

Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' – Chapter 9: Brenda and Jackson

“Cigars!” Martin exclaimed, unwrapping his gift.

“No, a box of cigars!” his wife said, then her and Brenda flashed each other a smile.

Don whispered softly to his wife. “Aren't those the cigars I just bought?” he asked.

“Shush,” she whispered back sternly. If they were Don's cigars, they certainly weren't any more. Jewel needed to produce a gift in a hurry, so Brenda had rushed back to her trailer and snatched the first thing she could think of.

“Thanks, babe,” Martin said, kissing his wife. He suddenly felt silly again that he had suspected his wife and son were screwing around in the truck. The truth is, they had been, and Jewel could still feel her son's cum seeping from her vagina.

When they got back to their own trailer, the first thing Brenda did was hug her boy. Jackson loved being the object of his mom's affection. She was blonde, beautiful, and her enormous knockers always felt so incredible squashed against his chest. Family members had always said that Brenda resembled the Canadian actress Natasha Henstridge, but with more pronounced motherly curves.

The teen thought back to six months ago, when he had just turned 18, and his mom had started to make her intentions known. After his birthday gathering, when all his friends were gone, Brenda tapped on his door.

“Yeah?” he said.

“Honey, I need your help with something?” she said, fully dressed and wearing her coat.

“Sure, Mom, what is it?”

“Put your coat and shoes on,” she said, “I need you to take a quick ride with me.”

Before he could ask any further questions, his mom disappeared. She was waiting for him out in the car, and once he was inside, she sped off.

“Where is it we're going?” he curiously asked.

She smiled over at him. “You'll find out when we get there. I told you, I just need your help with something,” she said.

“It's snowing pretty hard. It's not the best night to be out.”

“We're not going far,” Brenda assured him.

Brenda pulled into a hotel parking lot, just outside of town and parked the car in a spot.

“What are we doing here?” Jackson asked.

“This is where I need your help.”

“At a hotel? Doing what?” he asked.

“Bringing our bag in,” she said with a wink, opening her door. “It's in the trunk.”

Jackson grabbed the overnight bag, then followed his mom into the hotel, where she checked them in. It wasn't until they were moving down the hallway towards their room that he asked more questions.

“So why are we staying at a hotel in the same town we live in, mom?”

“I've been so busy with your three younger sisters that I've neglected my oldest child. I felt that you and I could use some time alone together, to connect,” she said looking over at him with a sexy little smile.

“Alright.”

When they arrived at the room, Jackson was a bit surprised to see there was only one big bed. “Do they have a sleeper-sofa or something?” he asked.

“Why, do we need one?” Brenda responded. “Are you too cool to share a bed with mom?”

“No, that's um, fine, I guess.”

“Good, because the floor looks awfully uncomfortable,” she teased.

“True.”

Brenda plopped the overnight bag on the bed and zipped it open. “I brought you an extra outfit, and some swim trunks. Word is that they have an awesome hot tub here. Wanna try it out with me?” she asked.

“Sure, why not,” her son answered.

“Get changed then. I'll go throw my bikini on,” Brenda said, snatching a few items from the bag and heading for the bathroom.

Jackson got in his trunks and waited for his mom to emerge from the bathroom. She finally did, dressed in a sexy white bikini cover-up that tied like a robe in the front. “Ready to go soak?” she asked.

“At least we don't have to go out in the cold. The front desk girl said the Jacuzzi's inside the building.”

“Good, it's freezing out.”

They went down to the hot tub area and were pleased to find no other customers using it. Jackson got in first, then watched his mom shed her cover-up. His eyes about popped from his head when he saw how skimpy her bikini was.

“Like it?” she asked, standing there a moment with her hands on her hips. The two-piece yellow bikini set consisted of a tiny bandeau top and micro thonged bottoms. Jackson knew his mom had big boobs, but they looked even more enormous almost completely exposed like this.

“Wow! It's um... tiny,” he muttered.

“You are talking about the bikini and not my boobs, right?” she asked with a quirky smile.

“Definitely just the bikini.”

"I thought so. My boobs and the word 'tiny' would NEVER be in the same sentence together," she said with a giggle, then stepped into the Jacuzzi.

"Oh my God, this feels divine," Brenda said, sitting down next to Jackson and taking his hand beneath the water.

"Sure does. I still can't believe you got us a room for the night."

"Like I said, I've been spending so much time wrapped up in the world of your three little sisters that I've been neglecting my oldest child," she said, smiling over at him.

"I know they require a lot of time, and I understand," Jackson said. "I don't feel neglected at all."

"Well, that's fine and dandy, but it's still my job as your mom to make sure your needs are getting met."

"I have everything I need, mom. Food, friends, a place to live," Jackson said.

"Those aren't the needs I'm talking about, honey," she said, squeezing his hand in hers.

"Ok, well what needs do you mean?"

"Your sexual needs," Brenda said. "I talk to other moms who have boys your age. We all know what your needs our boys have?"

"You do?"

"Of course we do. So, are you getting those needs met?" she asked candidly.

"Are you asking me if I'm having sex?"

"Well, I know sex is important to boys your age, so I guess I am."

"Well, I don't really do it as much as I'd like, but I still do it sometimes," Jackson confessed.

"Sometimes? Is your girlfriend April not putting out?"

"Well, unfortunately her parents are religious, so she's doing the whole 'I gotta wait until marriage' thing," he explained.

"Oh no, really?!" Brenda scowled. "So no sex at all with her?"

"Well, we have done it orally a few times."

"A few times? Honey, you've been with this girl for almost three months," his mom pointed out.

"I know, and I really like everything about her, except that part."

"That's a pretty BIG part," Brenda said. "Sex is so important at your age."

"Well I do still take care of myself. You know, the way guys can."

"By masturbating? Honey, masturbation is for boys; you're a man now. You're eighteen," the mother said sympathetically. "You need a woman, not a hand to jerk with."

Jackson started laughing. He wasn't at all used to hearing his mom talk this way.

"I'm serious, it's not funny," Brenda said, trying to keep a straight face.

"I know. I like April, but I'm certainly in no hurry to marry her. Are you saying I need a new girlfriend then?" he asked.

"I'm saying you need to be sexually active. How you go about that is up to you."

"Maybe you and dad should up my allowance, so I can afford to pay for a hot call girl to have sex with," Jackson joked.

Brenda giggled, then slid up onto his lap, sitting sideways and wrapping one arm around his shoulders. "You're not paying for it, that's not what I meant."

Jackson was delighted by the feel of her plush rounded ass smothering his groin, and his mom's mostly naked tits were now out of the water, looming just below his eyes. His wide-eyed gaze traveled along the massive split of her wet shimmering cleavage. "How do your boobs even stay in that tiny bikini top, mom?" he brazenly asked.

"I have to do a lot of adjusting, honey," Brenda said, using one hand to pull the bandeau-style top up, as it was slowly creeping down and about to expose her areolas. "Gravity's a bitch."

Jackson loved the way her boobies jostled like big mounds of jello as she adjusted them. He still couldn't believe she was wearing something this revealing in front of him. "If my girlfriend were more sexual, and I could attach your boobs to her, I'd be the happiest guy on the planet," he confessed.

Brenda burst out laughing. "What's wrong with these boobs attached to me?" she asked, gazing him in the eyes.

"Well, not a thing, other than you're my mom."

"Well that's not a bad thing. Since we live together, you get to look at them all the time," she said with a wink.

"Yeah, but not the same way I would if they were attached to my girlfriend."

"Oh, you mean that 'I wanna reach out and squeeze them' kinda way?"

"Yeah, exactly."

"Well, you could always close your eyes while you squeeze on them, and imagine they're attached to your girlfriend," Brenda said suggestively.

"Seriously? Wouldn't that be a little weird?" he blushed.

"They're just boobs, honey. You used to squeeze and suck on them all the time when you were little."

"Yeah, but I'm not really 'little' any more, mom."

He suddenly felt his mom use her glute muscles to squeeze her ass-cheeks around his growing bulge.

"So I noticed," Brenda teased, giving him a naughty smile.

"Sorry about that," her son said, embarrassed that his cock was hardening beneath her smothering buttocks.

"Don't apologize. I'm sure this isn't the first time mom has made your penis hard," she said, "or you wouldn't be stealing my panties from my hamper as much as you do."

Jackson fed his mom a guilty look and she smiled, rubbing his shoulder reassuringly. "We moms are a lot smarter than you think we are."

"Apparently so," the boy blushed.

"So you can admit it... it's ok."

"That I sniff your panties?"

"Yes," she said, smiling wickedly as she gazed into his eyes. "And that my boobs aren't the only things you wish were attached to your girlfriend."

Jackson didn't answer. His smile told his mom all she needed to know. Brenda brought her lips to his ear. "Do you wanna see mom's pussy, honey?" she softly whispered.

He nodded, his heart racing a mile a minute. His mom continued to whisper "Do you wanna stick your nose between the folds of my labia and smell my sweet motherly aroma?"

Brenda felt his erection flex against her flanking butt-crevasse. She responded with another tender squeeze.

"You would let me do that?" the boy said with heavy excited breath.

"As long as I could smell you too. Fair's fair."

"Smell me?"

"Yes, your sperm-filled balls put off a wonderful aroma, just like my pussy does," she said. "I wanna nuzzle my face into that soft, smooth scrotum and inhale all that warm manly seed."

"Jeez, mom, are you serious?" he asked, astounded that he was even having this conversation with her.

"Does that shock you, honey?" she giggled. "That your mom likes to do naughty perverted things just like you do?"

"Kind of I guess, and that you wanna do them with me."

"Well, someone has to get the job done when your girlfriend won't. Might as well be mom, right?"

"I certainly won't complain. Here though?" Jackson asked, looking around uncomfortably.

Brenda noticed a video camera mounted to the wall looking out over the Jacuzzi area. She knew if her and her son got touchy-feely, it may not be the best place to do it. "Let's go back to the room," she said.

Jackson watched his sexy mother step from the hot tub. Her thonged buttocks might as well have been completely bare, since the string of the bottoms disappeared between the thick jiggling cheeks of her ass.

They quickly toweled off, and Brenda took her son by the hand and led him up the hallway towards their room. The busty mother hadn't bothered to put her bikini cover-up back on, much to the delight of the

old man that passed her in the hallway, watching her huge mommy-boobs bobble around with each sexy step she made.

"Wanna get in the shower with me? Wash off this nasty chlorine?" Brenda asked as they entered the room and the door closed.

"You mean like... naked?"

"Well we can't very well shower with our clothes on, honey," she giggled, then glanced down at his trunks. "You go first."

"Go first?"

"Take your trunks off."

"Oh... right," the boy said, then removed them, getting completely naked in front of his mother.

Brenda's eyes widened at the sight of his big pointing erection. It was capped with a knob the shape, size and color of a fat juicy plum.

"Wow! Have you ever considered the real reason your girlfriend won't have sex with you is because she's scared of that thing?" Brenda asked, staring at his cock.

"Scared of this?" her son asked, moving his hips and making his big boner wag back and forth.

"Yes, not in a bad way though, honey. If she's a virgin, the thought of being broken-in by someone with a huge dick like yours might actually scare her."

"Yeah, but it's not MY fault I'm the size I am," Jackson said.

"Of course it's not your fault. Maybe you should talk to her about it though, and assure her that you'll go slow and easy the first couple of times," Brenda suggested.

"I can do that," he said, staring at the hard nipples poking out from beneath the fabric of her bandeau bikini-top.

The mother fed him a teasing smile. "Are you undressing me with your eyes right now?" she asked.

"Maybe," he blushed.

"Let me help," she said, then reached back and unfastened her top.

Jackson's boner jumped at the sight of her naked tits. He had never seen a woman with such wide areolas and thick protuberant nipples. "Damn, mom. Those ARE amazing!" he exclaimed.

"Still make you wish they were attached to your girlfriend?" Brenda asked.

"Yes."

"Sorry... they're stuck on mom," she said with a smile, then moved her shoulders, making her big ballooning bosoms rock heavily back and forth. "You're welcome to come give 'em a squeeze though."

Jackson didn't need to be asked twice. He stepped up to her, reached out with both hands and grasped her huge naked tits, making his fingers sink into their dough-like flesh. "Dang," he gasped, feeling their immense weight.

"Pull on the nipples, honey. Feel how hard they are," his mother whispered.

The boy grasped her engorged papilla between his fingers and tugged, stretching them out from the huge pink rings of her areola. "Am I being too rough?" he asked, glancing up to his mom's face.

"No, that's fine." Brenda said reassuringly. "It might be too much for girls your age, because their boobs are young and tender, but a mom's boobs are different."

"How so?"

"Our flesh becomes more conditioned through the years to being tugged and sucked and chewed on. It's just how our mom-bodies develop."

"Oh wow, so can I um... slap them together?"

Brenda giggled. "Sure, go ahead," she said.

Jackson took a firm grip on both her boobs, then started beating them together over and over, causing her cleavage to make a lewd clapping sound as each fatty melon met the other.

"That's so cool," he said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Cup the undersides while you do that, honey. Feel how heavy they are," Brenda suggested, watching delightfully as her son played with her boobs.

Jackson slid his mitts along the soft elongated undersides of his mom's melons, feeling their weight and spongy softness. He dug his fingers into their fatty flesh, making her rubbery nipples puff outward like two pink marshmallows begging to be sucked on.

He suddenly froze as he felt her hand on his dick, tracing her nails gingerly around the big barbed tip. She stared into his eyes while doing this, gauging his reaction.

"That feels great," the boy whispered.

Brenda smiled at him lovingly, dragging her nails across his broad coronal ridge. "Oh honey, your big dick's gonna visit places so wonderful that you can't even begin to imagine what 'great' feels like," she said.

"My dick will love that."

"I know it will," Brenda agree, running her fingers down his muscled boner, amazing at the feel of the big bulging veins running along her son's shaft. "Right now though it needs a shower, to wash all that nasty chlorine off. Come on."

The heavy-titted mother led her son by the boner into the adjoining bathroom. The shower was huge, with a big glass door. She reached in and turned on the water.

"I think one of us still needs to finish undressing," she said, turning towards her boy and untying the strings of her bikini bottom. She pulled the tiny piece of fabric from her crotch, exposing her naked pubis.

Jackson's heart skipped a beat as he gazed at the upside-down triangle of his mom's mound of Venus. The thick folds of her outer labium formed a perfect cuntal cleavage, which was crowned by a neatly trimmed stripe of pubic fuzz.

Brenda watched her boy's boner twitch excitedly as he stared at her pussy.

"Dang, mom. Your hair doesn't grow in that way down there, does it?"

"No, honey. I trimmed it that way," she said. "It's called a landing strip."

"Landing strip? You mean like at an airport? Why's it called that? What's landing down there?"

Brenda giggled, then glanced down at his cock. "Take a guess."

"Oh, yeah, right," he said, looking down at his prick and suddenly getting what it meant..

The boy watched his mom step into the shower and the water spray her naked body. He always dreamed about seeing her this way, so he was utterly fascinated.

"Coming in?" she asked, with a mischievous smile.

He joined her in the shower and closed the door. Then he stood there in wide-eyed wonder as his mom lathered him up with suds. Every time her soft stiff-nippled boobies brushed against him, his body would shudder in delight.

When her soapy hand stroked the length of his erection, he about came on the spot. Not only his dick, but his balls also were gently lathered by his mom's hand.

"Wanna wash Mommy's boobs for her?" she asked, gazing up into his eyes seductively. Her honey-blond hair was slick back from being wet.

"Sure," Jackson said, then spent the next several minutes lathering her big milkers with slippery suds.

The fascinated teen ran his hands all over her tits and nipples. At one point his mother giggled. "This mom's gonna have the cleanest boobs around," she joked, watching her teen maul her wobbly jugs, squeezing to his heart's content.

"Sorry. They're just way too much fun to play with," he confessed.

"Take your time, honey. You can keep playing," Brenda said. "Unless you'd like to dry off and sniff my pussy, like we talked about earlier."

Jackson released her boobs. "That sounds like even more fun," he confessed. He could have groped his mom's slippery tits all day, but was super-anxious to bury his nose in her crotch.

They stepped out and dried off. "I'm gonna blow-dry my hair. Go in and get the bed warmed up for us," Brenda said.

"Ok, mom," he said.

Brandon assumed they were gonna stay naked, so he crawled into bed with nothing but a hard cock. After a few minutes, he heard the blow-dryer shut off and his bare naked mother stepped into the room, her huge mommy-melons juddering heavily.

“Ready to make that cute nose come in for a landing?” she said, reaching down and running her fingers up her thin ‘landing strip’ of pubic hair.

“Ready,” the boy said, his heart thumping excitedly.

The blonde beauty slipped onto the bed and her boy watched her every move as she crawled towards him like a prowling cougar. Her tits hung down off her chest, teetering back and forth like big udders as she closed in on him. “You can smell my pussy one of two ways,” she explained. “I can drop onto my back, bow my legs open, and you can come down between them, or I can straddle your face like a saddle and you can smell it that way.”

Both ways sounded beyond heavenly to the teen, but the idea of having his own hot mom plant her cunt on his face sounded greater than anything he ever dreamed.

“You can straddle me,” he said.

“Ok... here I come,” the mother said with a mischievous grin.

Brenda knew that she also had a choice to make. She could straddle her boy’s head in the direction of a 69, or she could face the other way, allowing him to stare straight up her pubic mound and midriff, to the huge rounded undersides of her tits. She decided on the later.

Jackson’s eyes were wide with wonder, watching his heavy-breasted mother crawl over him. She started by partially squatting over his face, letting the boy gaze up at the matronly pussy that was about to smother him.

“Dang!” the teen sighed. He'd already seen his mother's pubis, but this was a whole different view of her genitalia that he never dreamed he'd see. Except for the cute landing strip, his mother vulva was as bare as a baby's ass. The outer lips had partially splayed apart, reveal a second, inner layer of blood-engorged labial meat. Crowning it all, was a thick prepuce, that had peeled back to reveal the fleshy pearl of her clitoris.

Brenda kept her mommy-nmuffin hovering there above him for a second. “Ready, honey?” she asked.

The boy could hardly speak. His mom was shamelessly exposing her most private parts to him. Even the pink crinkled ring of her butthole budded out obscenely above his gaze. “I'm ready,” he managed to whisper.

The next thing Jackson knew his face was smothered in cunt-flesh. His mom had landed just right, so his nose sunk down into her juicy grotto, nuzzling into her vulvar vestibule.

“*Holy damn! It smells incredible!*” the boy's horny mind buzzed as he inhaled her fragrant folds. Yes he had snuffed her panties plenty of times, but to smell it directly from the source was a thousand times more powerful and exciting.

He had closed his eyes upon contact, but now when he opened them he found himself staring straight up his mom's upper-half, from her cunt to the base of her jutting breasts. *"Good grief, what a sight!"* he thought.

He saw his Mom peek down over her giant knockers, smiling at him. "Smell a little better than the crotch of those panties?" she asked.

"Mm-hm," he hummed, his lips pressed against her perineum.

"There's only one thing missing now, isn't there? she asked. "I'm sure when you sniff my panties you have your hand around your boner. Do you wanna beat your erection while you sniff me, honey?"

Since Jackson couldn't answer, he merely reach down and began stroking his hard penis as she suggested.

Brenda peeked back over her shoulder, watching her son's fist pull at his long brick-hard prick. "There you go, honey. Stroke on that big pink pickle. Make it feel good," she cooed.

He brazenly slipped his tongue from his mouth, and drug it across the elastic ring of his mom's buttole, making her shudder suddenly and gaze down at him again. "Oh, you naughty, naughty boy!" she squealed.

She began to move her cunt on him, plowing it across his wiggling licker. "You trying to tell me something?" she asked. "You trying to tell mommy you wanna eat some pussy?"

"Mmn-hmn," the boy answered, delighted by the taste of her sweet nectar, as he dug his tongue down into her juicy coral slit.

"Ohhhh!" Brenda gasped, her eyes rolling back as she felt him plow his licker across the swollen nub of her clit. He sucked it into his mouth, nursing on it like a nipple. "Oh my God, you do that and you'll make me gush all over you!"

Despite her warning, Jackson continued his oral assault on his mom's fleshy love button. He felt her warm thighs squeeze even tighter around his head as he kept his face firmly planted against her gyrating pussy. His cock was now slick with pre-cum, allowing him to beat off in a steady rhythm.

"Ohhh fuck!" his mom panted.

Her pubic landing strip looking like it was rising from the bridge of Jackson's nose. He peered up her mons, along her swiveling underbelly, and watched her huge mammaries wobble around on her chest. He could see the hardened peaks of her nipples, distended out from the centers of her thick-textured areola. It was the most wonderful sight he could ever imagine gazing up at.

His mom suddenly peeked down in a wild-eyed gazed. "Honey, I'm serious. I WILL cum on you if you don't stop!" she warned.

Jackson wasn't about to. He knew he was probably about to be squirted all over, but he didn't care one bit. He just continued sucking and laving his tongue through her tender folds.

Seeing that he didn't mind, the horny mother began to rock her hips, fucking her son's face. For a full two minutes, she gyrated like a workhorse as she rose towards a golden orgasmic peak, before finally screaming out in orgasmic rapture.

Still gazing up her torso, the teen saw his mom's boobs do a big jumping bounce of her chest as she threw her arms in the air and clenched her fists together in rapture. This time when she screamed, a big quivering squirt of hot girl-cum splashed across his chin. It was followed by another, then another, completely soaking him.

For another minute the mother humped and trembled and squealed, overtaken with pleasure. Finally she lifted off her son's face and giggled as she knelt down next to him, surveying the mess she'd made. "I did warn you," she said teasingly.

"I know you did, and I'm fine with it."

"I see that," the mother smiled, then leaned over, letting her warm spongy-soft boobies drag against his bare chest. She stared into his eyes with a sexy look. "Would you be fine with me squirting it all over your dick too?" she brazenly asked.

The boy couldn't believe his ears. "My dick?" he asked, even though he knew exactly what she meant.

"Yeah," she whispered, her eyes glazed with lust. "You wanna fuck me, Jackson? You wanna fuck mommy?"

"Wow!" he gasped, unable to say much more than that.

"You wanna hammer that hard prick up that birthing-tube you slid down eighteen years ago?" she sensually asked. "You want mommy to milk out all those little baby-makers with her experienced pussy?"

"Yes," he hissed.

Brenda wasted no time throwing her sexy leg across her boy, planting her knees astride his hips. She reached between them, grasped on to her son's erection and placed the fat plum-sized tip into the mouth of her vestibule.

A thrilling jolt traveled through the teen's body as he felt his tender bell sink into the hot slippery sheath of her vagina. Despite his tremendous size, the mother lowered her outer vulvar lips straight to his cock-base.

She let out a cute little squeal as she felt his broad tip crush against the back wall of her vagina. "Oh my God, honey, you're so fucking big!" she cried out, squeezing her inner pleats around the hard cylinder of meat.

"Oh, baby! Mommy's gonna fuck you so hard!" she whimpered, then set her hips in motion, riding her son's erection.

Brenda's thick ass beat against his balls lewdly as she pumped her pussy up and down his cock. "Yesss!" she cried out in fuck-lust.

Jackson's eyes, of course, were fixed on his mom's tits, watching the big fatty knockers swing and beat around all over him wildly. Looking further down, he could see their crotches smacking wetly together, his hard dick following the path of her pubic landing strip, slicing through her engorged labium and up into the smothering tube of her cunt.

"Fuck, mom!" the boy snarled, feeling his glans tingle as it glided inside the tight ribbed tube of her cunt.

"I told you you're dick's gonna visit wonderful places, didn't I?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, I love it!"

"You want mom to make you 'love it' even more?" she asked, then tightened her cunt-muscles. "You want her to make your balls clench so fucking hard that you cum harder than you ever have?"

"Uh-huh," the boy answered, pressing his face down between her swinging boobs.

Brenda clenched her inner muscles powerfully, making her entire pelvic floor collapse around her boy's boner in a hot velvet grip. "Ohh fuck!" he groaned, feeling his nuts clench, just like his mom said they would.

"Cum with meee!" the busty mother shrieked, feeling her own orgasm crest from the feel of her boy's hard dick pumping inside her.

Lights flashed before their eyes as a wild mutual orgasm shot through their naked bodies like an electric current. Thick pulses of ejaculatory fluid blasted from their genitals, mixing together inside Brenda's cunt to form a creamy mother-son cocktail.

When they finally came back to earth, Brenda rested atop her boy in a sweaty heap. "Wow!" the mother said breathlessly.

"Yeah, wow," Jackson said, his dick still twitching with post-orgasmic contractions.

"I think this could be the start of something good," the mother said.

"I hope so."

She lifted her head and gazed down at him dreamily. "Wanna go again?" she softly asked.

Brenda and her son would get little sleep that night as they consummated their new sexual relationship by fucking their asses off in every position they could think of. This WAS the start of something good, and even after Brenda's husband Don suspected that his wife and son were fucking, she was determined not to let that stop them.