He asked what the hell I was doing with it and I made the mistake of confiding in him. He said I was sick and...he told my father who told me to get my ass out of the house. I was eighteen with nowhere to go and my mother...had no idea what was going on and fought him over it."

"Joe said you left on your own." Mom said.

"He would and I guess it was for the best, not a great reason to be thrown out I suppose. Well my father finally caved and told my mother what it was over. She came into my room and asked if it were true. I told her yes, I was so ashamed I was crying. She took me into her arms and..." he hesitated. "She told me she loved me and that...that my feelings made her love me more and that if I wanted to she would let me."

"What?" Mom and I both spoke at the same time.

"Yes, my mother said she would let me be with her if it was what I really wanted and it would help me."

"So you did?" I was getting caught up in the story now.

"No." he shook his head. "My father was in the house when we spoke and she said she would tell dad she was taking me for help, but her plan was to wait until we were alone and let me explore my fantasy because...it was hers as well."

"You're full of shit." Mom said, but seemed as if she weren't convinced and was saying it because she wanted it to be the case.

"No, I wish I was, it would have been easier."

"Dad still wanted me out and we compromised. I went to stay with our aunt for a week so I could realize what a sick person I was and stay away from mom for a week. Then he was going to go with us to the shrink. Well Joe called during the week; mom had suffered a massive stroke."

"She recovered...somewhat. She was never the same and I stopped seeing her as anything but my sick mother that I wanted to help take

care of. But my father blamed her stroke on me. Me and my disgusting thoughts pushed her over the limit."

"I never told him that mom said she was willing to or the details of that conversation, he would have never wanted to believe it and he hated me as it was. So he told me to leave at that point and although Joe did try to talk my dad into letting me stay I gave up and left, went to live with the forty year old woman I'd been fucking, who happened to be a former porn actress and you know the rest."

"Joe never told me that, all he would say was I had no idea what a perv you really were."

"Yes I guess incest fantasies are seen as disgusting, but...in the porn world they are huge. Thousands of stories and e-books on the subject, tons of semi incestuous porn vids like my Step lust series. People do desire it, they are curious about it. Incest is the last line that people have not crossed, but they are turned on by it. Taboo the movie started it gaining speed years ago and it has not slowed down."

"So..." I put my hands up, "After that big revelation, what the hell does this have to do with us?"

"You only have one mom, Ryan. I had one chance at my fantasy coming to life and missed it by days. Hours if I want to wonder what would have happened if my mother and I had just a little time without my father right on top of me. So my true fantasy will never

be a reality. Sometimes I wonder if my mother had been appalled and told me I was sick if it would have stayed with me, but her willingness? It inspired me more."

"Think she wanted you or was willing to let you work it out?" Mom asked.

"I..I think by the conversation she was offering more than help, but if she was only sacrificing herself for me, then...it just proves that a mother will do anything for their family, isn't that right, Vicky?"

"Yes." Mom agreed to my chagrin.

"Back to what you want now." I prodded.

"For years I paid escorts to role play as my mother, but it felt ridiculous. Plus once my career went from screen to marketing and big money I had to be careful. Next I went to porn stars acting out incestuous scenes for the "Loving Mothers" series, but same thing. It was scripted dialogue, they were not related, just not the same."

"So what's left?" Mom asked.

"The real thing is left. Not for me, of course, but to watch a true mother and son have sex in front of me."

"Have I mentioned your sick?" Mom shook her head in disgust, but as she did my stomach tightened at the thought of where this might be going. No, he couldn't want us to...

"If knowing what you want is sick, then yes I guess so."

"So just go find some mother and son and pay them to have sex with you."

"Oh, its that easy?" He laughed. "Should I run an ad on Craig's List?"

"You have money and connections in a sleazy industry." Mom went on, "And I'm sure somewhere there is a mother already banging her son who wouldn't mind making some extra money, maybe you should move to West Virginia, trailer parks and..."

"I have a mother and son right in front of me that is pretty desperate." Uncle said.

Although I had gotten to the point I expected the words, they still caused a twisting in my stomach. I looked at mom who was sitting there speechless, staring at Uncle who was sitting back perfectly calm, as if he had just mentioned what he had for lunch.

"You...you want me to...have...sex...with ...my son." Mom forced each word out, "In...front ...of you?"

"For twenty five thousand dollars." He nodded, "No, in fact, tell you what, thirty five thousand, how's that?"

"What the hell is wrong with you?" I blurted, "Jesus Christ, your disgusting!"

"Know what I've learned Ryan?" Uncle asked, still calm, as if my words had gone right over his head, "That every son wants his mother. You're conditioned not to so the thoughts and urges are buried, under societies standards, but if something happens, one incident, one thing to make you see your mother in a sexual manner, then you will want her and want her like you've never wanted anyone else."

"So those pictures, did that to you?" Mom asked.

"Yes, and..."

"Joe found the one you had, why didn't he want her?"

"Because..." He frowned, then shrugged, "Who says he didn't?"

"Oh, please." Mom waved her hand, "You want to have a sick fantasy fine, but don't make it sound like everyone is like that. I have no desire to be with my son and he sure as hell doesn't want me."

"You never know, have you ever thought about it Ryan?"

"Can we get out of here?" I began to stand, "And seriously, stay the hell away from my sisters and my mother and me."

"What about you, Vicky?" Uncle looked over to her, "Going to turn down thirty five grand? More than enough to save your house and Ryan's school, get you out of that club?"

"The club seems less sleazy suddenly." Mom said softly.

"Let's go mom." I prompted as I stood in front of the desk.

"Everything you need and for what? An hour, maybe a little more, with your son?"

"Shut up, you filth!" I yelled at him. "Mom, let's get the hell out of here, now."

"You'd really do that? All that money to watch me with your own nephew?"

"Yes."

"Mom, we..."

"I assume you wouldn't be looking for a sweet love making experience."

"Mom!" I snapped grabbing her shoulder, "Why are you still talking?"

"You're right. I want a show. I want hardcore." Uncle leaned forward, his blue eyes brighter than ever. I want to hear you tell your son how bad you want to suck his cock, I want to..."

"Shut the fuck up!" I slammed my fist on the desk again, "I swear I will punch you in your goddamn mouth you don't shut up!"

"Ryan, please calm down." Mom put her hand over mine. "Sit down; no one is making anyone do anything."

"Ryan your mother...look at her." Uncle gestured with his hand, "You don't think she's beautiful?"

"She is, but not in that way." I sighed sitting down.

"You see her like this, from behind, and you don't know it's her, you don't say, 'goddamn, look at that woman?'"

I didn't answer as at his words I recalled how mom looked on the street, the way traffic stopped for her and having the thought he had just uttered. My silence gave uncle momentum and he continued.

"You have, I see it in your face and that's okay. But that is what I'm talking about! If you let yourself see her as a woman, not just your mom, but...never forgetting who she really is? There is nothing more desirable!" he turned back to mom, "Look at him, Vicky! He's a good looking man, he's not a child. Hell milf's cougars...call them what you will, but women your age are tripping over themselves to have sex with guys his age..."

"But not their sons." Mom cut in, "Or are you going to tell me I secretly want him?"

"I am going to tell you that no woman could ever love a son the way a mother can and no man will ever treat a woman as well as her son. A lover who sees you as his everything, his mom, his friend, his lover...the ultimate trust. He would do whatever you wanted exactly as you want it."

"Whatever." I muttered.

"Ryan think about it. Think about your mother performing all the dirty things you watch in the porns. Your mother on her knees for you, looking up at you, you over her, slipping inside her..."

"Stop." Mom and I said simultaneously.

"If more mothers and sons let their guards down and thought about it, they would want it." Uncle said, lowering his voice. "Think about what it means to you, Vicky. No worries, no stress, Ryan, the girls will have their mother back, you won't be working so hard, so tired all the time, you can relax and enjoy."

"What a waste of time." I looked at mom, "Can we leave?"

"No one else would know, Vicky." Uncle was speaking softly now as he fixed his gaze on mom. "You won't tell, Ryan won't tell. You can save your house Vicky, and all it would take is breaking some rule some zealot made up years ago," he laughed, "Shit, read Genesis, the world was populated by incest at one point. They do it in Europe to this day like its nothing. Only here do we think..."

"Why do you keep talking to her?" I asked, "I keep telling you no."

"Because it's her decision." Uncle explained, "If she says yes, you have no choice."

"Bullshit, even if she did, I..."

"I think your mother could be very persuasive, Ryan and I think...you wouldn't mind." He pursed his lips in thought, "A little seduction would be even hotter."

"Ugh." I gave up and resting my head on my hand, stared down at the floor.

"Not sure I would ever agree to you running around with a sex tape of me with my son." Mom spoke and my eyes widened, why was she even letting this conversation continue?

"I...I would love to film it, but I know you wouldn't allow it, it just has to be a onetime memory for me. But..." he gave her a small smile, "If I had one, all it would do is ruin me. I'd come across as a disgusting pig who bribed a..."

"Because that's what you are." I said.

"Ryan part of me is hoping you would do this just so I can hear how your tune changes after you've bedded your mother."

"Bedded? That from one of your scripts?" I rolled my eyes. "How about you take pictures of us and rub them together and jerk off while you..."

"Ryan, please." Mom stopped me.

"Okay, I know it's a lot to think about, call me back and..."

"Sixty." Mom said quietly.

"Excuse me?" Uncle asked.

"We'll do it. Sixty thousand."

"We'll what?" I demanded, "Mom! You're out of your..."

"Ryan if you speak again, I will make you wait outside." She stared hard at me, then back at uncle. "We have a deal?"

"Sixty? That's...double what you..."

"You can tape it."

"I..." Uncle's eyes widened.

"But we will sign an agreement that will state if that movie ever becomes public? You will pay us one million dollars for breach of contract."

"I don't know if I would want my attorney drawing that..."

"All you tell him is its private show for you and the woman involved is ensuring that privacy. Draw it up yourself and get it notarized that's fine for me."

"Okay." He nodded, "But still sixty..."

"Is nothing to you."

"But it's still a lot to..."

"I'll make it worth it." Mom leaned forward in her chair, "You want a show, Malcolm? I'll give you one. I'll put on a show with Ryan that you will stroke to until your cock falls off. And don't think I don't know that as much as you want to see me with him, it's still about seeing me. The one pussy you couldn't buy."

"Mom, stop talking like that." I told her.

"You can shut me up tomorrow by putting something in my mouth." Mom said, causing me to blush. "You like that Malcolm? You like that idea, my son's cock in my mouth?"

"I...wow." For the first time since we arrived, Uncle looked rattled.

"Yeah, in my mouth, rub it all over my face, take it nice and deep."  
She licked her red lips,

"Suck him until he cums all over my face, all over it. Just like that picture you had of your mother. But you'll see it in person, won't you? You'll see it splatter my face and drip down onto my tits. You'll be able to watch it over and over."

"Goddamn, Vicky."

"And after that? I'll lay back and let him lick my pussy, or maybe I'll ride his face, then after I come nice and hard on my son's tongue? Then he'll be ready to fuck me and I will make sure he fucks me in every position. Take his mommy around the world right in front of you. Fuck me as hard as he can, spank my ass..."

"Mom, please stop." I begged.

"Maybe you want him to talk dirty to me? You want that? You want to hear him tell his mommy to suck his cock? Tell me to get on my knees and take it like a slut?"

"Yes." Uncle whispered, his face getting red.

"Bet you do. Bet you want to see me be a whore for my son, a mommy being her son's little cock whore. Making his mommy be a little porn star for him. Know what Malcolm? You're right. Joe was an amazing man, but a dud in the sack. Loved it nice and sweet, but me? I want to fuck. I want to fuck like a wild cat and it's been a long time since I have. Good thing Ryan's young because I'm ready to go for one hell of a ride."

"Oh, yeah." Uncle nodded.

"That what you want, Malcolm? Me acting like whore for my little boy?"

"Y...yes, I want it."

"Then for sixty thousand it's yours. Name the time and place, but it won't be in a studio or your house."

"You..."

"Want a day to think about it?" Mom started to get up, "I'll call..."

"Done." Uncle said quickly. "Done. I'll have a document drawn up and a check for you tomorrow morning."

"Half in cash." Mom said.

I looked at her stunned, not just at that horrific talk of us having sex, as if I really would, but the way she was handling all this.

"Okay." Uncle agreed, "I can get you that tomorrow." He paused, "Can we do it tomorrow?"

"Yes." Mom said, and silenced me with a finger to my lips. "Its Friday, my day off at the salon and if you're handing me sixty thousand the club is on their own. Ryan doesn't have work or classes, right?"

"I...Um...was hoping to work, I..."

"Tomorrow is fine." Mom said, "Any requests?"

"Dress slutty."

"That was a given." Mom leaned over the desk and kissed Uncle on the cheek. "Just think Malcolm, less than a day away from seeing everything I have. Make sure you bring the money and the paper, because you will never get this offer again."

"Yes ma'am." He said, with a grin, then looking at me added, "Ryan, You better get some sleep, because you could be in trouble tomorrow."

"Not really, because we're not, Hey..." my words were muffled, by mom leaning over and with no warning kissing me full on the lips.

I tried to pull away, but she had her hand in my hair. Her lips pressed against mine and I gasped when I felt her tongue flick across them, before releasing me.

"Just a tease for tomorrow." Mom said to Uncle who looked as stunned as I felt.

"Let's go honey."

Mom turned and headed for the door and with a last look at Uncle, I wiped my mother's lipstick off with the back of my hand and followed her.

## Chapter Five

"Are you nuts?" I looked over at mom as she stared straight ahead at the highway.

"If saving my family is nuts, then yes." Mom answered.

I frowned and scratched my head trying to figure out what was going on here. Mom couldn't really be willing to go through with

this, but she had uncle drawing up a contract and getting money for her.

"You really...you really think we're going to have sex, mom? Do you know what you just agreed to?"

Mom glanced over and the red around her eyes and the dark shadows below them told me that maybe she hadn't. There was no way she could be thinking straight right now, but when she spoke, she didn't seem confused at all.

"Ryan, I know this is...extreme and its wrong and sick and I...I don't think of you that way honey, trust me."

"Then why the hell did you say we would?"

"Sixty thousand reasons." Mom said, "I can get a onetime pay off for less than what we owe and get the lien off the house. When dad's money comes in I can pay off the last two years of your school and have enough equity in the house to be able to be ready for the girls school, when the time comes and..."

"None of that is worth what you want to do." I told her.

Mom surprised me by cutting across two lanes and pulling in the breakdown lane. Throwing the car in drive she said, "When we get

home Katie and Sarah will be there. I promised them after you left this morning that the four of us were going to go out to dinner, then the arcade and have a good time. That's what we are going to do. Then I am going to bed to get some rest and so should you. So let's talk now, because I am not doing this once we get home."

"Do what? Talk about committing incest?"

"Ryan..."

"The house doesn't matter, mom. It's a damn house. We can be a happy family living somewhere else. We take us with us. I can take a year from school if I have to, its..."

"That house is your father to me. Don't you understand that?" she asked, her brown eyes tearing up, "I leave that house it's like leaving him."

"You always say I'm what reminds you of dad." I told her, "You say every time you see me you see..."

"And you'll be leaving me soon." She said, the tears beginning to flow.

"I won't leave you, mom. I..."

"Yes you will, Ryan. You will graduate, get a real job and you'll meet a nice girl and move on and I...I want that for you. The house is where I can stay and always remember your father. We need to save it."

"Then we talk to that piece of crap again and say just help us or..."

"He won't give in. I know he won't. You heard his sick story, this is his chance to get something he has wanted his entire life. He knows I'm desperate, he...he led me right into it, Ryan."

"You didn't have to agree! Plus, Christ, mom, all that nasty talk where the hell did that come from?"

"I...I don't know." She wiped at her eyes, "I...look, Ryan I meant what I said, I was a little more than what your father could handle in...that way. So I've spent a lot of time reading and watching...that stuff so I guess it came out pretty easy."

"But about us?"

"It's what he wanted to hear. I gave him what he wanted. I made him give in on the amount I...I'm mad I didn't ask for more, could have gotten it."

"We're not getting any of it." I told her, "Because I have news for you mom. I'm not going through with this."

"We have to."

"No, we..."

"Yes we do." She leaned over in the car and put her arms around me. Pressing her damp cheek to mine she spoke in my ear. "Ryan, I love you with all my heart and I know you love me. Love means sacrifice and I will sacrifice anything for us and the girls. Its...it's a couple of hours, a onetime thing and we'll never talk about it again."

"Mom, I...I can't do this, and I...I don't understand how you think you could."

"I know I can do anything I have to for my family and I know you will to. When the time comes...we...we'll do what we need to and we...we will be doing it for love, Ryan. Not lust, not to give a sick man a thrill, but for love, understand?"

"Mom...we can still have love..."

"Ryan, I need this. I know...maybe I'm not right in my mind. I know that, I'm too tired, too stressed, too heartbroken. But none of that will get better the way life is going. I have to do something. I'm sure this will affect me afterwards, but everything else will be better. I'll be spending more time with the girls in our house, not working that cesspool anymore and watching you graduate. Baby, I...I need this."

"I...mom I love you." I kissed her cheek. "I love all of us, but..."

"Then do this with me, honey."

"I...I can't." I told her, "You're my mother!"

"See me the way he said to, just as a woman."

"You're not and...he wants me to call you mom!" I paused then figuring there was nothing I could do to make the conversation more absurd threw in; "I...I won't be able to, you know..."

"I'll make sure you do." Mom said causing my eyes to open, "I'm a woman, you're a man. I'm not worried about that. Ryan...make me a promise."

"What?"

"Tomorrow you promise me we try."

"But..."

"That's your promise to me, we try. My promise will be once we start if you really feel you can't, say Mom, enough and we stop right there."

"You sure? Uncle will be pissed."

"I'll...make it up to him. If you leave I'll..."

"No!" I pulled away from her. "What kind of crap is that? Either I do you or he does?"

"I...I didn't see it that way, but I need to get some of the money from him."

I stared hard at her and she lowered her eyes. "Fine, you say stop the whole thing is off, but we start and you try."

"Okay." I wasn't thrilled with even starting, but all I would have to do is let things happen long enough to look like I made an effort and say fuck it. "I'll try."

"A real effort Ryan. If I think you're playing me, I will let Uncle have me."

"Who the hell are you?" I asked, "You don't sound like my mother."

"I'm exactly what your uncle said a mother is, Ryan. Everything she has to be."

## Chapter Six

I sat on the edge of my bed, staring out the window, with one thought racing through my mind; tomorrow I was going to have sex with my mother. No, not just have sex with her, but fuck her; really fuck her. Dirty talk, different positions, oral sex...my mother was going to blow me and I was going to go down on her. Full out, hardcore porn style sex and with my own mother.

As if that scenario wasn't disturbing enough, it was going to happen in front of my disgusting uncle. What the hell was mom thinking? I shook my head as if trying to send the thoughts flying out of my head. I needed to try to relax and figure out how the hell I was going to do this. I had never seen my mom as anything, but that, the wonderful woman who lovingly raised me and would do anything- and as I learned today anything meant anything- to take care of me.

But tomorrow morning I was somehow supposed to see her as not just my mother, but a sexual woman. A woman I was supposed to desire, and treat like some slutty coed I'd gotten lucky with at a party. There was no way I could do this; no way would I be able to do those dirty things to my mother. I knew there were a lot of people into taboo fantasies, hell we were going to be performing in front of one of them, but I was never into that stuff and doubted I could be even

if we were alone, never mind with someone sitting there and more likely than not whacking off as he watched.

I was doing it again, letting my head spin. I took a deep breath and decided to stop thinking about why the hell we were going to do this and for whom, and tried to focus on tomorrow. Mom had locked us into this and although there was always the hope she was laying in her room right now second guessing it and would change her mind, I needed to try to figure out how I could get through this. I'd given my word I would try and I had to now convince myself to live up to my word.

Lying back on my bed I closed my eyes and envisioned my mother in that skimpy schoolgirl outfit. I forced myself to take the word mother from my mind and pictured her as Vicky, an attractive older woman who was going to take me on a wild ride. I thought of rubbing her feet, as I did so often when she got home from work, except this time my hands wandered from her feet to work their way up her legs.

Mom, no, Vicky, had some damn nice legs, long, well shaped and they looked even better encased in the white stockings. Not just the stockings, but those fuck me heels that went with them. I pictured my hands sliding up her stocking clad legs, past her knees and up to her inner thighs, reaching under her short skirt. The stockings were thigh highs and my hands would lightly caress her soft inner thighs.

M..Vicky would make those soft sounds she always did, when I rubbed her feet, but this time they would not be sounds of relaxed

relief, but moans of pleasure and anticipation. She would start breathing heavier and her red lips would be parted, her dark eyes glazing over as her hips moved, urging my hand further.

I would tease her, lingering in one spot and rubbing. I would work my hand all the way up between her legs to her lacy white thong, the one I'd gotten a occasional glimpse of and my hand would be able to go all the way up to her crotch while still feeling her warm smooth skin.

My thoughts trailed off when I became aware of my cock beginning to swell. I fought back my first reaction, which was to be appalled that I was getting hard thinking of my mother and instead, placed my hand over my cock. I stroked it through my boxers and returned to thinking about Vicky.

My hand would graze her thong and she would moan and my cock would jump at how wet she was. Vicky would raise her leg and place it along the top of the couch, showing me that thin strip of damp wet material between her legs and those creamy thighs. She would grab the edge of her skirt and lift her hips, pulling the skirt up to her waist. I would rub her wet pussy through the thong and she'd moan softly her hips moving, grinding her pussy into my hand.

Vicky reached down and slid the thing to the side showing me her...pussy. Mom's pussy. My hand stopped, but I whispered; "Vicky...Vicky's pussy."

There would be a small patch of brown fuzz just over it, but the rest of her pussy would be pink and smooth and wet. Her slender finger would tease through her wet lips before spreading them open and inviting me to play with it. My fingers would replace hers, slipping through the wet folds of her flesh before easing two of them inside her. Vicky would moan loudly and thrust her hips, burying my fingers into her tight wet pussy.

I placed my thumb on her swollen clit and she whimpered in pleasure as I rubbed it in slow circles while working my fingers in and out of her moist flesh. Her pussy contracted around my fingers making me moan at the thought of what that would feel like around my throbbing cock. My cock wasn't just throbbing in my fantasy, but beneath my hand as well.

I was fully hard and moaning softly as my hand teased my swollen head through the underwear. I slipped my hand into my boxers and wrapping it around my cock began jerking it. In my mind Vicky was moaning my name and as I continued to stroke her clit she unbuttoned her white blouse. I watched with my heart pounding and cock aching as she opened it to reveal a lacy black bra.

The bra clasped in the front and unhooking it, Vicky eased it apart until it was barely covering her breasts.

"You want to see my tits, Ryan?"

"Yes, please." I whispered.

"Then tell me what you want"

"I want to see your..."

"No," she shook her head, "Say it the way you know I want you to."

My hand clenched tightly around my cock and I stroked it faster and in my mind said the words the way I knew I would have to tomorrow,

"Mom, I want to see your tits."

"You want to see mommy's tits?" she smiled, "Hmm what a bad boy you are, but I love that my boy wants his mother!"

She opened the bra to expose her tits and my cock jerked in my hand. In my fantasy Mom's tits were perfect. On the smaller side, but round and perky with beautiful pink nipples that were as hard as my cock felt and seemed to be imploring me to come suck on them.

"Like them?" she asked, her fingers teasing those nipples.

"Yes," I whispered this out loud as my cock throbbed in my hand, "I..I love my mother's tits."

The words sounded horrible, yet my cock responded, twitching in my hand and my hips were moving as I jerked off.

"These tits?" she would lift them up to me, "You love these tits? You want to suck on them?"

"Oh, yes." I moaned, my hand moving faster in both reality and in my fantasy as I drove my fingers into Vicky...no, my mother's dripping pussy.

"Then make me cum and I'll let you!" she moaned and moved her hips in time with my fingers. "Make mommy cum nice and hard and you can suck my tits, then..." she licked her lips, her pink tongue tracing her red mouth, "I'll do some sucking of my own." She moaned and pinched her nipples, "Hmm, suck on that hard cock of yours, would you like that, mommy sucking on your cock?"

My hand was moving faster, both in my thought and between my legs, and in my mind, mom, yes there was no doubt she was mom now, tossed her head back and cried out in ecstasy as her son made her cum. She clamped her legs around my hand, pinning it to her convulsing pussy and squealed long and loud. Her fingers were teasing her small hard nipples and her eyes were closed as she moaned and writhed on the couch.

She released a long moan and opening her eyes, sighed, "God I came hard, my son did a good job making his mother cum, now it's my turn," She pointed at me, "Stand up"

I would get off the couch and standing in front of her groaned as she sat up and unzipped my jeans. I cupped her firm tits and she moaned as I played with them while she pulled my pants down. My cock sprang free and licking her lips, mom whispered, "Oh, is this big hard dick all for mommy?" Even in my fantasy all I could manage was to nod and as she took my cock in her hand and lowered her head she asked, "Tell mommy what you want."

"M..mom I want you to...suck my cock!"

My hand was rapidly pumping my cock as my mind's eye watched my mother lower her mouth to my swollen purple head. Her brown eyes were looking up at me and her pink tongue teasing along the tip of my cock making me whimper. With a wink she opened her mouth wide and took me...

"Stop!" I blurted out loud and pulled my hand from my cock as if it had been burned.

I sat up with my heart pounding and stared disgustedly at the large bulge in my boxers.

"What the fuck, Ryan?"

Even though it was what I was trying for I was ashamed that I had been jerking off to my mother. More than ashamed, I was concerned that in mid fantasy it had gone from Vicky to mom and I had gotten more excited. Clear as day I heard Uncle Malcolm's voice in my head, telling me every son wanted his mother and all it took was one time to think of her sexually to wake up that desire.

"Shut up, you sick fuck." I muttered, rubbing my temples and wishing my cock would stop aching and go limp, I'd be damned if I would try jerking off at this point.

Was uncle right? Did every son have a latent desire to be with their mom, but never knew it because it was something we were told was wrong from day one? Do mothers also have that strange feeling to be with their sons? No, he was a pervert who had spent years directing and producing porn. He fueled people's fantasies and had gotten to a point the only thing that could get him off was something no one would do. Well unless they were getting paid sixty grand for it anyway.

I had to tell mom I couldn't do this. I shuddered at the way she had told uncle she could persuade me if she had to. There was no way I would let mom do that to me, especially for that piece of shit. I had to get her to see reason, we could find a nice apartment, I could take time away from school and Billy and Katie would make new friends and learn to like a new school. We could...I looked up at a knock.

"Hey Ryan, can I come in?" Mom asked from the other side of the door.

"Um, hold on." I slid up to the headboard and leaning back against it, pulled the sheet up to my waist to cover my still semi hard cock, "Okay, come on in."

Mom entered the room and in the dim light cast by the small lamp on my nightstand I saw she was wearing a short red silk robe. The robe was as short as any of her work outfits and I wondered if she were getting used to dressing like that. When she closed the door, Mom thumbed the lock on my door and turning, walked slowly over to the bed.

The robe was loosely tied and showing a lot of the smooth white skin of her chest as well as an uncomfortable amount of cleavage. My eyes dropped to her long legs and to my dismay I thought of my fantasy from moments ago and felt my cock twitch. I blinked, trying to clear Uncle's bullshit from my head.

"What's up, mom?"

"You are, I see." She smiled down at me as she sat on the edge of my bed next to me.

Mom drew one of her legs up onto the bed, so it was bent in front of her while her other foot was on the floor. I'd seen her sit like this

countless times, but at no other time was she dressed like this and the robe slid up her inner thigh and I swore if I tried I would be able to see straight up between her legs. I lifted my gaze, once again noting the amount of exposed chest before reaching her face.

At least her face looked normal, mom wasn't wearing any make up and her long hair was pulled into a pony tail. "Ryan?"

"It's only ten thirty." I told her, "You should be the one sleeping."

"Seems I have things on my mind." She put her hand on my arm, "You too."

"Yeah, school, work schedule, having sex with my mom, you know, little things."

"Me too." She agreed. "I talked to your uncle an hour ago. He has something for me to sign and said he has the cash and the check. He booked a room at the Biltmore and wants to know if eleven is okay tomorrow."

"I'm busy. In fact I'm busy the next twenty years."

"I said it would be fine."

"I get no say I guess."

"You made me a promise."

"I know. I'm...just not too excited about this."

"I know, honey." Mom touched my cheek then sat back and was quiet for a moment, "You know Ryan, tomorrow...you know what he wants."

"He made it pretty clear."

"Its not going to be easy and not just because its sex, but he is going to want dirty talk and really play up that I'm your mother. He's looking for his fantasy, Ryan, but he is looking to humiliate me during it. Looking for me to be degrading and slutty. He's always wanted me and this is as close as he gets so...be prepared for that."

"Mom, I..."

"Remember." Mom leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, "What we do is with and for love. Okay?"

"I guess." She kissed my cheek again, but closer to my lips and much more softly

"Words are words and sex is sex, especially for him. But for us? This is an act of love and sacrifice."

"Right." I whispered as her next kiss brushed my lips.

"I...I want you to relax Ryan. I'm going to kiss you, a real kiss."

"What?" I started to sit up, but she put her hand on my chest, holding me down.

"I don't want tomorrow to be the first time we touch. I want you to be a little less nervous and same for me. Now kiss me."

Mom pressed her lips softly against mine and I sat there frozen.

"Come on, Ryan." She said softly, "Give your mother a kiss."

Mom kissed me again and I forced myself to kiss her back. I was going for a soft peck, but mom leaned into me, pushing me back into the headboard and I had nowhere to go. Her lips caressed mine and she slid them back and forth, placing soft teasing kisses on my mouth. I could smell her perfume and was aware of her breasts pressing against my chest through the thin material of the robe.

Not just her breasts, but her nipples, her hard nipples. To my chagrin my cock was swelling and without realizing I was going to do it, I

returned her kiss. Hesitantly at first, but after feeling how soft her lips were and driven by what was now a full erection beneath the sheet, I kissed her harder. Mom moaned softly in her throat and my cock jumped at the sound. Mom's lips parted against mine and this time lingered in one spot.

Figuring, what the hell it was only a kiss, I found myself returning it with more enthusiasm. Mom made a sound in her throat that could only be described as a purr and ran her long nails lightly down my bare chest. Her lips were working more forcefully, at this point just about devouring my mouth and her aggressiveness caused another surge between my legs.

I parted my lips to try to capture hers and mom's tongue immediately plunged into my mouth. I gasped and my first reaction was how wrong this was, but within seconds that was replaced by the fact that my mother's soft wet tongue felt pretty damn good caressing mine. I swirled my tongue against hers and this time it was a soft whimper that escaped her when I teased the roof of her mouth with my tongue.

Mom's hand ran through my hair and curling her fingers into it, held me in place as her tongue continued to probe my mouth. As our kiss picked up intensity, I raised my arms and tentatively placed them around her. Mom sighed into our kiss as I rubbed her back through the silky material.

Mom's lips withdrew from mine and I was shocked to find I was disappointed.

"See, baby? Not so bad is it?" Mom whispered in my ear then kissed my neck.

It was a soft kiss, but the feeling of her lips on my neck sent a shiver through me.

"Hmm, you like that?" Mom nibbled playfully at my earlobe.

Her hot breath in my ear coupled with the sensation of her hard nipples pushing into my chest had my cock throbbing and I was glad for the sheet covering it.

"It...feels nice." I told her.

"Yes, it does." Mom kissed my neck again and this time sucked gently causing me to moan.

As she played her tongue along my neck, Mom pulled her other leg up so she was now kneeling on the bed and leaning over me. Her lips still on my neck, mom grabbed the sheet and tossed it off of me. Her hand grabbed my cock through my boxers and I cried out in surprise.

"Oh, I guess it does feel nice." Mom purred in my ear and squeezed my cock, "Look at you, look how hard you are for me."

"M..mom...I'm sorry." I whispered, "I..."

"Don't be. It's what I want; I want my son to be nice and hard for me, to show me how much he wants me."

"But I..."

"Shhh," she breathed in my ear. "Just relax and let it happen, Ryan. Just let your body respond to me."

Mom trailed her lips lightly down my neck, before switching to the other side. My hand's slipped down to her hips and I had the overwhelming urge to grab the ties of her robe and pull it open. Instead I kept them on her hips as her mouth worked along my neck and she slowly stroked my cock through my underwear. Somewhere in the back of my mind I yelled at myself to move her hand and tell her to leave, but...my cock was aching and her lips felt amazing.

Mom swung her leg over mine so she was straddling my thigh and when she let her weight go...

"Oh, god, mom," I groaned at feeling of her hot wet...pussy on my thigh. "Y...you're not..."

"Wearing any panties" she sighed in my ear, "Guess your mommy's a bad girl isn't she?"

I wasn't able to answer as she rocked her hips, sliding her wet flesh along my leg. I could feel my thigh getting sticky as she worked her bare pussy against my leg while stroking my cock faster. I was aware of my hips moving into her hand and now caught up in the moment, I grabbed her ponytail and easing her head back sought her lips with mine.

"Hmm" Mom encouraged me as I kissed her hard.

Speaking of hard, my cock felt like it was ready to explode and I moved my hips faster into her touch.

"Yeah, baby?" she moaned, "That feel good? You like me playing with your cock?"

"Oh...Oh, yes." I whimpered as she squeezed it harder.

"Damn, you're so hard." She moaned, "That's why I'm so wet, just thinking about how good this cock is going to feel." She flicked her tongue out across my lips, "And taste."

"Oh, Mom." I moaned as she pumped my cock faster.

"But not tonight, that will be for tomorrow." I moaned in frustration as she removed her hand. "Aww, does my baby need to come?"

"I...I don't...I shouldn't...I...Oh!"

Mom had sat up and grabbing my hands placed them over her breasts. I felt her hard nipples poking into my palms and was amazed at how round and firm her tits were beneath my touch.

"Go ahead, baby, play with them."

Again I was telling myself to stop, but couldn't. I stared at my hands on my mother's tits as if they were strangers. But nonetheless continued to stroke her nipples and fondle her breasts through the robe.

"Hmm, that's nice, just the nipples, tease them." She moaned as I caught her nipples between my fingers and caressed them. "Yes." She moaned, "That feels so good. I bet you want to see them don't you?"

"I...no." I managed to answer and it as a lie. Right now with her on top of me and her hand on me I found myself, for the first time in my life wanting to see my mother's body.

"You don't want to see them?" Mom pushed her lips into a pout, "I thought you'd want to."

"I...I'm not supposed to." I said as much to myself as to her.

"You're not supposed to be hard either, but," She rubbed my cock causing me to moan, "Look how hard you are."

"Mom, please."

"Tell me you'd like to see them" she put her hands over mine, pushing them harder into her tits. "You know you want to. Stop being a good son and..." she winked, "Be a really good son."

"I..." I swallowed hard as I continued to fondle her through the robe, what the hell I was already touching them. "M...Mom, can I see your tits?"

"No." She said, "Not tonight."

"W...why?" I asked, confused.

"Because your Uncle is an expert in lust and a damn movie director. If you see them tonight you won't look so surprised." She pushed my hands against her tits harder, "And wanting them as badly. Sorry, baby, but you have to wait until tomorrow."

"Mom...Please..." I whimpered as she lowered her hand back to my cock, "Please stop. I..."

"You want to cum, baby?" She smiled down at me, "I'll let you cum for me, but just my hand, you have to wait until tomorrow for my lips," she squeezed my cock and I moaned at the feeling of pre cum squirting from the tip, "Both sets."

Her hand moved faster and as wrong as I knew it was I whispered, "Please stop teasing."

"Hmmm, I like that." Mom released my cock and grabbed the sides of my boxers and pulled them down over my cock. "I like this even better."

"Mom, I oh, damn."

Mom had grabbed my now bare cock and her soft hand felt damn good around my hard shaft. She slowly stroked it and I gasped when she rubbed her palm over the sensitive head. She lifted her hand and I saw a trail of pre cum hanging from her palm.

"Look at that." She purred, "That'll look even better from my tongue tomorrow won't it?"

My answer was swallowed up by a groan when she grabbed my cock once more and stroked it faster than before. Her hand was now slick from my sticky fluid and it felt even better than before. Even as my hips rocked into her hands a part of me was still in shock at the sight of my mother's long slender fingers wrapped around my swollen dick.

"Tell you what, baby, big cocks must run in the family. Your Uncle made a living with his and this is nothing to be ashamed of." She gave it a squeeze. "It's been a long time for me, I bet this is going to be a nice tight fit in your mother's pussy."

My cock twitched in her hand at the way she said that. This was wrong, so wrong and I knew it. But her hand felt so good and her hot wet flesh on my thigh was driving me crazy, damn she was wet. Her tits felt amazing under the robe and she was right, I wanted to see them so bad! See them, suck on them..."

"Hmm this cock feels so good." She sighed, "I'm so horny. Baby, I think you should help your mommy cum."

"What?" I asked, my eyes widening.

"Well if I'm going to make my son cum shouldn't he return the favor?" She took my right hand in hers and I didn't resist as she guided it down and between her legs.

"Mom, what are you, Jesus!"

I cried out in surprise when she rose up from my thigh and shoved my hand up under her robe. My fingers slipped through her soft wet flesh and the moan she released at my touch caused my cock to jump against her hand.

"Oh." she groaned, moving my hand back and forth so my fingers slid through her wet pussy lips "Oh, honey, that feels good."

There was a part of me that wondered if her reaction was exaggerated for my benefit-and maybe some practice for tomorrow's show-but the rest of me was thrilled at the sound of her pleasure. She let my hand go, but I continued to caress her, marveling at how wet she was. Mom's hand slowed on my cock while her hips rocked, helping my fingers work her pussy.

"Just..." she paused to moan when my fingers grazed her swollen clit, "Just like my tits you can't see her or taste her until tomorrow, but I want you to feel me, feel how wet I am, feel how horny playing with my son makes me!"

Again, was this a rehearsal for tomorrow, was she forcing these words? Regardless, her pussy was wetter than that of any the girls I'd been with and the fact it was my mother's pussy...? Even as mom ground her hips into my hand and stroked my aching cock, one thought raced through my mind; my fucking Uncle was right! I had

barely put up a fight and was not far from cumming from my mother's touch!

"My clit." Mom moaned, "Rub my clit, honey, make your mother come." She leaned over and whispered in my ear, "One rule, baby, mommy cums first, at least tonight."

She sat back up and slid her pussy back until the two fingers I had between her lips were on her hard button. She released my cock and was now just lightly running her finger nails along my shaft. I whimpered at the tease and mom said, "Then make me cum, faster I do, faster you do."

She followed up those words by cupping my balls and gently massaging them. No longer even trying to pretend I didn't want to, I rubbed my fingers in hard fast circles on her clit and mom's reaction caused my cock to twitch up and down.

"Oh, fuck." She groaned, "Oh, yes! Oh...Ryan, honey, just like that!" her hips ground faster into my hand and she continued moaning, "Its...oh, its been so long since anyone's made me come! God this is better than a toy!"

Mom's words, and her playing with my balls, sent my fingers moving as fast and hard as I dared. I was so focused on her pussy that I'd lost track of the fact my hand was still on her breast. I resumed fondling it and mom responded to my touch by bouncing up and down on my hand and making high pitched yelping noises.

I looked up at her face and saw her eyes were closed, her lips parted and there was a light sheen of sweat on her face and chest. She was yelping louder and faster and her thighs tightened around my legs.

I stared at her, transfixed by the sight of my mother nearing an orgasm, and one from her son, and moved my fingers side to side instead of in circles. Mom gasped and placing her hand inside her robe grabbed her other tit. She was breathing hard and whispered, "My nipple, honey, squeeze it."

I found her swollen nipple through her robe and squeezed it gently. Mom whimpered, "Harder" I hesitated, but when she squeezed my balls more firmly as a sign of what she wanted, I pinched her nipple. The effect was immediate and the hottest thing I'd ever seen. Mom threw her head back and released a long loud squeal that even as hot as I was made me worry about the girls hearing her.

Mom started driving her hips downward into my hand and her hand was bust on her tit as she let loose with a series of high pitched squeals. Her thighs were squeezing mine and her pussy was quivering against my hand as she came hard at her son's touch.

"Oh...Oh fuck!" Mom moaned as her hips slowed and her hand slipped out of her robe. "Honey, that felt so good." She sighed and smiled at me, "Have I told you what a good son you are?"

"I...damn mom." Was all I could come up with.

"Hmm, speaking of damn." She grabbed my cock with her free hand, "This is a damn fine cock."

"You...you don't have to do that." I lied as she pumped my cock with long slow strokes while rubbing my balls.

"Of course I do. A mother has to take care of her son doesn't she?" she sighed as she jerked me off faster, "Especially after he was so good to me."

I watched her stroke my cock and moaned as much from the sight of her hand wrapped around my shaft as to how good it felt. I'd been excited since my sick fantasy that had somehow, in a matter of minutes turned into a reality.

"You're so hard." She purred, "I can feel it throbbing in my hand," her fingers tickled my balls and my hips rocked into her hand. "My baby's coming to cum nice and hard for his mother, isn't he?"

"Oh..I...oh yeah." I groaned.

"Tell me." She slowed her hand down, "Tell me what you want or I'll stop."

"Mom...I...can't." I whimpered.

"Fine, then I stop." She stopped moving her hand and when I thrust my hips she removed it from my cock.

"Please!" I moaned, "Please I...I need to."

"Tell me." She said a serious look on her face, "Tell me what you want, Ryan or I'll leave you like this."

"I...mom will you please make me cum?"

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" She resumed jerking me off, this time much faster than before. "But this cock is, isn't it? Yes it is, nice and long and thick and hard and all for your mother, your sexy slutty mother who's sitting here giving her son a hand job and wishing you were in my mouth."

"Oh, fuck." I moaned, my hips moving uncontrollably and my balls tightening as they prepared to explode.

"Hmm, you like that idea? You like picturing your slutty mother on her knees with your big dick in her mouth? Her son's big dick?" She moaned and ran her tongue across her lips, "Suck it until you beg me to cum, no, not beg, until you tell me to make you cum. How would that be? Telling your slut mother to suck your fucking cock until you cum in my hot mouth? You..."

"Oh, fuck!" I called out as my cock erupted in my mother's hand.

"Oh, yes!" Mom exclaimed as a long thick spurt of cum squirted from the tip of my cock and landed on her arm and thigh. "Look at all of that cum!"

She pumped me hard and fast and I moaned as my cock continued to spurt, spraying cum over the both of us. The last spurts trickled down my shaft and I gasped as she used it as lube and kept stroking me, smearing my cum into my hard shaft. When I thought I had nothing left, she squeezed my cock hard enough to cause me to groan as she managed to milk a couple of more drops from me.

"Wow." She released my cock and looked down at her dripping hand and the strips of white sticky fluid on her arm and the top of her thigh. "That's a lot of cum! Youth and enthusiasm." She winked, "No wonder some of my friends like them young."

"Oh my God." I breathed, my heart pounding as I stared down at my now semi hard, but still oozing cock.

"Like that, baby?" Mom slid down the bed, her wet pussy leaving a trail down my leg, and standing up, looked around before grabbing one of my t-shirts from a chair next to my desk.

She wiped the cum from her hands and coming over to me caused me to gasp when she wrapped the soft shirt around my cock and

wiped it off. She rubbed it across my balls and sighed dramatically, "Even in bed I guess I have to clean up after you."

"Mom, I...I can't believe we just..."

"Shhh." She tossed the shirt in the basket in the corner and getting on the bed lay on her side next to me. "Its fine, baby, we...after tomorrow we will never talk about this okay?"

"I...I guess, but we still...what we did..."

"Was with love honey." She kissed my cheek softly, "The act itself was...is wrong, but we did it for all the right reasons, that's what counts and no one will ever know."

"We...we didn't have to tonight, though and..."

"Yes we did, honey." She touched my cheek, "Roll over so I can look at you."

I started to move and realized my cock was still hanging out. For some reason, probably because the heat of the moment was over, I felt embarrassed and blushed as I pulled my underwear up.

"You're so sweet." Mom laughed.

"I don't feel sweet." I looked away from her, "Sweet sons don't let their mother give them a hand job."

"And I suppose most would say good mothers don't give them out." For the first time since she entered the room, she'd lost that confident look and seemed to be trying not to get upset. "But most aren't as desperate as I am. I'm sorry, Ryan." She put her head down, but not before I saw her eyes filling up.

"Hey, mom, don't cry." I rolled onto my side and put my arm around her shoulder, "Please, don't be upset, I mean, look I could have fought a lot more than I did, I...its my fault and.."

"No." she raised her eyes to mine and my heart broke at the sight of the tears on her cheeks "It's me, Ryan. Your Uncle...he...he's right in a way."

I knew what she meant, but didn't want to admit it, and simply said, "I don't think so."

"No, he is. I'm your mother, Ryan, but I'm also an older woman who is attractive and I...I know how to use what I have. I've spent months shaking my ass for tips and playing the guys to get those tips. I...I seduced a young man tonight is what I did."

"I came in here and took advantage of you and the reason you could not tell me know is the very reason you should say no, because I'm your mother. You were raised to obey me, no matter what."

"No, this was different, Mom I should have said no and..."

"Ryan, we had to do this tonight. That's why I came in here. Tomorrow couldn't be the first time you saw me as a woman. It wouldn't work with the pressure of him being there. Tonight was important for both us. For me so I know I can take the lead and...and make sure you can do what you need to and for you to see that...that wrong as it is, we can do this and it feels good. That we can forget to a degree who we are and just...enjoy."

"Mom, can I ask you a question?"

"Ryan, you just had your hand in my pussy I think you can ask pretty much anything at this point."

"Were you..." I paused, then figured, she was right, what would a simple question mean at this point? "Were you really as into it as you were acting or was it, you know, just an act?"

"I..." She lowered her eyes, "The dirty talk was pretty much an act, it's what he wants to hear tomorrow, but...I...I liked you touching me and I liked making you feel good." She gave me a rueful smile, "I

don't think you could have been pretending, things don't work if you're not turned on."

I blushed again, "Sorry, mom. I...you're right about him having a point it was...kind of...sexy."

"Good." She said, then added quickly, "Good for tomorrow I mean. If we get through it we're in the clear baby."

"I know. So..." I had to know, "You didn't fake...what happened?"

"You mean did I really come?" To my surprise, it was her turn to blush, "That wasn't an act. I thought I was going to have to, but...it has been a long time Ryan, dad's been gone for a few months and he was very sick for months before that. I...wasn't faking; it was nice to be touched." She ran her hand along my cheek, "Especially by someone who cares about me, even though it's not that way."

"Well..."

"Ryan, let's drop this for now and I'll make a deal. After tomorrow if you want to talk about what we did to just get it out of our minds, fine, but right now that's not what I want. We proved we can let nature take its course," she laughed, "Or the unnatural. So how about we just go to sleep?"

"Okay, I'll see you tomorrow."

"I want to stay here." Moms said, softly, "Is that okay?"

"You...you want to sleep with me?"

"Yes." She nodded, "We were very...dirty just now and I want to, I just want to be close to you after that, it will make me feel better."

"Sure." I kissed her cheek, "Just don't hog the blankets okay?"

"That won't be a problem." She said pushing my shoulder and causing me to roll over on my back, "I plan on being very close to you."

Mom stayed on her side, but slid over against me and put her arms around my waist and rested her head on my shoulder. "This okay?"

"Um...yeah." I answered, putting my arm around her shoulders and holding her close to me, "It feels good."

"It does." She sighed, her breath hot on my chest, "Been awhile since someone's held me. I miss it. Good night, honey."

"Good night mom." I kissed the top of her head and closing my eyes tried to fall asleep.

My mind wouldn't stop racing; replaying the taboo encounter I had just shared with my mother and wondering what tomorrow would bring. Apparently mom had no trouble falling asleep as within minutes she was breathing deeply and her body had relaxed into mine. Her hair was in my face and Inhaled deeply, enjoying the smell of her strawberry shampoo. She felt good against me and I squeezed her tighter.

Mom made a happy little cooing sound that made me smile, and then draped her bare leg over mine. My smile disappeared at the feeling of her warm leg. She had drawn closer to me and I felt the heat between her legs against the side of my thigh. She was still wet and to my chagrin my cock stirred beneath the sheet. I became aware of her breasts pressing against me and wondered what they looked like, on that note, what her pussy looked like.

The thought I would see all that and more tomorrow caused my cock to continue to grow. Despite how wrong tomorrow was going to be I found myself thinking more in terms of what it was going to be like to be even dirtier with my mother than we had been tonight.

"Sick fuck." I whispered into the darkness. "What the hell was wrong with me? Mom was doing what she had to and I was along for the ride. After tomorrow things would go back to normal, no, better than normal, because that money was going to get her out of the club and

take a lot of worry from her. After the one time we would do the best we could to forget this sick situation.

Mom's hair was tickling my cheek and turning my head, I rubbed at my face. My hand stopped when I caught a whiff of mom's pussy on my fingers. I held my fingers under my nose and feeling like a pig, but unable to stop myself, "I took a deep breath, inhaling her sweet forbidden scent. My cock jumped and figuring things couldn't get any sicker, I slipped my fingers into my mouth and sucked on them.

I sighed and held them in my mouth, savoring the taste of her pussy and laying there, with my mother's body pressed against mine, I found myself recalling Uncle's story about how badly he wanted his mother. Suddenly I had a hard time thinking he was sick as I had said he was.

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Author's Note: I hope you enjoyed the first part of the story. Chapter two featuring Ryan and Vicky's Taboo porn debut will be up sometimes next week. I won't give anything away, but will say that where this chapter wasn't too heavy on the taboo action, the next part will more than make up for it. As always, thank you for reading, voting and supporting my work. Lovecraft68

## Chapter 2

"Awfully quiet." Mom said as we drove down ninety five, heading for downtown and the Biltmore.

"Yeah." I shrugged, "I really don't know what to say."

"Don't blame you, not exactly a normal topic of conversation."

I looked over at her and for the tenth time since she had come downstairs from getting dressed after breakfast, wondered what she was wearing. Despite it being a mild day, Mom was wearing a long black dress coat that only left her legs visible from the knees down, revealing white stockings and a pair of plain red flat shoes. Mom had a bag next to her and I figured it contained shoes more suitable to the occasion.

"You can say that again." I said softly as I looked out the window, watching the traffic.

My stomach was in knots and two thoughts kept running through my mind. The first was I was a half hour away from having sex with my mother. The second was I had to admit if it did not involve my uncle watching I wasn't sure I minded the first part. I'd stayed awake for a long time last night, holding my mother close and at times thinking how amazing she felt, how nice it was to hold her so sweetly.

But a good part of the time all I was thinking about was how wet her pussy had been and how hard she made me cum. I'd been with a handful of girls between high school and college and they had been fun, but the way mom had just come in and took over. How confident she was and how she knew just what she wanted and how to get it. Those words echoed what my Uncle said and I thought about how he had mentioned it wasn't just pure lust for his mother, but the emotional bond as well.

"The best of both worlds" he'd pretty much said, a mother who could be your whore or your sweet lover. I'd spent half the night hard as a rock, the other part yelling at myself for being that way.

My mother was heartbroken, exhausted and desperate. She wasn't thinking straight and I should have refused her, but I couldn't. I told myself she was right; that I couldn't tell her no because I was never supposed to. But that was a cop out, last night wasn't a normal situation and I should have told her to leave. Instead I let her just...pretty much have her way with me.

I'd fallen asleep and then awoke at five when mom had sat up. She kissed me on the cheek and said she was going to slip into her room so the girls wouldn't see her coming out of mine. I'd fallen asleep until seven then got up to have breakfast with mom and the girls before she took them to school. During the meal mom and I barely looked at each other, but when our eyes met I saw the same guilt in her eyes that I was feeling.

Yet on a couple of other occasions I saw her looking at me oddly and wondered if she, like I did, had some mixed feelings about last night, she did say she came for real after all. After she'd taken the girls to school I'd showered then went online for awhile. On a whim I went to one of my favorite free porn sites and searched mother/son.

Pages of videos came up, but pretty much all step mother, but with the step son calling her mom. I watched three ten minute clips and thought my cock was going to explode in my pants because I kept seeing my mother as the women in the videos. I had hoped this might help me for later, but it was getting frustrating to not be able to get off while watching and shut the lap top down.

I dressed as mom had asked me too in a pair of skin tight jeans she used to yell at me for wearing because she could 'see everything' as she's once told me, and to not wear underwear, making the jeans more awkward to wear, but it's what she wanted. Then a black sleeveless t-shirt that showed off my well tanned arms. I really didn't think it mattered what I wore, Uncle certainly had no interest in me.

What he did have interest in was mom. He could claim all he wanted was to watch us, but he'd wanted mom for a long time and was going to enjoy watching her for more than just his oedipal fantasies. I hoped to hell he wasn't going to be talking the entire time through and...

"Hey, come back to Earth." Mom said, "We're just about there."

I was surprised to see we had taken the exit and the Biltmore was coming up on our right.

"You, okay, honey?"

"Um, I...I don't know."

"It will be fine, you were fine last night."

"That...Uncle wasn't there and we're going to do a lot more."

"We are and it will be okay. He'll be there, but off in a corner, you just look at me and focus on me." She looked over and winked, "I'll try to hold your interest."

Mom pulled up to the valet and a feeling of the surreal came over me as we exited the car and mom handed him the key. As we walked through the glass doors and into the foyer it dawned on me this was the point of no return. Either I went through with this and made mom happy or I backed down and we would be looking for a place to live and killing ourselves for the next few months.

Because mom had offered this there was no way Uncle would agree to help otherwise. Mom took my hand and squeezed it as we entered the elevator. Fortunately we were alone and mom put her arm around my shoulders.

"I love you, Ryan."

"Love you too, mom."

"I mean it." She turned me to face her and took my face in her hands. "No matter what happens in that room, know that I love you with all my heart and that is why we're doing this. I hate to say think of the girls during something like this, so just think of family. Family does whatever they have to, okay?"

"Yes." I hugged her pulling her close to me, "I do love you mom."

"I know, I felt it last night when you held me. The first part was wrong, but lying there with you felt pretty damn right." She kissed my cheek, "But that's not what today will be. Today I'm your slut mommy and you're my horny son who wants to fuck his hot mother. That's what we are for the next hour or so and after that, back to normal."

"That might not be easy." I said.

"We'll worry about that later, right now." The elevator doors opened to a long carpeted hallway. "It's time to find sixty thousand reasons to not worry about the future."

Mom gave me another quick kiss on the cheek and walked ahead of me down the hallway. I stared at the back of her jacket, again wondering what was under it. She still had the bag with her and even as my butterflies increased I felt a twitch between my legs at the thought of my mother in some slutty outfit.

Uncle must have been waiting by the door because before we had even reached it, he opened it.

"Vicky!" he smiled, kissing her cheek, "I have to admit I wasn't sure you'd actually show up."

"I admit I thought about it." She said as she passed him and entered the room.

"Ryan." Uncle put his hand on my arm. "I know you're not happy about this, but." He leaned over and whispered in my ear, "You will thank me later, trust me."

"Yeah...sure." I nodded entering the room.

I released a long breath as I heard the door close behind us. Uncle walked past me over to a large armchair in the corner and putting his hand on it, asked, "How about a drink? You know take the..."

"Absolutely." Mom said before he could finish. "If you have Jack, I'll take shot, maybe two."

"Coming right up. Ryan, would you..."

"He'll have the same."

"I..will?"

"Yes." Mom said standing over near the huge king sized bed that dominated the room. "Don't argue about it, how many mothers would tell their son to do a shot?"

"More than would tell him to lick her pussy, that's for sure." Uncle laughed from the bar in the corner as he filled the shot glasses he had lined up.

"Malcolm, let's talk about the rules for this." Mom said as she walked around the bed and sat on the side of it that faced away from us.

She put the bag down on the floor and leaned over. Uncle waved me over and handed me a shot glass that was filled close to overflowing.

"I'm sure this is the first shot you've ever had." He winked.

"Of course." I winked back.

Uncle gently tapped his glass to mine, "Bottom's up." He tipped it back downing the shot in a long swallow.

I did the same, wincing as the whiskey burned down my throat, damn that was strong! I blinked and saw Uncle grinning at me. "Want another one?"

"I...don't..."

"Give him another one." Mom spoke while coming back around the bed.

As Uncle slipped the glass from my hand, I looked down and saw she was wearing red stiletto heels that had a strip of leather running up the top of her foot that wrapped around her ankle. The heels were high enough to make her my height and our eyes met as she came over to stand next to me. She looked completely serious and my stomach tightened again, it was almost time.

"Here you go kid." Uncle handed me the refilled glass and passed one to mom.

He held his glass up and the three of us tapped glasses as he began to down his, Mom said, "My bottom's up." And downed the shot.

"I...shit Vicky!" Uncle choked, "Don't do that while I'm drinking!" he coughed, but it turned into a laugh, "That was a good one."

"That's what this is about right?" Mom asked while I turned my head so they wouldn't see my eyes watering from the second shot. A couple of more and I wouldn't remember a damn thing.

"Not just me and Ryan, but you finally getting to see me the way you've always wanted to."

"I won't deny that." He grinned when Mom held her glass out and he refilled it as well as his own, he glanced at me and shook his head, "I need you awake, kiddo."

He and Mom tapped glasses again and I noticed she barely blinked, neither did uncle and that was his third one.

"Okay, let's see what we came here for." He said.

"When I see what we came here for first." Mom handed him the empty glass.

"Fair enough." Uncle reached into his back pocket and removed a thick envelope and opened it to mom, "You want to count it?"

"Damn." I whistled seeing the thick stack of hundreds.

"I trust you." Mom took the money and slipped it into the pocket of the overcoat.

"The check." Uncle produced it and held it up for her to see. I noticed it was drawn on his personal account not under Stone Cold Productions.

"Come on, no write off?" Mom smirked; noticing as well as she took it from him "This is a porn shoot, right?"

"A personal one."

Mom looked around the room and he said,

"Six cameras all installed at different angles. Tonight I'll edit them all down to the best possible footage." He smiled, "I'll send you a copy if you want it."

"No need. We'll be putting this behind us when we walk out the door."

"Cute you think that." He grinned.

"What the hell does that mean?" Mom asked.

"Nothing." He waved his hand.

"Rules." Mom said.

"I sit here." He tapped the chair, "But I might move to see better, but I won't get too close and my hands stay to myself."

"You don't degrade me." Mom told him firmly. "It's your money and your show, if you want to suggest something, fine, but no, "Look at you, you fucking whore."

"I...I wouldn't say that." He actually looked put off, "Really."

"Good. Keep it in your pants; you have the rest of your life to jerk off to it."

"Yes, ma'am." He laughed, "I want a souvenir other than the movie, leave me something."

"Tell you what, you can have my damn thong and you can sniff it while you whack off." She smiled, "I'm sure Ryan is going to get his slutty mother nice and wet you'll be able to get a nice whiff of my pussy."

"Oh." he whistled, "I don't think I'll have to suggest much." He looked over at me, "Can I have a word with Ryan?"

Mom hesitated, then nodded, "Make it quick, oh and Malcolm?"

"What is it?"

"I am not taking it in the ass."

"I...I didn't want you to." He shrugged, "Sort of ruin it, I think." He seemed to be mulling it over.

"Forget I said it. Go ahead."

Uncle gestured for me to follow him and walked a few feet away. I followed and putting his heavy arm around me he said, "Ryan, I know you think I'm sick and you might hate me for this right now, but you will thank me later, seriously."

"Whatever." I rolled my eyes.

"Just relax and enjoy this Ryan, this is...it seems wrong, but its special Ryan and you'll see how special later."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see." He smiled, "Lucky boy, Ryan. Very few sons get to experience their mother as a woman."

"Let's just get this over with." I told him and without waiting for an answer walked back over to mom who was standing by a chair next to the bed, the coat still on.

"Okay." Uncle sat back in the large chair, and then laughed, "Time's money."

Mom took my face in her hands and looking me in the eye whispered, "I love you, Ryan."

"Love you too," I said softly. I could feel her fingers trembling on my face, but her voice was steady when she continued to whisper.

"Now trust me, follow my lead and say and act the way he would want you to, it's okay, you're not going to upset me, just think of all those dirty movies you watch."

"Just me?" I forced a grin.

She smiled back. "What can I say, I like porn."

Mom's smile faded when uncle cleared his throat and releasing my face, mom grabbed the ties to her coat. "Just play along." She opened the coat and slipped it off.

"Wow, what a long night at the club." Mom declared, tossing the coat onto the floor.

My eyes widened when I saw mom was wearing the school girl outfit; the white thigh high stockings and the barely ass length plaid skirt. The top however was very different and what had really caught my eyes. Her white button shirt was sleeveless and tied between her tits leaving her flat stomach exposed.

Her stomach wasn't the only thing displayed as the shirt was tied tight enough to show she wasn't wearing a bra and her dark nipples were visible through the white material. Her nipples were already erect and it certainly wasn't cold in here. Mom had already gotten herself visibly turned on, even with uncle here which meant she was into this, she had to be, or could she fake it to this degree.

"Something wrong, honey?" Mom asked, "You're staring at me?"

"Oh, uh...I..."

"Ryan, are you staring at your mother's tits?" she asked her hands on her hips.

"I like that." Uncle said from behind the chair as he sat back sipping the drink he'd poured himself.

I started to look over to him, but mom put her hand on my cheek and made me look at her.

"I'm talking to you, Ryan." Her eyes bored into mine, "Answer the question, are you staring at your mom's tits?"

"I...yes." I said softly and feeling embarrassed at saying it started to lower my head.

"Perfect," Uncle said quietly, "Just perfect." There was no mockery in his tone and for the first time I thought of what this must actually mean to him in the way of how he had spent years fantasizing about how it would have been with his own mother.

"Then look at them." Mom again, directed my face to her, "Go ahead and stare, you do all the time anyway, don't you?"

"I..."

"Don't even try to lie to me." Mom let my face go and put her hands on my arms as she spoke. "I see you looking, Ryan, every night I come home from work you can't take your eyes off me."

"No, I...really I don't." True up until last night anyway.

"Not just my tits either, but all of me. My legs, my ass," Mom stepped back and spread her arms, "You like this look don't you, Ryan? You like me dressed like a slut."

"I don't like them." I shook my head, "I don't like those guys looking at you."

"But you like to look." She laughed, "It's okay if my son looks at my ass? Well here, take a look." Mom turned around and flipped her skirt up exposing her ass.

The thong was nothing more than a red string between the cheeks of her ass with a little red bow at the top of it. Mom gave it a playful shake and to my amazement my cock stirred. Her ass was incredible her cheeks firm and round and I found myself wanting to reach out and fondle them, to get on my knees and kiss her cheeks.

Whether it was the booze, the embarrassment of my uncle watching, lust or a mixture of all those things, I felt my face grow hot and my ears were burning. As mom turned back around to face me, my eyes locked onto her nipples and I saw she was breathing hard and my cock was now swelling, straining against the tight jeans.

"You like that, you like mommy's ass?" She asked me, "You think about that ass in the air for you, Ryan?"

"No." I shook my head, "Mom, I would..."

"Bullshit." She pointed at me, "I know you want me, I've seen all that mother son porn on your computer, you love me dressing slutty because you want me to be your slut, don't you?"

"That...that wouldn't be right." That wasn't a lie.

"I'm not talking about right; I'm talking about what you want. Now tell me what you want."

"I...don't know what I want."

"Yes you do." Mom grabbed the knotted shirt. "You want to see mommy's tits."

"I..."

"Tell me and I'll show them to you." She pulled on the not causing the shirt to loosen and fall away from the inside of her breasts.

Staring at the curve of her breasts, I would be lying if I said I didn't want to see them, but here and with Uncle watching and paying it seemed more wrong than ever.

"Go ahead, baby." Mom said more softly, "Tell your mother how bad you want to see what you're not supposed to." She gave me a wink that Uncle wouldn't be able to see and taking a deep breath I blurted out,

"Mom, please show me your tits!"

"Oh, and with manners." She sighed, "Someone raised you right."

I ignored Uncle's laugh and watched as Mom pulled the shirt open and let it fall away.

"Oh, damn." I whispered at the sight of my mother's breasts.

They were a little bigger than I had imagined, still not big, but perfectly round and sitting up proudly on her chest. Her rose colored nipples were hard and pointing directly at me.

"You like?" she cupped her breasts and stroked them with her nails, "They look as good as you thought they would?"

"They're perfect." I said, unable to take my eyes from her nipples.

"Yes they are." Uncle muttered, "Lucky bastard."

Mom released her tits and slid the shirt off so she was completely topless. Stepping up to me, she grabbed the bottom of my shirt and tugged it from my jeans, "My turn, if I'm not wearing a top you shouldn't be either."

I raised my arms robotically, my eyes locked onto her tits as the bounced fetchingly while she stepped forward and pulled my shirt over my head, she tossed it away and ran her hands up and down my chest and stomach.

"Mmm, my baby's not a little boy anymore is he?" She saw where my eyes were fixed and smiling, grabbed my wrists as she had last night, "Go ahead, honey, I didn't show them to you to tease."

I hesitated, trying not to think of uncle next to us and with smile, she pulled my hands up and placed them over her tits.

"Oh." I gasped as I felt her hard nipples pressing into my palms.

"Hmm." Mom moaned as she slipped her hands over mine and moved them up and down, sliding them across her firm warm flesh. "Yes, go ahead, baby, play with mommy's tits, keep those nipples nice and hard."

Her hands went back to caressing my chest, this time running her nails lightly over my skin while I fondled her tits. I cupped them as she had done, giving them a squeeze and stroking her nipples with my thumbs.

"Oh yeah." Mom released a sexy groan that had my cock straining to break free of my pants. "Look at you, you bad boy, playing with your mother's titties."

She leaned in and kissed my neck causing a soft moan to escape me and out of the corner of my eye I saw Uncle lean forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees, staring intently at us. Mom kissed me again and this time let her lips slide along my neck and up to my ear where she flicked her tongue playfully, while moaning, "Oh, that feels good, honey."

"Like playing with your mother's tits, Ryan." Uncle asked. I nodded, dumbly and he said, "Then tell her, don't be shy Ryan tell her how much you want her."

"I hope you do." Mom purred as she kissed the other side of my neck, "Because I want you. Hmm you might be a bad boy, but I'm being a bad mother, letting you touch me." She shook from side to side, working her tits across my hands, "But I like it, I like being your bad mommy, your...slut mommy."

She was breathing even heavier, her tits heaving beneath my touch, "That's what you want isn't it baby? You're trying to be nice, but what you really want is your mother to be a dirty fucking whore for you isn't it?"

"I..."

"You want me to take off my clothes and get on my knees and suck my son's cock don't you? You want to cum in your mother's mouth and then suck her pussy and fuck her like the little pig she is, don't you?"

"Mom, "I began, trying to form the words, "I want...oh!"

"Oh yes you do!" Mom cried as she grabbed my hard throbbing cock through my jeans and rubbed it, "Fuck you're hard, you bad boy! You can't lie when you have this big hard cock in your pants, can you?"

"Damn look at that." Uncle whispered, "He's soaking through his jeans."

"That's because my bad little boy isn't weaning any underwear is he?"

'No." I moaned as she rubbed my cock while once again kissing my neck.

"This cock wants out, doesn't it baby?" Wants to find its way into your mother's slutty mouth and her tight wet pussy, doesn't it?"

"Yes." I said softly

"Louder." She squeezed my cock. "Don't be a little boy Ryan, be a man, a man who wants to fuck his mother like the slut she is. I want to be your whore Ryan, all you have to do is be a good son and tell mommy how bad you want her!"

I started to speak, but she continued, ramping herself up and sending shivers through me,

"I want you too, baby. I want you so bad. That's why I stay dressed when I come home from work. I love watching you trying not to look at me. I love you staring at my tits and ass. That's why I ask you to rub my feet! I lay there with my pussy dripping wishing your hands would work up my legs and slide under my skirt and see how wet I am."

"Jesus." I said, "Mom, I..."

I stopped when she pulled my hands from her tits and slipping her arms around me pulled me against her. Her nipples poked into my chest and her tits squashed pleasantly against me as she held me close while staring me in the eye, our lips only inches apart.

"Remember last time Ryan? I opened my legs and gave you a peek, let you see my thong, but you were a good boy and looked away! I went upstairs and stroked my clit and came to the thought of you getting on your knees, pulling that thong over and licking my pussy the way I know you want to!"

"Then I thought about sucking that young hard cock, wondering what it would be like as a mother to have her son hard and helpless in her mouth moaning, begging, twitching, telling me how to suck him and then feeling him let go and having my mouth filled with my son's cum."

"Fuck me." Uncle said. "Christ Vicky...Jesus Ryan what the hell are you waiting for kid?"

What was I waiting for? Mom was moving side to side, her nipples caressing my chest and she had dropped her hand back down between us and was rubbing my aching dick.

"Just tell me Ryan." Mom said, "Just tell mommy you want her and I'll be your slut, right here, right now, everything you've ever wanted from me and everything I've always wanted to do to you. Just tell me." She ran her pink tongue across her red lips, "I want you so bad, baby, please tell your mother you want her."

The playful smile left her face and her eyes softened, leaning in and placing her lips in my ear she whispered, "Tell me you want me,

baby, please? I want to hear you say it." Her words were soft and had an odd tone to them. She punctuated her sentence by giving me a soft sweet kiss on my lips, "Please."

"Mom, I...I want you to be my little..." I paused then said, "Screw it" and grabbing her face in my hands kissed her hard.

Mom gasped in surprise as my lips devoured hers and my hands slipped around so they were in her hair. I kissed her deeply and passionately and after a moment of surprise, mom's lips parted and worked eagerly against mine.

"Look at that." I heard uncle say and again with no hint of anything other than excitement in his voice.

Mom opened her mouth and unlike last night when I had tried to hold back, my tongue plunged into her warm mouth and I moaned when it was met with hers. Her hand was fumbling with my jeans and as we kissed my hands slid down from her hair and caressed the soft smooth skin of her back.

Mom moaned into my mouth as our tongues danced across each other and her lips were driving hard into mine. She was rocking back and forth and when my hand reached the small of her back she thrust her hips hard into me and raised up on her toes, telling me to go lower. I worked my hands downward and cupped her ass through the skirt. Mom whimpered and worked her ass into my hands.

My fingers found the hem of the skirt and pulling it upwards, grabbed the bare cheeks of her ass. She moaned when I squeezed them and spread them open. My jeans popped open and mom's hand pushed into them. I gasped when she found my cock and rubbed her fingers along the shaft. Mom removed her lips from mine and lifting her head shoved my face into her neck.

I sucked hard on the soft skin between her neck and shoulder and she moaned loudly, "Oh, someone does want his mommy!"

I was kneading the firm cheeks of her ass and whimpering softly into her neck as she teased my cock which was bent awkwardly in my pants.

"God, that's a fine ass." Uncle whistled.

Even hearing him and knowing he was there was not dampening my desire. My mother was moaning and writhing against me like a porn star, a total slut in heat and I was responding in kind. I slipped my fingers inside the string between her ass cheeks and slid them down the curve of her ass. Mom stiffened against me and opened her legs further for me.

That move caused a wave of lust to flow through me and I shoved my hand down between her legs and moaned when my fingers found her sopping wet pussy.

"Oh!" Mom gasped in my ear "That...feels good!"

I rubbed my fingers through her slick slit, wishing I could see her pussy, but her lips were on my neck, her nipples in my chest and she was teasing my cock with her fingers, so it wasn't a bad thing being where I was right now.

Mom's fingers were running through my hair and she was working her ass so my fingers were sliding up and down her pussy. She gasped each time they came in contact with her.

"Christ I can see how wet you are from here." Uncle breathed.

My hand worked the length of mom's pussy and she whispered, "Stop."

I froze where I was and mom eased herself up and then down, my fingers sank an inch or so into her pussy and mom pushed down harder and cried out as my fingers penetrated deeper into her wet heat.

"Fuck" she groaned and worked her hips up and down. "How's mommy's pussy feel baby?" she wiggled her hips moving my fingers inside her, "Bad boy, fingering your mother!"

I kissed her neck as my fingers worked as far in as they could at the awkward angle and whimpered when she managed to work her fingers around my shaft and pump my cock a few inches.

"That's so hard." She purred, "And my pussies, so fucking wet for you, but this is a tease."

She pulled back and my fingers slid out from inside her. Mom gave me a hard push that sent me sitting down onto the chair in front of her and immediately climbed onto me, resting her knees on my thighs and putting her hands on my shoulders. This put her tits directly in front of my face and seeing her nipple that close, I couldn't resist.

"Fuck yeah!" Mom called out as my lips wrapped around her nipple.

We moaned as I sucked her swollen flesh into my mouth and grabbing the back of my head, she wrapped her fingers in my hair, arched her back and shoved her tit into my mouth. I opened wide, not just taking in her nipple, but as much of her tit as I could into my eager mouth.

"Suck that tit!" Mom called out, her nails digging into my scalp, "Look at you sucking on your mommy's tit!" she turned to the side offering me her other nipple which I gladly accepted. "Look at me letting you!" she moaned, "That's right, baby, I'm a slut for my son, my young sexy son who's going to make his mommy very happy with his nice big dick!"

Mom leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Spread my ass open, give him a good look at my pussy." She sighed as my hands worked their way down to her ass and opened her up, "That's your pussy he's looking at Ryan, mommy's pussy is your pussy and I can't wait for you to make it yours."

"But first." She said so Uncle could hear, "I want to see what my naughty son has for his slutty mom."

Mom slipped off my knees, grabbed the sides of my jeans and pulled. I had a brief moment of awkwardness at realizing I would be naked in front of my uncle, but once more, my eyes found my mother's tits and focusing on those rosy nipples, that were now glistening from her son's tongue, I lifted up and let her pull my jeans down.

"Hmm, oh, honey, look at that beautiful cock!" Mom cooed as she yanked my jeans down to my knees then to the floor causing my throbbing cock to spring free.

"Runs in the family." Uncle laughed, and then said, "You can't fake that, Ryan, you want mom's pussy and you know it."

"And he's going to get it." Mom said as she slipped my shoes off, "He's going to taste it and fuck it all he wants," she pulled my pants and socks off and pushed them aside, "But not before I taste that amazing cock."

Mom put her hands on my thighs and leaning over my cock licked her lips, "My son's nice and hard for his mommy isn't he?"

"Yes." I breathed as I watched her mouth inches from my yearning cock.

"You want mommy to suck your cock, baby? Want me to give you that blow job you've been dreaming of?"

She lowered her mouth and breath on my cock. Just the feeling of her hot breath caused it to twitch and I moaned, "Please, please mom."

"Please mom what?" she looked up at me and her big brown eyes were filled with lust.

That's when it struck me this couldn't just be an act, it couldn't be. My mother was really into this. I was as well; if I didn't want this my cock wouldn't be ready to pop. Had all this come from last night's little rehearsal or was Uncle's theory right? That all sons and mothers had a deep seeded attraction for each other?

"Well?" Mom blew on my cock again.

"Tell her what you want Ryan." Uncle called out, then softening his voice added, "Please."

As much as I wanted it, I didn't share my mother's motivation of dirty talking. I recalled the porn I'd watched earlier and staring at my mother's inviting red lips got the words out in a rush.

"I want my slut of a mother to suck her son's fucking cock."

"Goddamn." Uncle blurted out, "That's my nephew!"

Mom winked at me and placed a soft kiss on the tip of my cock. She raised her head and a thin trail of precum followed her lips and hung between her face and my cock.

"Hold her hair Ryan, I can't see."

Mom reached up and gathering her long hair handed the end of it to me. My fingers trembling, I took it and wrapping it around my hand placed it on the back of her head. Mom slurped the sticky line of precum back to its source and this time wrapped her lips around the head.

She sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing with the effort and I cried out in pleasure and surprise at the feeling of the precum being sucked from my cock. Mom opened her mouth and let the pre cum drool out and onto my cock. Grabbing it, she pumped it slowly in her hand and I groaned as her now slick hand slid along my hard shaft.

"Like how this nice long cock looks in my hand?"

"I...I bet it would look better in your mouth." My reply surprised me, not just the words, but that they had come so easily.

Mom smiled and it seemed as if she relaxed a little, "You telling me to stop teasing and blow you? Oh, you are a bad boy."

"And you're nasty slut." I replied, my eyes on her as she had told me to do before we'd started, "Who wants to suck her son's cock" I smiled, "And I was raised to never tell my mother no."

"Priceless!" Uncle clapped his hands.

"And I always reward my son when he's a good boy."

Mom licked her lips and opened wide took my cock deep into her mouth.

"Oh!" I moaned at the feeling of my mothers, yes my mother's mouth surrounding my cock.

Mom opened wider and worked my cock all the way down to the base of my shaft. As she did, she sank to her knees between my legs

and slowly shook her head back and forth, swirling her tongue around my cock before slipping it out and caressing my balls with it.

"Wow," Uncle said, "Damn I knew you'd be a hell of a cock sucker."

"Keep it to the show." I said, without thinking.

"I..sorry." Uncle said softly.

Mom blinked her eyes at me as if saying thank you. Not that she needed to, my cock buried in her mouth was pretty much making everything seem pretty damn good. Mom's eyes were on mine and she teasingly worked her mouth back up my cock, her tongue dancing around my shaft, before releasing it with a loud wet popping sound.

Some spit ran down her chin and wiping at her mouth she sighed, "I do love sloppy blow jobs." She then shocked me by spitting on my cock and stroking it with her hand. She opened her mouth once more and this time let a long trail of saliva mixed with precum drool out onto me. Mom quickly took me back into her mouth and bobbed her head rapidly.

"Oh fuck." I moaned, my hand tightening in her hair.

Mom was making loud slurping noises and moaning like a goddamn porn star as she was sucking me and I noticed her hips moving, grinding in circles totally turned on while blowing her son. Her mouth felt amazing, but at the moment there was so much spit it was teasing me. She slowed down and began taking me all the way down to my balls each time, causing me to moan and add for Uncle's benefit.

"My slut mommy really knows how to suck her son's cock."

Uncle's benefit? Who was I kidding? That sounded damn good and mom's loud moan following my words and the look in her eyes told me she was enjoying it as well. Mom removed my cock from her mouth amidst another trail of spit.

"That's because a mother has to take good care of her son." She pumped my cock for emphasis, "Am I taking good care of my baby?"

My reply turned into a started moan when she pushed my cock against my stomach, lowered her head and sucked my balls into her mouth.

"Oh, mom!" I groaned like an idiot as she swirled her tongue around my swollen balls. She was slowly stroking me as she sucked on first one of my balls, then the next. She alternated sucking with tonguing them and I was squirming and whimpering in the chair as my mother continued to bathe my balls with her mouth.

Mom sucked both my testicles into her mouth and looked up at me, her eyes wide and bright, she rocked her head back and forth, gently tugging on my balls with her mouth, while her tongue caressed them.

"Jesus." I moaned, I'd never had a girl even lick my balls before, let alone put on a show like this.

Speaking of shows, I took a quick look in Uncle's direction and saw him staring intently at us. I noticed his left hand was on his crotch, rubbing his cock through his black jeans. There was a look of absolute desire on his face, but something else a look of...delight. He looked like a kid on Christmas who had just opened the gift he'd wanted all year.

My eyes quickly went back to the gift I was getting, the gift of a mother giving her son a mind blowing blow job. Mom ran her tongue up my balls then along the length of my shaft, before rubbing my dripping cock along her soft cheek.

"How's your cock look in Mommy's face, baby? You like that? Your nice hard dick making my face a sticky mess?"

"You love it." I told her and she turned her head, and slid the tip of my cock along her face, "You love your son's cock."

"I love everything about my son." She kissed my cock affectionately, "Especially his beautiful cock."

She resumed sucking on me and I sighed in appreciation as she took her time, bobbing her head in a slow steady rhythm. My legs were shaking and my balls were tightening as she worked my cock with her hand and mouth. I was getting close and trying to hold off stopped watching the lust inspiring sight of my cock working in and out of my mother's mouth and looked down her back.

I took in the white thigh highs and fuck me heels before looking down at the soft skin of her back. Her skirt was still on, but I could see the cheeks of her ass and had a vivid image of fucking her doggy style, mom on her knees that fine ass in the air, her dark hair across her back. My cock twitched and I whimpered softly.

"Aww, someone wants to come for his mommy doesn't he?"

"I...oh yes." I groaned as she pumped my cock while fluttering her tongue.

"Hmm, you want to come in mommy's mouth or all over her slutty face?"

"I..." I envisioned spraying my come all over my mother's face, but also the feeling of my cock squirting into her mouth.

As I sat there trying to picture which taboo experience would be better. Mom continued to swirl her tongue around the head of my cock and rubbing it against her soft red lips. Some of that red was smeared all over my cock and seeing her lovingly tease my cock caused my balls to contract and I moaned, "Whatever, my mommy wants."

To my surprise she turned to face, Uncle, "Well, Malcolm, your show, what do you want?"

As she spoke she continued to rub my cock in her face and my Uncle stared at her totally speechless.

"Come on, mister porn." Mom sucked my head into her mouth for a moment, before releasing it, "Where did you want it when you thought of your mother? Would she have swallowed for you? Would she have let you paint her face like a whore?"

"I...oh God Vicky." He whispered, "This is...so...anyway you want it. I want it to be how you want it."

"Cop out." Mom put her free hand on my balls and fondled them.

I whined in frustration and she laughed, "Poor, baby. Okay how about...you come in my mouth now and I'll make a little show of it, then you come all over my face after you fuck me?"

"Just... Mom, please suck it!"

"Ohh, is that any way to talk to your mother?" She shrugged, "Well, I guess seeing I'm being such a nasty little pig I can't say too much, but I'm not going to suck it."

"You...?"

"Nope, I'm going to take you in my mouth and keep still and you're going to fuck your slut mother's mouth until you come!"

She took me deep into her mouth and as she had said, held me there, an expectant look in her eyes. I was so eager to come I didn't hesitate and thrust my hips hard and fast. My cock plunged in and out of her mouth and mom moaned loudly around it as I fucked her face. I sensed movement and saw Uncle had stood up and come a little closer, before kneeling down on the floor so he was facing mom better.

Mom's eyes shifted his way and she winked at him as she opened wider and let her spit run down my pumping cock. She began making wet gagging sounds, but when I slowed down she squeezed my balls and moved her head to encourage me. I resumed fucking her mouth and grabbing my wrist she pushed up and down on the hand I had on her head.

Taking her meaning I pushed down and pulled up, using her hair as a handle and guiding her mouth along my cock. My legs were shaking violently and I was moaning continuously. Mom was groaning and making wet sucking sounds and as my hips started to lose control she rubbed my balls and bobbed her head in time with my thrusting.

I felt the come racing through my cock and shoving my mother's mouth all the way down on my cock, cried out and exploded in her mouth.

Mom squealed around my shaft, but continued to suck.

"Fuck, fuck!" I gasped, as my cock squirted..

"Hmm!" Mom moaned her eyes rolling back as my balls emptied into my mother's eager mouth.

I let go of her head so I wouldn't pull her hair and whimpered pathetically as she sucked every drop from my spent cock.

"Oh God." I moaned, slumping back into the chair, my heart pounding.

Mom slipped my cock from her mouth and lifting her head, turned her face towards uncle, opened her mouth and let my cum spill down her chin and all over my cock.

"Holy shit." Uncle and I said simultaneously.

My eyes felt as if they were bugging out of their head as I watched my cum dripping down mom's face and down my still hard cock. Mom licked the white cream from her lips then staring directly at uncle took my cum coated cock into her mouth and sucked on it.

I moaned as she bobbed her head, slurping the cum from me. She released my cock and proceeded to run her tongue along my shaft scooping up what was left then noisily smacking her lips as she swallowed it.

"Damn I love the taste of cum." She sighed, "Even better when it's my sons."

She stared down at my cock and smiled, "Ah youth and enthusiasm. I think it's time Mommy came for her son, don't you?"

"Y...yes." I said still trying to recover from my orgasm as well as the shock of mom's playing with my cum.

Mom stood up, put her back to me and unzipped the skirt, letting it fall to the floor. She hooked her fingers into her thong and with a sexy shimmy of her hips worked it part way down her thighs. When it was at her knees, she bent over and I licked my lips at the sight of her pink smooth pussy winking out from between her thighs. Goddamn I was staring at my mother's pussy!

Mom turned to face me, now naked except for the thigh highs and shoes. Opening her legs she slid her hand down and spreading her lips stroked her clit.

"How's mommy's pussy look, baby?"

"I...damn good." I said, "Beautiful."

"Aw, you think mommy has a pretty pussy? How sweet!"

She looked back down at my cock which was still close to completely hard and smiled, "Hmm," to my surprise she stepped away from the chair and to where Uncle was kneeling. Lifting her leg she put her foot in front of his face, "Take my shoe off dear brother in law."

"I...yes ma'am." He said softly and holding mom's leg in one of his huge hands unbuckled her shoe and removed it.

"Lick my foot." She told him.

"Mom, I..." she put her hand up and I stopped

Uncle stared at her for a moment then lifting her foot higher ran his tongue along the stocking sole of her foot.

"Good boy." She said, "I figured since you were paying so much I would give you a thrill." She put her foot down and offered the other.

Uncle quickly removed her other shoe and she held her foot still allowing him to lick that one as well. I saw his eyes fixed on her pussy and started to worry, but he made no attempt to touch her.

"Stockings on or off for the rest of the show?" she asked.

"Off." He told her, "I want you completely naked."

"Fair enough, stay still, you move, we leave."

Mom turned her back to him and bent over directly in his face as she rolled her stocking down her leg. The look of lust on Uncle's face was...a turn on. Seeing this guy who had, and most likely still was having, sex with porn stars, some of the hottest women in the world and here he was looking like a horny teen ager doing anything my mother wanted.

Seeing that caused my cock to become fully hard again. My mother was one hell of a sexy woman and an object of lust to men and that thought followed by the one that I was experiencing her as none of them ever could, sent a thrill through me. Mom turned and putting her other foot on his shoulder took her time rolling down the other stocking, leaving his face inches from her pussy.

"Jesus, Vicky." He said softly.

Mom got the stocking to her foot held it up for him to pull off. As she did I stared at her ass and absently stroked my swollen cock in anticipation of getting a piece of it. A piece of my mother's ass, damn this had come a little too easily to me.

"Keep them, and the shoes." Mom said and now completely naked she walked over to my chair.

"Well, baby, how does mommy look?" she raised her arms over her head, bringing her tits up to a sexier angle.

"Fucking amazing." I told her, "You're the hottest woman I've ever seen."

"I don't know about that, but my pussy's pretty hot right now, want to see?"

Mom stepped between my legs and turning around put her back to me. She leaned back until her back was against my chest and lifting her legs put her bare feet on my knees so she was sitting back against me. I moaned when my cock slid through the lips of her pussy and she rocked back and forth working my once again aching cock through her wet hot flesh. Mom grabbed my cock and pushed the tip against her clit.

"Oh, so hard still!" Mom cooed, "I guess I didn't do my job, my baby is still all worked up for his mommy!"

I had slipped my arms around her waist and she grabbed my hands and put them on her tits. As I had before I teased her nipples between my fingers and she moaned softly while leaning her head onto my shoulder, "That's nice, baby."

Uncle moved into my line of sight coming around to sit on edge of the bed in front of us. Mom worked her hips faster, her pussy pushing against my cock. My heart was pounding at the idea I was right there! Mom put her hand between my legs and rubbed my balls as she teased me with her pussy.

"Yeah, Malcolm, is this what you've been waiting for?"

"Do it." He said quietly, "Let him have you."

"It's your show," Mom said.

She lifted up higher, grabbed my cock to steady it and with no warning let her weight go, driving my cock deep inside her.

"Fuck!" Mom cried out, "Oh, God that's deep!"

Mom squirmed on my lap and moaned, "Don't move yet, let mommy get used to that big dick, its...its been awhile."

I remained where I was stunned by the pleasure of being inside the one pussy that was supposed to be forbidden to me. Mom's pussy was hot, wet and damn tight. She was moving her hips slightly working up and down, but barely moving me. I continued to play with her tits, squeezing and fondling her firm flesh and her hard nipples.

Mom moved up and down, this time enough so that she was riding me and I moaned at the feeling of her soft pussy stroking my cock.

"Yes." Uncle nodded, "Oh, yes."

"How's it feel to fuck your mommy, baby?" she sighed, "I know my son's cock feels pretty good inside me."

She moved faster, thrusting down harder on me and I was grateful she had sucked me off because her pussy felt so good I probably

would have come in under a minute. Mom took my right and pulled it down between her legs.

"Play with mommy's clit, honey, make her come all over her son's big dick."

My fingers found her clit and rubbed in small hard circles and mom moaned loudly in my ear. Reaching back over her head she wrapped her arm around me and turning her head, pulled me down into a long deep kiss. I moaned as her tongue found mine while her pussy massaged my throbbing cock.

Mom was moving side to side now, slowly and sensually riding me rather than fucking me. I had to strain not to thrust my hips and fuck her, but wanted to wait for her to tell me I could. Mom must have sensed my thoughts as she whispered in my ear, "Soon, baby, you can fuck me long and hard, but nice and easy right now, I want to enjoy cumming on my son's cock."

She resumed kissing me and put her hand over mine as I stroked her clit. Her fingers were trembling and like last night she was starting to make little high pitched sounds at the end of her moans. Her hips moved faster, working her pussy more rapidly along my cock and her tit heaved in my hand as her breathing picked up.

Mom's toes curled into my legs and she groaned, "Faster, rub that clit harder, baby! Oh...oh, please, please make mommy cum for you! Oh..."

"Come on Vicky." Uncle said, "Let it go, come hard for your son show him how bad you really want him!"

"Oh, right there!" Mom whimpered, "Just like that, baby! Oh, Ryan...oh, I...Oh fuck yeah!"

Mom released a long loud wail that made last night seem like a whisper and bucked wildly on top of me. She was thrusting her pussy hard into my cock sending me balls deep every time she came down on me. I continued to stroke her clit and cried out myself as her pussy contracted tightly around my cock.

"Fuck me!" she yelled in my ear, "Fuck me while I come for you!"

I immediately moved my hips as much as I could, timing my thrusts so I was raising up as she came down. Mom was making loud sharp little squealing sound as her pussy convulsed around my plunging cock and her hand moved over mine, keeping it moving on her clit. Mom's pussy quivered around my cock once more and with a long soft sigh, mom slumped back against me.

"Oh, baby." She whispered, "Damn I came hard!"

"Don't stop fucking her Ryan." Uncle told me, "She just came, fuck that pussy it'll never be hotter!"

Mom pushed herself off me and quickly reversing herself, climbed back onto my legs, this time facing me. She once again guided my cock to her entrance and slammed down on me. I would have cried out, but it was cut off by mom shoving her nipple in my mouth.

"Fuck me!" she called out, Fuck me as hard as you can, baby!"

I put my arms around her waist, pinning her against me and thrust my hips as hard and fast as my position would allow. Mom yelped with every hard thrust awhile working her tits back and forth so I could suck on both of them. Mom put her hands on my shoulders and began bouncing wildly on my cock, riding me like I was a prize bull in a rodeo.

She was squealing and yelping, her tits were bouncing in my face and her long hair was flying about. Mom's eyes were closed, but her lips were parted as she moaned and whimpered as she rode her son. She looked so fucking sexy I strained to fuck her harder. But the chair was soft and I was sinking into it and despite the fact she was fucking me, I needed more.

I was so caught up in my lust for my mother that I was no longer even seeing my Uncle sitting there. All I cared about was my mother who was riding me like a slut in heat. Leaning forward, I pushed up with my legs and stood up while holding mom pinned against me.

"Oh fuck!" Mom yelled in surprise, but quickly wrapped her legs around my waist.

I stood there for a moment holding her while she continued to bounce on my cock and at that point could not resist looking at Uncle who was sitting there with his mouth open as I fucked my mother in a standing position.

"Seeing me looking he laughed, "Kid you sure you don't want a job?"

"I only want to fuck my mother." I told him and turning to the side took two quick steps and dumped mom onto the side of the bed.

She laughed and as I stared down at her she smiled at me; a real smile, one that touched her big brown eyes, "You really do want me, don't you baby?" There was something in that question, as if she were really asking me and not just posing for Uncle.

"More than any woman I've ever met." I leaned over the bed and kissed her.

Mom threw her arms around my shoulders and squeezed her legs around me as we kissed while I continued to fuck her standing next to the bed. Mom broke the kiss and moaned in my ear, "Give it to, Ryan, give your mother what she needs, what she's needed for a long time."

"R...really?" I asked, wondering if we were on the same page.

"Fuck me and not just for him, but for me." she said softly. "I need this." Before I could respond she said loudly, "Don't make love to me, Ryan, save that for a girlfriend, your mother wants to get fucked!"

Our eyes met and she whispered, "With love, honey, but fuck me for real."

I stood up and grabbing her legs pulled them from my waist. I caught her ankles in my hands and lifting her legs, spread them open and slammed my cock into her pussy hard enough to cause my balls to slap against her ass.

"Fuck yeah!" Mom cried out as I fucked her with long hard strokes.

Mom grabbed her tits and played with her nipples as I pounded away on her, fucking her as hard as I could. I opened her legs as far as I could reach and she squealed as I resumed fucking her.

"That's it, fuck your slut mother! Fuck her the way you wanted to all those nights I came home dressed like a whore! Those nights you lay there and jerked off instead, you should have taken my, Ryan, you should have come into my room and just fucked me, made me act like the slut I am! Oh God!"

Mom screamed when I put her legs together and lifted her up off the bed so her ass was in the air and I was driving even deeper inside her. I shook the sweat from my eyes and watched hers roll back as her son tore into her like she was just some slut I'd hooked up with. Holding her ankles together, her feet were in front of my face and on a whim I sucked her toes into my mouth.

"Ohh, I...like that!"

There was a yelp in between each word and I as I repeatedly thrust into her I played around licking and sucking her red painted toes. Mom wiggled them and giggled in between her cries of pleasure and I found it turned me on to do it. I recalled how much she enjoyed the foot rubs I gave her and wondered if she had a fetish and had she really liked it when I touched her?

I stopped licking her toes and putting her ankles against my shoulder I leaned forward over the bed so mom was almost bent in half. Bracing my hands on the bed to hold her down I pulled my cock all the way out then drove it home into her hot pussy.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" she cried over and over.

I saw Uncle come around the other side of the bed and stare down at my cock plunging in and out of my mother. His hand was again rubbing the huge bulge in his jeans and he was sweating as much as we were.

"Oh, God you're fucking me so hard!" Mom yelled, "Oh, honey, you wanted mommy's pussy didn't you?"

"Yes!" I moaned as I slammed her. "I want you, Mom I want to fuck you and make you cum and..." I trailed off as my eyes focused on my glistening cock sliding in and out of Mom's pink pussy lips.

Her clit was swollen and knowing this was supposed to be the only time I would have with her, I slid my cock from inside her, dropped to my knees and buried my face in her pussy.

"Oh, bad boy!" Mom moaned, then squealed when I slipped my tongue inside of her. "What a good son you are, look at you licking mommy's pussy!"

I swirled my tongue around inside her, my eyes rolling back at the taste of her and not caring some of the sticky mess was probably mine as well. That thought turned me on and I sucked hard, getting her to cry out and filling my mouth with her juices. I was still holding her legs back and putting my forearm across them. Removing my tongue I used my free hand to plunge two fingers inside of her.

"Oh...oh, Ryan! Honey you know how to take care of your mommy, don't you?"

I worked a third finger in causing mom to squeal and finding her clit, took it between my lips and sucked hard on it.

"Yes, baby!" She moaned, "Suck that clit! Oh, mommy wants to cum in her son's face so fucking bad!"

I pumped my fingers in as hard as I dared and swirled my tongue in wet circles around her throbbing button. Mom's hips were moving as she strained to work her pussy into my face. I moved my arm and she immediately put her feet on my shoulders and ground her pussy into my fingers and tongue. I looked up while I sucked her clit and saw her playing with her nipples, tugging on them and groaning and whimpering for her release.

"Baby...oh, yes, lick that pussy, lick your mother! Oh...I am going to come so hard for you! Then you're going to fuck me some more, aren't you?"

"Hmm-mmm" agreed into her quivering flesh.

"Going to fuck me long and hard and cum for me! Going to cum all over mommy's slutty face! I...oh..."

Mom whimpered and her hips moved desperately as I sucked her clit in time with my fingers. Mom pushed with her feet, her ass lifting off the bed and her thighs were trembling around my face.

"So close.!" She groaned, then shocked me, "Shove your finger in my ass!" I didn't right away and she cried out, "Put your finger in your mother's tight little ass!"

I shoved my finger quickly into her ass and as I marveled at how tight it was, Mom threw her head back and released a noise that could only be described as a howl. It was so loud I wondered if there were people in the next room and if they would call the front desk on us. Mom's legs clamped around my head, pinning my face to her hot wet pussy and bucked her hips against me as she howled again and again.

"Jesus Christ Vicky!" I heard Uncle exclaim.

Mom writhed on the bed, wailing away as her orgasm tore through her and between my legs my cock ached painfully with the need to be back inside the pussy was quivering against my face and contracting around my fingers.

"Oh that...oh..." Mom sighed and let her legs fall away from me. "So hard, I came so hard."

I all but leapt to my feet and once again drove my cock into my mother's amazing pussy. Mom moaned and lifting her legs placed her feet on my chest as I slammed her as hard as before. Mom was laying there with her arms by her side, her tits bouncing wildly as I fucked her. She was moaning softly and had a dazed look on her face.

Her cheeks were flushed and her hair plastered to her sweat slicked cheeks.

She still had that look of lust in her eyes, but seemed too stunned from her orgasm to move. That was fine with me as I hammered away on her sopping pussy. I could hear my cock squishing in and out of her and my thighs were soaked from her juices.

"Stop." Mom pushed against me with her feet. "Let's give our host what he wants." She giggled, "Okay, what I want."

I stepped back and mom sat up and caused me to moan when she took me into her mouth and bobbed her head, slowly sucking me, "Oh, you bad boy!" she laughed "You taste like mommy's pussy!" she took me back in her mouth and sucked me down to my balls before releasing me and standing up.

Mom turned, bent over the bed and opening her legs pushed her ass in the air, "Go ahead, baby, take me like this, grab my hips and fuck your mother from behind, give it to me as hard as you can!"

I grabbed her hips and plunging into her began to fuck her as hard as she said she wanted it.

"Yes!" she screamed her arms out stretched on the bed and her fingers curling into the sheets, "Fuck me!"

Uncle came around so he could face mom, "How does it feel Vicky, how does it feel getting fucked by your son?"

"How does it look?" Mom moaned, "Does it look like I'm loving it?"

"Yes."

"Because I do! Oh fuck he's giving it to me so good! My son knows just what his mommy fucking needs!" she lifted her head to stare at him, "How's it look, Malcolm? You seeing us or you seeing you fucking your mother? Is this what you wanted? Did you want to fuck her like a whore, make her swallow your cum, bend her over?"

"I...at some point, yes."

"Oh...yes Ryan! Harder!"

I squeezed her hips, reared back and thrust into her so hard it hurt when my balls struck her pussy.

"Put your finger back in my ass, feel yourself fucking your mother!"

This time I didn't think twice, but slipped a finger into her tight rosebud and as she had said, could feel my cock sliding against it through the thin skin between her ass and pussy.

"That's it! Fuck me, fuck your nasty mother, the woman who just sucked her son off, the one who came in his face, the slut that is going to let you cum all over her face like the fucking pig she is!"

"Oh man." I gasped as my knees trembled and my cock jumped inside her.

I was breathing hard and the sweat was stinging my eyes, but I fought for every thrust. When I came it would be over and mom said we would never talk about it again. This experience I had thought was sick had turned into the most unforgettable day of my life. I looked down at my finger in mom's ass and my long thick cock plundering her pussy.

I could smell her on my face, hell the entire room smelled like sex, mom pushed back into me forcing my cock and finger even deeper and moaned, "Cum for me! Cum for mommy, baby! Give me every fucking drop all over my slutty face!"

I moaned and fucked her faster, my balls constricting as they prepared to explode.

"It's your pussy isn't it?" Mom moaned, "Your mother's pussy is your pussy, baby, now come on and take it, claim mommy's pussy! Make it yours, Make..."

"Oh my God!" I cried out and giving her several more hard thrusts, I whipped my cock out, squeezing it at the base.

Mom slid off the bed, onto her knees, lifted her head and moaned, "Cum all over my face, baby!" she opened her mouth and wagging her tongue at me, grabbed my balls and squeezed them.

I released my cock and a long thick stream of cum erupted and splattered against mom's lips and tongue, it oozed down her chin and the next spurt hit her on the right cheek. Mom moaned and turned her head so some cum would hit that side as well. I pumped my cock furiously coaxing everything I could and putting every drop all over my mother's face and tongue.

When I had no more to give, I let my cock go then whimpered when mom took it into her mouth and sucked a couple of more drops from me. I groaned and my knees suddenly weak, I slumped to the floor next to mom. She slid her legs out from under her so she was sitting on the floor with her legs stretched out and her back against the bed.

My cum was dripping down her face and onto her heaving tits and she had a stunned look on her red sweaty face.

"Oh my God," she whispered, "I...oh My God, I can't believe what we just did."

"Here," I jumped as I had been so caught up in the moment I hadn't realized Uncle had knelt down in front of us.

He was holding out a towel to me, "Help your mom clean up."

I took the towel and noted it was cool and damp. I gently placed it over mom's face and wiped the cum from it then cleaned her tits.

"That feels nice." She said, still trying to catch her breath.

"Mom, let's cover you up," I started to pull the sheet from the bed, but she waved her hand at me, "Please, he just watched me fuck my son for an hour, he can look a little longer."

"Vicky that was...fucking amazing!" Uncle declared, taking mom's hand he brought it to his lips and kissed it, "Just amazing, thank you!"

"Yeah, sure." She nodded.

"Ryan." Uncle smiled at me and suddenly self conscious of my nakedness I grabbed a pillow and put it over my cock. "Modestly, now?" he laughed, "Kid I'm telling you, you have a future in this..."

"He will never do anything like this again with anyone." Moms said softly.

"Okay well, kid, that was something, I told you yesterday it would come naturally! The two of you, goddamn! So...how did it feel was it..."

"Malcolm you got what you wanted." Mom said, "I think we...delivered better than you could have thought and you have the rest of your life to jerk off to it. For us this ended the second I couldn't suck any more cum from his cock."

"Okay." He nodded, "I understand, well listen there's a huge bathroom here, big tub, nice shower, why don't you go soak and relax and take your time." He grinned, "Maybe you could shower together?"

"Malcom..."

"Another five grand if you shower together? Maybe..."

"Its over." She said, her head down, "You got what you wanted, I got what I needed. We'll just get dressed in a few minutes and go home. I...I have to pick the girls up."

"Sure, well I have to use the bathroom, I'll be right out."

As he hurried across the room, mom sighed, "He's going to jerk off, can't even wait."

"Mom, you okay?"

"I...Ryan that is not what I wanted."

"You...you did this." I pointed out. "You wanted this and..."

"I did what I had to. So did you and I thank you for it."

"But..." I felt a wave of disappointment flow through me, then again what did I expect; that mom and I were going to have sex again?

"Ryan this was...it just wasn't what I wanted and neither was last night."

"So this...all an act?" I shook my head, "You... you said you needed it for real."

"I...I did. I needed to ...to be with someone. Haven't been since dad and...I don't even know where to start. I don't want to date, I don't want another man around the girls I...but I needed something and...I guess this was about more than the money Ryan, I needed to feel like a woman again. But...you're my son and it was wrong."

"But not if you felt..."

"What did you feel?" She looked up at me, "You think this was more than sex, honey? You think that you and I...we could be together?"

"Well..." hearing her say it, I lowered my head, "I...I guess not, but...I don't know what I think."

"And no one would know, this was a fucked up thing we did, but we did it for each other and the girls and that's what counts." She reached over and picking up the white shirt slid it on and this time buttoned it rather than tying it. "We never talk about this again, okay?"

"Yeah." I forced a smile, "Talk about what?"

"Ryan I love you." She went to kiss me and not thinking I pushed my lips out to meet hers, but she kissed me on the cheek, "We will have some good news for the girls tonight."

"Right," I stood up and taking mom's hand helped her to her feet. As she stood she looked down at me and smiled, "You're a good looking man, Ryan."

"And you're a hot ass cougar." I told her, "And you can't try to deny that."

"Thank you, baby." She bent over to grab her skirt and I stared longingly at her ass as she slipped it on.

Uncle came out of the bathroom and grabbing her shoes from the other side of the bed and her overcoat mom said, "I'll be right out."

I nodded and seeing Uncle was back, quickly slid my jeans on and as I sat and put my socks and shoes on he said, "Hell of a time, no, kid?"

"I...I guess."

"Please, you know it was and it was more than sex, Ryan. It's not over."

"What do you mean?"

"What I just said. Your mother was putting on some extra dirty action for me, but she...she wanted you Ryan, I saw it."

"Saw what you wanted." I told him although unlike yesterday I wished I could believe him.

"And what you wanted." He put his hand on my shoulder, "Don't let this rest, Ryan; go to her tonight."

"She..." I glanced towards the bathroom door, "She just said we never bring it up again."

"Ah, so you do want her!" he laughed.

"I...got me." I put my head down, "You...You were right I...damn; she was just..."

"I know I'm right, but hey as far as what she said? Ryan, she was speaking as your mother, she has to say let it go, she can't say come be my lover."

"You think she..."

"But if you go to her and show this is what you want she will come around, but she can't make the first move, got it?"

"I think so."

"So tonight you go to her room and you...you tell her how much you love her and see what happens. I think you'll be happy you did and so will she."

"I...maybe."

"Make me a promise." He said.

"What's that?"

"I want you to call me tonight, even if it's late or early morning tomorrow, I want you to tell me two things."

"What's that?"

"One, if your mom is okay. This was a lot and on the off chance I'm wrong and she didn't really enjoy this I want to make sure she is alright."

"Okay, what's the other?"

He smiled, "You tell me whose bed you just left to call me."

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I lay awake in my bed staring at the ceiling with my head spinning. On one hand I knew I needed to put today behind me as my mother

so obviously wanted to. I should close my eyes, relax and be happy, because there was plenty to be happy about tonight.

But Uncle's words stuck with me and for every time I told myself to go to sleep and wake up like today never happened, another part of me rebelled. What I should do was what he said; get up, go to my mother's room and tell her how much I enjoyed what we had done and that I wanted more.

When I let that option run through my mind, there were two different outcomes. One, the desired one, was mom being thrilled I had come to her and accepting me as not just a son, but...but what? Her lover? The other, and more realistic option I figured, was we would at least talk about today and how we felt about it. Arguments were things that could easily be put behind you, but having torrid sex with your mother was a little different.

As hardcore as our little show was, I felt more than just lust for my mother, I felt a closeness that surprised me. I also had no issue wanting her that was for sure. At times I swore I felt the same from her and when she had said that she had really needed me...but at the end it was as if she had flipped a switch and it had all been for Uncle.

Sure she'd come like a damn wildcat, but that was just her letting her body go and enjoy what we were doing, it was her mind or more importantly her heart into it at all? I needed to know, but was afraid of not just feeling like a fool, but upsetting her. If mom felt I couldn't put this behind us she would feel as if she had done something wrong to me and blame herself.

I rubbed my eyes and sighed in frustration. I was exhausted, but no way could I sleep. I decided to let my mind drift in hopes either I would reach a decision or sleep would sneak up on me. I replayed the rest of the day after we'd left Uncle's hotel room and had to smile at what, for the most part was a very good night.

It didn't start off too well. Mom was silent the entire ride home. Even when I tried to make small talk she seemed distant and I noticed she wouldn't look over at me. With a sinking feeling that things were not going to be okay after this, I looked out the window and tried not to keep replaying the wild scene in front of Uncle.

Easier said than done because even as I knew Mom was upset, I could shake the images of her naked body, her mouth on my cock, her smooth pink pussy, and her ass in the air as I fucked her like she was the slut she was pretending to be. I had glanced over at her then quickly looked away when all I could picture was my cum all over her face.

To my dismay my cock stirred and it dawned on me that if just thinking of what we had done had this reaction on me I would end up stroking it to my mother just as I'm sure Uncle was doing just now. I frowned at the thought that I was now always going to see my mother in a sexual way and with her saying it ended today I was going to end up a frustrated mess longing for my mother if I didn't find a way to get past this.

When we got home, mom entered the house, said she was going to take a bath and vanished into the large bathroom that connected her room to the girls. Originally their room had been the spare bedroom, but when dad had first passed the girls had so many nightmares, mom had moved them into that one to be close to them.

I had gone into the small bathroom that was located off the living room and took a long hot shower during which I had to force myself not to jerk off to those visions of fucking my mother. I hung around in the living room hoping mom would come out and talk, but when she did appear it was only to ask me to go pick the girls up at school.

When I brought them home however, things took on a much better tone. Katie and Sarah were thrilled to see mom home and even happier when she announced that we were all going to Chucky Cheese for pizza. Katie asked mom if she had to work and with a big smile, mom told them she had called the club and quit.

The sight of my sisters running excitedly over to my mother and hugging her made everything seem better and when mom put her arms around them , hugging them both close to her there were tears running down her cheeks.

When she saw me looking she gave me a big smile and beckoned for me to come over. The four of us shared a group hug that a few months ago my sisters and I would have made fun of, but today we were all thrilled to just be together.

Mom then told them we weren't going to be moving, ever and this time when they hugged her I felt the tears in my eyes. As the girls rushed out the door, mom put her arm around me, kissed me on the cheek and whispered, "We're going to be okay, Ryan all of us." She paused and added, "The two of us will be too, today was for love and I love you more than ever, honey, never forget that."

We had a great time at dinner, mom and I had been stressed for so long that it was amazing to just be relaxed, laugh and have a good time. By the time we'd come home, it was time for the girls to shower and go to bed and mom and I took turns reading pages of Harry Potter to them. We all laughed when mom demonstrated a worse British accent than mine and once we left their room, mom had told me she was exhausted and going to bed.

That was two hours ago and I was still awake. Giving up, I sat up and swinging my legs onto the floor sat there trying to convince myself to be a man. Get up; go to my mother and...what? Mom let's give this a try? Mom can we have sex again? Hey, mom I really liked how..."

I stopped on that last partially formed thought. Looking down at my bed I remembered how good mom felt curled up next to me. How amazing it was to hold her and feel her heartbeat against me and her warm breath on my neck.

How it felt to hold her the way she had me for so many years when I was younger. Sleeping with her in a way had been better than the

crude sex we'd had today. Any two people could fuck, but to have that connection, that closeness that we had last night?

I stood up and slipping a pair of sweat pants on, started to grab my shirt and thought who cared? Mom had seen all of me earlier and I wouldn't mind seeing her look at me in that way, that is if she felt as I did. I went over to my door opened it and flinched back when I came face to face with mom who had her hand raised ready to knock on my door.

"Jeez!" Mom exclaimed as she took a surprised step back, then laughed, "Couldn't time that batter if we tried."

"Yeah, " I nodded, "So what's up?" I tried to sound casual. Seeing she was here, I didn't want to look as if I had been heading out to see her.

"We are." She said, "I can't sleep and you look wide awake." She cocked her eyebrows, "Where were you going?"

"Oh, I had to use..." I shook my head, "No, I...I was going to talk to you."

"Good, because that's why I finally convinced myself to do after lying awake." She stepped past me into my room and closed the door behind her, "Honey, we do need to talk."

"Sure I..." I trailed off when I saw her thumb the lock on the door, then walk over to my bed.

Mom was wearing a short red robe that there wasn't anything particularly sexy about except that she was in it, but my heart skipped a beat when she sat down on my bed and crossed her long legs.

"Come over here." She tapped the bed and grinned, "I don't bite, trust me you'd know if I did by now."

I walked over to sit next to her, noticing that her robe was properly tied and her hair pulled back in a pony tail. Unlike earlier today and last night she wasn't wearing any make up and all in all didn't look as if she were dressed to seduce.

But in a way I found her even more attractive like this. This was my mother, a natural beauty who didn't need to slut herself up to be attractive. This, not the woman in the school girl fantasy outfit was how I truly pictured my mom.

"You okay, Ryan?"

"Are you?" I asked.

"I...I will be." She nodded. "Honey, I...I need to tell you a couple of things. Confessions might be the proper word. But before I do..." she put her hand over mine where it was resting in my lap, "I have to ask you something."

"What's that?"

"Ryan, did you..." she paused, "Did you...enjoy what we did?"

Oh, shit moment of truth and she's put the damn ball in my court! What if I said yes and that's not what she wanted to hear? What if she said no and she did want me and I blew it? I thought about what Uncle had said. Never in a million years would I have thought to use him for any type of guidance, but he had been right about how I would feel and seemed convinced that mom...

"If you don't feel comfortable answering I understand."

"No, I...I did, but um..." I recalled thinking about holding her and took the chance. "I think I liked last night better in a way, you know, us just being close after we, you know..."

Mom gave me a big smile and squeezed my hand. "I like that answer, Ryan, I really do."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, because it's how I felt too. Today...I...when I said it wasn't what I wanted..." She stopped and took a deep breath. "I need to just talk and start from the beginning, okay?"

"Sure."

Mom drew her leg up onto the bed and turned to the side to face me. She had let my hand go and once she had slipped her leg behind me she took my hand and placed it on her leg, sending a thrill through me. I found myself trying to look up her robe, but quickly faced her, not wanting to read more into her gesture.

"First I misled you with Uncle."

"What do you mean?"

"I...I didn't do it on purpose, well not at first. If you recall I didn't want you to go, but the reason was more than I didn't want you to stop me if I wanted to give in to an offer from him."

"Then why not?"

"Because...look, I lied when we were in there with him, I knew about his thing for his mother."

"You did?"

"Your father told me about it years ago after I had made a comment about all of his step mother movies and the ones that were supposed to be real mother son. I joked that he probably paid people to pretend to be his mom. Your dad told the story that Malcolm did yesterday."

"Okay, so what?"

"So what is there was a part of me that knew if you came with me and he saw us together and knew how desperate I was he would offer what he did. I...I feel like I set you up for it."

"No, I caught you trying to see him without me."

Mom sighed, "Ryan, no one knows a man like his mother. You don't think I figured you would think I was going to go without you? You're very protective of me I knew you would be there. I...I also could have made you leave, but I didn't because...I...I wanted him to offer. I used you to lead him right where I wanted him, to give me what we needed by showing him what he wanted so badly, a son with his mother."

"It's okay." I shrugged, "You did it for the same reason you would have done something with him alone if I wasn't there, for the money and the girls and..."

"And for me." She took my chin in her hand so I was looking directly at her, "Ryan, I...I'd been thinking about you in ways I shouldn't have been before we talked to your Uncle."

"You...you what?"

"You heard me." Mom lowered her head, "I...when I started thinking about asking Uncle for money, which was a couple of months ago I told myself how sick he was and not to get involved, especially because your father wouldn't want me to."

"But when I thought of him his mother complex was one of the first things I thought of and...see there was a part your uncle didn't mention, I think because maybe he never figured it out."

"What's that?" I really couldn't care less, I wanted her to get back to her explain what she meant about thinking about me, but knew she needed to come to it in her way.

"Dad said he knew his mother said okay to Malcolm. He said he felt it was because his father was a cheat, a total dog, screwed everything that moved and she knew it, but put up with it for her sons and because, well women put up with that back then, some women anyway."

"Point is she was lonely, neglected and wanted someone to want her. Malcolm wanted her and...I can see now he wanted her with love,

not just lust. She would have been with him to feel like a woman as much to make him happy."

"How do you know he loved her and didn't want to just, you know..."

"Because I...I felt it from you last night and as raunchy as today was could see it in your eyes."

"You could? Mom I..."

"Let me finish, because after this I don't want to bring it up again, we just move forward okay?"

"Okay." That could be good or bad, the way she had said that.

"So I put going to him out of my mind, figured something would pan out one of the banks. But what I couldn't ignore was that I was a woman and...a lonely woman. I miss your dad, honey and he will always have a huge place in my heart, but I...needed something."

"There's plenty of guys who would be interested in you, mom, you're beautiful and..."

"Ryan I know I'm a decent person and I am aware I'm attractive. I could have either gotten just laid from the club or I am sure could

have found a decent man looking for someone to be good to. But every time I thought about...I couldn't do it."

"There were nights I went to the club horny as hell. All those guys looking at me, wanting me. I told myself a few times I would stay after my shift let someone buy me a few drinks and just have a good time. But I would always get nervous and leave."

"I'm glad you did."

"Me too. Then on the other end I had friends trying to fix me up, I looked at dating sites even put up a profile but I would never go out or reply to messages, just to...I don't know, nervous. Your dad and I had been together since just after college so long with one man and such a sweet one."

"But," she gave me an embarrassed grin, "A little too sweet. Your dad was a gentleman even when I didn't want him to be. The total opposite of Malcolm, your dad was...kind of a dud. A sweet lover, but not one to just...give me what I needed so I had a lot of years of pent up frustration and fantasies and it...it had been close to a year since we had done anything I needed it Ryan, so bad. But just couldn't then..."

"Then I was doing what I'd been doing two or three times a night for months, watching porn and getting off and I ended up on one of those dumb step fantasies, but a decent one," she laughed, "One of Stone Cold productions Family Affairs movies. It had some acting

and a story and the mother was alone and the son was trying to seduce her."

"That was a movie though, they're kind of well they're fantasy." I said feeling it's what I should say even though I was having that fantasy right here and now as I stared longingly at my mother as she sat on my bed.

"True, but it got me thinking in ways I shouldn't. I started looking at you differently, as a man, not a son. We've gotten so close and...and you take care of me, you're sweet to me, you try to protect me, you've become the man of the house and I started wondering what you would be like as...as a man."

"I started having dreams of you coming into my room and telling me you loved me and wanted me and we would make love and you would be amazing."

"You...you could have said something."

"Could I? Ryan before last night you wouldn't have."

"Well," she was right I hadn't had any thoughts like that until Uncle's office and her seducing me last night

"No, well I know." She smiled, "My son is a good man. Know how I know?"

"No."

"Well once those thoughts were in my head, I couldn't stop them. I wanted to. I was so disgusted with myself as a mother, but as a woman? I was lusting for you. I...I would watch those movies and wish it was you and I doing those things, crossing that line and...not just fucking like they did, but loving and...I started trying to get you to look at me."

"You wanted me to look?"

"I did. I would keep my work outfits on to see if you would look at me as more than mom. I...I always asked you to rub my feet because I hoped maybe one night your hands would keep moving up my leg and..." she sighed,

"Ryan, every time you rubbed my feet I would go upstairs and play with myself in the shower, I would think of us on the couch, me finally just coming on to you. But I could never do that." She shook her head, "God if you didn't want me that could have ruined our relationship."

"Mom, nothing would ever make me not love you." I took her hand in mine, "Nothing."

"You are a sweetheart." She leaned over and kissed my cheek. "But I figured if I could entice you. But as I said you're a good boy. Honey the other night when I was on the couch and opened my legs? I did that on purpose. I so wanted you to look! What did you do? You told me to fix my skirt." She laughed, "I thought why the hell did I raise such a respectful kid?"

"Then when it got to where I had to approach Uncle and you came and sure enough he offered I saw it as an excuse. A way to not just save the house, but to have my time with you. To get what I needed and to maybe see if there would be an interest from you once we did what we had to."

"So you weren't faking anything?"

"No, and how do you think I got so carried away so easy talking dirty about us in his office? Because I'd thought about it, just like it was easy for me to just lose control and fuck like a damn animal today because I...I'd wanted you and this was my chance to show you how good it was how much fun I could be, how I would do anything for my son in hopes that you...look honey, I know I'm not just your mom, but I'm older and you have those cute young girls all over you at school and..."

"Hey." I lifted her hand and kissed the back of it. "Mom, you're the most beautiful, sexy woman I know. You're not a girl, you're a woman." I winked "A hot cougar!"

"You say the sweetest thing!" she smiled, "But today...I thought what I wanted was that wild fuck, that throw caution to the wind and act like I was a slut from one of your uncle's movies. I used his fantasy to get money and have a reason to try to...well to try to get you hooked. I wanted to be the best you ever had so you would want more."

Mom took a deep breath and looking me in the eye asked softly, "Ryan, do you want more?"

"More?" I fought back a smile so she wouldn't think I was making fun of her.

"Yes, more a lot more. Like all the time more."

"You mean like we...we're together?"

"Yes." She nodded, "If...if you don't want to, or you need time to think we can..."

Mom stopped talking when I leaned over, took her face in my hands and kissed her softly.

"I don't have to think." I said, "I...I want more of today and I want more of last night," I smiled, "A lot of last night, you...you felt like you belonged with me."

"Honey, we are going to take such good care of each other! But I have to say one more thing. Earlier I think I upset you at the hotel when I said, 'this wasn't what I wanted.'"

"A little." I admitted, not that I cared at the moment.

"I didn't mean it that way, see Ryan, as much as I needed that and as much as I enjoyed and...plan on enjoying it a lot more. That's not how I would have wanted our first time."

"No?"

"No, honey, how I wanted our first time was like this."

Mom slipped her arms around my neck and kissed me gently. I moaned as her lips lightly teased across my lips and she drew me into her embrace. Unlike through kisses of earlier this one was slow, soft and sensual and as mom playfully flicked her tongue across my lips, I felt my body responding to her.

By the way her nipples were pressing into my chest through her thin robe mom was responding as well and I put my arms around her

waist, hugging her tighter to me. Her fingers ran through my ear and sliding her lips from mine she lifted her head giving me access to the smooth skin of her neck. I eagerly kissed her there, sucking gently and enjoying her soft sigh of pleasure.

Mom slipped her hand between us and I groaned as she put her hand into my pants, encircling my cock with her slender fingers. She stroked it lightly while pulling the tie of her robe open to expose her breasts, I lowered my head and she purred as my lips found her nipple. She arched her back and held me close as I swirled my tongue around her pink flesh.

Mom pulled away from me and said, "Stand up."

I stood at the foot of the bed and pulling my pants down, mom took my cock into her mouth and slowly bobbed her head. I fondled her tits as she sucked on me, rolling her nipples between my fingers. Her mouth still working up and down my shaft, she reached back and undid her ponytail letting her long hair flow forward and against my stomach.

Mom kissed the tip of my cock and slid back onto the bed until her head was resting on the pillows. With a sexy smile she opened her robe all the way to show she was wearing nothing beneath it and slowly spreading her legs, beckoned to me.

"Come love you mother, baby."

I crawled onto the bed, up and between her legs and as she pulled me down into a long slow kiss, I slipped into her forbidden heat. Unlike earlier I entered her slowly, enjoying the feeling of her soft wet flesh spreading around me and she sighed in my ear when I was buried deep inside her. I moved my hips slowly, and putting her arms around my shoulders, mom whispered, "You feel so good, honey, so good!"

I kissed her neck and with a satisfied purr mom let her head fall back on the pillow allowing me access to her neck. I placed a trail of soft kisses up and down each side of her neck and she made a sexy little whimpering noise after each one. I was still pumping her slowly and rather than the tease I thought it would be, I found I was enjoying the sensation of feeling every inch each time I moved within.

Mom wrapped her legs around my waist and moved her hips in time with mine. I moaned in her ear at how incredible it felt to be engulfed by her welcoming heat as well as having our bodies entwined together. Her nipples were pressing into my chest and she was working her hips up and down each time I entered her, moaning as her clit rubbed against me.

"Yes," she whispered, "Just like that, Ryan, make love to me, we have plenty of time for all the fun nasty stuff, but right now hmmm, I just want to love you."

"I want to love you," I said in her ear, "Every night in every way."

"Oh, honey." Mom moaned and moved her hips harder, "That feels so good! Just like that, just like that."

Mom's thighs were trembling against me and her breathing was becoming quicker. Her fingers dug into my shoulders and at the thought she was going to cum from my making love to her I became aware of my own body nearing its climax. I had to fight not to thrust faster as my cock twitched inside of her seeking its release.

"Oh, a little more, Ryan." She moaned, "I...oh, I want to come with you inside me, I...I want you to come inside me. Oh..."

Mom's body tensed beneath me and arching her back, her tits pressing against me, she tightened her legs around my waist. Mom released a long moan and turning her head, buried her face in my neck and squealed in delight as she came. The moment her pussy contracted around me I gasped and still fighting to move slowly I whimpered as my body shook.

"Let it go, baby, cum with me." Mom whispered.

I pushed into her and moaned in her ear as my cock erupted inside her.

"Ohhh." Mom purred as I continued to thrust, each movement ending in another long spurt.

Mom's pussy was quivering and her hips were grinding, milking her son's cock as it filled her

"Oh so good." She pumped her hips into me, squeezing herself around me, her body working for every drop.

I moaned and let my weight go, resting against her and she whispered, "I love you Ryan."

"I love you too, mom." I started to move, but she held me to her. "Stay here, honey, let me hold you."

I relaxed and nuzzled my face into her neck. Mom caressed my back with her nails and I moaned at the sensation of my cock growing soft inside her.

"That was so nice," she said in my ear.

"It was." I told her.

"Going to be the best of both worlds honey, you'll be my sweet love when I want it and I'll be your dirty girl whenever you want."

"I might want that a lot." I laughed,

"And you'll get it. Hmm," She sighed, "You know the girls are going to a sleep over Friday, we'll have to play in the shower."

"The girls." I frowned, "Mom what are we going to..."

"We don't tell them of course. They won't know, we'll be careful. Speaking of them though...this weekend you're switching bedrooms with them."

"Why," I asked, still enjoying her embrace, and the feeling of my now soft cock still nestled inside her. "I thought you wanted them closer to you."

"At the time I did, but they've seemed to have gotten over their nightmares and right now I want you closer to me." She giggled, "Remember that one has the adjoining bathroom, this way we lock our doors and you just come on in."

"Hey. That's a good idea." I kissed her, "I'd really like that."

"That's what I'm here for honey," she arched her back, pushing her tits into my chest, "To make my baby happy."

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I opened my eyes and smiled at the smell of my mother's hair and the feeling of her nude body nestled into mine. We were on our sides, with my arm around her just under her breasts and her back was against me. She was asleep, and I lay there listening to her slow steady breathing and thinking how good she felt. Her breasts rose and fell against my arm and I was aware of her bare ass pressing into my cock.

As soon as I focused on that sensation, my cock began to swell. The fact that in addition to her hair, I could faintly smell her pussy on my face had me hard and throbbing against her in seconds. I thought about waking her, but frowned when I realized I had to go to the bathroom. Jeez, this shit didn't happen in the movies.

I tried to fall back asleep, but kept thinking of the fun we'd had before we'd finally fallen asleep. We talked for awhile and the entire time I had kept touching her; caressing her thighs, her stomach, playing with her hair and unable to take it anymore, had grown bold enough to push her onto her back and starting sucking on her nipples.

Mom's reaction to that was to tell me that if I were in the mood to lick, I could find a better place and shoved my head towards her pussy. Unlike earlier, I took my time, teasing, licking and sucking, making her whimper and moan before making her come so hard she had to put the pillow over her face so she wouldn't wake the girls.

After that we went around the world, trying every position we could think of and laughing and playing the entire time. We'd finished as we lay now; on our sides, with mom's back against me while I held

her leg up and fucked her, while stroking her clit until she came. I followed suit, emptying what little come I had left into her equally spent pussy.

We'd barely muttered good night before I fell into a deep blissful sleep. Now it was one am and I didn't think I could go back to sleep until I went to the bathroom and maybe...mom might wake up. I carefully slid away from her and rolling onto her stomach, she murmured, "You okay, honey?"

"Sure just have to go to the bathroom."

"Okay, be quiet, I don't want the girls waking up." She put her head up and looked at the clock. "I should go into my room. Sometimes Sarah peeks in; to make sure I'm okay."

As she spoke I took in the smooth creamy skin of her exposed back and let my gaze wander down the length of her right leg which was protruding from the covers. Her dark hair was fanned out across the pillow and I was overwhelmed with the thought of just how sexy my mother was. Leaning over I placed a soft kiss in the middle of her back.

"Hmm, that's nice." She sighed.

I repeated the kiss then slowly worked my way down her back, leaving a trail of soft kisses as I made my way to the curve of her ass.

"I like that," she told me, "Honey, you make me feel so good. You really make me feel like a woman."

"Because you are one, a beautiful one." I told her, then sliding the covers down to expose her ass I began kissing her round cheeks.

"Kissing my ass in every way, huh?" she laughed softly, then groaned when I spread her cheeks and my next kiss was directly on her ass. "Ohhh, bad boy." She then purred when the next kiss was on her moister lips.

"Um...you know you should go to the bathroom and hurry back, I think maybe I could stay here a little longer, just to you know, keep you company."

"I'll be right back." I stood up and when she saw my erection she licked her lips, "Make it quick, honey, you keep me waiting I might start without you."

"Really?" I grinned, "Maybe I'll take my time, I wouldn't mind coming in to that."

"Okay." Mom rolled onto her back, kicked the covers off and spread her legs.

Reaching down she opened her pussy and stroking her clit moaned, "Oh, Ryan, oh baby, oh yes, lick mommy's pussy...ohh" she moaned long and loud while slipping her fingers in her pussy, before removing them and sucking them into her mouth.

"Damn mom." I said, stunned.

"I like that look." She smiled, "Honey, I have years of fantasies and dirty thoughts to make up for, you better think about that, because I'm going to be pretty damn needy in bed."

"And I promised you I would always take care of you. I leaned over and kissed her, "I mean as man of the house and all I should..."

"Ryan." She said, the smile leaving her face as she took my hand.

"Um, what, you okay?"

"Ryan, thank you for loving me in every way and being so good to me and I don't mean tonight in bed, but through all of this."

"We're here for each other. I love you mom."

"Love you to." She gave my cock a quick squeeze, "But there's a whole lot of lust mixed in with that love so go and get back here."

"Yes ma'am!" I told her and as she rolled back over on her stomach- obviously telling me she wanted me to pick up where I had left off when I came back, I slipped my pants on.

I started for the door when I saw my phone and noticed I had received a text. Grabbing the phone I left the bedroom and quietly padded down the hallway to the small bathroom rather than risk waking my sisters. I had to stand there pushing thoughts of my mother waiting naked in my bed so I could get my cock to go down enough to pee, then after brushing my teeth. Checked the text, it was from Uncle about an hour ago.

"Hey, Ryan! Just checking in to see how things are going. Please let me know."

I stared at the phone thinking I should just let it go. We got what we needed, uncle got what he wanted and we didn't need to deal with him anymore. But holding the phone it dawned on me that my mother wouldn't be in my bed right now without him. Not only in my bed, but the two of us professing our mutual forbidden love as well as lust for each other. As sleazy as Uncle could be I was in the middle of the best night of my life and mom hadn't looked this happy since...

Dad. I hadn't even thought of him during this. He would be rolling in his grave right now, his wife and son in bed together. Then again he had told me to take care of her and that's what I was doing right?

I was giving her everything she needed and all he had said he wanted was for her to end up with a man who would treat her well. Who could be better to mom, than me?

"Way to justify you perv." I muttered.

I took a breath and dialed Uncle who answered before the second ring.

"Ryan, is everything okay?"

"Just getting back to you."

"And...how are things?"

"I...Uncle you were right." I told him.

"Really? You...the two of you..."

I wondered if I should be saying this, but then remembered he had a tape of us fucking so what would this hurt? If anything it would give him a thrill and I did feel like I owed him for this.

"Yeah, we...let's just say the answer to your question is my bed."

"I knew it." He sounded genuinely happy. "Good for you two, I mean that, no ball busting at all. I saw it in her eyes and then in yours. So...you two are going to you know, try it?"

"That's the plan, just I don't know..."

"No one would ever suspect it Ryan. It might seem weird you have no girlfriend, but most people don't think like I do."

"That's the truth." I said and he laughed

"Too true, but I had this one dead to rights, you take care of her Ryan. Your mother is a hell of a woman and you need to treat her that way."

"I will."

"And I'm not just talking sex."

"Neither am I."

"Good."

"Uncle...I'm sorry you never got the chance with your mom. My mother told me why she thinks your mother would have and that's too bad."

"My father was a prick. My brother was a good man in spite of him not because of him, and for me? I play the field, but I have never broken a heart. Make sure you never do either, especially your mother's. You can make me feel better about my missed chance by making the most of yours, deal?"

"Deal and um, maybe we could get together here and there and hang out?"

"I'd like that, Ryan, how about the girls?"

"Sure. We can all go to Chuckie Cheese."

"Umm...sure why the hell not?" Uncle laughed again. "Well for something so forbidden this seems to have worked out for everyone. So I will let you go back to your...mommy girlfriend there." He laughed again and I smiled at the absurdity of what he had said. "Thanks for telling me, I appreciate it."

"No problem."

"Good night, Ryan I'll..."

"Hey Uncle?" I cut in. "There's another reason I called you. I need to tell you something."

"Oh, what is it?"

"Thank you."

**THE END**