

A Thing for Mom

MT44

Chapter 1: An Oral Problem

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

Emily stared out the front screen door and gazed in the direction of the driveway with a loving smile. There were just so many muscles. So, so, so many muscles.

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

It was the unmistakable body of an eighteen-year-old jock. Lean, toned, and ripped: it still cast a spell on her at forty-four years of age. Despite her best efforts to improve her body over the past few months, the married mom couldn't come close to replicating the youthful energy that the stud in the driveway effortlessly exuded on a daily basis.

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

Another jump shot, another swish. His shirtless body glistened in the sun as beads of sweat poured from his thick head of brown hair, causing his muscular frame to shine as he rose for another shot. A pair of orange athletic shorts provided the only barrier between him and the world on this uncharacteristically warm spring day.

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

She knew better than to lust after boys twenty-six years her junior, but was there really any harm in looking? She'd learned to appreciate younger men as she aged. Everything from their vast confidence, to their lean bodies, to their adventurous attitudes drove her crazy. It was almost as if they felt invincible, and she found herself addicted to that aura of self-assurance.

"Hey, Mom!"

Emily smiled while she waved back. She didn't look at some cute neighbor boy or a fit college kid. No, her situation was

far more inappropriate than normal fantasies regarding younger men.

The jock shooting baskets on the hoop in the driveway was her son.

She'd found herself gawking at Kevin more and more as the years went by. Well, gawking might not be the best word. It was more like admiring.

He was everything that she ever wanted in a son. Kevin was athletic, smart, funny, witty, tall, and oh-so charming. Somehow, he didn't seem to share a single one of his father's qualities, and that was a very good thing in her opinion. Actually, she couldn't be more thankful that Tom's lazy, selfish, and sometimes nasty personality had evaded their son.

Truthfully, she never wanted to end up with Tom, and she definitely didn't desire to have his child. Everything just kind of happened. A mishap with birth control, a mix-up over

whether or not he pulled out, and Kevin was born thirty-nine weeks later. The two agreed to get married to raise their child in a stable environment, and that was that.

She wasn't necessarily unhappy. Honestly, she was more annoyed with Tom than anything else. Their relationship had been on its last legs when she missed her period almost nineteen years ago. The two didn't have much in common, they didn't exactly get along with each other, and the sex was fairly mediocre. It wasn't her ideal rapport by any stretch of the imagination.

It felt like the right decision to stick with Tom at the time. She was twenty-five, pregnant, and old enough to settle down. She hadn't expected her first serious relationship to resemble anything like this, though. She'd always assumed that rocky roads and bumpy patches would eventually lead to green pastures full of rewarding experiences with her partner, but Tom never developed into her soulmate.

Her husband was simply a guy who she'd dated casually before getting pregnant by mistake, and she never felt like part of a team despite almost two decades of marriage. Nothing ever felt equal, and the extent of his role could be summed-up by his financial contribution. The cooking, cleaning, and raising of their child all fell on her shoulders.

But she made it work.

Kevin gave her life meaning. Had there ever been any doubt that they were meant for each other? Her son would always love and respect her, and he would never go through an embarrassed phase from having her in his life. They shared an instant connection that she'd never felt with anyone else.

And her gut feeling was proven correct as the years passed. They had the same sense of humor, possessed similar personalities, and genuinely enjoyed each other's company. Her perfect son was the exact kind of man that she kicked herself for not marrying twenty years ago, but Tom wouldn't change, and she just had to accept that.

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

God, the things she would do for Tom to have Kevin's body. Hell, she would kill for her husband to be in half as good of shape as their son.

"You hungry, baby!?" she called out toward the front yard.

"No thanks, Mom!" he shouted back before the basketball rose into the air, flew through the sky, and landed perfectly between the metal rim once again.

It wasn't exactly fair to want her forty-six-year-old husband to possess her eighteen-year-old son's body, though. She didn't look like Kevin's eighteen-year-old girlfriend, after all. Perhaps Tom went to bed dreaming of her resembling some young cutie as well?

Her husband pushed close to two-hundred and seventy pounds, and he didn't carry his significant size very well with his five-foot-ten frame. She felt partially responsible for his weight gain over the years due to her love of baking and cooking, but he didn't have any motivation to workout. His typical routine consisted of returning home from work, lounging around on the couch until dinner was ready, and then making his way back to the sofa for more TV until he was ready for bed. Don't even get her started on their sex life either. It was nonexistent!

She'd worked hard to lose ten pounds over the past six weeks. She now weighed one hundred and fifty pounds and saw a noticeable change in her five-foot-six frame--especially in her legs and butt when she wore yoga pants or tight jeans. Actually, any type of constricting clothing made her feel good about her current physique. Her body was leaner and more toned than it'd ever been, and her sizable bust didn't hurt her appearance either. Her long brown hair and light brown eyes only aided her impressive look.

"Hey, Em."

She tried to hide her disgust after she turned at the sound of her husband's voice. It wasn't easy to conceal her true feelings these days. "Hey, Tom."

"So, uh...how's dinner coming?"

She turned back to the driveway to continue watching their son. "Kevin's not hungry yet."

"Well, what the hell, Em?" he huffed. "I am."

"Then go make something to hold yourself over," she said. "I'll get started on dinner in a bit."

Tom let out an annoyed exhale before walking toward the kitchen.

That little exchange described their relationship perfectly. She was a cook, a maid, and a mother all-in-one, while Tom simply existed. His decent paycheck at least helped bring something to the table, but she constantly craved more emotional support from him.

Tom loved to use his job as a software designer at a large shipping company as an excuse for his laziness. He was "exhausted," as he'd frequently put it. He didn't load heavy boxes onto trucks or do anything physical. He sat in front of a computer all day, for God's sake! His job was a cakewalk!

She essentially had the same physical burden as a receptionist at a doctor's office, so she knew what it was like to sit at a desk for eight hours. It wasn't difficult, and by no means was she too tired to go to the gym, do the laundry, cook dinner, or clean the house. In fact, last night perfectly exemplified her frustration.

Nineteen Hours Earlier. 11 PM the Previous Night.

"Tommmy..."

Tom's eyes never left the bedroom TV.

"Tommmy..."

"Jesus, Em. Come on..." he groaned.

"Whaaaaaat?" she whined.

"Not tonight," he told her, retrieving the remote and pressing the guide button to see what else was on. "Maybe tomorrow."

"That's what you said last night!" she huffed from her spot next to him in bed.

He squinted his eyes to read what game was on. "Yeah, I know. I'm just tired."

When wasn't he tired? It didn't make any sense that she was she always the one who begged for sex! She was always horny, and not in some nymphomaniac kind of way. She just really liked sex, and she loved to please. Wasn't that every husband's dream wife? Don't most guys fantasize about the type of woman who would never say no? Sometimes, she felt like she lived in an alternate reality.

"You know, Tom, we need to talk about this."

"Tomorrow," he said, changing the channel to a basketball game.

She snatched the remote from his hand, turned off the television, and looked him in the eyes.

"What the hell, Em?" he grunted. "There's two minutes left!"

"Our sex life is terrible!" she announced firmly. She was done beating around the bush and dropping subtle hints. It was time to have a real discussion.

"It's not that bad," he disputed.

She shook her head in disbelief. "We've had sex ten times in the past year!"

"You kept track?" he asked, surprised.

"It wasn't hard," she laughed to herself. "I'm not stupid, you know? I can count to ten."

"So, what's the big deal?"

"Are you cheating on me?" she asked bluntly.

"Excuse me?"

"Are you cheating on me?" she repeated. "Is that why you're always tired? Because some slut is wearing you out?"

"No, Em, I'm not cheating on you," he laughed.

"What is it then?" she asked in an aggravated tone. She certainly didn't find their miserable sex life as humorous as her husband did.

"Do you want the truth?" he asked.

"I want the truth," she verified with a nod.

"You're frustrating."

"I'm frustrating?" she questioned, clearly not following. "What does that mean?"

"Why do you think that you're frustrating?" he asked while glancing at her with a slightly disgusted look.

"Because of how long it takes me?"

He nodded.

"I can't help that, Tom!" she huffed, running her hand through her long brown hair.

"Really?" he asked. "You can't do anything about it at all? Em, it's fuckin' exhausting."

"I'm soooooooooo sorry that it takes me a long time to cum and it's such a terrible inconvenience for you," she said with an unmistakable amount of sarcasm to her voice.

"I've never liked going down on women," he told her. "You knew that I didn't like giving oral a week into us dating. I can't

just change, you know? I mean, it takes you like forty minutes to get off."

She stared at him blankly.

"Forty minutes!" he emphasized loudly.

She held her hands in the air, confused.

"I don't want to be down there for forty minutes. And you want oral every time we have sex. Let's be honest here. Would you want to give me forty minute blowjobs?"

"You don't take forty minutes," she reminded him with a glare.

"But what if I did?" he asked.

"Then I would be down there for forty minutes," she said.
"Like a loving, caring, courteous spouse. I certainly wouldn't tell you to go fuck yourself."

"I've never said that," he rebutted immediately.

"You haven't gotten me off in close to two years," she reminded him. "You threw in the towel on my birthday last year, but managed to stick it out my birthday the year before that. Are you hiding something from me? Is there a smell, or a taste, or something?"

"I just don't like doing it. I never have."

"What if we planned a schedule or something?" she asked.

"A schedule?"

"Yeah, like you'll go down on me on Mondays, I'll go down on you on Tuesdays, and we'll have sex on Wednesdays. We can do some kind of rotation like that."

Tom shook his head.

"Okay..." she muttered under her breath. "What if you go down on me three times a week, and I'll give you five blowjobs a week?"

He shook his head again.

"You go down on me twice a week, and I'll go down on you every day?" she proposed, desperate for some much-needed oral affection.

A soreness engulfed his neck from shaking it repeatedly.

"You go down on me once a week, and I'll suck your dick whenever you want?" she offered in a moment of complete desperation.

"That's almost three hours a month," he said after pondering her offer for a few moments. "I don't want to lock myself into that."

"A month!" she shouted. "It's less than three hours a month!"

"That's a long time, Em!" he told her while reaching for the remote. She quickly pulled it away from him before he could grab it.

"And what about your comment in the kitchen last week?"

"What?" he asked, confused.

"About my ass," she clarified.

"What the hell does that have to do with anything?" he inquired. "You always do this shit."

"Do what?"

"Change the subject," he answered. "We weren't even talking about your ass."

"Why is my ass even a topic!?" she yelled before quickly lowering her voice. The last thing she wanted was for Kevin to hear them. "Do you remember what you said to me?"

"A week ago? Probably not. What did I say?"

"You walked past me to get a drink out of the fridge while I was getting plates for dinner," she told him. "You really don't remember?"

"A week ago?" he laughed. "I don't remember shit from this morning."

"You said to me, 'How does that fat ass even fit into those yoga pants?'"

Tom snickered.

"Are you fuckin' serious!?" she yelled, temporarily forgetting about Kevin. She was too enraged to care.

"Jesus, keep your voice down."

"I don't give a shit!" she yelled again. "What the hell kind of comment is that to make to your wife!?"

"It was a joke," he chuckled. "You know, like they say in rap. 'Hey, Em, you got a phat ass, yo!'"

She glared at him.

"What happened to your sense of humor?" he inquired. "You used to be so happy-go-lucky all the time."

"You know how hard I'm working to get into better shape," she said. "I don't expect my husband to degrade me in my own kitchen!"

"Degrade you? Em, it was a joke!"

"Do you want me to joke about your big gut?" she asked.

His carefree look changed in an instant. Suddenly, he grew serious. "What did you just say?"

"Your big gut," she said while pointing at his large stomach. "Do you want me to talk about that?"

"That's uncalled for!" he remarked sharply.

"But my ass is fair game?"

"That was a joke!" he snapped. "You know how sensitive I am about my weight!"

She couldn't believe it, but his eyes almost appeared puffy. Her husband wasn't about to cry, was he? "You're kidding me, right?"

He rolled over and shut off the light on his nightstand without answering her question.

The idea of giving her oral for forty minutes a week was so off-putting that her husband decided to pass on sex and blowjobs completely. She felt like a horny teenager who'd just discovered her sexuality. She constantly played with herself, and she even kept a small pocket vibrator in her purse to

warm herself up in the car if she knew that she had the house to herself after work.

And what happened when she looked on the internet for help? Surprisingly, she found herself in the minority. Apparently, the world was full of sex-craved husbands who didn't receive enough action from their wives. There definitely didn't seem to be too many women out there whose husbands weren't interested in them.

It'd become tougher to control herself lately. One of the few things that Tom and Kevin had in common were their dislike of wearing shirts around the house, and she could safely say that she lusted after one of those half-naked men significantly more than the other. If only she could do something about that...

Chapter 2: Ms. H's Fat Ass

"Look at her fuckin' ass."

Both Kevin and Matt turned in the direction of the school's hottest teacher.

"I heard that she ended it with her fiance last week," Zach continued addressing his buddies at the lunch table. "Listen, you know my thoughts on women--"

"That they're evil," Kevin interrupted with a laugh.

"That they're despicable creatures spawned in the depths of hell," Matt added with a smile.

Zach rolled his eyes. "I'm not that bad..."

"We're not far off," Kevin laughed. "So, Ms. H ended things with her fiance?"

"That's what I heard," Zach said. "Plus, her engagement ring is gone. Do you think I got a shot?"

Kevin and Matt both stared at their friend, waiting for him to make some kind of joke.

"Wait, you're serious?" Matt finally spoke up after what felt like an eternity of silence. "Dude, she's like thirty."

"So?" Zach asked. "She's so fuckin' hot."

Kevin laughed as he looked at his classmate during sixth period lunch. "I'm sure that she can't wait to throw away her career for some eighteen-year-old student of hers. Dude, don't you have like a sixty in math?"

"Calculus is hard as shit," Zach told him. "Plus, I'm a little distracted during class. I can't focus with some of the shit she wears. A couple of her outfits are fuckin' insane!"

"Twenty seconds," Matt said to Kevin.

"What?" Zach asked, not following.

"I'd give you twenty seconds with her," Matt repeated.

Kevin immediately shook his head in disagreement. "He's not that bad. I would give him thirty seconds."

"I would fuck the shit out of her!" Zach announced before turning in his seat again to soak in the view of his voluptuous blonde math teacher waiting in the lunch line. "She wouldn't even remember her ex's name after I got done with her. And ten minutes--at least!"

"You're not lasting ten minutes!" Matt laughed, slapping the lunch table with his hand. "Oh my God, get the fuck out of here!"

Zach pointed across the table at Kevin. "Hey, last summer! Kelly Maroni's party! You were there!"

Kevin struggled to remember what his friend referred to before it suddenly came to him. "Oh yeah, the pool party."

"The pool party!" Zach smiled.

"You were on vacation with your family," Kevin told Matt. "So, Zach's talking to Charlotte Hendricks and he's completely bombing."

"Oh, fuck off, dude!" Zach shouted.

"Hey, I'm telling a story here," Kevin said, smirking.

"I could never fuck a chick named Charlotte," Matt jumped in.
"That sounds like a grandmother's name."

"She's hot as shit, dude," Zach defended himself.

"She really is," Kevin agreed with his buddy. "Anyway, Zach's just tanking in front of her, but they're both completely shitfaced, so whatever's coming out of his mouth somehow sounds good to her."

"Because it was fuckin' gold!" Zach said.

"Golden shit," Kevin chuckled before getting back on track.
"They went into Kelly's brother's bedroom and didn't come out for like forty minutes. I have to give him props."

"Were you in there?" Matt asked.

Kevin shot his friend an awkward look. "Why would I be in there?"

"Then you have no idea what happened," Matt explained his question. "It was probably three pumps and then thirty-nine and a half minutes of him explaining how that's never happened before."

"She was getting worked the fuck out is what happened!" Zach announced firmly, defending his prowess in bed. "Three pumps my ass. Do you two want to know my original point or not?"

"You had a point?" Matt snickered.

"Yeah, I had a fuckin' point," Zach said while rolling his eyes. "My brother came back from school for a few days to visit last week, and he told me that he's done with college chicks."

That certainly caught Kevin's attention. "What?"

"He only fucks older women now," Zach stated.

"Get out of here!" Matt laughed. "Who fucks forty-year-old moms instead of nineteen-year-old college girls?"

"My brother," Zach said, helping himself to another quick look at his sexy math teacher. "He said that older women are like a thousand times better in bed."

"But college chicks are in their prime," Matt disputed. "How can you do better than that?"

"He claims that's overrated," Zach told the table. "He says that how a girl fucks is more important than their age. I mean, shit, I've never banged an older woman. He would know way better than us."

"How are you two even related?" Kevin inquired.

"Blows my mind too," Matt chimed in, shaking his head. "Honestly, I can't guarantee that I wouldn't fuck Zach's brother if he came onto me."

Kevin burst into laughter. "He's one good-looking motherfucker!"

"You guys are fuckin' idiots," Zach told them while waving to Ms. H--who walked through the lunchroom with a tray in her hand. Suddenly, she changed direction and headed their way.

"Smooth, romeo," Kevin laughed. "You got a game plan?"

"Shit, I didn't think that she'd actually come over here," Zach groaned.

"You better think of something," Matt told him. "She's almost here."

"Hey, Ms. H," the trio of friends greeted the math teacher simultaneously, all of them equally smitten.

"Hello, boys," she smiled back before directing her attention solely on Zach. "I assume that you've been studying hard for our big test tomorrow?"

"Very hard," Zach said with a juvenile smirk.

"Good, because you need to do well," she told him.

"What happened to your ring, Ms. H?" Matt asked.

"Um...it didn't work out..." she answered quietly.

Kevin observed the teacher's unusually shy demeanor. "What happened?"

"Um...well...he had a hard time committing."

"He had a hard time committing to you?" Zach asked. "Is this guy crazy?"

Ms. H giggled while rolling her eyes as a result of her student's poor attempt to flatter her. "He wanted to push the wedding back another year, so I decided to end it. It didn't feel right anyway."

"I'm sorry, Ms. H, but this guy sounds like a big-time dumbass if I'm being completely honest," Zach said.

She failed in an attempt to conceal her smile. She knew that she should scold him for his language, but she still enjoyed compliments. "Men get weird when it's time to commit. Be sure to enjoy your youth boys."

"Zach doesn't have anything to worry about, but I guess Matt and myself will eventually," Kevin told her. "I'll be ready

someday. I love kids, so I definitely want to have a few of my own."

"Awwwww," Ms. H smiled. "That's so sweet."

"What do you mean that I don't have to worry about it?" Zach asked.

"Because of your situation, dude," Kevin told his friend.

"What situation?" Zach inquired again.

Kevin looked at Zach before turning back to the teacher. "Oh, you don't know?"

She sent a curious look his way.

Kevin whispered to Ms. H, making sure his voice was loud enough for his buddies to hear. "Zach's gay."

"No, I'm not!" Zach refuted loudly.

"We just found out last week," Matt nodded at her, playing along with Kevin. "It's been tough but we're trying to help him out. We're really the only friends he has. Especially to be outed that way."

Zach glared at his friends.

"For his dad to walk in on him and his grandpa like that," Kevin said.

"That's bullshit, Ms. H!" Zach passionately defended himself.

"They're messing with me! Obviously!"

"It's okay, Zach," she said.

"They're joking!" he told her again intensely.

"Dude, it's 2020," Kevin said to his buddy. "It's cool to be gay. No one's going to do anything to you."

"I'm not gay!!!" he yelled.

The surrounding lunch tables abruptly turned silent.

"They're just kidding, everyone!" Zach said to his peers before looking back at his teacher. "I'll prove I'm not gay."

"What?" Ms. H asked, confused.

"I'll prove it," Zach told her. "Let's go out on a date."

She couldn't believe what she'd just heard. "Excuse me?"

"Let's go out on a date," he said once more. "I'll prove it."

"I don't think so, Zach," she declined his ludicrous offer. "However, I will stay after school today to go over your notes. You really need to do well on our test tomorrow. Your grade is in serious trouble if you don't."

A big smile formed on Zach's lustful face. "Will anyone else be there?"

"No, I wasn't planning on staying after. I will for you, though. You really, really, really need to do well. I can't see you passing if you don't."

Zach nodded with his smile still intact. "Okay, Ms. H. It's a date."

"Have a good day, boys," she said. "I'll see you after school, Zach."

"I wouldn't miss it for anything in the world," he grinned.

She rolled her eyes before walking in the direction of her classroom with a lunch tray in hand.

Zach looked at his friends with an ear-to-ear grin. "I'm totally going to fuck Ms. H!"

Chapter 3: Mom Material

2:17 PM.

Kevin moaned with a big smile as a pair of pouty lips kissed his neck. He found himself at his girlfriend's Ella's house after school--per usual. They just so happened to be up to their usual afternoon routine as well.

Ella was one of the "it girls" at school. He was a standout athlete, she was one of the prettiest and most popular girls, and they resembled a stereotypical athlete/cheerleader

relationship. It only seemed proper that they be a couple. That was how high school worked, right?

The blonde didn't exactly live in a normal house either. Her father managed a real estate firm and their home reflected his success. Kevin could easily fit four of his houses inside his girlfriend's, and as much as that bothered him at first, it ate away at him more and more as their relationship progressed.

It all started when her dad would give him money for their dates. It wasn't ten bucks here or a twenty dollar bill there either. He would slide him a hundred dollar bill to take his daughter out for a movie and ice cream. He eventually started accepting the money after his fifth argument with her father over not wanting his help. Sure, he was only eighteen, but it still felt emasculating to have another man pay for him.

And that was when the first red flag made itself visible.

Ella wanted to keep the leftover money while he opted to return it to her dad. It was such a strange dynamic. Somehow,

she felt entitled to her father's money despite having no part in earning it. There was no hiding the fact that his cute girlfriend was spoiled. Her new car, designer clothes, and lavish vacations were all telltale signs of her life of luxury, and he soon found himself wanting to relate to someone more of his own socioeconomic status. The idea of dating a girl who had never--and would never--need to work a real day in her life was off-putting.

He allowed his hand to slide down his girlfriend's petite body and inside the back of her jeans. The athletic blonde didn't have much of an ass on her, but her body still did all kinds of things to him. It was more her face that did it for him, to be honest. She was gorgeous. A combination of blue eyes and blonde hair always gave him butterflies, and her soft lips made him tingle. Actually, he was ready to cut the foreplay short and get to some real action.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

Ella checked her phone and instantly rolled her eyes. "Shit, it's my mom."

"Answer it," he told her.

"Do I have to?" she huffed.

"Ella, it's your mom," he reminded her, surprised by her lack of interest in hearing from her own mother. "You need to answer it."

She groaned before accepting the call and raising it to her ear.
"Hey, Mom."

...

"Now?"

...

"Where?"

...

"Doesn't he have some kind of service or something that can come get him?"

...

"Well, where are you?"

...

"I'm doing stuff for school! You can't do it?"

...

"Fine! Tell him I'm coming!"

...

"Yeah, bye."

He looked at his girlfriend curiously, waiting to be informed on the situation.

"My dad's car broke down and I have to pick him up," she said.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"At the mall," she answered, rolling her eyes.

Her body language was one of great annoyance. She wasn't upset about her dad's situation. Instead, she was annoyed by how it inconvenienced her.

"Well, let's go," he told her while attempting to stand up.

"What's the hurry?" she asked seductively, pulling him back to her bed. Her soft lips wasted little time finding his neck once again.

He pushed her off of him gently, raising his eyebrows in the process. "Really?"

"What?" she asked. "It's not like he's going anywhere."

"Ella, your dad's stuck at the mall with a broken down car."

"He can walk around inside for a while or something," she told him.

"What if the situation was reversed? Would you want him taking his time to come pick you up? Your dad is so good to you."

"Jesus Christ, you sound just like him," she rolled her eyes again.

"Well, he is," he stated. "I can't believe that you would just blow him off."

"Fine! Let's go!" she pouted, grabbing her purse and storming out of her bedroom.

The twenty-five minute drive to the mall consisted of Ella complaining about how much she did and how little appreciation she received. The twenty-five minute ride home started and ended with the blonde telling her father that she was entitled to a shopping spree for her troubles. Of course, he agreed.

Five minutes later, Kevin broke up with his girlfriend in her driveway.

3:47 PM.

Emily did a double take to check that her vision hadn't failed her. Was that really her son's car parked in the driveway? She couldn't remember the last time that she returned home from work to find him at the house. He was always at his girlfriend's place, the gym, or playing basketball. In fact, it was something that she missed.

She used to look forward to the gap of time between her return home from work and Tom's arrival two hours later, but that disappeared once her son started dating Ella. Like most teenage boys, Kevin wasn't exactly keen on hanging out with his mom. He wasn't distant or rude to her, but he was usually off doing his own thing. She completely understood his mindset as well. She was the same way with her parents when she was a teenager, but there was a way that she always made sure to get a chunk of his time.

She cooked for him, and like all growing high school boys, Kevin loved to eat.

She'd done it since he was in middle school. She would arrive home from work, immediately find him, and ask what he wanted to eat. Sometimes the answer would be nothing, but more often than not it was something, and she would make whatever he wanted. But the best part was what happened next.

She would have her little angel all to herself for as long as it took him to devour his meal.

There was a rule in their household that all meals must be eaten at the kitchen or living room table. Unfortunately, it was a rule that was rarely followed. Tom constantly ate on the sofa while Kevin always snacked in his room, but it became understood over the years that Kevin would eat at the kitchen table if she cooked for him. There was no collecting his meal and running off to his bedroom or lounging in front of the TV. They had a mutual understanding. It was an unspoken agreement, if you will.

Occasionally, her son would find himself at the kitchen table before she finished cooking. Those moments were truly special for her. Not only did she receive his time while he ate, but she had the privilege of enjoying his company before it as well. And what about those extremely rare occasions when he continued to hang out after he finished eating? Well, that was heaven for Emily. Those days usually involved her son dropping his guard and letting her in on his personal life. What happened at school, girls he liked and wanted advice on, or just discussing their mutual interest in professional sports. On those days, she felt less like his mom, and more like his friend.

And if she did a double take in the driveway, then she did a triple take when she walked into the kitchen. Her son sat at the table, but there wasn't a laptop in front of him. He wasn't surrounded by homework or playing with his phone either. He merely sat there, staring into the backyard through the closed sliding glass door.

"Baby?"

He didn't react.

She took several steps in his direction until she could see the side of his stoic face. "Baby?"

...

"Baby!?" she shouted.

Kevin promptly jumped and turned in the direction of his mother's loud voice. "Oh, shit!"

"I didn't mean to scare you," she said, giggling.

"You didn't scare me," he laughed as he took a deep breath. "I just didn't hear you come in."

She set her purse down on the kitchen counter, observing his worried face. "Is everything okay?"

He nodded.

"Do you want something to eat?" she offered.

He nodded again. "Could I get...um...a grilled cheese?"

"Absolutely," she smiled. "One or two?"

"Two, if it's not a pain."

"Not at all!" she told him excitedly before walking over to the stove and digging out a pan from the drawer beneath. She couldn't help but observe her usually full of life son's less-than-enthusiastic demeanor as she retrieved the ingredients from the refrigerator. "So, how was your day?"

"Alright, how was yours?"

"It was pretty good," she said with a smile. It was the little things that did it for her at this point in life--like someone simply asking her how her day was. It rarely happened anymore.

A few minutes of silence passed while she waited for him to reveal what was on his mind. Unfortunately, he didn't seem eager to divulge his concerns.

She flipped both slices of bread to allow the backsides to hit the warm part of the pan. "So, are you going to tell me what happened?"

"That obvious?" he chuckled to himself.

"Yeah, that obvious," she smiled.

"I uh...I broke up with Ella."

"What!?" she yelled, stunned.

"Actually, like twenty minutes ago," he said.

"Oh my God, baby! What happened?"

"I don't know," he told his mother with a dejected tone to his voice. "We're just two different people."

She slid the two sandwiches onto a plate, cut them in halves, and carried them over to the table. She took a seat across from him. "How so?"

"Moneywise. At least that seemed to be the biggest reason."

"Well, her dad's worth a fortune," she said as she watched him take a big bite of his first sandwich. "You can't hold that against her, though."

He shook his head and continued chewing until he finally swallowed. "I don't hold it against her. I think that her upbringing gave her a crazy sense of entitlement, though. I find myself really despising her attitude on things."

"Like what?"

He took another bite and gulped it down. "Like today. She got a phone call from her mom while we were at her house. Her dad's car broke down at the mall and he needed someone to come pick him up, but I guess that Ella's mom couldn't do it. So, guess what Ella wanted to do?"

"What did she want to do?"

"She wanted to take her time going to get him," he continued. "Well, that was after trying to get out of it. She didn't want to go at all! Her mom had to convince her to go pickup her own dad. He was twenty-five minutes away, for God's sake! Isn't that crazy?"

He proceeded with his thoughts before she had a chance to chime in.

"And I went to her uncle's birthday party with her last month. Now, her older cousin just had a kid, and all the women there were baby crazy, you know? Like most women are. But Ella was completely disgusted by this adorable five-month-old little girl. She held her for like a second, put on a forced smile, and then passed her back to her aunt. It was...I don't know...strange."

She watched him take another big bite as he finished the last part of his first sandwich. She decided to stay quiet.

"I don't want to sound weird or anything."

"Sweetheart, nothing you say will ever sound weird," she said, encouraging him to tell her whatever was on his mind.

He took a deep breath and admitted his true thoughts. "I'm not looking to get married or get someone pregnant, but I find myself envisioning how girls would be as a mother when I look at them lately."

Emily's face lit up with excitement. "Oh my God!"

"What?" he asked.

Her smile grew bigger with every passing second. "You're growing up!"

"Is that what's going on?" he inquired. "I mean, I couldn't stop thinking about if I had a kid with Ella during the car ride to the mall earlier. Would she put herself before our baby? Would doing her own thing still be her main priority? I know it's ridiculous to look at high school girls this way."

"It's amazing that you're thinking like this!" she disagreed. "So many guys never think this way!"

"But I don't want a kid anytime soon," he told his mother. "I just want a girl with those qualities, but I swear to God, they don't exist, Mom!"

"They're out there," she told him.

"I really don't think they are. There's this girl who sits next to me in homeroom that kept bugging me to follow her on Instagram at the beginning of the year. Now, I hate social media to begin with and have no idea why I'm on there, but I did it to be nice. Mom, this girl takes a selfie of herself in her bathroom mirror before school and posts it every single day, and she makes the same face in every picture! Her clothes are different but that's it! Why would anyone want to see three-hundred bathroom selfies of you? Are you that self-obsessed?"

"Maybe she--"

"I just want a girl with good qualities," he interrupted. "Who's kind, caring, and puts others first. All the guys at school are obsessed with the hot girls. Looks matter to a certain extent--obviously--but they're so much less important to me than they used to be. I just want to date an awesome person, you know? Someone I see the good in. Someone who's fun to be around. I just want to date a girl like...like...like you."

Emily's jaw dropped.

"I-I did-did-didn't mean it-it like that!" he sputtered, rattled from his outlandish declaration. "Not literally you!"

She attempted to speak but couldn't find any words.

"I-I-I," he stammered before folding his remaining sandwich in half and stuffing the entire thing into his mouth. He quickly scurried toward the stairs and ran up to his room after he devoured the rest of his snack.

She let out an audible gasp after she heard his bedroom door slam shut. She couldn't believe it, but she just experienced the single greatest moment of her life.

Chapter 4: Rice Krispie Treats

The Following Day.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Emily grew impatient. Why did the clock on the oven barely move? Time seemed to crawl along on this mild Thursday spring afternoon, but that was a good thing--at least until now. She'd been on cloud nine courtesy of her son's comment from yesterday. He wanted to date a girl like her! It was the greatest compliment a mother could ever dream of receiving. Her son eventually wanted to find a girl that reminded him of her--to marry and bear his children! She just couldn't get over it!

Tap. Tap. Tap.

The sound of her sneaker hitting the kitchen floor was the only noise in the downstairs part of the house. Kevin was home, but he was up in his room, and it was almost as if the stupid clock on the oven refused to move. 4:40 PM. Why couldn't it just say 4:45 PM?

Her baby's comment had gotten her so worked up last night that she even tried having sex with Tom, and she decided to give him a blowjob when he turned her down. She could barely control herself. Sure, Tom didn't have anything to do with the way she felt, but she needed to shower someone with affection, and she certainly couldn't do that with Kevin. She was his mother! It was one thing to look, but it was a completely different story to act, and she had no intention of living any of her outlandish fantasies over the past few years.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

4:41 PM.

Ten minutes of cooling time was enough. She couldn't hold out any longer.

She'd waited all-day to make her son's favorite snack. She needed to show him how special his remark was, and she refused to treat it as a slip-up that they would breeze past. What he said was special, and she would never forget it as long as she lived. It would remain with her for the rest of her life.

She picked up a knife and cut her homemade Rice Krispie Treats into nine equally large squares. She went so overboard with marshmallows that the sharp knife struggled to make it through the tasty snack, but that wouldn't be a problem in her perfect son's eyes. He would be ecstatic after he saw what she'd made for him.

Sixty seconds later, the gooey-squares were on a dinner plate as she floated toward the stairs, eager to see her favorite person in the world.

Knock. Knock.

"Come in," he said.

She opened his bedroom door to find him seated in his ergonomic gaming chair that she'd bought him for Christmas last year. It consisted of no arms or legs, and only sat about a foot off the ground, but was surprisingly the most comfortable chair ever. She made sure to test it out herself before wrapping it.

He'd yet to move his eyes from his television, a video game controller was positioned in his hands, and she couldn't help but laugh at the headset around his ear with a mic running down to his mouth. He looked like such a nerd with that thing on his head!

"I made you something," she said with a big smile as she approached him.

He finally turned to look at his mother, and his smile was briskly replaced by a disappointed sigh. "Oh, what the hell! You know that I'm trying to not eat junk food!"

She rolled her eyes before sitting on his bed--just feet behind his gaming chair. "Well, I wanted to make my little angel a treat."

He removed his mic and tossed it to the floor before turning his body to look back at her. "Little angel?" he asked with his eyebrows raised.

"My little angel," she smiled. "Never forget it either."

He couldn't deny the obvious as his eyes moved to the dinner plate in his mother's hands. "Jesus, those look good."

"I added so many marshmallows," she said with a laugh. "Like, twice what I normally do. Hey, I think you just died."

"What?" he asked, confused.

She pointed at the TV.

He turned around to see his character sprawled on the ground. "Shit!"

She rolled her eyes, smiling at her son who now had his back facing her. "I wanted to talk about yesterday."

"Let's pretend that didn't happen," he responded, refocusing on the game in front of him. The last thing he desired was to further discuss his idiotic comment.

"No, it's nothing bad, baby," she said. "Actually, it was unbelievable. I really just wanted to tell you how much it meant to me."

"I'm not a weirdo!"

"Of course, you aren't a weirdo!" she laughed. "I never said you were. There's nothing weird about what you said."

"Do you have any idea how much shit my friends would give me if they heard what I said?" he asked. "Wanting to date a girl like my mom? Yeah, I think it's a little messed up."

"It's not messed up!" she shook her head passionately. "It's adorable, and I want you to know how much it means to me!"

"Great..." he remarked under his breath.

"I'm serious!" she told him. "You'll understand when you have kids of your own eventually. It's the little things that mean the most."

"Well, don't worry, Mom. I'm not going to ask you out," he said sarcastically.

She observed the way that his t-shirt barely contained his wide shoulders and muscular back. If she was completely honest, then she wasn't sure if she would decline a date invitation from him.

"Is he...on...fire?" Emily asked after looking at the TV.

"Yep," Kevin laughed.

"You threw a Molotov cocktail at him?"

"I sure did," he smiled. "Oh, guess who it is?"

"Who?"

Mom would get a kick out of his reveal. "Zach."

"How do you know?" she asked, laughing to herself as she pictured Kevin's wiseass friend.

He unplugged the headset cord from his controller, allowing the sounds of his friends' voices to radiate from the television. It allowed Mom to immediately recognize Zach's loud inflection.

"Dude, I totally could've fucked Ms. H yesterday!"

A clamoring of teenage voices responded by telling him to "go fuck himself."

"She was all over me! She pretended to lean in and show me something on my notes, but she was totally putting her cleavage in my face! That slut wanted it!"

He plugged his headset back into his controller to silence the television. He turned around and looked at his mom. They both rolled their eyes together and laughed.

"Now, are you gonna eat one of these or not?" she asked.

He reached behind him blindly and immediately felt a warm, moist treat press against his skin. Why couldn't he help himself to a snack? He would still have abs if he ate only one or two of Mom's treats. He worked out all the time, after all. He deserved it!

Seconds later, he let out a loud moan.

"Good?" she asked.

"They're so good, but they could use a few more marshmallows," he joked. He broke off a small piece and held it behind his head.

"I can't, baby," she told him.

"Come on, it's like a bite."

She reached out and took the piece from her son before placing it inside her mouth. "That's good, if I do say so myself."

The unmistakable sounds of mashed video game controller buttons soon gave way to annoyed sighs. "Crap, my hands are all sticky now," he said, reaching his left hand behind him to show his mother--while continuing to face his television.

Emily watched her son hold his hand behind him in the air as his middle finger seemed to separate from the pack. He definitely didn't lie. A distinct shine occupied three of his fingers thanks to her tasty dessert, and her leg shook as the left side of her face twitched from what she had in mind. She knew that she shouldn't, but she couldn't help herself.

Suddenly, he felt something on his hand. It resembled a warm, wet washcloth tightly sliding the length of his longest finger, but when he turned his head to discover the sensation, he quickly discovered that it wasn't like any kind of washcloth that he'd ever seen.

Mom had wrapped her lips around his finger while her eyes locked onto his. This seriously happened? Ella was the only girl in his life who'd ever behaved in such a provocative manner, but he wasn't entirely sure if sexiness was even Mom's intention. Maybe he was just a pervert?

He pulled his finger back slowly and observed it. The previously sticky glisten was replaced by sloppy drool from his mother's mouth. Her saliva dripped down the length of his now clean finger. He couldn't deny the immense feeling of awkwardness in his bedroom, but even more mystifying was what he did next.

He curled his digits down toward his palm, but allowed his index finger to extend gradually. Inch by inch, he moved his arm forward until he came to rest at the entrance of Mom's mouth. It was a decision that he knew would change everything, but he temporarily lost his common sense.

Her pouty lips parted to accept his sticky index finger inside her mouth. Her tongue cleaned the underside of his skin while she refused to break eye contact for a single moment. Neither could explain their actions, but both wouldn't dream of putting a stop to their unexplainable behavior.

Emily wasn't totally sure what had gotten into her. Years of pent-up sexual lust for her son suddenly gushed from her pores, but her motherly instinct also desired to clean her baby. His fingers were sticky and her mouth was wet. It was a perfect match. At least that's what she told herself.

"Em!"

Her eyes instantly shifted away from her son's handsome face, and moved toward the sound of her husband's loud voice downstairs.

"Anyone home!?" Tom shouted again.

Kevin hurried to turn back to his television to pretend that the last twenty seconds of his life never happened. An additional Rice Krispie Treat was dropped into his lap before he watched Mom leave the room in his peripheral vision. Was she panicked? Would she forever regret accepting his finger in his mouth? And why was Dad home already?

Emily hustled downstairs with the plate of desserts in hand. Seconds later, she found her husband standing in the kitchen, staring down at his phone excitedly.

"You're home early."

Tom looked up with a big smile. "You're not going to believe--oh fuck! Rice Krispie Treats!"

"They're for our son," she told him, setting the plate down on the kitchen counter.

Her statement didn't seem to register for Tom as he helped himself to two big pieces. "Guess who's going to Palm Beach?"

Her face lit up with excitement. "What!?"

"Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and we get back Monday!" Tom told her frantically. "Palm Beach, Florida! Airplane and hotel paid for! So is the golf!"

She was in a frenzy. "Are you serious!? Oh my God, how!?"

"My friend's business partner is sick so his ticket is going to waste. Well, it was. Not anymore!"

Her joy vanished in a heartbeat. "Wait...his ticket?"

"Yep, I can't believe how lucky I got," he nodded before her confused look finally registered to him. "Wait, you didn't think that I was talking about you, did you?"

"We're not going to Palm Beach?" she asked bluntly.

"I am," he answered. "My friend only has one extra ticket. I didn't mean it like, we're going. I meant it like, I'm going."

Her eyes peered sharply at her husband. "Who the hell words something like that!?"

"Huh?"

"Guess who's going to Palm Beach? Really, Tom?" she huffed, more frustrated than ever. "You didn't think that I would interpret it as a trip for us?"

"Well, I mean--"

"Why don't we do anything together!?" she snapped at him, interrupting his attempt to explain himself. "We've never even gone on vacation!"

"I didn't know that you liked vacations."

"Who the hell doesn't like vacations!" she yelled. "We do nothing together! Nothing!"

Tom looked down at the floor.

"Like, what about a hike?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"We could go to a hockey game or something," she continued with her list of proposals.

"It's better on TV," he replied, still looking away.

"How about a movie? We never go to the movies."

"I prefer Netflix," he rebutted under his breath.

"What if we started going to the gym together? I see couples working out with each other all the time."

He didn't even bother to acknowledge her latest suggestion.

She let out a dramatic exhale to show her frustration. "Sunny Palm Beach, Florida. Golf, beaches, and probably a beautiful hotel room for four days. Doesn't that sound lovely..."

He nodded meekly

"Be honest with me, Tom. Do you think that you deserve that?"

"I work hard," he replied.

"I'm sure you do...at your job," she partially agreed. "But answer me this. What exactly do you do after work? You know, when you come home."

"I uh...I do...stuff."

"You do nothing!!!" she shouted. "Nothing!"

"That's not true!" he argued.

"I do everything around here!" she continued with her ranting and raving. "The only other person who helps around the house is Kevin! You do absolutely nothing!"

"You're out of line!" he told her firmly.

"And you're a lazy shit!" she shot back.

He glared at his wife. "I want an apology for your comment about my weight the other day."

"Excuse me?"

"In bed," he clarified himself. "My big, fat gut? Remember that, Em?"

"I sure do," she answered with a smirk.

"Apologize!"

"Nope," she grinned.

"I'm serious, Em. I want an apology."

"Okay, Tom, I'll make a deal with you," she said, lowering her voice for fear of Kevin hearing them. "When you stop lying

around on your big, fat ass all day while I do everything around here, then I'll be sure to apologize for my comment. But until that day comes, I'm done kissing your ass. The blowjobs are over! They're history! I'm not sucking the dick of some guy who can't pull out a goddamn vacuum once in a while!"

"That's--"

"And that crap last week was ridiculous!" she interrupted. "You getting all pissy because I vacuumed while you were trying to watch a game and you had to pause it? That made me sick to my stomach! Am I married to a child? You won't even go down--"

"Stop!" he cut her off. "Just stop! I'm tired of your constant bitching!"

"I never bitch at you!"

He shook his head, disgusted by his wife's behavior. "I need to be at the airport tomorrow at five. Can I count on you for a ride?"

"Of course," she answered. She may have been angry, but she wasn't vindictive.

"We both need a few days apart from each other," he told her. "You need some time to work through your issues."

Her blood boiled.

"I don't know if it's that time of month for you or you're just moody," he said.

She took a deep breath in an effort to subdue her anger. She repeatedly told herself to bite her tongue.

"You've really turned into a bitch lately."

She stormed to the counter and grabbed her keys. "I'm going to the gym!" she hissed, her voice quivering with rage.

"What about dinner?" he asked.

"Make your own dinner!" she replied aggressively before stomping down the hallway and slamming the front door shut behind her.

Chapter 5: Bubbles

Friday Night. 11:57 PM.

God, did Emily need this. Finally, everything was warm, wet, and relaxing.

The car ride to the airport was fairly awkward. Neither Tom or herself had much to say to one another, and that was most

likely a good thing because she was still fuming from their discussion twenty-four hours earlier. Where did he find the nerve to demand an apology? Especially after all the comments he'd made over the years about her body. And particularly her ass!

She wasn't even upset about not going to Florida, to be honest. Sure, a vacation would've been great, but it was Tom's attitude that bothered her the most. It was like he expected her to be happy for his trip. Why would she? If he busted his butt every day between work, the gym, household duties, and pleasuring her, then she would be thrilled for him to enjoy a well-deserved four-day vacation with his friend, but he didn't do anything of the sort. She did a million times more than he did, but she received none of the benefits. Tonight wasn't about Tom, though. No, tonight was about her.

Candles sparkled in the dark upstairs bathroom while foamy bubbles filled the tub. Such a picture would be her lasting image if she was a celebrity. It was the exact type of photo that the media showed when a movie star died. Here was Emily--

world famous actress--relaxing in a bubble bath after she'd wrapped her latest movie, months before her tragic death.

But that wasn't the case.

She wasn't a movie star or a celebrity. She was just another underappreciated mom who carried the weight of the world on her shoulders, but whenever she felt herself become upset, the thought of four days without Tom brought a big smile to her face. Could her marriage possibly be more unhealthy? Why couldn't she ever clear her mind? There was always a problem or concern for her to dwell on. Tom was in Florida, Kevin was at his friend's house, and she was all alone, so she needed to take advantage of the rare occasion of peace and quiet.

But she couldn't.

Tom wasn't the only reason that the past twenty-four hours had been anything but easy. She continued to replay her actions in her son's bedroom in her head. What had gotten

into her? Her decision was so incredibly inappropriate, but at the same time, she couldn't remember ever feeling so excited. Was her marriage so boring that she craved adventure? Maybe she should go rock climbing or skydiving then?

It couldn't have been just that. It was more than a basic adrenaline rush. She felt a mutual lust in the air. And what about the way that he brought his finger to her mouth? He was into it too! But of course he was. He was a horny eighteen-year-old high school kid. She remembered what her boyfriends were like at that age. They would fuck a bathroom sink if it felt even remotely good, but every time she doubted herself, she was taken back to the moment in the kitchen when Kevin told her that he wanted to date a girl like her.

What if--

Knock. Knock.

Her head perked up. It was the only part of her not hidden by bubbles on this relaxing Friday night.

"Kevin?"

"Hey, Mom!" her son's voice penetrated through the wood.

"Can I talk to you for a second?"

"Sure, sweetheart. Come in," she told him. There were plenty of bubbles to keep her hidden from his eyes.

The door opened and Kevin joined her dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a basic white t-shirt. It was a look that suited his athletic body perfectly. She watched him make his way over to the toilet before taking a seat on the closed lid--just a few feet across from the tub. He smiled at her.

"So...um...what's going on, baby?" she asked.

He continued to smile.

"Baby?"

"Hey, Mom," he repeated with a big grin.

She let out a confused laugh. "So, how was Matt's?"

He nodded his head.

"Good?" she asked with a curious tone to her voice. Something seemed off. "What did you guys do?"

"Let's see here," he pondered, looking up at the ceiling. "We were just hanging out when some people started showing up. And then some more people, and before we knew, there were like forty people there."

"Forty people?" she questioned, her eyebrows raised. "Were his parents okay with that?"

"They're out of town," he smirked.

"So, you guys had a party?"

He nodded with a big grin while he stared at his mother in the tub. "You could say that."

"Are you sure you're okay?" she asked again.

He gave her a thumbs up. "You know something, Mom? I never tell you that I love you."

"What?"

"Sure, we say it, but it's like, 'I love you and I love you too,' and then we go about our day," he said, looking off at the wall.

"Like, I really love you, Mom. You're like...fuckin' awesome!"

She told herself not to smile from ear-to-ear, but she just couldn't help it. It was such a compliment! "Well, thanks. You're pretty awesome yourself."

He stared up at the ceiling. "Do you know that show The Good Wife? Well, you would be like The Great Wife! No, wait...The Great Mom. No, no, no!" he told her while looking down with a confused expression. "You would be more like The Awesome Mom!"

She glanced down at her bath filled with soapy suds, dumbfounded. She had no idea what was happening. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Am I wrong?" he asked. "Would you not be The Awesome Mom? Mom, you listen to rock music and watch sports! How is that not awesome?"

Something still didn't seem right to her. "Thanks...I guess."

"You're very, very, very welcome!" he smiled back.

A few moments of silence passed as she observed her son simply staring down at the floor. "Did this party have alcohol?"

He gave her a long, exaggerated nod.

"You didn't drink any, did you?"

He paused for a moment before nodding again.

It all made sense to her now. How didn't she see it sooner? The rambling nonsense, confused stares, and his love declaration: he was drunk! "Please, please, please tell me that someone drove you home."

He locked eyes with her. "If you're The Awesome Mom, then I'm The Awesome Driver."

"Oh my God!" Emily panicked, raising her palm to her cheek.
"You drove drunk!?"

"Hey, I made it, didn't I?" he laughed.

"You made it!?" she shouted. "What the hell is wrong with you!?"

"Relax, Mom."

She wasn't in any mood to calm down. "Relax!? You're fuckin' drunk! And you drove like this! How many times have I told you whether it's alcohol or drugs, that I'll pick you up and you won't be in any trouble! Oh my God, Kevin!"

He held out his hand to give her a stop sign. "Relax."

She let out a deep exhale. "I'm going to get out of this tub and kick your ass if you tell me to relax one more time. You

could've gotten pulled over. You could've hit and killed someone. Oh my God, baby, you could've killed yourself!"

"Relax."

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"Relax," he repeated with a smirk. "Aren't you supposed to get out of the tub now?"

Her hand found its way to her head and ran through her brown hair, exposing her bare shoulder to his young eyes. "I don't even know what to say"

"I have an idea."

She watched him stand up and leave the bathroom. "Where are you going?"

"One second, Mom!" he yelled back as the sound of footsteps thudding down the stairs resounded throughout the house.

What the hell was going on? He drove home drunk? She must've told him fifty times that she would always pick him up if he needed it! Why would he do this? Didn't he realize what losing him would do to her? It would kill her!

Was she too lenient with him? Sometimes, she acted more like his friend than his mother. Maybe it would be best to be more strict and actually enforce some punishment? Something would definitely happen tomorrow. She refused to stand for this. Irrational eighteen-year-old confidence was one thing, but driving drunk was several steps too far.

He returned to the bathroom with a big smile.

"Oh, you've gotta be kidding me..." she groaned.

He shook his head while extending his hand. "Come on, Mom. I know that you can't say no."

She took a deep breath and reached her hand out, regretfully accepting her son's offer. As badly as she wanted to say no--given her situation--she couldn't pass up a glass of red wine. Especially now. She needed it more than ever.

"And one for me," he grinned before unveiling the half full wine glass hidden behind his back.

She pointed at the toilet seat. "You sit there and under no circumstances do you leave this house tonight, understood?"

"You got it, Madre," he chuckled while taking his original seat again.

"I don't want you driving tomorrow either," she told him.

"Jesus, Mom," he rolled his eyes. "I had a few. I'm not hammered."

She took a long swig from her glass and instantly felt less tense. That didn't say much since she was on the verge of having a panic attack, but perhaps a few more glasses would do the trick? Lord knows that she needed something to relax.

"So, we were discussing your awesomeness," he said with his wine glass in hand.

"You're lucky that I love you so much," she said, still furious about what had unfolded. How in the world could he drink and drive? How could he jeopardize everything?

"How did you end up with Dad?"

Her ears perked up. "Excuse me?"

"How did you end up with Dad?" he repeated. "We've never talked about it. How did you two meet?"

She took another sip of wine before placing her glass between two candles, and sank down into the water to completely hide her body. "I met him through a friend of mine."

"And?"

"And what?" she asked.

"Was it an instant thing?" he inquired. "Did you two hit it off right away?"

He shook her head slowly. "We never really hit it off."

"Never?" he asked, surprised.

"I think we both wanted a relationship and tried to force it to work," she answered. "We're two very different people and some stuff happened unexpectedly, so we decided to give it a shot."

"Stuff?"

She smiled, looking down at the bubbles. "Yeah, stuff."

"Like what?"

"Have you talked to Ella?" she asked, trying to change the subject.

"What stuff are you talking about?" he asked again.

She took a deep breath. She really didn't want to have this conversation. "Well, you know..."

It all suddenly made sense to him. "Oh shit, you're talking about me, aren't you?"

She nodded meekly with an embarrassed titter.

"I never really thought about it. I'm eighteen and you guys have been married nineteen years. Holy shit, I was a mistake!?"

Her jaw dropped. "What!?"

"I was, right? You two got married because of me?"

"You're the furthest thing from a mistake that has ever happened!" she told her son passionately. "Don't ever call yourself that again!"

"But I was at the time," he explained his choice of words. "I can't believe that I never saw this before. You and Dad don't exactly seem to like each other. It was like that even when I

was younger too. You guys have been together this entire time only because of me?"

She reached out to retrieve her wine glass. Her anxiety levels rapidly increased. "We wanted to raise you in a stable environment with two parents."

"But what about you?" he asked. "You don't like Dad?"

"I don't dislike Dad," she told him. "It's just...we uh...we're different people. Our personalities clash at times."

He helped himself to a long swig before looking down into his mostly empty glass. "You're unhappy because of me, aren't you?"

"That's ridiculous! Baby, I'm happy because of you! You're the greatest thing that ever happened to me! I can't imagine living a day without you! Which is why it destroys me when I think

about losing you. Promise me that you'll never drink and drive again."

"I promise," he agreed quietly, staring off to the side. "I can't believe that you're married to a guy you don't like because of me."

Unfortunately, it was the truth. She never would've ended up with Tom if not for her unplanned pregnancy. Who knows how her life would've turned out otherwise? Maybe she would be married to a great guy without kids? Perhaps she would've found an even worse spouse and had multiple children? Or what if she ended up all alone? Whatever the outcome, she wouldn't trade her current reality for anything. Kevin made everything worth it.

"I should've told you something else..." she muttered under her breath.

"I feel so guilty," he stated, turning his attention back to his mother. "You have to blame me for this sometimes, right?"

"Blame you for what?"

"For being here," he answered. "You could've lived a different life if not for me. A better life."

She shook her head vehemently. "My life is perfect because of you! You would live with me until the day I die if it was up to me! I wouldn't change a thing!"

"Yeah right," he laughed.

"I'm serious," she told him. "I would love to bring Rice Krispie Treats up to your bedroom when you're forty."

"What a sad sight that would be."

"I would do things the exact same if I had the choice to go back and change my life," she said to her son. "You mean everything to me, baby."

"Sometimes, I think I take you for granted," he admitted honestly.

"Well, you're a teenager."

"No, that's not an excuse," he said, shaking his head. "I look at some of my friend's moms and it's like, holy shit...I have it fuckin' awesome. I have this amazing mom who will literally drop whatever she's doing the moment I need her, and sometimes I don't appreciate it."

"I'm your mom," she told him. "That's what I'm supposed to do."

"No, you don't have to, but you do," he said, staring into her brown eyes. "And that's what makes you so special. This weekend is going to be about you."

"About me?"

"About you," he nodded. "I don't want you to do anything. The laundry, dishes, and the cooking is all on me."

"Baby, you don't have to--"

"No, it's on me," he interrupted. "I want you to do whatever you want. If you want to lie around on the couch all weekend and watch TV, then do it. If you want to spend your time at the gym or out with your friends, then do that. Because I'll take care of everything around here."

Her smile couldn't be bigger. How incredible was her son?

"That sounds amazing, but you really don't--"

"When's the last time someone gave you a massage?" he asked, cutting her off.

She took a moment to think to herself. "I...um...don't know if I've ever had a massage."

He pointed his index finger at her. "I'm giving you one."

"Wait...now?" she asked, caught off guard by his offer.

"Yeah, why not?"

"Okay!" she smiled, undeniably excited. "Just give me a few minutes and I'll meet you downstairs."

"We don't need to go downstairs."

"We don't?"

"Well, maybe we'll end up down there, but we can start here," he said. "I'll start with a shoulder massage."

"Wait...you don't mean...literally in here?"

"Why not?" he asked, smiling.

Much to her amazement, she watched him stand up and approach her. He picked up two candles from the edge of the tub, moved them over to the sink, and sat down on his newly cleared spot on the white porcelain.

"Move closer," he told her with a smile, encouraging his mother to rest her back against the edge of the tub. When she did, he reached out and placed his hands on her shoulders.

Two strong hands squeezed her shoulders as bubbles continued to surround her. There was her son--just inches away from her--still dressed in his blue jeans and white t-

shirt. He was seated on the edge of the bathtub, leaning over to give her body some much-needed relief.

"How's that feel?" he asked.

His masculine hands sank deeper into her skin, causing her to let out a soft moan. "It feels amazing, sweetheart."

"You know, I can't really get a good angle here. I'm kinda killing my back twisting like this."

"I don't want you to hurt yourself," she moaned softly once more. The overwhelming sense of relaxation helped melt her stress away.

"I think it would be better if I got in there with you."

Her already monumentally inappropriate decision to allow him to touch her bare shoulders was child's play compared to

his latest announcement. He wanted to take a bath with her? Her own son! She needed to put a stop to this madness!

She turned and looked at him after his hands left her shoulders. In a state of shock, she watched him raise his white t-shirt over his head and toss it onto the closed toilet lid. She had to grow up and act her age! She needed to remember that she was a mother! The only problem was that she didn't do anything of the sort.

Instead, she instinctively wet her lips with her tongue.

"Assuming that's okay with you?" he asked.

She tried her hardest to not reach out and run her wet hand along his sculpted body. His arms, chest, and his delicious abs gave her so many places to explore, but her other hand faced an even more daunting task. She needed to keep it rested on her thigh and not play with herself under the water. She was completely naked while her one and only child stood just a

few feet away! And she was turned on! She'd never found herself in a predicament like this before!

"Um...well...I uh...um..." she struggled to answer his question. She suddenly noticed his hands move to his groin where they unfastened the button on his jeans. "Sweetheart, I don't think this is a good idea."

"How about this?" he proposed calmly. "Close your eyes, and the next thing you know, I'll be in there with you."

She stared at his body with deep admiration. He just looked so much different than his father. It'd been close to two decades since she'd been with another man, and she'd certainly never messed around with a stud like her son. He was the type of guy that girl's dreamed about.

Wait a minute. What was she doing? She wouldn't do anything with him! It was just a massage! She was a forty-four-year-old mother; not an eighteen-year-old high school girl. She needed to control herself!

"Sound good?" Kevin checked.

Her eyes shifted from his defined Adonis belt, up along his mouth-watering body, and finally settled on his handsome face. She didn't have a choice. Deep down, she knew that she couldn't decline his offer. She would regret it for the rest of her life if she did.

"Great," he smiled confidently, not bothering to wait for her approval.

She placed her hand over her eyes and closed them. The distinct sound of a zipper soon gave way to the thud of rough denim hitting the tile floor. Seconds later, she heard a foot slip into the water as a presence joined her in the steaming hot bath.

"You can open your eyes."

She lowered her hand before opening her eyes hesitantly. Kevin rested his back against the opposite end of the tub, while his long six-foot frame ran the length of the ceramic. She giggled after finally noticing both of his large feet resting to the side of her head on the edge of the tub. She still couldn't believe what she'd agreed to.

Her laughter was cut short after a pair of hands grabbed her foot under the water and began to softly rub it. As inappropriate as it was to share a bath with her son, she struggled to remember a more erotic moment in her life. Bathtub or not, she was soaking wet.

"A foot massage?" she asked with a grin.

He pretended to ponder her question. "Well, this is just the preview. I'm not done yet."

"Not done yet?"

He nodded while locking eyes with her. "Yeah, I'm not done with your shoulders."

Vivid tingles ran through her body from head-to-toe.

He raised his hand in the air and gave her a come-hither motion with his index finger.

"And what if I don't wanna?" she asked playfully.

"I'm not asking you," he said, his voice lacking the joking nature of her question.

She didn't realize that she bit her lower lip. Kevin's confidence, courage, and unbelievable level of self-assurance always drove her crazy. If his basketball team's game was on the line; he wanted to be the one with the ball in his hands as the seconds ticked down. If she needed help assembling a piece of furniture; he would intuitively take over and lead the situation. He had an effortless, natural leadership quality that

she craved. It took an inconceivable amount of bravery for him to end up in this scenario, after all. He was in the bathroom with his own mother! And they were both naked! He knew what he wanted and went for it, so who was she to say no?

"Close your eyes," she told him.

He tilted his head back with an almost arrogant smirk. "I don't think so."

"You don't think so?" she asked, raising her eyebrows. "Okay, you can leave your eyes open, but you're not getting anything more than my foot then."

He let out a soft laugh and closed his eyes.

She shifted her position, slid next to him, and sank back into the bubbles. "Okay, baby. Open 'em."

He wasted no time in reacquainting his hands with Mom's soft shoulders. "This actually isn't much better," he complained as his body was once again twisted to reach her shoulders.

She unexpectedly felt two hands sink from her shoulders and slide down her body until they pressed into the sides of her waist. She yelped as her son lifted her several inches off the ground and repositioned her in front of him. Her butt was now between his legs on the tub floor while her back pressed against his chest, and she could feel his flaccid manhood against her lower back as their bodies remained covered by water and bubbles.

"That's better," he smiled, allowing his hands to slide up the sides of her body and eventually find her shoulders once again. "Now, how's that feel?"

She opened her mouth but nothing came out. There was confidence and control, and then there was what her son just displayed. He picked her up and set her between his legs, for heaven's sake! Like she was his little eighteen-year-old

girlfriend! But there was something so sexy about it. Not only would Tom labor to lift her, but he would never do something so impromptu. He would ask, and asking would ruin the spontaneity of the moment. Kevin didn't ask, though. Instead, he went ahead and did it, and now she was snuggled against his chest like a girl half her age as he continued to massage her shoulders. She was in heaven.

He didn't need a verbal answer to his previous inquiry. Mom's body language came through loud and clear. "So, any plans for your big weekend?"

She shook her head while her eyes remained closed, soaking in the bliss that she currently experienced.

"I want you to have a great time," he told her, continuing to do his best to rid her of her stress. "Maybe you should give a few of your friends a call?"

"Maybe," she moaned. A knot loosened just outside her neck thanks to his magical hands. "This feels so good."

"I'm glad, Mom," he told her. "I want you to really enjoy the next fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes?" she smiled with her eyes shut. "I get fifteen more minutes of this?"

"Mm-hmm. I want you to be nice and loose."

"For what?" she asked as another feminine moan escaped from between her lips.

"Well, Mom, fifteen minutes from now, you're going to get out of this tub and head into my bedroom."

Her eyes burst open. "What?"

"And then do you know what I'm going to do?"

Her throat grew dry.

He leaned in to allow his warm breath to tease her inner ear before dropping his voice to a whisper. "I'm going to fuck you within an inch of your life."

Her body shuttered. She tried to say something but couldn't find any words. He couldn't have just said that to her!

"You see, we have this connection with each other," he told her, pulling his mouth back and continuing his massage. "We always have. I know you feel it. It's like you know what I want, and I know what you want. Mom, I know what you want. What you need."

"Wha-what do you thi-thi-think I need?" she stammered nervously with her back still pressed against his chest.

"To get fucked," he answered confidently.

She'd never felt more baffled in her life. What in the world had gotten into her son? Her sweetheart sounded like a bad boy from one of her steamy romance novels!

"I know how you like it," he told her. "I can't explain how I know, but I do. You like it really, really, really rough. And I know, that you know, that rough is the only way I fuck. Dad isn't taking care of you. He just can't be. You need a real man to attend to your needs, and do you want to know something, Mom?"

She eagerly awaited his reveal.

"You're a very, very, very lucky girl, because you just so happen to live with a real man, and that man loves you more than anyone else on the planet. So, from this moment forward, a day will never go by where your needs aren't my number one priority."

Feeling her son's cock begin to grow against her lower back caused her to gasp. Somehow, the stakes had been raised even higher.

"How does Dad keep his hands off you?" he asked, his fingers sinking deeper into her shoulders. "Every inch of you is perfect."

"Tha-tha-thanks, baby," she smiled sheepishly.

She had to be lost in a dream. How else could she explain cozying up in the bathroom with her own son? And under no circumstances could he actually massage her, naked, and with his cock pressed against her back! And the latter continued to get bigger and bigger! She couldn't see it, but she could definitely feel it, and it didn't remind her at all of his father. It was big, thick, and powerful.

The struggle to control herself intensified with each passing minute. She took a deep breath and pushed further back into him, resulting in a deep moan from the stud to her rear. It was

exactly what the sexually deprived mom needed in her mundane life.

"You even smell amazing," he told her, moving his mouth back to her ear. He lowered his voice to a whisper again. "You're still going to feel me when you pick Dad up from the airport on Monday. That's what I'm going to do to you, Mom. I'm going to make you mine."

His big hands slithered down from her shoulders and ran along her arms, putting her budding nerves at ease.

"So, enjoy the rest of your massage," he smiled while leaning back again. "Because ten minutes from now, you won't even remember your name. Close your eyes and I'll let you know when it's time. Love you, Mom."

She felt a kiss on the top of her brunette head as she closed her eyes. Everything would change in only ten minutes. She would finally receive the attention that she so badly craved.

She would finally experience a real man. She would finally be owned.

She let out a long exhale and allowed herself to fall into a deep state of relaxation.

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"It's time, Mom."

Emily opened her eyes and immediately spun around. Kevin wasn't there. She spun back and looked at the side of the tub. No wine glasses. His jeans weren't on the floor, his shirt wasn't draped over the toilet seat, and the bath remained void of any signs of him. But it all seemed so real! Her shoulders felt looser and she could still feel his erect manhood pressed against her back!

She picked her phone up off the floor, opened her texts, and sent her son a message.

Are you okay?

Send.

She waited impatiently. What if her dream was a sign? What if Kevin was drinking and her vision was a warning that something bad would happen? What if his car had slammed into a telephone pole on a backcountry road and no one knew about it? Something happened! She could feel it! Something wrong took place and she would always remember how she'd fantasized about the love of her life while he unknowingly suffered somewhere! What kind of mother was she? Hell, what kind of person was she?

Her phone buzzed.

Yeah. Why?

She let out a deep exhale of relief, but her concerns weren't gone just yet.

Are you drinking?

Send.

Seconds later, her phone buzzed.

No. Are you ok?

Another exhale was joined by a big smile as the weight of the world fell from her shoulders. Her little angel was fine and everything was right again with the world.

I'm great! Have fun!

Send.

Her phone buzzed again.

Thanks. I'll be home soon.

She returned her phone to its place on the floor and sank back into the warm water. Was her dream really all that bad? She didn't hurt anyone. In fact, her fantasy version of Kevin did the world a great service. He promised to take care of her sexual needs, and that was something that her husband sure the hell didn't do.

Part of her could really see her son doing those things in the bathtub with her too. He'd never crossed the line with her in that way before, but she knew that he had it in him. He most likely wouldn't be so brass and straightforward with her, but then again, maybe he would? But why would he? He was a good-looking, charismatic, eighteen-year-old jock who'd spent the majority of his senior year dating a gorgeous blonde. He wouldn't want anything to do with his mom. God,

why did she even ponder this insanity? Nothing would ever happen between them!

In the real world, at least.

Emily closed her eyes, leaned her head back against the edge of the tub, and allowed her hand to descend her body until her fingers found her clit. She planned to finish her wild dream her way. She was the author of her fictional romance, and she liked the idea of Kevin not being able to wait those fifteen excruciatingly long minutes. What if he had to have her in the tub?

She bit her lower lip and let out a soft moan. Tonight, in her fantasy, Kevin would fuck her in ways that Tom never had.

Chapter 6: Dating

"So, I'm sitting there, when suddenly Ms. H puts her hand on my thigh!"

A collection of gasps could be heard over the loud music blaring from the living room.

"I look at her, and her eyes are locked on mine. I can tell that she wants it."

"What happened next?" a voice asked.

"She told me regardless of how I do on this test, that she'll need to see me for some 'personal tutoring.'"

"Holy shit!" several classmates shouted.

Kevin rolled his eyes from his spot on the sofa. Their little get-together had somehow turned into a party on this Friday night. Not that he minded the change in plans. His friends loved throwing parties, after all. What truly annoyed him was having to listen to Zach's ridiculous story for the fifteenth time. Somehow, his tale became more outlandish every time he recited it.

"What do you think she means?" someone asked.

"Dude, I'm telling ya, her hand was like three inches from my dick," Zach addressed his classmate. "I've never felt someone so horny in my life. She's so dick deprived. I could've had that slut gagging on my cock if I really wanted to."

Zach's previous version of his encounter had Ms. H's hand placed on his knee. Kevin began to wonder if his friend even saw Ms. H after school that day.

"Dude, you gotta record it!" someone shouted. "Get Ms. H on video!"

"I'll try," Zach answered. "I can't guarantee it, though."

Kevin turned his head to see Jessica Kowalski take a seat next to him on the sofa. She had a red plastic cup in her hand and a big smile on her cute face. The blonde-haired, blue eyed beauty caught the eye of every guy she encountered throughout her day.

"Hey, Kevin!" she greeted him.

"Hey, Jess," he said with a welcoming smile.

The two had known each other since middle school, but that was really the extent of their relationship. He always kind of had a thing for her, to be completely honest. There was something about his five-foot-one, and barely one hundred pound Polish classmate that got him going. Was it her innocent, cute, girly voice? Or maybe it was her petite frame that he wanted to see just how far could be pushed? Whatever

it was, he wasn't exactly disappointed to find himself in her presence.

"I heard about Ella," Jessica told him. "Sorry."

He shrugged his shoulders and took a sip from his water bottle. "It happens."

"You don't want a beer?" she asked.

"I'm driving," he answered.

She gave him a quick smile. "So, what happened? With Ella?"

He shrugged his shoulders once again. "I don't know. Just some shit."

"Just some shit?" she laughed.

"Yeah, it really wasn't anything in particular. I think we're just different people, you know?"

"I know all about that feeling," she nodded, lowering her voice to a whisper. "Just between us, Mike and I are through next week."

"What?" he asked, surprised.

She leaned in closer. "I'm dumping him."

"Why?"

"He's driving me nuts. I get accused of cheating almost every day. I go to school with eight hundred guys. Sorry, but eventually I'm going to talk to some of them! And when I do, it's obviously because I want to fuck them," she said sarcastically. "He's exhausting!"

One detail didn't add up for him. "But why next week?"

"My birthday is Wednesday," she smiled.

"Happy Birthday!" he smiled back before it suddenly clicked for him. "Wait a minute..."

"He gives awesome presents!" she said, unable to conceal her naughty smirk.

"Jess, are you kidding me?"

"He gave me an iPad for Christmas!" she said excitedly. "A freakin' iPad! It's so awesome! I use it all the time!"

He couldn't help but shake his head. "You're waiting to break up with him because you want a birthday present?"

She took a deep breath. "I know, I know...but an iPad! So, imagine what he got me for my birthday!"

He turned toward his table of friends where Zach continued to tell his story. Jess used her boyfriend for a birthday present? And she admitted it without a hint of embarrassment or shame? These were the girls that he was surrounded by?

"And my point is that I thought we always kind of had a thing," she said after he turned back to her. She suddenly grew shy. "I know it was back in tenth grade, but I always noticed you looking at me in geometry, and I always had a bit of a crush on you."

He never expected to hear anything like that. "You did?"

She nodded with a smile, still looking down.

Every part of the man in him said to pursue her. She was beautiful, tiny, and possessed a sexual energy that he could feel. And she made the move on him! He didn't even have to do any work! But he couldn't look past what she'd told him

just moments ago. He couldn't be with a person like her. Even if it was only casual dating.

"You know, it's just...um...kind of soon," he struggled to find the right words.

"I know, I probably should've waited. Can I see your phone real quick?"

He unlocked his phone and handed it to his petite blonde classmate. He watched her create a contact for herself and hand it back to him.

"Text me once you get over Ella, okay?"

He nodded hesitantly.

"Awesome! See you around!" she smiled before heading back over to her group of girlfriends.

He should've spoken his mind. He should've at least asked her what kind of person she was. What type of human being uses someone for monetary gifts? It was disgusting!

But he didn't do anything. Part of him didn't want to make a scene, but another part of him felt like a sellout. What good were his values if he didn't stand up for them? But maybe it was better to handle things the way he did? He would never date Jessica, so why bother making an enemy out of her? He did know one thing, however. It was a rather depressing fact as well.

The list of dateable girls his own age dwindled with each passing day.

Chapter 7: Sour Cream and Baked Potatoes

Saturday. 1:15 PM.

Emily slept in for the first time in recent memory. The house felt so peaceful and calm without Tom's negative presence filling the walls. She was able to let her guard down and relax, and as vivid as her dream was last night about Kevin, the fantasy that followed felt even more realistic.

They never managed to make it to his room after she closed her eyes and drifted off to a more loving world. They never even made it out of the bathroom. She ended up bent over the sink, dripping wet, and watching her reflection in the mirror as her son hammered away inside her. Her hips and breasts bounced with every pump, but the intense look that covered his handsome face was what drove her the wildest. It was like something out of an erotic novel that she would read.

How many people actually had sex in front of a mirror? She did last night!

Well, at least in her dreams.

She strolled into the kitchen, still dressed in her blue flannel pajamas. A disappointed huff escaped from her lips when she looked out the sliding glass door and into the backyard. Why did it have to be cloudy?

It all started last spring when Tom decided that he didn't feel like cutting the lawn anymore. Heaven forbid that he used their self-propelled mower to actually get some exercise. Call her sexist or old-fashioned, but there were certain chores that belonged to men, and yardwork was absolutely one of them.

She didn't have a problem helping or occasionally doing it either, but shouldn't a real man want to maintain his yard? What kind of guy sat inside and watched his wife cut the lawn? Her first and only effort to cut the grass was rather short-lived, because she only made it forty seconds before she felt a

tap on her shoulder. She turned to see Kevin standing behind her with his earbuds in. He refused to allow her to cut the grass, and from that point on, her son took over their home's lawn care.

Kevin helped out more around the house as the years went by. She would go downstairs to fold a load of laundry, only to find it already done. She would see that the dishwasher was clean, go run a few errands, and return home to find it empty. Kevin never said anything either. He never looked for praise. Instead, he just did it.

And whether his motivation involved making her life easier or not, she couldn't express how much she appreciated his help. In fact, she looked forward to him cutting the grass like nothing else. She found herself making excuses to be in the living room when he cut the front yard, and then in the kitchen when he made his way to the back. She always wanted to be able to see him through the windows. Because he always decided to go shirtless on warm and sunny days, and she turned into a lovestruck high school girl the second his clothes came off.

But no luck today. The unusually warm temperatures from earlier in the week had dipped back down to normal, resulting in Kevin cutting the grass with a t-shirt on. She swiftly noticed a handwritten note on the granite countertop.

Mom,

I want you to take it easy this weekend with Dad gone. Think of it as a mini vacation. You're NOT to do ANY housework, yardwork, or cooking! Your job this weekend is to mellow out and relax. There's a smoothie for you in the fridge and I'm making dinner tonight. You're not helping!

- Kevin.

Her face lit up with joy as she opened the refrigerator to find a green smoothie waiting for her. This felt spooky. It eerily resembled her dream where Kevin told her the same thing when they were in the bathtub together. He'd instructed her

to take the weekend off while massaging her shoulders. It was crazy!

She reread his note to make sure that her eyes didn't play tricks on her. Was this some kind of sign? Maybe last night's dream wasn't so far-fetched? She felt herself getting worked up and excited. An entire weekend with her son where she didn't have to do anything! This would be so awesome!

She downed her smoothie, changed into her gym clothes, grabbed her car keys, and headed out the door for a rare Saturday afternoon workout.

6 PM.

"Where's the sour cream!?"

Emily smiled from her position on the family room sofa. She sprawled on her back along the comfortable cushions while she watched television mindlessly. It was a job that typically

belonged to Tom, and she couldn't help but feel a bit jealous at the moment. Being a lazy bum wasn't such a bad life, after all.

"Top shelf!" she shouted back in the direction of the kitchen.

He was actually doing it! Kevin cut the lawn, cleaned the house, folded the laundry, and was now cooking the two of them dinner! All without her helping or having to lift a finger! She was so lucky. How many mothers had a son like hers?

"I don't see it!"

She had to thank him for all that he did, but how? She obviously couldn't act on any of her sexual fantasies, and she didn't want to bake him any more desserts because he always complained about how much junk food he ate. So, how could she properly thank him? Would simply expressing her gratitude verbally do the trick? Or maybe she should buy him something? But what would he want?

"Mom!?"

"It's on the top shelf!" she yelled again.

"You already told me that!" he shouted from the kitchen. "I don't see it!"

She rolled off the soft polyester fabric and made her way into the kitchen. When she entered, she saw her son squatted in front of the refrigerator, looking through the shelves. She walked behind him and smiled.

"Baby, I'm looking right at it."

"Where?" he asked.

"Top shelf. White container."

"That's yogurt," he told her.

"Look again, sweetheart," she giggled.

Kevin reached for the container and let out an annoyed huff. "What the hell!? I looked at this like twenty times and thought it was yogurt!"

"Um, are you sure that you don't need any help in here?" she asked. While she appreciated his effort, she didn't exactly look forward to eating a lackluster dinner.

He shut the fridge and walked over to the oven. "Nope, you aren't doing a thing. In fact, you can go ahead and take a seat because we're almost ready."

She strutted over to the kitchen table in her black yoga pants and pink tank top. "This is really awesome!"

"You don't even know what we're having yet," he laughed, opening the oven door and retrieving a glass cooking dish with an oven mitt over his hand. "First, we have skinless baked chicken soaked in a light layer of olive oil and natural lemon juices."

"Mm-hmm," she exaggeratedly moaned from her chair.

"Next, we have baked potatoes with a light sour cream, spinach, chopped chives, and red pepper filling."

"Um...okay," she said with a curious smile. She was up for trying something new tonight.

"And lastly, we have broccoli with a very, very, and I know how you are--so very--light layer of cheddar cheese melted over the top of it."

She could feel her stomach rumble. "That sounds fantastic!"

"It better be!" he laughed. "It took me long enough!"

He carried several dishes over to the table and made both himself and his mother a plate. He fortunately remembered something as he walked back to the counter, soon returning with a tall dinner candle. He lit it after placing it in the center of the table. Two glasses of red wine followed and the table was finally set.

"I would've dressed up if I knew all of this was coming," she joked.

"No kidding, Mom," he teased, sitting down in the chair directly across the table from her. "Here I am in basketball shorts and a t-shirt like a gentleman."

"Wine?" she asked, raising her eyebrows as she watched him lift his glass to his lips. The similarities between today and last night gave her goosebumps.

"After all this?" he looked down at the table. "I think I deserve it."

She cut into her baked chicken with a laugh. "I've never had a man cook for me."

"Are you serious?"

She nodded.

"Dad never did?"

"Nope, and none of my boyfriends before your dad did either. This is a first," she said.

"Well, I can't think of anyone who deserves it more than you," he told her. "I want to start doing this more often. You shouldn't have to cook every day."

"It's not that big of a deal, baby."

"It is, though," he argued. "I go to school, workout, and then I'm tired. You go to work, come home and clean, cook, go to the gym, and do everything else, and you're still going. You're like Superwoman!"

She glanced down at the table with an embarrassed smile.

"It's crazy!" he continued. "Most girls have a handful of good qualities, but you have like a thousand. It's unfair to the rest of the female population."

She continued to look down, avoiding eye contact with her son. "Like what?"

"Huh?"

"My qualities," she said quietly. "What do you like about them?"

Maybe it came off as desperate or pathetic, but she was in the mood to listen to him fawn over her. All she ever heard from Tom was negativity, and his version of spoiling her involved half-heartedly acknowledging her when she did something extremely nice for him. It'd become a fantasy to not only hear someone appreciate her, but rave about how amazing she was, and she wouldn't pass up such an opportunity.

He laughed to himself, causing her to look up from the table with a curious expression. "You know, when I was younger, I used to think that everyone was like you. Especially women. I thought if you asked a girl for help, that she would immediately drop whatever she was doing to help you. And then when I reached middle school and watched you run a bunch of the fundraisers programs, I realized that the other parents weren't anything like you. I actually felt bad when none of them helped or offered to do anything. It felt like you were being taken advantage of. Everyone would say, 'Kevin's mom will do it,' but then I realized that's just who you are. You're an amazing, caring, generous person who only wants to make everyone's life better. It's so unbelievably rare. Even

little things like when you know that I like a certain food or drink, so you always buy it for me when you go shopping. It's so thoughtful."

She stared across the table with her mouth agape.

"And I can't get enough of your sense of humor," he continued. "Like, you laugh at so much stuff that only my friends find funny. Ella would always tell me to grow up and stop being immature, but I can't help it if I find perverted and crude things funny! Remember when Dad and I got into that argument because I told him that Rebecca from my school could squat twice as much as him?"

She laughed while she reflected on that memorable dinner years ago.

"Ella rolled her eyes and told me to stop being sexist when I made a comment about how masculine Rebecca looks. She told me that Rebecca is a strong woman who doesn't need a man, and she shouldn't be looked down upon because she

doesn't strut around like a slut. I was making a joke and she got all uptight! Like a lot of girls do! But not you! You were right there with me, telling Dad that he couldn't bench press as much as her either. We find the same stuff funny, we have tons of things in common, and we can talk about anything. You're just different. In a good way."

She wasn't entirely sure what to say.

"And you're way smarter than I'll ever be too. And not just book smarts. You have a level of common sense that none of my previous girlfriends' had. You can change a flat tire, check your car's oil, and jump start a dead battery. Hell, half my guy friends couldn't do that stuff! And that's just you as a person!"

"As a person?" she questioned.

He unexpectedly turned shy. "I'm not going to get into all the other stuff I love about you."

"Like what?" she asked curiously.

He shook his head gingerly. "I can't, Mom."

"Come on..." she encouraged him to continue while scooping some of her baked potato onto her fork. "Like what?"

"It's...it's weird. I can't."

"Sweetheart, I want to hear it." She was done playing coy. Someone finally praised her and she didn't want it to stop. Regardless of what direction it might be headed.

"Okay, but you have to promise that you won't get mad or weirded-out," he told her while picking at his chicken.

"I would never get mad at you," she promised.

"Well, I love a lot about you...you know...physically."

Her heart stopped beating. "You do?"

"Yeah. I mean, where do you want me to start?"

She gazed across the table anxiously, wondering what she'd done to find herself in such a paradise.

"Well, I guess I'll start at the top," he told her with a newfound confidence. "I love your long, wavy, brown hair. I love how it runs just past your shoulders, but sometimes gets a little messy on top. It looks so cute when it's like that."

She'd never smiled more in her life.

"I've loved all of your hairstyles," he continued. "The bangs you had when I was younger, the times you decide to put it in a ponytail, and when you wear it in a bun too. You always look incredible."

"You liked my bangs?" she asked.

"I loved your bangs!" he replied robustly. "The way that they ended at your eyebrows while your long hair flowed down the sides of your head. No one wears their hair like that! And I have no idea why! It looks amazing! Especially on you!"

She looked down at the table with a shy smirk. He loved her bangs? She hadn't worn bangs in almost a decade, but he still remembered them! It was the cutest thing ever!

"And you have the most incredible brown eyes."

She instantly looked up and locked them onto the angel across the table.

"There have been so many times when you're talking to me, but I don't hear a word you're saying. I just look into your eyes and get completely lost."

She blushed.

"Your entire face is beautiful. I'm really not just saying that either. You're incredibly pretty. I don't mean anything bad by it, but especially for someone, you know...your age...I guess. I mean, my friends' moms don't look like you. You have this...what would you call it...glow?"

A curious expression overtook her face. "Glow? What's a glow?"

"I'm not totally sure," he confessed. "You just have something about you. Like, something changes if you walk into the room and sit in the recliner next to me while I'm on the couch watching TV."

She wasn't sure if she followed. "Well, you're not alone anymore."

"No, no, no," he shook his head. "It's something else. There's a certain energy. An enthusiasm, maybe? I'm not totally sure

what to call it. I could be in a bad mood, you walk into the room, and I'm suddenly not anymore. You don't even have to say anything. You just have to be you. Your presence makes everything better."

Her face was beaming.

"I can feel it right now," he told her. "You just have this positivity surrounding you. Sometimes, when I don't see you for a while, I find myself missing it. I've never met anyone else who has it."

She was speechless.

His eyes dropped lower as he took a deep breath. He needed to check before he crossed the line. "Do you really want me to continue?"

Was that a serious question? She wouldn't dream of putting an end to this! It was everything that she wanted!

"It might get a little personal," he warned her.

She never broke eye contact with her son. "Continue."

"Okay," he smiled, lowering his eyes yet again. He couldn't believe what he was about to say.
"Your...um...ti...bo...your...bust?"

"My bust?" she asked, grinning with her eyebrows raised.
"What year is it?"

"No good?" he laughed.

"Maybe if it was 1950," she teased. "My bust..."

"You have a very impressive chest."

She tilted her head from side-to-side as she pretended to debate with herself. "I guess that chest works."

"They drove Ella insane," he disclosed.

Somehow, the surprises kept coming. "Excuse me?"

"Your boobs," Kevin clarified brazenly. "It was one of the many problems that Ella had with you."

She was flabbergasted. "Ella had problems with me!? I thought that we got along!?"

"She had problems with everyone, but she was super insecure about her boobs. There was a stretch where it was all she talked about. How she wanted a D-cup. I would tell her that she was being ridiculous. She's super skinny so her boobs are fine for someone her size, but it was D-cup this and D-cup that. I know that I'll run into her one day, and she'll have big,

fake boobs. All she has to do is ask her dad. Not everyone's as lucky as you. And that leads me to your waist."

"I'm sure that she wasn't jealous of that!" she laughed.

"Mom, I'm so proud of you. Listen, I've always thought that you looked amazing. There was never a point where I thought you were overweight, or out of shape, or whatever, and I'm serious about that. But the changes you've made over the past few months have been incredible. The way you're eating and working out is great. And not just for your appearance, but for your health. I can see noticeable changes in you. You look awesome!"

"Thanks, baby!" she smiled, glowing from ear-to-ear. "That means so much to me!"

A few moments of silence passed while the two picked at their food.

She decided to break the ice. "Is that it?"

His eyes remained locked on his plate. Surprisingly, he began to laugh. "What do you think?"

She knew the answer. Only one part of her remained, it just so happened to be what Tom mocked her about relentlessly. Her big, fat, annoying butt. But as much as Tom's harassment about her backside annoyed her, the only person's opinion she truly cared about could be found sitting across the table.

She cleared her throat and opened her mouth, unsure of what to say. "Well, um--"

"Your ass is insane."

Her jaw dropped. As outlandish as their discussion was, his latest declaration took the cake. "Excuse me?"

"Your ass," he smiled, still looking down at his half-eaten chicken. "It's insane."

"What does...um...what does that mean?"

"Ella hated your butt too," he told her. "Even more than your boobs."

"What did I ever do to that girl?" Emily asked. And her ass was insane? Was that a bad thing? And why did his ex-girlfriend hate her so much? And why would he date a girl who hated his own mother? She had so many questions!

"That's why we stopped hanging out here," he said, finally looking up from his food. "Because I was tired of listening to her bitch every time she saw you. It eventually got to the point where I just lied and said that I liked hanging out at her place."

"She bitched every time she saw me?"

"She was so unbelievably jealous of you," he nodded. "She would never admit it but it was obvious."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said in a confused tone.

"Every time you ever walked by in yoga pants or anything tight, she always had a comment about you the moment you left the room. How it was inappropriate for someone your age to dress like you do, how your butt's too big, and stuff like that. We actually only ever had one real fight and it was because of you."

That may have been the most shocking revelation of the evening. "You fought because of me?"

"I still remember it clear as day. You came home while we were hanging out on the couch watching Netflix. You did some stuff around the house before popping in to tell us that you were going to the gym. She made a comment about the way you dress the moment you shut the front door."

"What did she say?" she inquired.

"That someone with a butt like yours shouldn't be wearing pants like that. You were wearing yoga pants."

Ella was now the second person who felt that it was inappropriate for her to dress the way she did. Maybe her husband and her son's ex were right? Perhaps she was too old to try to stay at least somewhat stylish? What if she unknowingly embarrassed herself every time she went out in public?"

"So, I told her to shut her fuckin' mouth."

Her eyes bulged. "You told her what!?"

"To shut her fuckin' mouth," he repeated calmly. "I had enough. I refused to sit there and listen to someone talk about you that way."

"What happened?" she asked, sitting on the edge of her seat. She couldn't believe how he'd stuck up for her! And especially with his girlfriend!

"I told her that she was jealous of you, and it was embarrassing to watch her act like a child every time she saw you. That she shouldn't resort to making snarky remarks just because she wants a body like yours. And then she lost her shit."

"You said that to her?" Her face possessed a mixture of disbelief and admiration.

"I sure did," he told her, lifting a piece of chicken to his mouth with his fork.

"You think that she wants a body like mine?"

He decided to fill her in on something after he swallowed his food. "Every girl wants a body like yours."

She looked down at her plate with a smile, embarrassed and blushing.

"I have to come clean about something," he said, setting his silverware down on the table. "It's eaten away at me for a while too."

A concerned look grew on Emily's face as she looked up. "What is it, baby?"

"So, you know what--actually, let me start at the beginning," he said before taking a deep breath. "Okay, so stuff started changing around ten, I would say."

"Changing?" he asked.

"Yeah, changing sexually. I think it was when I was ten but I'm not positive. Or maybe I was eleven. It doesn't matter. My

point is that I started noticing everything at this point. Including you."

"Me?" she asked, somewhat caught off guard. How surreal was the past ten minutes of her life?

"Uh-huh," he laughed. "And it was around this time that you first discovered yoga pants. I actually thought that you were teasing me for a while. There I was, a constantly horny teenager, and I couldn't even get any relief in my own house, because you were walking around in skin tight nylon spandex every day."

"Oh my God, baby!" she laughed, placing her hand over her shocked mouth. "I wasn't trying to do that!"

"Well, it sure as hell felt like it. Anyway, this went on for years and I eventually came to love it. There's a reason why this is my seat at the table."

She shot him a curious look.

"Because I have a perfect view of the stove," he told her. "Listen, I love talking to you. I would talk to you with a blindfold on and still love it, but the visual perk doesn't hurt either. And when you cook for me, I always try to come down before you finish. I had to start limiting the number of times I did it so it wouldn't seem obvious, but it's a hard thing to pass up."

Her curious expression hadn't gone away.

"I have a perfect view of your butt from this seat," he said confidently while staring into his mom's eyes. He decided to confess all of his previously confidential feelings. His attention shifted to the stove while he held out his hand to show his angle. "You would cook, we would talk, and I would admire."

She did her best to hide her overwhelmed excitement. Despite her best efforts, she was all smiles. Her perfect son loved her even more than she ever imagined!

"So, for some bizarre reason, those stupid capri sweatpants became the thing when I turned fifteen. Don't get me wrong, they looked great on you, but they're all loose and baggy. After four or five years of getting used to something, it's hard to just change, but I couldn't say anything to you--obviously! So, I waited for this fad to go away, but you were still wearing them six months later just like every other girl. I ended up doing something kind of messed up."

She watched her son laugh to himself.

He was really confessing everything now. "Okay, so I started riding my bike to Grandma's and Grandpa's house once a week. I would cut the grass, drag branches out to the road, and do stuff like that. They just like to give me money so I at least try to earn it, you know? I did this for like half the summer and into the fall, which was a huge pain in the ass because of

that huge hill right before Meadowcreek Road. I made a couple hundred bucks and I can't lie, I bought some stuff for myself, but I banked most of it."

She remembered her parents telling her about how often Kevin stopped by to help out a few years ago, but she never thought anything of it. Apparently, there was a reason for his weekly visits, and she was about to find out why.

"Now, this is what I still feel guilty about," he chuckled. "I waited until like mid-December and uh...I um..."

"What?" she asked, watching him start to laugh louder.

"I waited until you and Dad were both out of the house one day, went into your dresser, took four of your five pairs of capri sweatpants, and threw them in the garbage."

"What!?" she shouted, shocked. "That's what happened to those!?"

He nodded, still laughing.

"I thought that your father did something with them and lied about it!" she said, shaking her head. "Why did you do that?"

"Do you remember what I gave you for Christmas a week later?" he grinned.

Emily thought to herself for a moment before it all suddenly made sense. "Oh, you little shit!"

He laughed loudly by this point. "I had Dad take me to the mall so I could buy you five pairs of the tightest yoga pants I could find. I ended up getting them all in black because that looks best on you."

She couldn't believe that her smile was even bigger than his. Her son was full of surprises!

"Not only did I give you your present that year, but I gave a pretty dramatic speech if I do say so myself. It was along the lines of me feeling terrible that something happened to your clothes, and I just wanted to do something to replace them."

"You told me that you tried to find capri sweatpants, but they were all sold out," she laughed, now remembering the moment clearly. "So, you got me yoga pants instead."

"From that Christmas on, your sweatpants inventory was cut to one, while your yoga pants total was bumped up to like ten. And guess what you wore around the house all the time?"

"Yoga pants," she giggled.

"Yoga pants," he confirmed. "That's what I meant when I said that your ass is insane. It made me do that. I can't believe I just told you all this. I uh...I actually bought you another gift."

"You did?"

"Well, it's for your birthday," he told her. "Do you want it early?"

"Yes!" she smiled excitedly. "Totally!"

"Are you sure? I can wait until next month if you want. It would kind of suck to not be able to give you a gift on your actual birthday."

"I'm totally sure!" she confirmed. If there was one thing that she truly loved other than her son, it was presents. And presents from her baby? Life didn't get any better than that.

"It's upstairs in my closet."

She waited at the table with anticipation.

"So, you can go get it," he told her.

"Oh, you want me to get it?" she reacted, surprised.

He nodded.

"Oh...okay."

"You see, Mom, I'm not totally sure how this will go over." he said, cutting into his chicken again.

"Oh boy, what did you throw in the garbage this time?" she groaned.

"No, it's nothing like that," he laughed. "I just think it would be best if you received it in private. I'll make a deal with you. If you don't like it, then throw it back in my closet and tell me that you don't want it. I'll return it and get you something else. But if you do like it, then it's yours to keep and do whatever you want with. Deal?"

"What did you get me?" she asked, skeptical after experiencing the single craziest dinner of her life.

"What kind of birthday present would it be if I told you? It's in my closet, under a bunch of clothes, in a pink and white bag."

She debated her options while taking one final bite of her baked potato. She simply couldn't resist the allure of a mysterious gift. "Happy Birthday to me!"

He smiled as he watched Mom jump out of her seat and head for the stairs. His eyes tracked the back of her tight black yoga pants the entire way. In fact, he was fairly certain that he bought those exact pants for her three years ago.

Chapter 8: Dessert

Three Hours Earlier.

Kevin stormed into the shopping center after slamming his car door shut in the middle of the mall parking lot. Three months had passed so it was right on cue. His right earbud suddenly died midway through cutting the lawn. Why did he always end up buying four pairs of earbuds every year? It was like he was cursed! He seriously needed to consider buying a warranty this time.

Thirty minutes later, he walked out of the electronics store with a new pair of earbuds--and no warranty. He was in a hurry. He still wanted to make it to the gym, plus he had to cook dinner tonight! And he wouldn't grab a pizza or make something simple. He wanted to cook something that Mom would actually like.

The chicken would be thawed by the time he arrived home, potatoes were in the garage, and broccoli was in the freezer. Oh, and he wanted to grab one of those tall dinner table candles on the way home too. Women love stuff like that.

He came to an abrupt stop in the middle of the shopping mall aisle. A particular idea had been stuck in his head for quite some time. It was definitely crazy and something he never imagined actually acting on, and Mom would freak if he ever did something like it, right? But things felt different between the two of them over the past year or so. Occasionally, he would catch her staring at him, and the amount of yelling and arguing with Dad had gotten worse as well. They never fought physically, but they simply weren't happy around each other.

Dad couldn't possibly satisfy Mom in the bedroom either, could he? Maybe he was wrong, though? What if Dad was a stud between the sheets? But everything about his lazy, overweight, negative father screamed dud when it came to sex. Could that be why Mom looked at him the way she did? Or maybe she never gawked at him and it was all in his head?

Shit could get real if he actually proceeded with his plan and it backfired. Like, really, really, really real. The amazing relationship that he valued with his mother--which was more important to him than anything in the world--would most likely be destroyed. This was his plan. He would look into buying Mom something for her birthday and leave it in his closet. If the moment presented itself sooner, then he would give it to her early. But if things didn't feel right when her birthday arrived, then he would bail and buy her something else instead.

He took a deep breath and walked down the aisle before making a left--right into Victoria's Secret.

He immediately felt overwhelmed. For one, he had no idea what to buy. There were nighties, corsets, bras, panties, t-shirts, and so much more. Where should he even begin?

"Can I help you?"

Kevin turned around to see a cute blonde store worker in her mid-twenties greet him with an inviting smile. "I'm just looking."

"For something in particular?" she asked.

"I'm...not...totally sure," he hesitated.

"Okay," the salesgirl laughed. "Are you getting something for your girlfriend?"

He nodded.

"A lot of girls your age love our sweatpants."

"No!" he shouted without a moment of indecision. "I mean...no thanks. She's not into sweatpants."

His passionate reaction caught her by surprise. "Well, what's she into?"

"Um...sexier things."

"Lots of younger girls love thongs," the cute blonde told him.

Now, that was right up his alley. "Yes, she would...she does...love thongs."

"Follow me," she smiled before leading him to the back of the store. "Now, we have thongs, and we have thong and bra sets as well."

He experienced that familiar overwhelmed feeling when he looked at the wall of choices. Why the hell were there so many options to choose from? And how was he supposed to know what she would want? Chances were that he would never give it to Mom anyway, but it needed to be perfect on the off-chance that he actually did.

He turned his attention to the salesgirl. "Let's say I was buying something for you. What would you want?"

"Personally, I like something a little more than just a basic bra and panties set," she answered. "Oh, I'll show you what my boyfriend got me for Valentine's Day!"

She led him further along the wall until she stopped and pointed.

"Where's the bra?" he asked.

"There isn't any," she grinned.

He looked at something called a "mesh slip." It possessed a similar appearance to a very short, spaghetti strap one-piece miniskirt dress. There were a few noticeable differences, however. One, the black mesh was see-through. Two, it came with a black thong. Three, there wasn't a bra. The see-through top left the breasts and nipples completely exposed.

"And you like that?" he asked with his eyes locked on the outfit.

"I love it," she smiled. "And so does my boyfriend."

"I'll take it."

"Awesome," the blonde said. "What's her size?"

"Oh shit," he muttered.

The salesgirl immediately laughed. "Don't worry, I'm used to hearing that. What's her body type?"

He looked around the store for a woman who resembled his mother. Suddenly, a woman in her early to mid-thirties walked through the entrance. He pointed at her.

He needed to clarify a few important details first. "Her, but thicker. But not like fat thick. Like, fit thick. She works out and takes care of herself. You know how a lot of fat girls call themselves thick but they're actually fat? She's not one of them. She's thick, but in the right places."

"I got it," she said with a big smile. She picked a set from the shelf below and looked at him. "I'll meet you at the counter."

Maybe he would actually see Mom wear this one day? Or maybe he should keep dreaming?

Back to Current Day.

Emily slipped into her son's messy bedroom, stepping over dirty laundry scattered on the floor as she made her way to his closet. She couldn't remember the last time that she felt so excited! How wild was their conversation over dinner? Kevin admitted to being sexually attracted to her! Not only that, but he loved her butt! And he loved it so much that he went out of his way to make sure she regularly wore yoga pants! Plus,

he planned his schedule around seeing her dressed in them! She finally felt desired for the first time in close to two decades. She felt lusted after. She felt like a woman.

She opened his closet door and peeked inside. It didn't come as much of a surprise to discover that it was a mess--just like his bedroom--but she didn't care. Today, her only concern involved what was under that mess. She tossed his clothes to his bedroom floor behind her as she searched for his mystery bag.

Her heart stopped. Not only did she find the bag, but she read the black lettering across the pink and white design. He'd bought her a gift from Victoria's Secret! She quickly reached inside and pulled out her present.

She gasped to herself alone in her son's room. It was a black mesh slip and a black thong, and the mesh was completely see-through! He wanted to see her in this!? Maybe she shouldn't have been surprised after the conversation they just had, though? Perhaps this was the perfect way to thank him?

Not only for dinner, but for everything he did around the house as well.

She dropped the lingerie back into the bag, scurried into her own room and dug through her closet, and quickly found herself in the upstairs bathroom. She took a deep breath and slid down her yoga pants.

Five Minutes Later.

Emily had never felt sexier. She did a half-turn in the mirror and smiled when she saw her butt in her thong. Kevin was right. Her ass really was great. All of her hard work in the gym and healthy eating had knocked ten years off her backside. It was perky, big, and apparently right up her son's alley, and she was pleasantly surprised with what she saw when she spun around to soak in her frontal view. Her stomach was flatter than it'd been since college, and her boobs still possessed an impressive perk despite her youth being well in her past.

Could she just strut into the kitchen like this? In a see-through mesh slip that barely reached her upper-thighs? And a thong too? It certainly seemed too straightforward, didn't it?

She noticed her bathrobe hanging from the shower rod behind her. She slipped it on, tied it closed, stepped into a pair of black stiletto heels, and headed downstairs.

Click. Click. Click.

Kevin's ears perked up. Was that the sound of high heels?

Click. Click. Click.

Whatever the noise was, it was getting closer. Suddenly, Mom appeared in the hallway, and returned to her seat at the kitchen table nonchalantly.

This wasn't what he'd expected. He'd planned for one of two things. One, and by far the most likely, was she would rejoin

him dressed in yoga pants. Two, on the off-chance that his gift did in fact go over well, he would see her wearing an incredibly sexy see-through mesh slip.

The problem was that neither of those two possibilities unfolded. She simply sat across from him in a black silk bathrobe and high heels, and resumed eating her dinner as if nothing extraordinary had taken place over the past half-hour. It was more than enough to confuse him.

"So?" he asked, curious if he was missing something.

She finished chewing her mouthful of food before acknowledging his question. "I have something to come clean about too."

"What?"

"I have something to come clean about too," she repeated.

He waited for whatever it was that she had to tell him.

She took a sip of wine before smirking at her son. "I don't buy you tank tops because you like them."

"Huh?"

"I buy them because I like them," she said. "I like how they look on you, and I was annoyed when I looked out the window today to see that it was overcast."

He didn't follow.

"The weather was nice earlier in the week, but now it's a bit chilly again," she told him.

"What are you talking about, Mom?" he asked, confused.

She took another sip of wine before turning her attention back to him once more. "I got pretty excited when I heard the lawn mower this afternoon."

"Am I missing something here?"

"I look forward to watching you mow the lawn without your shirt on every week," she said as her eyes locked onto her son. "It annoys me when it's cold out and you wear a t-shirt."

He wasn't sure what he was hearing. Was Mom teasing him? "You're messing with me, right?"

"Take your shirt off."

Now, he was really baffled. "Excuse me?"

"Take your shirt off," she repeated with a grin. "It's warm enough in here."

"You want me to sit here shirtless?"

"I'm in a bathrobe, so I don't think it's too crazy of a request," she said.

"Well, what's under your bathrobe?" he questioned.

She smiled at him, her face containing a healthy blend of love and lust. "You're never going to find out as long as your shirt is on."

He laughed while raising his t-shirt over his head and setting it on the kitchen table. Watching Mom bite her lower lip revved his engine like nothing ever had. He couldn't believe that she seemed equally as turned on as he did!

"My turn now," he grinned.

Her smitten eyes refused to leave her son's body as she salivated at his physique from across the kitchen table.

"Open it."

Her eyes finally shifted up to his face to find him gazing at her robe. "Excuse me?"

"Open it," he repeated, pointing at her silk bathrobe.

"What happened to your manners?" she asked with a smirk. "I raised you better than that."

"Open it."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Open it...please," he asked slyly.

She leaned back in her seat and allowed her hand to sink to the end of the dangling belt before pulling it ever so slowly. The left side of her bathrobe fell off her shoulder as she focused solely on his reaction. She needed to see if she could live up to his high expectations.

His mouth dropped to the floor.

She slid the silky material off her right shoulder, letting it fall down to her waist as well. She sat in her chair with the upper-half of her robe in her lap, but as good as she felt about herself, the only person's opinion she cared about sat across the table, and he definitely didn't disappoint. Her baby was in awe.

"You like?" she asked playfully.

He tried to respond, but decided to concede the impossible task of forming a coherent sentence. Ten minutes ago, he finally admitted how crazy Mom drove him. Now, she sat at the table, dressed in the see-through mesh slip that he'd bought for her. She'd accepted his provocative gift!

Her chest was unbelievable. Large areolas complemented her busty breasts as her pink nipples demanded his attention. He'd found himself staring at her tits thousands of times as the years went by, but never imagined finding himself in such a fortunate position. How could she be so perky? While she didn't exactly possess the lift of an eighteen-year-old girl, her tits were still perfect--just like every part of his stunning mother.

An idea suddenly came to him as he tried his best to string a sentence together. "Hey, um...pep...can you-you pass me the-the pepper?"

She glanced down and searched the table with her eyes. While such a request wouldn't have seemed peculiar just a few days ago, everything had changed after his confession over dinner. Innocence no longer existed. His simplest request could contain an alternative meaning, and she quickly discovered that this was one of those times.

She wanted to milk this moment for all it's worth. She didn't need to look behind her to know that the pepper was on the kitchen counter. Her baby would always remember the first time that he saw her butt in a thong, so she needed to make it special. He desperately wanted to live up to his acclaim.

She rose to her feet, allowing her robe to fall to the floor below.

Kevin's eyes shifted from his mother's breasts, down along her tummy, and settled on the front of her thong. The black nylon lace soon gave way to her creamy hip as he watched her begin to turn. It was only moments away now.

"Oh, you gotta be fuckin' kidding me."

She giggled thanks to her son's raunchy comment while she faced the counter with her back to the table. It wasn't until she peeked behind her that she found herself on cloud nine. The same butt that Tom mocked her for, was what left her hunky son smitten. He appeared so enamored with her!

She wanted to drown in his visual praise and approval, but if standing in place drove him crazy, then what would walking do? She took a slow, sexy, deliberate step toward the counter while the sound of her heels clicked on the vinyl floor. For once, she felt truly sexy.

A masculine growl resonated from the table.

She continued her confident strut toward the pepper. When she arrived at the counter, she placed her hands on the granite surface and froze, allowing her son to immerse himself in her body from a distance.

Kevin had never been harder. Ella, his girlfriend before Ella, and the time he hooked-up with Kate Gomez at a party couldn't compare to the effect that his mother had on him before. Mom's ass was unlike anything he'd ever seen in person. It was big, but not too big. Her backside was toned and perky from the countless number of hours spent in the gym, and the magnificent curve caused him to wonder if she was

really forty-four years old. He'd stared at her butt from this exact seat for years, but not once did he ever imagine seeing her like this.

Emily retrieved the small bottle of pepper and walked back to the table.

He needed more of her ass. The last fifteen seconds of his life were permanently tattooed on his brain. Every time he looked at Mom, he would see her dressed in a sexy mesh slip, with her immaculate ass swallowing her tiny black thong. And it was an outfit that he'd bought her! Something about that felt different. It was like she was his. It was almost as if she was one of his girlfriends who was excited to model a sexy piece of lingerie for him, except she wasn't his girlfriend. She was his mother!

She arrived at the table and stood next to her son, posing to let him continue to admire her body. She casually leaned forward, pushing her breasts together with her arms.

"Pepper, baby?" she asked, purring for his delight.

His eyes slowly climbed her body until he reached her eyes. He could only nod.

She smiled before lightly sprinkling his food with the seasoning. She watched his eyes descend from her face before settling on her exposed breasts, only to lean back in his seat and turn his head to take in the side of her butt. When she noticed this, she swiftly adjusted her angle to expose more of her backside to him.

Another deep growl escaped from the hunk seated at the table.

"Good, baby?" Emily asked.

"More, " he grunted, his eyes still fixated on her ass.

"That's a lot of pepper," she played along with a smile as she continued to sprinkle the spice onto his food.

"I know," he moaned, unable to look away from her butt. "It's just so good."

She gave one last firm thrust with the small bottle before walking back to her chair and sitting down. The way that her son gawked at her made her feel alive. It brought a unique energy to her life.

"Dinner was great," she said.

His lustful expression went unchanged while he moved his attention to her beautiful face.

"So, do you have anything else planned for tonight?" she inquired sheepishly. "It's my big weekend, after all."

Kevin grinned.

Twenty-Seven Minutes Later.

"Oh my God, baby!"

Emily found herself in a place where she never would've imagined before this Saturday evening. She was sprawled the length of her son's comfortable bed, on her back, with her head rested on his pillow while his handsome face remained between her legs.

Her thong was somewhere on the stairs. She wasn't exactly sure when she lost it, but Kevin ripped it off after a few steps. The mesh slip was probably somewhere near it as well. As sexy as the outfit looked, her son seemed to prefer the raw version of her, and she couldn't get enough of his enthusiasm.

The usual twenty-second journey from the kitchen table, down the hallway, up the stairs, along the upstairs hallway, and finally into her son's room took close to five minutes

tonight. Every step resulted in a pair of dominant hands acquainting themselves with a new part of her body. Her breasts, hips, butt, and legs were all equally attended to as she playfully pretended to run away from him on the steps, only to feel him pull her back into his grasp.

But it was when they reached the upstairs hallway that it really hit home for her. Kevin roughly pushed her against the wall and stared down into her eyes. She felt so small and vulnerable under his masculine frame, and an intense explosion burst through her body when he placed his hands on the sides of her face and kissed her. He wasn't just a good-looking hunk who she was sexually attracted to. No, he was so much more than that. He was the love of her life--who mattered so much more than anyone else in the world--and she planned to show him just how special he was to her tonight.

But her son had other plans.

"Right there!" she instructed passionately, gripping the bedspread to the sides of her hips with her shaky hands.

She wasn't sure how long he'd been at it, but her baby relentlessly did his best to do the one thing that his father hated, and he only took the occasional break to plant kisses along her thighs and legs. It didn't take him long to figure out how much attention her clit loved receiving. It was something that Tom still didn't understand.

His mouth journeyed the length of her freshly-shaven vulva before his tongue gently tickled her tight asshole. Seconds later, his loving tongue found her clit once again to give her exactly what she needed. It was something that she honestly never imagined having in her life, but she was thrilled to be proven wrong.

"That feels so good," she moaned, struggling to focus solely on her pleasure. Unfortunately, something else was on her mind.

She felt a responsibility to inform him of her situation. He needed to know that she wasn't like any of his ex-girlfriends. It wouldn't be fair to keep him in the dark regarding the fact that she needed a little extra consideration in order to get off.

"Baby," she tried to get his attention.

...

Another soft moan escaped from her between her lips as his magical tongue danced on her sensitive clit. "Baby."

...

"Baby!"

His head perked up.

"This feels amazing," she smiled down at him. "It really does! But sometimes...well...it takes me a while."

He responded with a curious look.

"To uh...um..." she hesitated, unsure of how to express her problem.

"To cum?" he asked bluntly.

She wasn't sure if it would ever sound right to hear him speak so vulgarly. "Yeah."

"And?"

She raised her eyebrows. "And?"

"Yeah," he said. "And?"

"Well, it takes like forty minutes sometimes," she said. "Other times it can take like an hour."

His focus drifted down to her glistening pussy before looking at her face once more. "I'm not quite sure if I see your point, Mom."

"I just don't want you to think that you're doing something wrong," she told him, terrified of hurting his confidence. "Because you aren't! It feels amazing! And you can totally stop if you get tired or bored."

"What?"

"If I'm taking too long or whatever," she reiterated shyly. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable or anything."

"Mom, if it takes you forty minutes to cum, then I'll be down here for forty minutes. And if it takes you four hours, then I got four hours in me."

Her angel really was perfect, wasn't he? "Really?"

His curious look returned. "Does Dad not do this for you?"

"Well, he um...he doesn't...really like to."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because of how long I take," she answered. "I know I'm a burden."

He vehemently shook his head in obvious disagreement. "Your pleasure isn't a burden, Mom. It's a priority. I want you to completely relax and free yourself. Don't worry about how long it takes or anything like that. I'm not going anywhere until you cum. Now, it seems like you love when clit receives the majority of the attention."

She bit her lip and nodded with a smile.

"Okay, so put her head back on my pillow and enjoy!"

Ten Minutes Later.

An unmistakable warmth started in the top of her head. It always started this way when she was close. It was like someone set her brain in a frying pan. Her head would heat up before the warmth reached her throat, and that's when speaking became difficult for the brunette mother of one. Shrieks, intense moans, and curse words made up the majority of her vocabulary from this point forward, but then things got even better, because that's when it felt like someone dropped a lit match inside her stomach.

A strong, powerful, burning sensation would fill her insides until it eventually hit her vagina, causing everything to explode. The warmth overtaking her body would be joined by sensitive streaks of lightning shooting through her blood. Her toes would curl and her hands would find something to

squeeze as she freed herself for those magical sixty seconds of ecstasy.

She would continue to feel on top of the world for four or five minutes before eventually descending back down from the heavens, but such an intense pleasure didn't occur during all of her orgasms. Nor did her vibrator replicate that feeling. She needed the lethal combination of a tongue and a human touch, and at this very moment, she finally had both.

She wasn't exactly sure if her surroundings had changed, because she spent the past ten minutes with her eyes shut. She'd taken her son's advice to relax and free herself. She deserved some attention, after all. Her entire life revolved around prioritizing her friends and family, so it was nice to be the center of attention for once. It would all be worth it when she felt--

Warmth abruptly filled the top of her head! It was coming!

She smiled as the heat drifted south and engulfed her face. Her throat began to tighten as...as...as she wondered what in

the world she was doing!? She was a forty-four-year-old mom, not some sex crazed coed! She'd seriously resorted to her son to fulfill her sexual needs!? What was wrong with her!?

One time! She would let herself go one time and enjoy having a real man take care of her! She just needed to cum hard and clear her mind. Everything would make sense after she did.

The warmth slipped away. She panicked while she tried to relax, but it only caused her pleasure to slide further from her grasp. Everything felt cold as her much-needed orgasm climbed to the top of her skull and vanished.

"Shit!"

His head shot up with concern. "Is something wrong?"

She stared up at her son's white bedroom ceiling, trying to control herself. She just couldn't. "AHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Holy shit, Mom! What's wrong!?"

She gazed down at Kevin to discover a distraught look on his worried face. "Nothing's wrong with you, baby."

"What the hell was that then?" he asked, confused. "With the yelling?"

"I just," she groaned, looking back up at the ceiling, "I was so close."

"What happened?"

"I don't know," she whined. "I started thinking about other things and then it went away. God, I was right there!"

"I'll get you back to where you were," he told her confidently.

"It doesn't work like that," she huffed. "It starts all over. It's going to take another forty goddamn minutes!"

He looked down at his mother's little pussy with a smile. The shiny glisten reflected the quality time spent with his mouth. "What about fingers?"

"What about 'em?" she asked.

"Do you like them?"

"I don't know," she shook her head, still frustrated.

"You've never been fingered?" he inquired.

"No, I have, but I don't know. Never during something like this."

"I think you've had some real duds in bed," he commented.

She smiled up at the ceiling. "I think you may be right."

"Okay, I'm going to try something. Now, I want you to tell me if you don't like it or it's uncomfortable. Sound good?"

She nodded. She was up for trying anything at this point.

Nine Minutes Later.

"Jeeeeeeeeesus, fuck!" Emily shouted while her hips bucked wildly. She wanted to personally shake the hands of the high school test dummies who'd made her son an expert with his fingers. Those eighteen-year-old girls were responsible for making her night.

His middle and ring fingers worked to give his mother what she so badly needed. He started slow and easy, but increased his tempo after she adjusted to the new feeling of fullness. Her

passionate cries and uncontrollable hips told him all he needed to know. She loved it.

"Oh my God, you better not stop!" she shouted with her head in the pillow as she felt his tongue wash over her clit. The oral attention from earlier started once more while his fingers remained inside her. "Right there, sweetheart! Please keep your tongue there! Right on my clit!"

The sensation stopped.

Her head bolted off the pillow to find his mouth inches from her body, and she could feel his fingers motionless inside her. "No, I said don't stop, baby! What you were doing was perfect!"

He smirked while moving his fingers inside her again, exploring the taboo fluids that drenched his skin. He would locate it eventually. Actually, right about there seemed like it.

Her entire lower-body jolted skyward as she looked into her son's eyes with bewilderment. She had no idea what just happened. His fingers moved once again, causing her entire body to shake in response. What in the world was this?

She didn't know it yet, but Kevin found her G-spot. The young man stumbled across a fingering technique video on Pornhub while surfing the internet on a bitterly cold February night earlier in the year. Something about it grabbed his attention, and he ended up watching the thirteen-minute video four consecutive times. The following day, Ella made noises on her bed that he wasn't aware could come from a girl's mouth, and he felt like he had a secret power from that moment forward.

He was eager to see how his mother would react to what drove his ex-girlfriend crazier than anything. His fingers picked up speed after they pressed against Mom's G-spot, while his tongue locked onto her clit. It was time to treat her like the queen that she truly was.

"Forget what I said!" Emily panted frantically with her head still resting on his pillow. "This! Oh my God, this! Please don't stop doing this!"

There it was! The warmth! It engrossed her forehead as her hands gripped the blankets beneath her. She had to focus. She had to let it sink down into her throat.

Suddenly, her body quivered. There was no slow build-up or excruciatingly long waiting period. One moment the warmth was in her head, and the next it was in her toes. A hot glue gun was injected into her veins as she let herself be controlled by her son's mouth and fingers. Whatever he'd done to her made her feel something truly unique, and just when she thought it couldn't get any better, a powerful burst abruptly overtook her.

She screamed as her hips thrust upwards. A warm wetness exploded throughout her insides. Her body continued to shake and shiver until she finally began to settle minutes later. The vivid intensity had passed, but a steady tingle continued

to flow along her skin. Someone other than herself had made her cum! Finally!

She lifted her head with a big smile as she felt his tongue leave her clit, but her smitten expression instantly changed after she observed the man of the hour.

Kevin smiled back at her, except something was different. His chiseled face contained an unusual glisten. Was she that wet? Come to think of it, she did feel pretty soaked. And her fluids dripped from his chin too! Just how wet was she?

She lifted her head even higher and immediately panicked at what she saw on the blankets beneath her.

"Oh my God!"

He didn't understand the reason for her panic.

"Baby, oh my God!" she shouted, horrified.

"What?" he asked.

"I-I-I peed. On your bed! And, oh my God, on you!"

He burst into laughter.

"This isn't funny! Oh my God, I'm so sorry! I need to clean this up!" she said worryingly while attempting to sit up.

He immediately pushed her back down to his bed.

"Baby, I need to clean your sheets! I can't believe what I did!"

He moved his fingers along his chin, collected a healthy dose of her fluids, and slid them into his mouth.

Her eyes nearly popped out of her head. "Oh my God, don't!"

"It's not pee, Mom," he laughed. "You squirted."

"I what?"

"You squirted," he repeated with a smirk. "I assume this was your first time?"

She nodded, flabbergasted.

"How'd it feel?"

Her nervous smile reflected a conflicted woman. "Um...it felt...good. Different, but good. God, I can't believe that I actually squirted."

He only had one thing in mind, and it involved tasting her soaked pussy again.

"No, baby, if I cum, then I can't cum again for hours," she stopped him. "It's always been that way."

He'd never met a challenge that he didn't like. It was time to show Mom just how different he was from Dad. His disappointing father may not be able to make her cum over and over again, but he didn't have much in common with his old man.

Five Minutes Later.

Emily attempted to catch her breath while she gazed up at the ceiling. Five minutes. It took her son five minutes to get her off again! His tongue never ventured from her clit throughout the entirety of those unforgettable three hundred seconds. It was a steady mixture of constant pressure, loving movements, and long strokes from his tongue. His hands thoroughly explored her body--including her heaving breasts--before his index finger eventually found her mouth, resulting in her to part her pouty lips and accept him inside. This time, there were no fingers or squirting when she climaxed. It was like he

wanted to prove that he could get her off with just his tongue, and he did it in record time.

She put an end to things after noticing him making his way between her legs for a third time. "Hey!"

His head perked up.

"My turn," she smiled, pointing at the wooden headboard behind her. "Sit."

He followed her orders without a moment of hesitation. He sat on his pillow with his back pressed against the wood to his rear, eagerly grinning at his mother with only his basketball shorts on. It was a position that he could familiarize himself with.

She needed to cross something off her bucket list before she thanked him for all he'd done for her though. She dove forward and allowed her lips to explore her son's shirtless

body from her position on her knees. Her soft, wet, hungry lips pressed into his defined muscles and rugged abs, eager to soak up his youthful energy.

She leaned back to admire the view in front of her. "Flex."

He couldn't possibly look more unamused. "I don't think so."

"Come onnnnnnnnnn," she whined. "Just do it one time."

"Who am I, fuckin' Patrick Bateman? I'm not flexing."

She gazed into his eyes, begging for him to grant her just one wish. "Ten seconds and I'm good! Please!"

"Fine," he huffed.

Her eyes gleamed at the sight of his muscles and abs tightening. She leaned in to slide her tongue along his body,

treating herself to his biceps, chest, and his abs that she craved so much. Her greedy fingers followed the trail of her wet saliva down his body, and into the waistband of his black basketball shorts. Her other hand soon joined in on the fun and tugged the polyester down around his thighs.

And that was when her jaw dropped.

"Wh-wha-what," she stuttered, unable to turn her attention away from the extremely impressive piece of meat that stood at full attention. "Wow, that's um...ver-ver-very nice."

The look on Mom's face sent a jolt of confidence through his body. Her eyes possessed a combination of hesitation, admiration, and maybe even a little fear. His above-average length and girth was something that he'd always been thankful for, but the way that Mom gazed at him made him feel like a king.

"You're...um...pretty big," she gulped nervously. An unexpected hand on the back of her head pulled her closer.

"Oh-oh-okay," she smiled as she allowed herself to be controlled. She opened her mouth and accepted her son's throbbing cockhead inside.

He moaned deeply, but it wasn't the warm, wet feeling on his dick that caused his reaction. Instead, it was the woman responsible for his state of euphoria. Being accepted by his mother changed everything. Not only was she the woman he loved the most, but she was the woman he craved the most as well, and his obsession grew as she took him deeper into her mouth.

She relaxed her throat to allow herself to take more of her son. She could easily deepthroat Tom, but Kevin unquestionably provided her with a significantly more challenging task. She was determined, though. She was ready to make him feel things that high school girls couldn't. Was it wrong to be so competitive? She couldn't help if she was protective of him. It was only natural. She was his mother.

"Ella gave amazing head."

She slid her mouth off his cock and looked up. "What?"

"Ella gave amazing head," he repeated.

She glanced down at the partially wet cock in front of her and grinned. She knew exactly what her baby was up to, and she wouldn't dare make him repeat himself. She swiftly accepted him back inside her mouth and began bobbing faster and deeper.

He lied. Ella didn't give amazing head. In fact, Ella gave mediocre head. Not only was she not orally talented, but her poor attitude and lack of effort turned him off. His mindset changed after his conversation with Mom at the dinner table, however. He knew that she had a chip on her shoulder regarding his ex-girlfriend, and he didn't see the harm in motivating the most important woman in his world.

Sloppy drool dripped down her son's towering cock as she continued to bob up and down on her new favorite toy. She had to outdo that eighteen-year-old cutie. Not only was Ella the girl who had her son last, but she apparently made plenty of nasty comments about her throughout the course of their relationship too. It was more than enough fuel to inspire her to give the best blowjob of her life.

She couldn't stop thinking about how Kevin told Ella to shut her mouth after she disrespected her! How amazing was that? She had to prove how much she appreciated him, and she was determined to show how much better she could take care of him than a younger girl.

She moved her hands under his thighs and pulled her mouth into him, impaling her throat on his thick meat. Her nose pressed into his trimmed pubic hair as she held herself there for as long as she could.

"Oh my God..." he moaned, stunned.

She gasped for air after she pulled off of him. When she looked at his cock, the entirety of his girthy erection was soaked with thick spit from the depths of her throat. She couldn't believe that she'd taken all of him!

"Could that little twat do that?" she asked with a smirk.

He shook his head, madly in love.

"Do you want to see something else that she couldn't do?" she questioned.

This time, he nodded excitedly.

She took a deep breath before plunging her mouth down on his cock again, taking the entirety of his manhood down her throat. It wasn't enough to simply hold herself at the base though. Her perfect angel could find plenty of other girls without gag reflexes. She needed to be special, and she

planned to remind her son that he never needed another girl in his life. She was the only one for him.

She cupped his nuts with her right hand, lifted them, and allowed her tongue to slide out and drag along the sensitive surface of his cum-filled balls. She felt him squirm. She sensed his aggression. For the very first time in his time, he finally had a woman capable of making him feel like a man.

A kiss awaited her when she shot off his dick in order to catch her breath. He locked lips with her as the forty-four-year-old mom made out with her eighteen-year-old son like a horny high school couple, and she couldn't get enough of her newfound sense of youth. She may have been a mom, but the stud kissing her made her feel like a cute teenager.

She was determined to give him everything that those petite high school girls couldn't. She broke off their kiss as spit fell from her mouth and landed on her chest. She pushed her boobs together, allowing the mixture of their saliva to rub between her sizable breasts.

His smile couldn't possibly be bigger. "Oh shit, really?"

She nodded with a big grin before yanking down his shorts and boxers and tossing them to the floor below. She knelt in front of him on the mattress once more, leaning closer to wrap her tits around his soaked cock. Ella couldn't dream of pulling off such a feat. Sure, small-chested girls were cute, but they lacked the necessary curves to bring most men's fantasies to life. That, however, wasn't the case in her situation.

He placed his hands on the bed and lifted himself, creating leverage in order to pump frantically between the very set of tits that had tortured him for close to a decade. Each and every thrust sent the head of his cock rocketing out of her cleavage and toward her mouth. It was something that he'd seen a million times in porn--but never imagined actually doing--and he savored his limited remaining time between her incredible bust.

She puckered her pouty lips and planted a big kiss on his swollen cockhead each time it reappeared from deep between her breasts. She just wanted to eat up every intoxicating part of him. He was too special to not experience everything that she had to offer, and tonight, she promised herself that she would give him exactly that. She would wipe his memory clean of Ella.

Her kisses were soon replaced by an open mouth to allow him to slide between her lips with every thrust skyward. His uncontrollable excitement energized her lust. It drove her crazy to find herself in the presence of his commotion, and his masculine grunts caused her to squeeze her boobs closer together. She wanted to smother him.

"I'm gonna cum."

She replaced her breasts with her hands and simultaneously stroked her son's thick pole while she bobbed up and down on his meat once again. She never wanted to hear the name Ella in her house again. From this moment forward, she

would be the only woman on his mind, and she would make him cum harder than he ever had.

His cock exploded deep inside Mom's mouth as her tight hands continued to milk him dry. His back slammed against the headboard behind him while burst after burst fired from the tip of his dick. His legs shook, his mind reeled, and a soothing warmth overtook his body. It was in that moment when he realized that no other girl would ever challenge his mother.

Fifteen seconds later, it was over. The overwhelming sensation of pleasure gave way to total relaxation. It was a feeling of completeness that he'd searched his entire life for, and it came into his world courtesy of the only woman he truly cared about.

He opened his eyes to see Mom grinning at him.

She took a deep gulp and swallowed his cum.

His train of thought was derailed by not only what he felt, but by what he witnessed. Mom wrapped her hands around his cock once more and resumed stroking, collecting a mixture of spit and cum that had escaped from her mouth. It wasn't until she looked down at her hands that he realized just how different she was from his ex-girlfriends.

She licked her fingers dry.

He was in awe. "Holy fucking shit."

Emily wanted to be his personal porn star. She would be the girl who fulfilled all of his fantasies and desires. She would be the woman who he confessed everything that he was too embarrassed to mention to girls his own age. He would never feel shy again.

"You taste too good to waste," she giggled after noticing a thick wad of cum on his thigh. She rushed to gobble it up, and she

couldn't help but laud his still stiff cock which glistened thanks to her mouth. "Do you want to?"

Did he want to? Did he want to!? Of course, he wanted to! It'd been his biggest fantasy forever.

He immediately jumped off the bed and pulled his mother with him.

"Where are we going?" she asked, her feet hitting the hardwood floor below. She quickly received her answer as she was spun and pushed over the edge of the bed. The sounds of footsteps caused her to look back and witness Kevin leave the room, only to reemerge with her black stiletto heels that had been lost along the journey upstairs.

"Put these on," he smiled while handing her the pumps. "I like you in 'em."

She stood up and enthusiastically accepted her heels. If her baby wanted her to wear heels, then she would wear heels. She stepped into them before a strong push sent her sprawling over the bed again.

Kevin never dreamed of having his current view. Mom was bent over his bed with her stomach and chest pressed against his sheets. Her thick legs towered over the edge of the mattress and box spring, and her ass seemed to pop even more than usual thanks to her tall heels which remained planted on the hardwood floor. He couldn't wait any longer. He rubbed the throbbing head of his cock against her moist pussy lips and pushed inside.

He let out a deep moan as her warmth and wetness engulfed every inch of his thick meat. He'd always been under the impression that older women were loose, but he quickly learned that whoever started that rumor had clearly never experienced a girl like Mom. Every ridge and bump of her pristine pussy massaged his manhood while his slow strokes swiftly turned into aggressive pumps. There was no time for teasing. He needed to make her his.

She caught herself biting the bed comforter. It was all so surreal. Kevin felt so much different than his father. While his impressive length was nothing to sneeze at, her girth was what stood out to her the most. It filled and stretched her in ways previously deemed impossible. Everything about their night was so naughty and taboo, but as good as it felt, his rapidly-increasing roughness brought her a slight amount of pain and discomfort. She needed to adjust to his size before he hammered into her so harshly.

"Baby."

Kevin didn't hear a thing as his hands locked onto his mother's sexy hips and sank into her skin. He locked in his grip and began pounding her harder.

"Baby, you need to slow down!" she attempted to get his attention urgently.

He was determined to give Mom everything that she didn't get from his father. Dad was a fat, lazy, out of shape prick who

never seemed happy to see Mom. Had he ever given her a proper fucking? He struggled to imagine that Dad could nowadays with how fat he was. Plus, Mom was so excited to see his cock. That had to mean that he was bigger than Dad! He would make her feel things that she never felt before. He would leave her walking with a limp for the next week. He would make her crave him.

"Kevin!!!"

He immediately stopped to see Mom with her head turned--looking back at him. Her expression was one of shock.

"Yeah, Mom?" he asked.

"Didn't you hear me?" she asked.

"Didn't I hear what?" he asked. He slowly began to move inside her again while his hands remained locked on her soft hips.

"I asked you to go easier," she told him, trying to catch her breath. "Jesus Christ."

"Oh shit," he said, looking down at her plump butt. "I didn't hear you."

She couldn't help but admire his muscular body, and something felt right about him positioned behind her this way. It felt so natural.

"Just at first. You have to let me get used to you," she told him before turning back to allow her face to sink into the bed covers once again. "You're so fuckin' big."

Why couldn't he control himself? Hearing those words escape from her mouth sent a chill down his spine. He wasn't just big; he was "so fuckin' big." She needed him to go slow to adjust to his size? She was his forty-four-year-old mom! And she could barely handle him!

Despite his best efforts, his cock outwitted his brain, and his increased pace resulted in him pumping into her harder than ever.

She closed her eyes and tried to find her breath. "Baby!"

His answer came courtesy of the sound of his pelvis slamming into her big ass.

"Baby!!!"

She turned her head back slightly to see his right foot up on the mattress. His left foot stayed on the floor as he now had leverage with both of his hands wrapped around her hips. Deep, masculine grunts--that didn't resemble his father in the least--joined the sounds of skin-on-skin blows.

There was no use in trying to slow him down. She was a grown woman. She could handle him. Sure, his cock was bigger, more powerful, and significantly thicker than anything she'd

ever taken, but the little pain was well worth the pleasure that accompanied the rough pounding.

The overwhelming sensation of fullness amplified tenfold when her hand slid along the sheets and found her clit. There was one thing that she always wanted to try. Tom certainly couldn't do it the way she wanted, but she had no doubt in her mind that Kevin was the perfect guy for the job after what she'd experienced during the past few minutes.

"Pull my hair."

His strong hands didn't leave her hips.

"Pull my hair!"

Slam. Slam. Slam.

"Pull my fuckin' hair!!!"

The intense pounding came to a stop as a rough slap to her ass caused her to yelp. "Did you say something, Mom?"

"I want you to pull my hair," she answered into the bed sheets.

"You want who to pull your hair?"

"You," she replied.

Nothing happened.

She turned her head to look back at her son. "I want you to pull my hair."

A stoic expression covered his face. "Who?"

"I want...my baby to pull my hair," she tried.

His look went unchanged.

"I want Kevin to pull my hair."

He shook his head slowly.

"Angel?"

His shaking head was joined by laughter this time.

She turned back and looked down into the bed sheets. What was going on? It was like he wanted her to call him something else, but she didn't know what. You, baby, Kevin, and angel all failed to bring her what she wanted, so what did she miss?

What if she tried...no! She couldn't! It was one of her fantasies that Tom found weird and disgusting, but what if Kevin was into it? Her dream during her Friday night bath wasn't wrong.

She had a unique connection with her son that she didn't share with anyone else, so what if her fantasy was exactly what he wanted to hear?

"Pull my hair...Daddy."

Fingers crawled the length of her naked back until a strong hand grabbed her hair and roughly yanked her backwards. Oh my God, he wanted to be called daddy! He was eighteen and she was forty-four! And she was his mom! It was all so hot!

She didn't feel like his mom at the moment. Instead, she felt like his girlfriend. Like a cute, perky, bubbly teen who waited all day to relieve her boyfriend's tension, and if her man wanted to be called daddy, then she would be more than happy to be his little girl.

His right foot remained on his bed while his right hand pulled Mom's head back by her hair. He picked up his pace again as

he leaned forward to look down over her face. "Whose ass is this?"

She gazed up into his eyes helplessly with a smitten smirk. "Yours."

A vicious slap against her left butt-cheek caused her to howl.

"I asked whose ass this is?" he repeated.

"It's Daddy's ass," she quickly corrected herself, overpowered by bliss. She'd never felt more owned in her life.

"Fuckin' right it is," he grinned. His sweat dripped from his chin and landed down on his mother's face. "Never forget it either."

He roughly pushed her forward so she was flat on her stomach--bent over his bed once again. His hand drifted

down from her hair and gripped the back of her neck, strongly driving her into the mattress.

Her hand slipped under her body and found her clit once again. Her son was relentless. Was he always so rough or was this a special circumstance of extreme excitement? She really didn't care, to be honest. She was ready and willing to take whatever he had for her. If he wanted to get rough, then he could get rough. She just wanted to make him happy.

No, it couldn't be! The warmth in her forehead made another appearance! But during sex!? She'd never cum during intercourse before! It was like every harsh thrust and pump took her closer to a never before experienced eruption, and she refused to miss out on such a state of joy.

"Harder!" she begged.

He attempted to break his mother in half.

"Harder!!!" she screamed, her fingers rubbing her clit in a frenzy.

The intense sound of her son's ripped body slamming into her ass filled the room as her legs abruptly went limp. Her body quivered from head-to-toe. The power and strength that flowed through her blood didn't resemble anything prior in her life. Her oral orgasms from earlier in the evening paled in comparison to this new feeling. It was a warmth that screamed love. It was a fullness which left her claimed. She'd never felt so wanted and desired.

The snug grip on his cock tightened further. It was like Mom's perfect pussy attempted to strangle him as she twitched and shivered on his pumping manhood. It was in that moment when he realized that Mom was cumming on his cock, and he simultaneously experienced the pinnacle of his existence. His life became complete.

Watching her body turn limp while feeling her cozy hole tighten on his dick sent him over the edge. He had so much

more that he desired to do with her. He wanted to position her in reverse cowgirl and watch her perfect ass bounce on his dick. He wanted to oil her up, record them having sex, fuck her throat like only he could, and cum all over her beautiful face, but he would have to save all of his fantasies for another time.

He gave one last rough thrust to make her take every single inch of his throbbing meat, and his dick promptly exploded in response.

Kevin and Emily came together.

He finally snapped out of his haze thirty seconds later. Mom was heaped over the edge of his bed and his cock had yet to move an inch. He gradually pulled out, the mild bedroom air replacing his mother's heavenly insides. It was a place that he never wanted to leave, but one that he would familiarize himself with regularly.

Nothing happened when he finally exited her, though. He continued to wait in confusion. Did he really cum that deep inside her? Or did she not allow anything to escape? It was something that he'd never experienced before.

He put a hand on each of her plump butt-cheeks and separated them slowly, causing a river of cum to pour out. He took a few steps toward the bed with a smile and plopped down on his back next to Mom. That was unbelievable! He could go over and over and over with Ella, but two orgasms with his mother knocked him out of commission. She'd drained him unlike any young girl could possibly dream of.

Mom was gone when he turned his head to check on her, and a strange noise captured his attention before he could locate her whereabouts. It almost sounded like a slurping of some kind. He sat up to look over the mattress to further observe his surroundings, when he was met by the wildest image of his life. He could only shake his head in amazement as he fell back onto the bed.

Mom was on her hands and knees, dragging her lips across the hardwood floor. She eagerly sucked up every drop of his seed before swallowing and rejoining him on the bed. Her head quickly found his chest as the two cuddled in a way that neither would've ever imagined days earlier.

"So, what now?" he asked, staring up at his ceiling with her.

She ran her hand along her son's toned stomach and said, "I'm not sure."

Chapter 9: Honesty

Monday Night. 11:23 PM.

"It was eighty-five and sunny every day! You know those typical Florida thunderstorms that roll through every afternoon? There wasn't one of them the entire time! It was perfect!

"That's nice," Emily acknowledged Tom from her side on the bed. She was busy reading her Kindle before her husband joined her in bed, and it didn't come as much of a surprise for him to not consider her peace and quiet.

"We golfed every day!" he continued. "We even got nine in before we flew back today!"

She nodded as she continued to read.

"You should see how many women down there have fake tits."

That certainly caught her attention. "Excuse me?"

"They're all over the place," he laughed. "Young, old, white, black: it doesn't matter. Everyone has fake tits!"

"Um...okay."

"So?" he asked.

"So...what?" she asked curiously, staring at her husband.

"Did you ever think about a boob job?"

Her eyebrows hastily perked up. "Me?"

Tom nodded.

"I don't think I need bigger boobs," he laughed to herself before turning back to her Kindle. "My back would be in permanent pain if they got any bigger."

"You could at least get a lift," he suggested casually. "And we could go bigger too. You should do a little research online. Some of the before-and-after pictures are wild."

She stared at her husband in disbelief.

"You know that I'm a boob guy, Em," he reminded her. "And I'd be willing to pay for it!"

"How thoughtful..." she voiced sarcastically while glaring at the man next to her. "I think I'm fine."

A few moments of silence passed before Tom spoke up again. "We need to discuss your hair, by the way."

"Do you like it?" she asked with a slight smile.

"No," he shook his head.

She never expected to hear that. In fact, she was surprised to not receive a compliment from him after picking him up at the airport earlier. "What?"

"Em, you're in your forties."

"I thought it looked nice," she told him.

His disgusted look showed just how much he disagreed. "Bangs are for younger girls. You pulled it off when you were in your thirties, but you're way too old to be wearing your hair like that now. I mean, you can barely see your eyebrows! You're forty-four!"

"Kevin said that I look great, though."

"What's he going to say?" Tom snickered. "He's your son! And a little mama's boy too! Do you want a real man's opinion? Em, it doesn't suit you. Go back to your last hairstyle."

"Kevin's a real man."

Tom rolled his eyes. "He's a kid; and, Em, I'm being serious. I really think a boob job would look great on you. We could--"

"Shut up!" Emily shouted.

"What?"

"Fuckin' stop!" she hissed, slamming her Kindle down into the blankets. "I'm so sick of this shit!"

"Of what?" he asked, dumbfounded.

She turned and looked him in his eyes. "Of you!"

"Of me?" he chuckled. "I just got home."

"It was so amazing when you were gone. It was calm and peaceful. I didn't have anxiety because someone constantly put me down and criticized me. I had such a great time with just our son."

"I'm sorry, princess," he addressed her mockingly. "I forgot that I'm supposed to kiss your ass all the time. Heaven forbid that I give my opinions around here."

"Your opinions?" she asked with disgust. "Like, if I overcook something and you call me useless? Or what about the time you called me retarded because I left a bottle in the freezer by mistake and it exploded? Or maybe the five hundred times you've mocked my ass? Are those your opinions, Tom?"

"Yeah, they are," he told her firmly. "Don't like it? Then go somewhere else."

She couldn't be more flabbergasted. "Go somewhere else? Go somewhere else! Do you have any idea how good you have it? Do you realize how lucky you are to have me?"

He erupted with laughter.

"I work, cook, clean, take your fuckin' shit, and for some godforsaken reason I still try to have sex with your disgusting ass!"

His laugh turned to a glare.

"Do you seriously think that I couldn't find someone better than you?" she asked.

He hastily rolled his eyes. "I'm sure there's a long line of suitors out there for a divorced single mom in her mid-forties with some extra pounds and an attitude problem..."

"You're such an asshole!"

"Not to mention a fucked up haircut," he added.

She grabbed her pillow and stormed toward the door.

"Yeah, go sleep on the couch until you can act like a lady!" he shouted as the door slammed shut.

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Emily burst back through the bedroom door, roughly closing it behind her. She approached the bed more furious than ever. "I'm done!"

"Done with what?" he asked.

"This marriage!" she told him. "I'm done!"

"Sure, you are..." he laughed.

"You think I'm joking?" she inquired. "Tomorrow, I'm going to look for my own place, and I'm taking our son with me. I'm done living here! I'm done living with you!"

He opened his mouth but she quickly cut him off.

"Saturday and Sunday were amazing, and do you want to know why? Because I didn't see you for a single minute! I never had to worry about nasty comments or some slob leaving a mess for me to clean. In fact, our son made me

dinner on Saturday night. You've never made me dinner! That's over nineteen years, Tom! And it just clicked for me that I hate being around you. It was amazing with just Kevin!"

He stared at his wife with a sarcastic smirk. "And what's going to happen when he doesn't want you around anymore?"

"Kevin?" she asked. "He loves having me around."

He laughed right in her face. "No, he doesn't! Em, you're really delusional sometimes. Kevin's an eighteen-year-old kid. He doesn't really want to be around you. He's just trying to not hurt your feelings. He wants to be around girls his own age, not his overbearing mother."

"He told me things that you couldn't even imagine," she said. "About how he loves my personality, my sense of humor, and how I treat people--"

Her speech was cut short by Tom's snorting laughter. "Jesus, you really are an insecure bitch!"

"And he thanks me for doing things for him, he helps me out, and he loves me! He doesn't just expect me to do stuff for him like you do! He loves me for me and I can't get enough of him!"

"Is that what you need, Em? For me to thank you for every little menial task you do around here? Oh wow, Em, you folded the laundry! Thank you soooooooooo much!" he praised her mockingly.

"And he loves my body," she revealed with a glare.

He abruptly grew serious. "Your body?"

"My ass that you always mock?" she smiled. "He can't get enough of it."

"What are you talking about?"

"He fucked my brains out all weekend," she disclosed, grinning.

Tom's jaw dropped.

"He made me feel things that I didn't even know were possible," she continued. "He made me cum three times in an hour! Three times! You haven't made me cum three times in the past ten years! But do you want to know what the biggest difference was? He wanted to get me off. He didn't just do it to throw me a bone. He wanted to take care of me. Unlike you!"

"This is a fucked up joke, Em," he said, unsure of what he was listening to.

"Oh, it's not a joke," she told him. "Actually, that's the second biggest difference. The biggest difference is his dick. It looks like three of yours taped together!"

"Did you really have sex with our son?"

"I have no idea how he's even related to you," she snickered.

"I can still feel him. He stretched me out so much."

"Em, this is fucked!"

"No, it's not," she rebutted. "What's fucked is wasting close to twenty years of my life with you! Kevin couldn't stop complimenting my hair today. It was nonstop. And here you are, full of criticism and nasty remarks. Calling me old and fat, and telling me that I need a boob job."

"So, you need compliments?" he asked, astounded to find out what his family was up to while he was gone. "That's what you need?"

"No, Tom, I don't need compliments. I need a man who loves me for who I am."

"Do you think that Kevin will stick with you?" he questioned. "With some old fuckin' lady? He's eighteen, idiot! Congrats, you hooked a horny high school kid! Quite the accomplishment, Em! You sucked his dick a few times and now he's enamored, but it'll wear off. And when it does, you're going to realize how little you really mean to him. He won't pass on some twenty-year-old piece of ass for you!"

She couldn't wait to make it hurt. "Oh, I sucked his dick more than a few times. Actually, I most recently did it about four hours ago. Before I left to pick you up at the airport, I made our son a big sandwich, dropped down to my knees on the kitchen floor, and gagged on his beautiful cock for the next twenty minutes. Tom, I was in heaven! In fact, that's why I was late picking you up. Because I had to clean his cum out of my hair! Even his loads put you to shame! He's ten times the man you could ever dream of being!"

He was at a loss for words.

"So, I'm going to go snuggle with my little angel, and this will be our last night in this house," she told him. "Because tomorrow, we're out of here. Sleep tight, asshole."

Emily skipped down the hallway and right into her son's bedroom. She considered locking the door but didn't see any point to it. Tom wouldn't do anything. Her husband only confronted women and children. Real men made him quiver and hide.

She placed her pillow next to her son's sleeping head and carefully slipped under the covers with him. She lifted his arm and wrapped it around her body to allow herself to snuggle as close to him as possible.

The sleeping eighteen-year-old instinctively pulled his mother into him, unaware of what happened outside of his dreams.

For the first time in her life, Emily felt protected. She knew that she could truly count on someone if she needed to. She never questioned if her son would be there for her, but their weekend together brought them closer. They were no longer just mother and son. Now, they were so much more than that. They were lovers.

She always had problems falling asleep. She would spend hours tossing and turning before finally catching a few hours of shuteye, but as she felt her son pull her even tighter to him, her eyes began to shut. She was finally at peace. She finally found her man.

Emily drifted off to sleep in her son's hold.

THE END